

WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 1 May 2022 3.00pm

Angharad Lyddon mezzo-soprano

Llŷr Williams piano

CLASSIC *f*M

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Der Blumenbrief D622 (1818)

Heidenröslein D257 (1815)

Am Bach im Frühling D361 (1816)

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Von ewiger Liebe Op. 43 No. 1 (1864)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Waldesgespräch from *Liederkreis* Op. 39 (1840)

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Love's philosophy Op. 3 No. 1 (1904-5)

Now sleeps the crimson petal Op. 3 No. 2 (1904-5)

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Silent Noon from *The House of Life* (1903)

John Ireland (1879-1962)

Sea Fever (1913)

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

Where corals lie from *Sea Pictures* Op. 37 (1899)

Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)

The Seal Man (1922)

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

L'heure exquise from *Chansons grises* (1892)

Rêverie (1888)

Quand je fus pris au pavillon from *Rondels* (1898-9)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Le papillon et la fleur Op. 1 No. 1 (1861)

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

Viens, les gazons sont verts (1875)

Meirion Williams (1901-1976)

Gwynfyd (1935)

Pan Ddaw'r Nos (pub. 1951)

Mai (pub. 1956)

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This afternoon's stroll through songs in German, French, English and Welsh is awash with flowers and other sights and sounds of nature, beginning with **Schubert's** charming 'Der Blumenbrief'. The poem describes a series of floral messages from a young man to his 'fair lady': rose, myrtle and marigold to communicate the depth and passion of his love, all within the elegant wrapping of the composer's gentle accompaniment. The floral protagonist of 'Heidenröslein', alas, suffers a much more brutal fate, and Goethe's folk-like poem is a veiled narration of sexual assault, notwithstanding its bright, catchy melody. 'Am Bach im Frühling' seems a relation of *Die schöne Müllerin*, the brook so recently freed from the ice still moving sluggishly in the piano as our protagonist sighs in sadness, and contemplates a little blue flower on the bank as representative of 'remembrance' – presumably of a love lost.

Happily, **Brahms's** 'Von ewiger Liebe' depicts a young woman reassuring her beloved that their love is stronger than iron or steel. When Brahms first played the song to his dear friend Clara Schumann, she sat through it in silence; and when he looked over to gauge her reaction, saw that she could not speak for tears. Despite the jolly swinging gait of the piano writing, **Schumann's** 'Waldesgespräch' features a rather more sinister conversation – with the fearsome Lorelei, a relative of the Sirens, here wandering (unusually) in the forest rather than in her customary territory along the Rhine.

In the last few years of the 19th Century, the British composer **Quilter** spent time studying in Frankfurt, and some of his earliest published songs set German-language texts. In 1905, back on English soil, he published both 'Love's philosophy' and 'Now sleeps the crimson petal' as part of his third opus of songs, bringing together the breathless rapture of Shelley with the tender, sensual images of Tennyson in his portrait of love and twilight. **Vaughan Williams's** 'Silent Noon' was issued at around the same time, as part of a song cycle of Rossetti settings. From the gentle, insistent throbbing of the outer sections to the magical stillness at its heart, 'Silent Noon' paints with silence, as well as music, the quiet of that perfect afternoon.

Our next three songs are concerned, in very different ways, with the mysteries and adventures of the seas beyond our shores. **Ireland's** 'Sea Fever' of 1913 sets a poem by John Masefield, who had run away to sea as a young man and published numerous poems on a nautical theme. The source here is his 1902 collection *Salt-Water Ballads*, often using sailing slang: the 'long trick' of the final line refers to the period a sailor would spend at the wheel or on the lookout. Ireland no doubt knew **Elgar's** *Sea Pictures*, premièred in 1899, from which we hear 'Where corals lie'. The poem, which offers a view beyond the end of life itself, was written by Richard Garnett, who was the Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum. **Clarke's**

haunting tale of 'The Seal Man' is another Masefield setting, this time from his short story collection *A Mainsail Haul*. The waves turn in the moonlight as the song begins, and the Seal Man's call echoes in falling thirds throughout the song, drawing our heroine towards the sea and to an ecstatic death in the water.

Across the mysterious seas, we come next to France for songs by Hahn, Fauré and Gounod. **Hahn** was just 13 years old when he composed the Hugo setting 'Rêverie', a delightful mix of pianistic simplicity sensuous lyricism; and he was a student when he wrote the meltingly beautiful 'L'heure exquise'. 'Quand je fus pris au pavillon' is the eighth of 12 *Rondels*, written around a decade later. This Charles d'Orléans song is a pastiche, recalling less the 15th Century in which the poet lived than the charming, graceful and ever so slightly bawdy world of the early 1700s.

Fauré's dainty little 'Le papillon et la fleur' is his Op. 1 No. 1 and is charmingly operetta-ish, the flower calling to her lover, the butterfly, as we hear the latter dance and flutter in the piano. The composer later recalled that this teenage composition was 'in fact my very first song, written in the school refectory.' Around a decade later, **Gounod** composed the English-language song 'If thou art sleeping, maiden', a Longfellow text which was later recast in French as 'Viens, les gazons sont verts'. Its excitable, passionate energy is utterly delightful, and despite the dawn having only broken one is left with a sense of breezy sunshine as our protagonist calls to his beloved.

We end with three songs by the Welsh composer **Meirion Williams**, a successful pianist and organist who received early support from Henry Walford Davies before studying at the Royal Academy of Music. Although he worked for many years in London, Williams composed numerous songs in Welsh. 'Gwynfyd', composed in the mid-1930s, sets a poem by the contemporaneous writer William Williams – better known by his bardic name 'Crwys'. This dreamy depiction of paradise contains many of the fingerprints of Meirion Williams's style: floating compound chords; long, lyrical vocal lines; and a tendency to subtly shift the musical metre to best match the rhythm of the text. 'Pan Ddaw'r Nos' bears many of these traits, including seamless shifts into bars of different lengths to allow for proper accentuation of the language. Once again, the song's contemporary poet had adopted a bardic name: Howell Elvet Lewis was generally known as 'Elfed', and this is how he is identified on Williams's score. Finally, 'Mai' by Eliseus Williams (under his pen name Eifion Wyn) prompts a swirling, bubbling piano part to accompany the joyful arrival of early summer.

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Der Blumenbrief D622 The message of flowers

(1818)

Aloys Wilhelm Schreiber

Euch Blümlein will ich senden
Zur schönen Jungfrau dort,
Fleht sie, mein Leid zu enden
Mit einem guten Wort.

Flowers, I will send you
to that fair lady;
implore her to end my suffering
with one kind word.

Du Rose kannst ihr sagen,
Wie ich in Lieb' erglühn',
Wie ich um sie muss klagen
Und weinen spät und früh.

You, rose, can tell her
how I burn with love,
and how I pine for her,
weeping night and day.

Du Myrte, flüstere leise
Ihr meine Hoffnung zu,
Sag': „auf des Lebens Reise
Glänzt ihm kein Stern als
du.“

You, myrtle, softly whisper
my hopes to her;
tell her: 'On life's journey
you are the only star that shines
for him.'

Du Ringelblume deute
Ihr der Verzweiflung Schmerz;
Sag' ihr: „des Grabes Beute
Wird ohne dich sein Herz.“

You, marigold, reveal to her
the pain of despair;
tell her: 'without you
his heart will fall prey to the grave.'

Heidenröslein D257 (1815) The little wild rose

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Sah ein Knab ein Röslein
stehn,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
War so jung und morgenschön,
Lief er schnell es nah zu sehn,
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

A boy once saw a wild rose
growing,
wild rose on the heath,
it was so young and morning-fair,
he ran to look more closely,
looked on it with great delight.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose on the heath.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden!
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich will's nicht leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

I shall pluck you, said the boy,
wild rose on the heath!
I shall prick you, said the rose,
that you'll ever think of me,
I shall not let you do it.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose on the heath.

Und der wilde Knabe
brach
'S Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,
Musst' es eben leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

And the rough boy plucked the
rose,
wild rose on the heath;
in defence the rose then pricked,
sighs and cries were all in vain,
she had to suffer after all.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose on the heath.

Am Bach im Frühling

D361 (1816)

Franz von Schober

Du brachst sie nun die kalte
Rinde,
Und rieselst froh und frei dahin;
Die Lüfte wehen wieder linde,
Und Moos und Gras wird neu
und grün.

Now you have broken the cold
crust,
and ripple along, free and happy;
the breezes blow gently again,
moss and grass grow fresh and
green.

Allein mit traurigem Gemüte
Tret' ich wie sonst zu deiner Flut,
Der Erde allgemeine Blüte
Kommt meinem Herzen nicht zu
gut.

Alone and heavy-hearted,
I come to your banks, as of old,
the flowering of the entire earth
cannot gladden my
heart.

Hier treiben immer gleiche
Winde,
Kein Hoffen kommt in meinen
Sinn –
Als dass ich hier ein Blümchen
finde,
Blau, wie sie der Erinn' rung
blühn.

Here the same winds still are
blowing,
no hope enters my
heart –
unless I find a flower
here,
blue, like the flowers of
remembrance.

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Von ewiger Liebe Op. 43 Eternal love

No. 1 (1864)

*Traditional trans. Hoffmann von
Fallersleben*

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und
in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun
schweiget die Welt.

Dark, how dark in forest and
field!
Evening already, and the world
is silent.

Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend
noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie
schweiget nun auch.

Nowhere a light and nowhere
smoke,
and even the lark is silent now
too.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der
Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten
nach Haus,

Out of the village there comes a
lad,
escorting his sweetheart
home,

Führt sie am Weidengebüsche
vorbei,
Redet so viel und so
mancherlei:

He leads her past the willow-
copse,
talking so much and of so many
things:

„Leidest du Schmach und
betrübest du dich,

'If you suffer sorrow and suffer
shame,

Leidest du Schmach von andern
um mich, shame for what others think of
me,

Werde die Liebe getrennt so
geschwind, Then let our love be severed as
swiftly,
Schnell wie wir früher as swiftly as once we two were
vereinigt sind. plighted.

Scheide mit Regen und scheidet
mit Wind, Let us depart in rain and depart
in wind,
Schnell wie wir früher as swiftly as once we two were
vereinigt sind.“ plighted.’

Spricht das Mägdelein, The girl speaks, the girl
Mägdelein spricht: says:
„Unsere Liebe, sie trennet sich
nicht! ‘Our love cannot be
severed!

Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen Steel is strong, and so is
gar sehr, iron,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr: our love is even stronger still:

Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet Iron and steel can both be
sie um, reforged,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie but our love, who shall change
um? it?

Eisen und Stahl, sie können Iron and steel can be melted
zergehn, down,
Unsere Liebe muss ewig bestehn!“ our love must endure for ever!’

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Waldesgespräch from A forest dialogue *Liederkreis Op. 39* (1840)

Joseph, Freiherr von Eichendorff

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt, It is already late, already cold,
Was reit'st du einsam durch den why ride lonely through the
Wald? forest?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein, The forest is long, you are alone,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ dich you lovely bride! I'll lead you
heim! home!

„Gross ist der Männer Trug und ‘Great is the deceit and cunning
List, of men,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz my heart is broken with
gebrochen ist, grief,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und the hunting horn echoes here
hin, and there,
O flieh! Du weisst nicht, wer ich O flee! You do not know who I
bin.“ am.’

So reich geschmückt ist Ross So richly adorned are steed and
und Weib, lady,
So wunderschön der junge Leib, so wondrous fair her youthful form,

Jetzt kenn ich dich – Gott steh now I know you – may God
mir bei! protect me!
Du bist die Hexe Loreley. You are the enchantress Lorelei.

„Du kennst mich wohl – von ‘You know me well – from its
hohem Stein towering rock
Schaut still mein Schloss tief in my castle looks deep and silent
den Rhein. down into the Rhine.
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt It is already late, already cold,
Kommst nimmermehr aus you shall never leave this forest
diesem Wald!“ again!’

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Love's philosophy Op. 3 No. 1 (1904-5)

Percy Bysshe Shelley

The fountains mingle with the River
And the Rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle.
Why not I with thine?
See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?

Now sleeps the crimson petal Op. 3 No. 2 (1904-5)

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.
Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Silent Noon from *The House of Life* (1903)

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, –
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
‘Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragonfly
Hangs like a blue thread loosen'd from the sky: –
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companion'd inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

John Ireland (1879-1962)

Sea Fever (1913)

John Masefield

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's
shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume and the seagulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a
whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

Where corals lie from *Sea Pictures Op. 37* (1899)

Richard Garnett

The deeps have music soft and low
When winds awake the airy splay,
It lures me, lures me on to go
And see the land where corals lie.

By mount and mead, by lawn and rill,
When night is deep and moon is high,
That music seeks and finds me still,
And tells me where the corals lie.

Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well;
But far the rapid fancies fly
The rolling worlds of wave and shell,
And all the lands where corals lie.

Thy lips are like a sunset glow,
Thy smile is like a morning sky,
Yet leave me, leave me, let me go
And see the land where corals lie.

Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)

The Seal Man (1922)

John Masefield

And he came by her cabin to the west of the road, calling.
There was a strong love came up in her at that,
And she put down her sewing on the table, and 'Mother,' she says,
'There's no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no door.
There's no iron, nor no stone, nor anything at all
Will keep me this night from the man I love.'
And she went out into the moonlight to him,
There by the bush where the flow'rs is pretty, beyond the river.
And he says to her: 'You are all of the beauty of the world,
Will you come where I go, over the waves of the sea?'
And she says to him: 'My treasure and my strength,' she says,
'I would follow you on the frozen hills, my feet bleeding.'
Then they went down into the sea together,
And the moon made a track on the sea, and they walked down it;
It was like a flame before them. There was no fear at all on her;
Only a great love like the love of the Old Ones,
That was stronger than the touch of the fool.
She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like flowers,
And she went down into the sea with her man,
Who wasn't a man at all.
She was drowned, of course.
It's like he never thought that she wouldn't bear the sea like
himself.
She was drowned, drowned.

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

L'heure exquise from

The exquisite hour

Chansons grises (1892)

Paul Verlaine

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

The white moon
gleams in the woods;
from every branch
there comes a voice
beneath the boughs...

Ô bien aimée.

O my beloved.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

The pool reflects,
deep mirror,
the silhouette
of the black willow
where the wind is weeping...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Let us dream, it is the hour.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

A vast and tender
consolation
seems to fall
from the sky
the moon illumines...

C'est l'heure exquise.

Exquisite hour.

Rêverie (1888)

Victor Hugo

Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme
Donne à quelqu'un
Sa musique, sa flamme,
Ou son parfum;

Since here on earth each soul
gives someone
its music, its ardour,
or its perfume;

Puisqu'ici toute chose
Donne toujours
Son épine ou sa rose
A ses amours;

Since here all things
will always give
their thorns or roses
to those they love;

Puisque l'air à la branche
Donne l'oiseau;
Que l'aube à la pervenche
Donne un peu d'eau;

Since the breeze gives
to the branch the bird;
and dawn to the periwinkle
gives of its dew;

Puisque, lorsqu'elle arrive
S'y reposer,
L'onde amère à la rive
Donne un baiser;

Since when they come
to settle there,
the briny waves
give the shore a kiss;

Je te donne, à cette heure,
Penché sur toi,
La chose la meilleure
Que j'aie en moi!

I give you, at this hour,
inclining over you,
the finest things
I have in me!

Reçois donc ma pensée,
Triste d'ailleurs,
Qui, comme une rosée,
T'arrive en pleurs!

Accept, then, my thoughts,
sad though they be,
which like drops of dew
come to you as tears!

Reçois mes vœux sans nombre,
Ô mes amours!
Reçois la flamme et l'ombre
De tous mes jours!

Accept my countless vows,
O my loves!
Accept the flame and the shade
of all my days!

Mes transports pleins d'ivresses,
Purs de soupçons,
Et toutes les caresses
De mes chansons!

My frenzied rapture,
devoid of all distrust,
and all the caresses
of my songs!

Quand je fus pris au pavillon from *Rondels*

(1898-9)

Charles d'Orléans

Quand je fus pris au pavillon
De ma dame, très gente et belle,
Je me brûlay à la chandelle,
Ainsi que fait le papillon.

When I was caught in the pavilion

When I was caught in the pavilion
of my most beautiful and noble lady,
I burnt myself in the candle's flame,
as the moth does.

Je rougis comme vermillon,
A la clarté d'une étincelle,
Quand je fus pris au pavillon
De ma dame, très gente et
belle.

I flushed crimson
in the brightness of a spark,
when I was caught in the pavilion
of my most beautiful and noble
lady.

Si j'eusse été esmerillon
Ou que j'eusse eu aussi bonne aile,
Je me fusse gardé de celle
Qui me bailla de
l'aiguillon,
Quand je fus pris au pavillon.

If I had been a merlin
or had wings as strong,
I should have shielded myself
from her who pierced me with
her arrows,
when I was caught in the pavilion.

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Le papillon et la fleur

Op. 1 No. 1 (1861)

Victor Hugo

La pauvre fleur disait au
papillon céleste:
Ne fuis pas!
Vois comme nos destins sont
différents. Je reste,
Tu t'en vas!

The butterfly and the flower

The humble flower said to the
heavenly butterfly:
do not flee!
See how our destinies differ.
Fixed to earth am I,
you fly away!

Pourtant nous nous aimons,
nous vivons sans les hommes
Et loin d'eux,
Et nous nous ressemblons, et
l'on dit que nous sommes
Fleurs tous deux!

Yet we love each other, we live
without men
and far from them,
and we are so alike, it is said
that both of us
are flowers!

Mais, hélas! l'air t'emporte et la
terre m'enchaîne.
Sort cruel!
Je voudrais embaumer ton vol
de mon haleine
Dans le ciel!

But alas! The breeze bears you
away, the earth holds me fast.
Cruel fate!
I would perfume your flight with
my fragrant breath
in the sky!

Mais non, tu vas trop loin! –
Parmi des fleurs sans nombre
Vous fuyez,
Et moi je reste seule à voir
tourner mon ombre
À mes pieds.

But no, you flit too far! Among
countless flowers
you fly away,
while I remain alone, and watch
my shadow circle
round my feet.

Tu fuis, puis tu reviens; puis tu
t'en vas encore
Luire ailleurs.
Aussi me trouves-tu toujours à
chaque aurore
Toute en pleurs!

You fly away, then return; then
take flight again
to shimmer elsewhere.
And so you always find me at
each dawn
bathed in tears!

Oh! pour que notre amour coule
des jours fidèles,
Ô mon roi,
Prends comme moi racine, ou
donne-moi des ailes
Comme à toi!

Ah, that our love might flow
through faithful days,
O my king,
take root like me, or give me
wings
like yours!

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

Viens, les gazons sont verts (1875)

Jules Barbier after Gil Vicente

Si tu dors, jeune fille,
Debout, debout! voici le soleil!
Chasse de tes yeux l'indolent
sommeil!
C'est l'heure du réveil!

Come, the lawns are green

If you are sleeping, my girl,
rise up, rise up, the sun is here!
Brush idle sleep from your
eyes,
it is time to awake!

Suis moi, vive et gentille!
Pieds nus, viens! Les gazons
sont verts!
Les ruisseaux jaseurs par les
bois déserts
Promènent leurs flots clairs!

Follow me quickly and sweetly,
barefoot, come, the lawns are
green!
The babbling brooks in the
empty woods
flow with limpid water!

Meirion Williams (1901-1976)

Gwynfyd (1935)

Crwys

Ei enw yw Paradwys wen,
Paradwys wen yw enw'r byd,
Ac wylo rwyf o'i golli cyd,
A'i geisio hwnt i sêr y nen.

Paradise

O blessed realm of Paradise,
O land of beauty and of peace,
my soul too oft in secret cries,
and seeks it far beyond the skies.

Nid draw ar bell-bell draeth y
mae,
Nac obry 'ngwely'r perlau chwaith,
Ond mil-mil nes a ber yw'r daith
I ddistaw byrth y byd di-wae.

Not found upon some far-off
strand,
nor yet within the pearly deep,
but nearer far, in mine own hand
I hold the key to that fair land.

Tawelach yw na'r dyfnaf
hun,
Agosach yw na throthwy'r drws,
Fel pêrwelyau'r rhos o dlws,
Ar allwedd yn fy llaw fy hun.

More peaceful than the deepest
sleep,
within my heart for e'er to keep,
like roses fair before mine eyes,
O blessed, blessed Paradise.

Pan Ddaw'r Nos (pub.

1951)

Elfed

Pan ddaw'r nos a'i bysedd
tawel
I ddadwneud cylymau'r dydd,
Bydd yr hwyliau yn yr awel
A meddyliau'n mynd yn rgydd.

Ni gawn ado'r glannau llwydion,
A phryderon dynion byw,
A bydd gofal ein breuddwydion
Ar y angel wrth y lliw.

Yn ddidwrf mewn myrdd o
fydoedd
Nofia'r Nefoedd heibio i ni,
A darlunir i'n hysbrydoedd
Nefoedd arall yn a lli.

O mor esmwyth, O mor dawel
Fydd mordwy o gyda'r nôs;
Mynd o flaen rhiw ddwyfol awel
Adref wawrddudd dlos.

Mai (pub. 1956)

Eliseus Williams (Eifion Wyn)

Gwn ei ddyfod, fis y
mêl,
Gyda'i firi yn yr helyg,
Gyda'i flodau fel y
barrug -
Gwyn fy mynd bob tro y dël.

Eis yn fore tua'r waun
Er mwyn gweld y gwllith ar
wasgar,
Ond yr oedd y gwersyll cynnar
Wedi codi o fy mlaen.

Eistedd wnes tan brennau'r Glog,
Ar ddyfodiad y deheuwynt;
Edn glas ddisgynnodd arnynt
Gan barablu enw'r gog.

Ni rois gam ar lawr y
wig
Heb fod clychau'r haf o tano,
Fel diferion o ryw lasfro
Wedi disgyn rhwng y brig.

Gwn ei ddyfod, fis y
mêl,
Gyda'i firi, gyda'i flodau,
Gyda dydd fy ngeni innau -
Gwyn fy mynd bob tro y dël.

When the night comes

When the night comes with
silent fingers,
comes to free the fettered day,
sail unfolding catches the breezes
and the spirit floats away.

We forsake life's cloudy margins
its death laden dwellings too,
and our pilot on the voyage
is an angel steering true.

All the heavens drift by and
vanish,
countless planets cease to be,
but the heaven of souls immortal
rise yonder o'er the sea.

Oh how smoothly, oh how gently
glides our vessel through the night,
borne along by hallowed breezes
homeward to the land of light.

May

I know of his coming, the month
of honey,
with his merriment in the willows,
with his flowers like the hoar
frost -
blessed am I each time he comes.

I went early towards the heath
so that I could see the dew
dispersing,
but the early campers
had arisen before me.

I sat beneath the branches,
at the coming of the south wind;
a bluebird fell upon them
murmuring the name of the cuckoo.

I never trod on the floor of the
wood
without the bluebells underfoot,
like droplets from a world of blue
having fallen through the branches.

I know of his coming, the month
of honey,
with his merriment, and his flowers,
and with the day of my own birth,
I am blessed each time he comes.

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