



THE COMPLETE

Delius  
SONGBOOK

volume 1

MARK STONE  
STEPHEN BARLOW



THE COMPLETE

*Delius*  
SONGBOOK

volume 1

MARK STONE  
STEPHEN BARLOW

THE COMPLETE *Delius* SONGBOOK volume 1

**FREDERICK DELIUS** (1862-1934)

**SEVEN SONGS FROM THE NORWEGIAN RT V/9**

- |   |     |  |      |
|---|-----|--|------|
| 1 | i   | Twilight fancies ( <i>Fanny Susan Copeland after Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson</i> ) | 4'14 |
| 2 | ii  | Young Venevil ( <i>Peter Pears after Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson</i> )             | 1'54 |
| 3 | iii | Hidden love ( <i>Peter Pears after Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson</i> )               | 3'11 |
| 4 | iv  | The minstrel ( <i>Peter Pears after Henrik Johan Ibsen</i> )                 | 2'44 |
| 5 | v   | The birds' story ( <i>Peter Pears after Henrik Johan Ibsen</i> )             | 3'35 |
| 6 | vi  | Cradle song ( <i>Peter Pears after Henrik Johan Ibsen</i> )                  | 2'45 |
| 7 | vii | The homeward way ( <i>Peter Pears after Aasmund Olavsson Vinje</i> )         | 3'49 |

**FOUR OLD ENGLISH LYRICS RT V/30**

- |    |     |  |      |
|----|-----|--|------|
| 8  | i   | It was a lover and his lass ( <i>William Shakespeare</i> ) | 2'16 |
| 9  | ii  | So white, so soft, so sweet is she ( <i>Ben Jonson</i> )   | 2'02 |
| 10 | iii | Spring, the sweet spring ( <i>Thomas Nashe</i> )           | 1'58 |
| 11 | iv  | To daffodils ( <i>Robert Herrick</i> )                     | 2'56 |

**ELEVEN EARLY SONGS – NORWEGIAN**

- |    |    |   |      |
|----|----|---|------|
| 12 | i  | Over the mountains high RT V/2<br>( <i>Augusta Plesner &amp; Susan Rugeley-Powers after Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson</i> ) | 3'53 |
| 13 | iv | Mountain life RT V/6 ( <i>Fyrdell Edmund Garrett after Henrik Johan Ibsen</i> )                                     | 3'18 |

- |    |  |   |      |
|----|--|---|------|
| 14 |  | <b>THEY ARE NOT LONG, THE WEEPING AND THE LAUGHTER</b> RT II/5 ( <i>Ernest Dowson</i> ) | 2'44 |
|----|--|---|------|

**TWO SONGS FOR CHILDREN – UNISON SONG RT V/29**

- |    |   |   |      |
|----|---|---|------|
| 15 | i | Little birdie ( <i>Alfred Lord Tennyson</i> ) | 1'43 |
|----|---|---|------|

### SONGS TO WORDS BY VARIOUS POETS – ENGLISH

- |    |    |   |      |
|----|----|---|------|
| 16 | iv | The nightingale has a lyre of gold RT V/25 ( <i>William Ernest Henley</i> ) | 1'54 |
| 17 | v  | I-Brasil RT V/28 ( <i>Fiona Macleod</i> )                                   | 3'48 |

### FOUR POSTHUMOUS SONGS – NORWEGIAN

- |    |    |  |      |
|----|----|--|------|
| 18 | i  | In the forest RT V/10 ( <i>Mark Stone after Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson</i> )                | 1'58 |
| 19 | ii | I once had a newly cut willow pipe RT V/14 ( <i>Lionel Carley after Vilhelm Krag</i> ) | 2'05 |

### THREE SONGS, THE WORDS BY SHELLEY RT V/12 (*Percy Bysshe Shelley*)

- |    |     |                          |      |
|----|-----|--------------------------|------|
| 20 | i   | Indian love song         | 3'11 |
| 21 | ii  | Love's philosophy        | 2'05 |
| 22 | iii | To the queen of my heart | 3'26 |

### FIVE SONGS FROM THE NORWEGIAN RT V/5

- |    |     |   |      |
|----|-----|---|------|
| 23 | i   | Slumber song ( <i>William Grist after Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson</i> ) | 4'05 |
| 24 | ii  | The nightingale ( <i>William Grist after Theodor Kjerulf</i> )    | 3'01 |
| 25 | iii | Summer eve ( <i>William Grist after John Olaf Paulsen</i> )       | 2'57 |
| 26 | iv  | Longing ( <i>William Grist after Theodor Kjerulf</i> )            | 3'04 |
| 27 | v   | Sunset ( <i>William Grist after Andreas Munch</i> )               | 4'23 |

79'01

MARK STONE *baritone*  
STEPHEN BARLOW *piano*

## **FREDERICK DELIUS**

### **An Englishman abroad, a foreigner at home**

#### **Part one: Wool, oranges and music school**

Fritz Theodore Albert Delius, or Frederick as he later called himself, lived most of his life abroad. He first achieved success in Germany whilst he was residing in France, but it was not until his work was championed by the conductor Sir Thomas Beecham that his music was appreciated in England, the country of his birth.

He was born in Bradford, Yorkshire on 29th January 1862, his father having emigrated from Germany to work in the wool trade. Delius was the fourth of twelve surviving children, and although his father did not consider music a practical profession for his son, he did think it was something he should enjoy, allowing him to play the piano and violin from an early age. He attended Bradford Grammar School and then the International College, Isleworth, where he took advantage of the proximity of London to attend concerts and opera.

On leaving school in 1880, it was agreed that he should join the family wool company as a travelling agent, attempting to secure orders. The job held little interest for him and was a succession of business trips punctuated by paternal recalls to Bradford on the discovery of his lack of industry. He did get to travel around Europe, including Norway, a country that was to fascinate him for the rest of his life. However, after three difficult years it became clear that Delius had little aptitude for the wool trade.

His older brother, Ernst, had emigrated to New Zealand to work as a sheep farmer. Emboldened by Ernst's escape, Delius suggested that he should try orange growing in Florida. His father consented and paid the deposit for a plantation called Solano Grove, and together with his new business partner, another errant son of Bradford called Charles Douglas, he set sail for America on 2nd March 1884. Their new property was about 100 acres and contained a two-bedroom wooden house. Their neighbours were friends of Edvard Grieg, and Delius enjoyed spending time with them, discussing music and restoring his sense of self-belief. He also experienced the singing of African-Americans working on the plantations, which was to leave a lasting impression on him.

Soon after their arrival, Charles contracted malaria and Delius travelled the 30 miles to Jacksonville to get medical help. On discovering that the doctor was out, he waited in a

nearby music shop, where he met another customer, Thomas Ward, a New York organist convalescing in the South. The pair got on so well that Delius forgot his patient until it was too late for the doctor to visit him that day. Thankfully, a neighbour had rescued Charles, who decided to find alternative accommodation, and on their return, Ward was invited to stay. The two musicians worked together for several months, Ward instructing Delius in the mechanics of counterpoint and fugue; in later years, Delius said it was the only teaching of any real value he ever received.

Despite his father exercising his option to buy the plantation in August 1884, Delius deserted Solano Grove in the summer of 1885, taking advantage of his brother Ernst's arrival. Leaving him in charge, Delius set himself up as a music teacher in Jacksonville and after a few weeks left for Danville, Virginia, answering an advertisement for the position of music teacher to the daughters of Professor Rueckert. He was soon well established in the town both musically and socially and, for the first time in his life, was earning a living from music.

On hearing that Delius had been making a success of himself as a musician, his father gave his grudging consent to, and financial support for, an eighteen-month course of study at the Leipzig Conservatoire. By August 1886, he was living in Germany and able to hear good music at almost every hour of the day. Despite the conservatoire's laid-back attitude towards teaching, he appears initially to have attended classes regularly and whilst there was introduced to Grieg, to whom he sent some manuscripts that were very positively received.

Delius returned to Bradford on 11th April 1888, already with the idea of moving to Paris, and on 4th May he dined with the Griegs and his father in London. Grieg extolled Delius' genius to such an extent that his father reluctantly agreed to continue his modest allowance and let him follow his musical path. Delius had also spoken to his Uncle Theodor in Paris, who was prepared to top up his income, giving him the independence he needed. Two days later he left England for France, with little idea that this country would be his home for the rest of his life.



SEVEN SONGS FROM THE NORWEGIAN RT V/9

Given his love affair with Norway, it is little surprise that of the 61 surviving songs Delius wrote for solo voice and piano, sixteen are settings of Norwegian texts. He claimed to have written his Scandinavian songs to the original poetry, and indeed, during his 1883 trip to Norway he was sufficiently proficient in the language to be able to attend plays. However, it is generally thought that he composed the two groups of Norwegian songs to German translations. *The Seven songs from the Norwegian* were composed in 1889 and 1890, during which time he was often in the company of his Norwegian friend from Leipzig, Arve Arveson, and undertook a three-month summer tour of Norway. They were published in 1892, in a different order (tracks 6,7,1,2,4,3,5), with German and English texts, the English later being revised by Fanny Susan Copeland and then again by the tenor Peter Pears.

1 i **Twilight fancies**

**Fanny Susan Copeland** (1872-1970) after *Prinsessen* by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson (1832-1910)

This simple, atmospheric song, inspired by Grieg's version, is one of Delius' most well known. It tells the story of a princess' lament as her evening meditations are interrupted by a shepherd's music, making her question the happiness of her own existence. Delius' wife, Jelka, spoke of the pang of youthful anxiety she would always feel on hearing the last line of this song, reminding her of a time when she had just met the composer, with whom she had immediately fallen in love, and feared that he would not find her interesting enough, forcing the sun to go down on their friendship.

The princess looked forth from her maiden bower.  
The horn of a herd-boy rang up from below.  
"Oh, cease from thy playing, and haunt me no more,  
Nor fetter my fancy that freely would soar,  
When the sun goes down."

The princess looked forth from her maiden bower.  
But mute was the horn that had called from below.  
"Oh, why art thou silent? Beguile me once more.  
Give wings to my fancy that freely would soar,  
When the sun goes down."

*Prinsessen sad højt i sit jomfrubur,  
Smågutten gik nede og blæste på lur.  
"Hvi blæser du altid, ti stille, du små,  
Det hæfter min tanke, som vide vil gå,  
Nu, når sol går ned."*

*Prinsessen sad højt i sit jomfrubur,  
Smågutten lod være at blæste på lur.  
"Hvi tier du stille, blås mere, du små,  
Det løfter min tanke, som vide vil gå,  
Nu, når sol går ned."*

The princess looked forth from her maiden bower.  
The call of the horn rose again from below.  
She wept in the twilight and bitterly sighed:  
"What is it I long for? God help me!" she cried.  
And the sun went down.

*Prinsessen sad højt i sit jomfrubur,  
Smågutten tog atter og blæste på lur.  
Da græd hun i aftnen og sukkede ud:  
"O sig mig, hvad er det, mig fejler, min Gud!"  
Nu gik solen ned.*

## 2 ii Young Venevil

**Peter Pears** (1910-1986) after *Venevil* by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

An unusually rhythmic song by Delian standards, *Young Venevil* gaily describes a girl's affections being spurned by her lover. Delius only set the first two verses of Bjørnson's seven; the full poem is more tragic, listing the many wreaths the girl presents for her lover to scorn, until all the flowers had died and Midsummer Day long passed. Halfdan Kjerulf also only set these stanzas, and Delius' German version used the same translation, adding to the argument that he probably followed this rather than the original Norwegian as the basis for his song. In addition, Kjerulf's light, dotted rhythm may well have influenced Delius.

Young Venevil ran with her heart on fire  
To her lover so dear.  
She sang till she made all the church bells ring:  
"Good day, good day!"  
And all the little songbirds  
Made answer to her song:  
"Midsummer Day's  
For laughter and play.  
Take care, little Venevil, your garland's going astray."

She wove him a garland of flowers blue:  
"As my eyes so blue, my love for you."  
He took it, and tossed it o'er the hill:  
"Farewell, my sweet."  
He laughed and ran like lightning,  
You hear his laughter still:  
"Midsummer Day's  
For laughter and play.  
Take care, little Venevil, your garland's gone astray."

*Hun Venevil hopped på lette fod,  
Sin kærest imod.  
Han sang, så det hørtes over kirketag:  
"God dag, god dag!"  
Og alle de små fugle  
Sang lystigt med i lag:  
"Til sanktehans  
Er der latter og dans;  
Men siden ved jeg lidet, om hun flætter sin krans!"*

*Hun flætted ham en af de blomster blå:  
"Mine øjne små"  
Han tog den, han kasted og tog den igen:  
"Farvel, min ven!"  
Og jubled, mens han sprængte  
Over aggerenen hen:  
"Til sanktehans  
Er der latter og dans;  
Men siden ved jeg lidet, om hun flætter sin krans!"*

3    iii    **Hidden love**

**Peter Pears** after *Dulgt kærlighed* by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

This song clearly does not take its cue from either Grieg's or Kjerulf's versions, which are both more Nordic in feel. Apart from the occasional harmonic invention giving away the composer's identity, Delius' song is pure Victorian melodrama, not only due to the alternating strong chords and pulsating triplets of the accompaniment, but also the repressed emotions and ultimate despair of the text. A man leaves a woman without speaking of his love for her. When, years later, he discovers that she has died, he is unaware that she spent her whole life loving no one else.

He listlessly stood by the wall,  
She radiantly danced through the hall.  
Her eyes shone in jest  
At every guest;  
His heart in his bosom lay smothered,  
But that could no one discover.

He bade her farewell at her home,  
She ran to the garden alone,  
To weep, and to weep  
For death's bitter sleep;  
Long years she had dreamed of her lover,  
But that would no one discover.

He wearily lived out his days,  
Then sought the familiar ways;  
Her fate had been best:  
He found her at rest,  
Her heart had been faithful forever,  
But that did no one discover.

*Han tvær over bænkene hang;  
Hun lystig i dansen sig svang.  
Hun legte, hun lo  
Med en og med to;  
Hans hjerte var nærvædt at briste,  
Men det var der ingen, som vidste.*

*Hun gik bag ved laden den kvæld,  
Han kom for at sige farvel.  
Hun kasted sig ned,  
Hun græd og hun græd,  
Sit livshåb, det skulde hun miste.  
Men det var der ingen, som vidste.*

*Ham tiden falt frygtelig lang.  
Så kom han tilbage en gang.  
Hun havde det godt;  
Hun fred havde fåt;  
Hun tænkte på ham i det sidste.  
Men det var der ingen, som vidste.*

4    iv    **The minstrel**

**Peter Pears** after *Spillemand* by Henrik Johan Ibsen (1828-1906)

Based on the Norwegian folktale of *Fossegrim*, this song tells of a minstrel who is taught the magic art of song by the water-sprite with which to seduce his lady, only to discover too late that she is his brother's bride. Rather than the trembling eeriness of Grieg's setting of this poem, Delius opts for an insistent agitator, suggesting that the minstrel's passion makes him blind to the danger of the supernatural. The arpeggios of the water-sprite's charm lead to the solemn realisation of the lady's unavailability and finally the throbbing accompaniment of the start is repeated slowly as the minstrel tells of the memory remaining with him forever.

For her my heart was longing  
In that pallid summer night;  
But my road led me down to the river,  
To the den of the water-sprite.

Ah! if I could but learn his magic,  
How to conquer that maiden fair,  
She'd listen to all my singing,  
She'd follow me everywhere.

I called up the sprite from the river.  
He played, but he charmed my life;  
For now that I was a master,  
Oh! she was my brother's wife.

Now singing in minster or palace,  
I am not hard to find,  
But the water-sprite's magical music  
Stays for ever in my mind.

*Til hende stod mine tanker  
Hver en sommerlys nat;  
Men vejen den bar til elven  
I det duggede orekrat.*

*Hej, kender du gru og sange,  
Kan du kogle den dejliges sind,  
Så i store kirker og sale  
Hun mener at følge dig ind!*

*Jeg maned den våde af dybet;  
Han spilled mig bent fra Gud;  
Men da jeg var bleven hans mester,  
Var hun min broders brud.*

*I store kirker og sale  
Mig selv jeg spilled ind,  
Og fossens gru og sange  
Veg aldrig fra mit sind.*

5 v **The birds' story**

**Peter Pears** after *En fuglevise* by Henrik Johan Ibsen

For the most complex song of this group, Delius composed a constantly moving and florid accompaniment, the modulations of which, although quite regular, give an indication of the direction his compositional style was to take in future years. In the poem, the narrator is reminded of a lover's farewell in the forest by the birds' singing there, which seems to echo the final words they said to each other. The piano demonstrates, in turn, the birds' cries and the lover's emotions, with the simple, but constantly shifting, vocal line hinting at the state of mind of the singer as he recalls the events.

We wandered on Mayday morning  
In leafy forest green,  
So shady and so secret  
Where no one could be seen.

The west wind whispered lightly,  
And all was fine and fair.  
Over our heads a blackbird  
Warbled a happy air.

*Vi gik en deilig vårdag  
Alléen op og ned;  
Lokkende som en gåte  
Var det forbudne sted.*

*Og vestenvinden viftet,  
Og himlen var så blå;  
I linden satt en fuglemor  
Og sang for sine små.*

I painted our life together  
In rainbow colours bright;  
Two merry eyes were watching  
And laughing with delight.

But from the air above us came  
A mocking sharp refrain.  
“Farewell,” we said, and parted,  
And never met again.

Now when I go and wander  
That forest all alone  
The music of the songbirds  
Can turn my heart to stone.

The blackbird had remembered  
Each word that we said that day,  
And she has turned all our story  
Into a roundelay.

Now every bird can sing that song  
From every branch and tree,  
Of how we met in Maytime  
In leafy forest green.

*Jeg malte dikterbilder  
Med lekende farvespill;  
To brune øyne lyste  
Og lo og lyttet til.*

*Over oss kan vi høre  
Hvor det tisker og ler;  
Men vi, vi tok et smukt farvel,  
Og møttes aldri mer.*

*Og når jeg ensom driver  
Alléen opp og ned,  
Så har for de fjærete småfolk  
Jeg aldri ro og fred.*

*Fru spurv har sittet og lyttet,  
Mens vi troskyldig gikk,  
Og gjort om oss en vise,  
Og satt den i musikk.*

*Den er i fuglemunne;  
Thi under løvets tag  
Hver næbbet sanger nynner om  
Hin lyse forårsdag.*

## 6 vi Cradle song

**Peter Pears** after *Vuggevisen* by Henrik Johan Ibsen

Act three of Ibsen's *Kongs-Emnerne* was the source of this simple mother's lullaby to her son Håkon, although Delius' setting is quite independent of the play. Whereas Grieg composed in the style of a very simple folksong for these words, Delius writes quiet but thick, rocking chords for the piano part, whose lush harmonies lead to a few short, higher interludes suggesting the angels watching over the child. A dominant pedal throughout the middle section leads to the original key for the last verse, and the sostenuto repetition of the final line of the poem, followed by the high pianississimo chord, illustrates the child falling asleep.

Now chimney tops and gables  
Reach up into the night;  
In dreams our little Håkon  
Soars over the starry height.

*Nu løftes laft og lofte  
Til stjernehvælven blå;  
Nu flyver lille Håkon  
Med drømmevinger på.*

He climbs a starry ladder  
Into a heavenly land;  
Where Håkon can wander safely  
With an angel hand in hand.

The angels will be guarding  
My boy the whole night through;  
God bless my little Håkon,  
Your mother's watching too.

*Der er en stige stillet  
Fra jord til himlen op;  
Nu stiger lille Håkon  
Med englene til top.*

*Guds engle små, de våger  
For vuggebarnets fred;  
Gud sign dig, lille Håkon,  
Din moder våger med!*

7 vii **The homeward way**

**Peter Pears** after *Ved Rondane* by Aasmund Olavsson Vinje (1818-1870)

This two-verse, strophic song hears a traveller returning and seeing his homeland in the distance; Rondane is a beautiful, mountainous area in central Norway. The poem is in fact four verses long, and although the first verse of the English is a fairly accurate translation, the second verse matches none of the remaining three, it being a translation of Tischer's German words. On seeing this German translation, Delius wrote to Tischer, providing him with a literal line-by-line German translation of verse two. Perhaps as a result of this, the last four lines of Tischer's translation were altered to something closer to the Norwegian meaning.

I see again the hills and valleys glowing,  
Which once I saw in childhood days of old;  
And on my brow an evening breeze is blowing  
From where the snowy mountain gleams with gold.  
Forgotten voices set old memories flowing,  
They fill my wandering thoughts with joys untold.  
My very soul awakes in recollection;  
It overwhelms me, past all expression.

A new resolve invades my inmost being,  
As drives the mountain torrent on its way.  
I hear the birds give sweet melodious greeting,  
The eagle beckons to me far away.  
To tired eyes this gentle wind breathes healing,  
It stills the noisy sounds of tedious day.  
Unto this quiet refuge will I turn me,  
And may the sun shine on my homeward journey.

*No ser eg atter slike fjell og dalar,  
Som dei eg i min fyrste ungdom såg,  
Og same vind den heite panna svalar;  
Og gullet ligg på snjo, som før det låg.  
Det er eit barnemål, som til meg talar,  
Og gjer meg tankefull, men endå fjåg.  
Med ungdomsminne er den tala blandad:  
Det strøymer på meg, so eg knapt kann anda.*

*Ja, livet strøymer på meg, som det strøyemde,  
Når under snjo eg såg det grøne strå.  
Eg drøymer no, som før eg alltid drøyemde,  
Når slike fjell eg såg i luften blå.  
Eg gløymer dagsens strid, som fyrr eg gløyemde,  
Når eg mot kveld av sol ein glimt fekk sjå.  
Eg finner vel eit hus, som vil meg hysa,  
Når soli heim til notti vil meg lysa.*

## FOUR OLD ENGLISH LYRICS RT V/30

English songs make up a disappointing eleven items in the Delius song catalogue, although he did also write a Tennyson cycle entitled *Maud* and a setting of W.E. Henley's *A late lark*, both for voice and orchestra. As an Englishman in self-imposed exile, who concentrated, as a song composer, largely on foreign texts, it seems appropriate that when he was forced to return to England during the first part of World War I, he chose to compose these English songs. The last three were written in 1915 whilst he was in Watford, and the first was completed when he returned to Grez-sur-Loing in 1916.

### 8 i It was a lover and his lass

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Delius' setting of this song from act five, scene three of *As you like it*, omits the third verse which contains the lines "This carol they began that hour" and "How that life was but a flower"; he apparently viewed this poem not as a couple's joyous dance but as if subjectively observing the lovers from a distance. With this in mind, it is merely the sight of the happy pair that leads to the concluding verse rather than their own wonderment of the beauty of life. Incidentally, it is thought by some that Shakespeare wrote "hey nonino" to allude to sexual intercourse.

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green cornfield did pass  
In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,  
When the birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding ding,  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folk would lie,  
In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding ding,  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
For love is crowned with the prime,  
In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,  
When the birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding ding,  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

9 ii **So white, so soft, so sweet is she**

**Ben Jonson** (1572-1637)

The text of this song is the last verse of Jonson's *Her triumph*, which itself is the fourth part of his poem *A celebration of Charis*, published in his 1640 collection *Underwoods*. The last two verses of three originally appeared in act two of his comedy *The devil is an ass*, first performed in 1616 by The Kings Men. In this play, a junior devil called Pug is sent to Earth to prove his worth at tempting men to evil, his target being the eccentric gentleman Fitzdottrel. Wittipol, a young gallant who adores Fitzdottrel's wife, sings this song extolling her beauty.

Have you seen but a white lily grow,  
Before rude hands have touched it?  
Have you marked but the fall of the snow,  
Before the soil hath smutched it?  
Have you felt the wool of beaver?  
Or swan's down ever?  
Or have smelt of the bud of the briar?  
Or the nard in the fire?  
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?  
O, so white! O, so soft! O, so sweet is she!

10 iii **Spring, the sweet spring**

**Thomas Nashe** (1567-1601)

The Elizabethan comedy *Summer's last will and testament*, which was published in 1600, is considered a bridge between the 16th century interludes and 17th century masques that were popular in English court society. The play features personifications of Summer, Autumn, Winter and Ver (Spring) and tells the story of Summer having to make his will at the end of his reign. The character Ver, who sings this song on his first entrance, is thought to be a caricature of Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, who in turn is suspected by some to be the true author of Shakespeare's plays. Delius' setting is suitably fast, furious and ebullient.

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king;  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing:  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The Palm and May make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay:  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet:  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!  
Spring, the sweet spring!

**Robert Herrick** (1591-1674)

This poem, from Herrick's 1648 collection *Hesperides*, begins by bemoaning the brevity of daffodils, begging them to last longer. It says that men will join the daffodils and die too, for everyone and everything has a short existence and must come to nothing. The wistful sentiment of this poem lends itself perfectly to Delius' style. It opens with the simplest melody in the introduction, leading into an easy recitative-style passage with the melodic figure of the prelude featuring throughout the accompaniment. Only at the mention of human mortality does the intensity of both piano and voice increase to fade out as the poem describes the nothingness of their shared legacy.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
 You haste away so soon;  
 As yet the early-rising sun  
 Has not attained his noon.  
 Stay, stay  
 Until the hasting day  
 Has run  
 But to the evensong;  
 And, having prayed together, we  
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,  
 We have as short a spring;  
 As quick a growth to meet decay,  
 As you, or anything.  
 We die  
 As your hours do, and dry  
 Away  
 Like to the summer rain;  
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
 Ne'er to be found again.

**ELEVEN EARLY SONGS – NORWEGIAN**

*The Eleven early songs* were published in 1974 as *Songs hitherto uncollected*. In fact they numbered twelve, including a song called *Aus deinen Augen fließen meine Lieder* RT V/11, No.4. The source of this song was an undated manuscript found amongst Delius' papers in an unknown hand with no details of the authorship. Beecham assumed that the words were by Heinrich Heine and that this was one of Delius' unpublished early songs. In fact, it transpired to be a copy of a published song by the composer Franz Ries with words by Dorothea Böttcher von Schwerin. The rest of the songs, as far as is known, date from 1885 to 1898.

**Augusta Plesner** (1817-1885) & **Susan Rugeley-Powers** (1834-1885) after *Over de høje fjelde*  
by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

Like *Young Venevil*, the text for this song was taken from Bjørnson's novel *Arne*, described by the translators as "A sketch of Norwegian country life". In chapter fourteen, entitled *Finding a lost song*, Arne hears an eight-verse ditty, which he remembers from his childhood. Delius set verses one, five, six and seven, in what is his earliest surviving song, penned in 1885 in Florida whilst under the tutelage of Thomas Ward. In the novel, the song is described as coming "floating over the meadows, mingled with the chattering of the birds", a sound that is suggested by Delius' accompaniment.

What shall I see if I ever go  
Over the mountains high?  
Now I can see but peaks of snow,  
Crowning the cliffs where the pine trees grow,  
Waiting and longing to rise  
Nearer the beckoning skies.

Birds, with your chattering, why did ye come  
Over the mountains high?  
Beyond, in a sunnier land ye could roam,  
And nearer to heaven could build your home;  
Why have ye come to bring  
Longing, without your wing?

Shall I, then, never, never flee  
Over the mountains high?  
Rocky walls, will ye always be  
Prisons until ye are tombs for me?  
Until I lie at your feet  
Wrapped in my winding-sheet.

Away? I will away, afar away,  
Over the mountains high!  
Here, I am sinking lower each day,  
Though my spirit has chosen the loftiest way:  
Let her freedom fly  
Not beat on the walls and die!

*Undrer mig på, hvad jeg får at se  
Over de høje fjelde?  
Øjet møder nok bare sne;  
Rundt omkring står det grønne træ,  
Vilde så gerne over;  
Tro, når det rejsen vover?*

*Stadrende fugl, hvad ville du her  
Over de høje fjelde?  
Rede du fandt vist bedre der,  
Videre syn og højere træ,  
Ville du bare bringe  
Længsel, men ingen vinge?*

*Skal jeg da aldrig, aldrig nå  
Over de høje fjelde?  
Skal denne mur mine tanker slå,  
Sådan med sne-is og rædsel stå  
Stængende der til det sidste,  
Blive min dødningskiste?*

*Ud, vil jeg! Ud! O, så langt, langt, langt  
Over de høje fjelde.  
Her er så knugende, tærende trangt,  
Og mit mod er så ungt og rankt,  
Lat det få stigningen friste,  
Ikke mod murkanten briste!*

**Fydell Edmund Garrett** (1865-1907) after *Højfjeldsliv* by Henrik Johan Ibsen

Originally composed to Ludwig Passarge's German translation of Ibsen's poem, this song, then called *Hochgebirgsleben*, dates from 1888. The English translation, newly adopted for this recording, is contemporary with Delius' composition and has been used to allow all the Norwegian songs to be presented in English; strangely, the English text fits the music rather better than the German for which it was composed. The song was not published until 1974 when it was produced as a facsimile of the manuscript. Although Delius had overwritten various amendments, he did not define a final version, and the version recorded here is the original.

In summer dusk the valley lies  
 With far-flung shadow veil;  
 A cloud-sea laps the precipice  
 Before the evening gale:  
 The welter of the cloud-waves grey  
 Cuts off from keenest sight  
 The glacier, looking out by day  
 O'er all the district, far away,  
 And crowned with golden light.  
 But o'er the smouldering cloud-wrack's flow,  
 Where gold and amber kiss,  
 Stands up the archipelago,  
 A home of shining peace.  
 The mountain eagle seems to sail  
 A ship far seen at even;  
 And over all a serried pale  
 Of peaks, like giants ranked in mail,  
 Fronts westward threatening heaven.

*I dalen er der sommernat  
 Med lange skyggers slør;  
 I højden går om bergvæg brat  
 En sjø for kveldens bøl:  
 Der vælter skyens bølger grå,  
 Og intet syn når op  
 Til jøklen, som i dagen lå  
 Og vidt udover bygden så,  
 Med solguld om sin top.  
 Men over tågebølgers brand,  
 I glans af guld og rav.  
 Der højner sig et fredlyst land,  
 Lig øftok spredt i hav.  
 Den store fjeldfugl sejler stig  
 Som skibet videst ud,  
 Mens tindens rad bag jøkelflig  
 Står, hærlædt troldfykning lig,  
 Og truer vest mod Gud.*

14 **They are not long, the weeping and the laughter** RT II/5

**Ernest Dowson** (1867-1900)

Delius composed *Songs of sunset* in 1906 and 1907, and dedicated it to the Elberfeld Choral Society, whose chief conductor Hans Haym was one of Delius' greatest supporters in Germany. In fact, Sir Thomas Beecham conducted the premier of the piece in London; the German choir performed it in 1914, possibly delayed by Haym's concerns as to the accessibility of such a melancholic work. This setting for solo voice and piano of the closing section was discovered after the composer's death. The manuscript, which is in his wife's hand, is dated 1906, and may have been the original version of the music before it was included in the larger piece.

They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,  
Love and desire and hate:  
I think they have no portion in us after  
We pass the gate.

They are not long, the days of wine and roses:  
Out of a misty dream  
Our path emerges for a while, then closes  
Within a dream.

**TWO SONGS FOR CHILDREN – UNISON SONG** RT V/29

Delius composed a number of choral songs, the earliest dating back to his time in Leipzig. As well as giving the composer a medium through which to create his harmonic world, he was probably also inspired by his early experience of hearing African-Americans singing as they worked on the plantations in Florida. The *Two songs for children* were written in 1913 specifically to be included in the Progressive Music Series, for use in American schools, although only the first one was actually used. They were subsequently both published in the Oxford Choral Songs series in 1924.

15 i **Little birdie**

**Alfred Lord Tennyson** (1809-1892)

This is Delius' only unison song; the second of the *Two songs for children* is for two-part choir and piano. *Little birdie* is a lullaby, sung by a mother to her three-year old girl in Tennyson's 1860 poem *Sea dreams*, which describes a city clerk and his family on holiday at the seaside. Delius' setting is quite basic, the vocal line being straightforward and childlike. Although the composer does allow the piano part a small amount of Delian harmonic indulgence and some ornamentation to suggest the bird's song, the overall effect is one of easy simplicity.

What does little birdie say  
In her nest at peep of day?  
Let me fly, says little birdie,  
Mother, let me fly away!  
Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger!  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say  
In her bed at peep of day?  
Baby says, like little birdie,  
Let me rise and fly away!  
Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Till the little limbs are stronger!  
If she sleeps a little longer,  
Baby, too, shall fly away.

### SONGS TO WORDS BY VARIOUS POETS – ENGLISH

These two songs form part of a group of five collected together for the Complete Works, the remaining three being based on Danish and Swedish texts. They were originally published in 1915 by Tischer und Jagenberg, with the setting of Verlaine's *Chanson d'automne* in place of the Danish song *Summer landscape*. The Cologne publisher had been producing Delius' music since 1910, including three Shelley songs, three Verlaine songs and a regrouping of his *Seven songs from the Norwegian* in three separate volumes, one for each poet. In contrast, there is no real connection between these songs, all by different poets, which were composed over a sixteen-year period in four languages.

#### 16 iv The nightingale has a lyre of gold RT V/25

**William Ernest Henley** (1849-1903)

This song, composed in 1910, is a setting from Henley's 1876 collection *Echoes of life and death*; the poem was dedicated to the Victorian poet Austin Dobson. It describes how the unsophisticated blackbird's song is preferred to the more elegant calls of the nightingale and lark because this joyful noise brought the lovers together. The piano introduction is influenced by Delius' earlier song *The birds' story*, where the lovers in the woods hear the blackbird's song. However, writing twenty years after his Ibsen setting, the composer is at the height of his powers for what is one of his greatest songs.

The nightingale has a lyre of gold,  
The lark's is a clarion call,  
And the blackbird plays but a boxwood flute,  
But I love him best of all.

For his song is all of the joy of life,  
And we in the mad, spring weather,  
We two have listened till he sang  
Our hearts and lips together.

**Fiona Macleod** (1855-1905)

William Sharp was a Scottish poet, novelist and biographer. From 1893, he began to write under the name of Fiona Macleod, inspired by his romantic attachment to the writer Edith Wingate Rinder. As Macleod he adopted a completely different literary persona, writing rhapsodic prose and verse on Celtic themes; the writer's identity was a secret to the general public during his lifetime. *I-Brasil* is the name, in Celtic mythology, given to the legendary island off the western coast of Ireland, and Delius' setting, composed in 1913, is in the style of a Scottish folksong.

There's sorrow on the wind, my grief, there's sorrow on the wind,  
 Old and grey!  
 I hear it whispering, calling, where the last stars touch the sea,  
 Where the cloud creeps down the hill, and the leaf shakes on the tree.  
 There's sorrow on the wind and it's calling low to me  
 "Come away! Come away!"

There's sorrow in the world, O wind, there's sorrow in my heart  
 Night and day.  
 So why should I not listen to the song you sing to me?  
 The hill cloud falls away in rain, the leaf whirls from the tree,  
 And peace may live in I-Brasil where the last stars touch the sea  
 Far away, far away.

**FOUR POSTHUMOUS SONGS – NORWEGIAN**

These songs, which date from Delius' first few years in France, were not published until 1981. Their simplicity belies the fact that they are, in all probability, the latest of his Norwegian songs, being written shortly after the *Seven songs from the Norwegian*. Unlike his other Norwegian songs, which were probably composed to the German translations, the manuscripts of these show only the Norwegian text. For this recording they are performed in English, with the first song in a new translation by the singer and the second in the published translation by the renowned Delius scholar Lionel Carley.

18 i **In the forest** RT V/10

**Mark Stone** (b.1969) after *I skogen* by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

On 30th March 1890, Bjørnson wrote a letter to his daughter Bergliot, who was at the time in Paris and an acquaintance of Delius, in which he quoted this poem, expressing his desire that someone should set it to music. Just over a year later, Delius stayed with Bjørnson at his home in Aulestad, Norway and left him an autograph of the first four bars of the voice part of this song dated 11th July 1891. It is therefore assumed, as the manuscript is undated, that it was composed at some point between these two dates.

Hear the forest slowly murmuring low,  
All of the sights in the desolate bowers,  
All of the pain in the ultimate hours,  
Winds carry mourning, for you to know.

*Skogen gir susende, langsam besked.  
Alt, hvad den så i de ensomme tider,  
Alt, hvad den led, da den fantes omsider,  
Klager i vinden, som tar det med.*

19 ii **I once had a newly cut willow pipe** RT V/14

**Lionel Carley** (b.1936) after *Jeg havde en nyskåren seljefløjte* by Vilhelm Krag (1871-1933)

The manuscript for this song is also undated. The Griegs gave Delius a copy of Vilhelm Krag's *Digte*, which did not include this poem, as a Christmas present in 1891 and two years later Delius met Krag for the first time in Paris. The words are taken from the poet's play *Vester i blåffeldet*, which was published in the year of this meeting, and it is generally assumed that the song was composed around this time. It is a mournful tale of lost love, which Delius' despairing setting, with its haunting pipe and fiddle motifs, presents effusively.

I once had a newly cut willow pipe,  
Now it has crumbled away.  
But there was a wench with lips red and ripe,  
Who gaily on it would play.

I once had a fiddle with fine strings,  
Hey, how it carolled and sang.  
Now laughter and weeping it no longer brings,  
Shrill and discordant its song.

Our good Lord in heaven says he will not have it,  
Sulio-sulio-lei.  
Come devil and please be so kind as to take it,  
Sulio-sulio-lei!

*Jeg havde en nyskåren seljefløjte  
Nu er ei flisen igjen.  
Men det var en sorthåret landevejstøyt  
Som kunde spille på den.*

*Jeg havde en fele med fine strenger.  
Hej! som de kviddred og gol.  
Nu låter og gråter den slet ikke længer,  
Sprunget er strenger og stol.*

*Vor Herre I himmelen vil ikke ha den.  
Sulio-sulio-lej!  
Men fanden er kanske så ventlig og ta den.  
Sulio-sulio-lej!*

### THREE SONGS, THE WORDS BY SHELLEY RT V/12

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

Delius' three Shelley settings were composed in 1891, the same year in which he wrote his group of Tennyson songs *Maud*, for tenor and orchestra. The orchestral songs were not produced in a piano version by Delius, as most of his other orchestral songs were, and so are not included on this recording. Both sets are quite different to the *Seven songs from the Norwegian*, composed just the year before; Delius adopted distinct styles of composition when setting different languages. All three of the Shelley songs are reminiscent of late nineteenth century ballads, although they bear the distinctive mark of the composer.

#### 20 i Indian love song

Shelley's poem *I arise from dreams of thee*, subsequently titled *The Indian serenade* and *The Indian girl's song*, was published posthumously in 1824. It was probably written for Sophia Stacey, the ward of his uncle. She stayed with the Shelleys in Florence around the time of the birth of their son Percy Florence on 12th November 1819, the middle name Florence apparently being Sophia's suggestion. Within days of her arrival, Shelley began to write love poetry to her, and this poem may have been the one given to her on 17th November in response to her beautiful singing of the previous evening.

I arise from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright:  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Hath led me, who knows how?  
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream –  
The champak odours fail  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;  
The nightingale's complaint,  
It dies upon her heart;  
As I must die on thine,  
Beloved as thou art!

Oh lift me from the grass!  
I die! I faint! I fail!  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale.  
My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
My heart beats loud and fast;  
Oh! press it close to thine own again,  
Where it will break at last.

21    ii    **Love's philosophy**

Another love poem to Sophia Stacey, Shelley did not present her with this until 28th December 1819, the day before she left Florence. He had sent it to his friend Leigh Hunt on 16th November. Hunt was enthusiastic about the “delicious love-song”, referring to its extra-marital inspiration as a “boldness of benevolence”, and published the verse in his literary journal *The indicator*. The poems which Shelley wrote for Sophia had been kept from his wife, Mary, and when she published them after his death, she assigned them misleading dates. Delius' setting, with its fast moving piano part, pre-empt's Quilter's more famous version, which was not published until 1905.

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 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?

22    iii    **To the queen of my heart**

This poem was first published in 1833 in T. Medwin's *The Shelley papers*. In 1839 it appeared in the first edition of Shelley's *The poetical works*, but was removed from the second edition in the belief that it had been false attributed. Delius' setting of this sizeable poem is on a grand scale. A flowing piano part introduces and continues underneath a sweeping vocal melody until verses four and five when the urgency of the accompaniment is manifested in repeated triplet chords, similar to those used in *Hidden love*. The fluid style returns for the final verse, which becomes gradually more tranquil.

Shall we roam, my love,  
To the twilight grove,  
When the moon is rising bright?  
Oh, I'll whisper there,  
In the cool night air,  
What I dare not in broad daylight!

I'll tell thee a part  
Of the thoughts that start  
To being when thou art nigh;  
And thy beauty, more bright  
Than the stars' soft light,  
Shall seem as a weft from the sky.

When the pale moonbeam  
On tower and stream  
Sheds a flood of silver sheen,  
How I love to gaze  
As the cold ray strays  
O'er thy face, my heart's throned queen!

Wilt thou roam with me  
To the restless sea,  
And linger upon the steep,  
And list to the flow  
Of the waves below  
How they toss and roar and leap?

Those boiling waves,  
And the storm that raves  
At night o'er their foaming crest,  
Resemble the strife  
That, from earliest life,  
The passions have waged in my breast.

Oh, come then, and rove  
To the sea or the grove,  
When the moon is rising bright,  
And I'll whisper there,  
In the cool night air,  
What I dare not in broad daylight.

### FIVE SONGS FROM THE NORWEGIAN RT V/5

These songs, written in 1888, were Delius' first published music and were dedicated to Grieg's wife Nina, who was a professional singer. Like the *Seven songs from the Norwegian*, which were composed over the following two years, it is generally thought that Delius composed these songs to the German translations, in this case by Edmund Lobedan and Wilhelm Henzen. They are, however, less adventurous than the later songs. All five are strophic settings with an unusually limited vocal range, possibly influenced by his experience of the previous year in Norway when he tried his hand at taking down some folksong in the field.

#### 23 i Slumber song

**William Grist** (1840-1896) after *Søvnens engler* by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

This poem is from Bjørnson's 1870 collection *Digte og Sange*. Kjerulf's 1865 setting, from which Delius probably obtained the German translation, is a lullaby, derivative of Gounod's *Ave Maria* over Bach's first prelude of six years earlier. The opening bars of Delius' version also sound like a lullaby and are very similar to the opening of *Cradle song* from his later Norwegian group. In contrast, the penultimate line of each verse grows in intensity, before the final line diminuendos back to the dynamic of the start, giving the impression of the child, and in the last verse the adult, stirring in his sleep before returning to rest.

While infancy dreamed  
From heaven there teemed  
An angel array  
With song and with play.  
And when he awoke his fond mother caressed him  
In joy that he smiled as the bright angels blessed him.

*Da barnet sov ind  
Med hånd under kind,  
Kom englene til  
Med latter og spil.  
Da barnet, det vågnet, stod moderen over:  
Du smiler så vakert, du små, når du sover.*

To heaven was her prayer;  
'Mid sorrow and care  
Unrestful he slept,  
In slumber he wept.  
A rustling was heard and again she caressed him  
In joy that the hovering angels had blessed him.

To manhood he grows,  
The tear again flows  
No rest is in sleep,  
His grief is too deep.  
The angels desert not; still nearer they press him  
And sing "Be at peace" as with slumber they bless him.

*Dets mor gik til Gud,  
Og barnet kom ud;  
Det sovned ind  
Med tårer på kind,  
Men hørte straks latter og moder-ord ømme;  
Ti englerne fulgte med barnlige drømme.*

*Snart blev det så stort  
At tåren frøs bort,  
Det sovned ind  
Med tanker i sinn;  
Men englene vek ej; de svævede over,  
Tog tanken og hvisked: "Hav fred, mens du sover!"*

24

## ii The nightingale

**William Grist** after *Syng, syng, nattergal du* by Theodor Kjerulf (1825-1888)

The text of this poem is credited in all editions as being a translation from the Norwegian poem of Johan Welhaven. However, according to Halfdan Kjerulf's setting, the words were written by his brother Theodor, which is confirmed by letters between the brothers in 1852. Delius' setting has many similarities with Kjerulf's version. The shared characteristics of the melody and gradation of tone are striking, and both composers repeat the first line of the verse again at the end. Delius' piano part is considerably more adventurous though; a surprising progression of seventh chords in the second half of the song underlines the unrest of the verse.

Sing, sing, nightingale blest,  
Sing me a rondel of gladness.  
Wilt thou not bring me as guest  
Peace in my bosom to rest?  
Ah! why must I be ever in sadness?  
Sing, sing, chantress of love,  
Sing where 'tis fragrant and beaming.  
Evening gales o'er me rove,  
Gloom overshadows the grove.  
Light alone springs from my dreaming.

Come, come, carol thy lay,  
Here in the cell where I languish.  
Cannot a nightingale stray,  
Must ever sorrow have sway.  
Song would but mock at my anguish.

*Syng, syng, nattergal du!  
Syng mig en liflig vise:  
Kan du så døde min hu?  
Kan du så mage det nu,  
At jeg måtte længsel forlise?*

*Syng, syng snart, er du snil;  
Kom, kom let og behænde:  
Abilden dufter dig til  
Natten er stille og mild,  
Alle mine tanker de brænder.*

*Kom, kom, sanger og tal!  
Der, hvor jeg hører hjemme,  
Er der ei nattergal,  
Der ved jeg sarrig og kval  
Lyve sig til syngende stemme.*

**William Grist** after *Jeg rejste en deilig sommerkvæld* by John Olaf Paulsen (1851-1924)

Paulsen's poem describes someone on a country walk who sees a young girl and wonders about what she is daydreaming. It is highly evocative of both the Norwegian landscape and lifestyle and it is not difficult to see, therefore, why Delius chose to set it. He probably took the text from Grieg's 1876 song, and although Delius' version is quite different, he adopts the grace notes of Grieg's vocal line and includes them as ornamentations in his piano part. As with the rest of the songs in the group, he sets the poem strophically.

At fall of glowing summer day  
Through lone vale I take my way.  
The waning sun gilds the lofty hill,  
The banks are green and blue the rill.  
The scented flowers  
Perfume the bowers and all is still.

At house-door sits a graceful maid,  
In ribbons golden bright arrayed,  
And as her needle she plies, she heeds  
Her flock that o'er the green hill feeds;  
Its pathway guiding  
To streamlet gliding o'er grassy mead.

Of what dreams she, that maiden fair,  
Outgazing through the twilight air?  
Though silent, she's not in heart alone,  
Her fancy o'er the hill has flown;  
Hark, distant singing,  
Its echoes winging in lovelorn tone.

*Jeg rejste en deilig sommerkvæld  
Igjennem en ensom dal.  
Så blankt stod fjeldet ved solfadstid  
Og blå var fjorden og grøn hver lid,  
Mens sommerluften  
Og birkeduften strøg om mig blid.  
En rankvokst jente med røde bånd  
Om flettens vægtige guld,  
På vangen sad med sit strikkesøj.  
En flok af gjæder om hende fløj,  
Den vogter stille,  
Mens elv og kilde gled uden støj.  
Hvad mon hun tænkte den jente rank  
I somrens drømmende kvæld?  
Atene, ene i dalen trang!  
Mon længslen ej over fjeld sig svang?  
Tys, luresvarer!  
Mod fjeldet farer en vemodsklang.*

William Grist after *Længsel* by Theodor Kjerulf

Ignoring the confusion as to the authorship of *The nightingale*, this song is Delius' second setting of words by Theodor Kjerulf, brother of the composer, Halfdan Kjerulf, from whose song he probably took the German translation. There are similarities between the two composers' settings: the rhythm of the opening phrase, the *agitato* marking and even the key show that Delius was heavily influenced by Kjerulf. However, Delius has again improved on Kjerulf's original idea and, in this case, produced the boldest song of the group. The wistful piano prelude introduces a song that alternates between dramatic exclamation and romantic desire.

Quick darts the eagle through the skies,  
 Yet not swift as my longing flies;  
 Speed on, time! Do not languish!  
 From evening gray, till the ruddy morn  
 With mortal pangs I'm ever torn,  
 Never allayed is my anguish.  
 Where billows thunder and dash in might,  
 Where tombs are yawning in gloomy night,  
 Where valleys wind and mountains tower,  
 O'er all resistless reigns the power  
 Of longing.

Heart, oh! my heart thy throbbing stay.  
 Whither, fancy, thy rapid way.  
 Dreams but charm thee to vanish.  
 Her loftiest flight, well fortune knows,  
 But heralds grief and untold woes.  
 Love only sorrow can banish.  
 The greater the bliss, the deeper the pain.  
 As lofty hill, as lowland plain.  
 As day and night, as ebb and flow  
 Within me burns the joy, the woe  
 Of longing.

*Vildeste fugl i flukt endnu  
 Fløi dog ikke som længsels hu  
 Tid, kan du ikke ille?  
 Fra morgen og indtil morgengry.  
 Det er som at lide døden på ny  
 Aldrig så kommer hvile.  
 Der er ei over det vide hav,  
 Der er ei i den dunkle grav  
 Og ei på fjeld og ei i dal,  
 Det er ei nogen større kval  
 End længsel!*

*Hjerte, mit hjerte styr ikke så,  
 Tanke, tanke hvorhen vil du gå.  
 Drøm, du bringer til vinge!  
 Det ved den lykke som vet sig stor  
 At kval er mer end de tomme ord,  
 Yndige lyd som klunger.  
 Jo større lykke, jo større kval,  
 Som høiest fjeld og dybest dal,  
 Som dag og nat så er min hu;  
 Meg tykkes at jeg bærer nu  
 På længsel.*

**William Grist** after *Solnedgang* by Andreas Munch (1811-1884)

The group, and this disc, concludes with Delius' shimmering setting of Munch's poem from his 1850 collection *Nye Digte*. Delius sets the first three verses of four, as did Grieg from whom he probably took the German translation. There are, as before, similarities between the two songs; Delius' constantly flowing setting produces a wonderfully restful and soporific effect. He later re-used the ideas from the ending of this song for the close of the vagabond's chorus in his opera *A village Romeo and Juliet*, the text of which also describes the sunset.

Now gently sinks the sun to rest,  
The woods are draped in shadow,  
Eve heralds night with radiance blest  
Of golden lake and meadow.  
With sad and sweetly whispering sounds  
The peaceful woods are teeming  
Amid the twilight that surrounds  
And fills our soul with dreaming.

The farewell tears by daylight shed  
On grass and flower are hoary,  
The lily sleeping bows the head  
And ends its day-brief glory.  
The birds have ceased their merry lay,  
The valley's joy is vanished,  
How earth will fare, they wondering say,  
If light, if sun be banished.

Despair thou not but sink thou too  
Where sun his course has taken;  
From grave upsprings pure love anew,  
As violets sweet awaken.  
Where streams the light thy path to guide,  
There fearless onward wend thee,  
And should night's terrors round thee glide,  
Kind heaven will guard and tend thee.

*Nu daler solen sagte ned  
Bag åsens fjerne skove  
Og sender guldrød aftenfred  
Udover eng og vover.  
En sød, vemodig hvisken går  
Igjennem birkens blade  
Om nattens mulm, som forestår  
Og vil sin favn oplade.*

*Hvor dagens afskedstære mild  
På blomst og strå nu falder!  
Konvolvøls kalk sig lukker til,  
Endt er dens livsensalder.  
Nu tie alle fugle små,  
Og dalen stille grunder  
Ved hvad der nu skal følge på,  
Når sol går ganske under.*

*Frygt ej min sjæl – sænk dig kun ned  
I nattens dyb mod solen,  
Derfra opvælder kjærlighed  
Som duft fra natviolen.  
Hvor lysets kilde går forud,  
Did kau du trøstig følge,  
Og lade nattens bløde skrud  
Din hede længsel dølge.*

We are very grateful to 217 Records, Michael Maglaras, The Delius Society, The Ireland Trust, Paul Guinery and Layton Ring for their financial support towards the making of this recording.

Executive producer: Michael Maglaras.

Produced and engineered by Alexander Van Ingen. Edited by Stephen Frost.

Recorded 30 August - 1 September and 9 December 2010 at The Music Room, Champs Hill, West Sussex, U.K. by kind permission of David and Mary Bowerman.

Steinway technicians: Mark Beglin and David Flanders.

Thanks to Lionel Carley, Robert Threlfall, Michael Pilkington & Patrick Egersborg.

Sung text of *Twilight fancies* by Fanny Susan Copeland from *Delius: A book of songs, set 1* © 1930 Oxford University Press, reproduced by permission. All rights reserved.

Sung text of *Young Venevil, Hidden love, The minstrel, The birds' story* and *Cradle song* by Peter Pears from *Delius: A book of songs, set 1* © 1969 Oxford University Press, reproduced by permission. All rights reserved.

Sung text of *The homeward way* by Peter Pears from *Delius: A book of songs, set 2* © 1969 Oxford University Press, reproduced by permission. All rights reserved.

Sung text of *In the forest* © 2010 Mark Stone.

Sung text of *I once had a newly cut willow pipe* by Lionel Carley © 1981 Universal Edition A.G., Wien, reproduced by permission. All rights reserved.

Publishers: Oxford University Press (1-7,16,17, 20-22); Boosey & Hawkes (8-11,14,15); Stainer & Bell (12,13,23-27); Universal Edition (18, 19).

Booklet notes © 2011 Mark Stone.

Front cover: photograph of Frederick Delius courtesy of the Delius Trust.

Inside front cover: photograph of Mark Stone and Stephen Barlow © 2006 Jamie Lumley.

Page 8: photograph of Frederick Delius courtesy of the Delius Trust.

Reverse inlay: photograph of Mark Stone and Stephen Barlow © 2010 Alexander Van Ingen.

Graphic design: Colour Blind Design.

Printed in the E.U.

5 0 6 0 1 9 2 7 8 0 0 6 2



in association with

