



THE COMPLETE

Delius
SONGBOOK

volume 2

MARK STONE
STEPHEN BARLOW



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THE COMPLETE *Delius* SONGBOOK volume 2

FREDERICK DELIUS (1862-1934)

FIVE SONGS FROM THE DANISH (SET 1)

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75'33

MARK STONE *baritone*
STEPHEN BARLOW *piano*

FREDERICK DELIUS

An Englishman abroad, a foreigner at home

Part two: Composing in sickness and in health

At the age of 26, Delius moved to Paris to embark upon a career as a composer, funded by his father and his Paris-based Uncle Theodor, and two years later, in 1890, he attended the first public performance of one of his own orchestral works, when his symphonic poem *Paa vidderne* was played in Norway. He completed his first opera, *Irmelin*, in 1892 and his second, *The magic fountain*, in 1895, but his uncle's refusal to help towards mounting a production led to a falling out and a cessation of his avuncular allowance. In the same year Delius was diagnosed with secondary syphilis – the result of his multifarious amorous adventures in the French capital.

In 1896, he met the German painter Jelka Rosen, and she introduced him to Grez-sur-Loing, a small village 65km outside Paris, where she used to paint. Around this time, Delius made an extended trip to Florida, in an attempt to lease his orange plantation. His disappearance pained the devoted Jelka, but all was forgiven when, on his return, Delius moved into Jelka's newly-acquired house in Grez. He completed his third opera, *Koanga*, and attended the premiere of *Over the hills and far away* in Elberfeld, conducted by Hans Haym, who was to become a Delian pioneer in Germany. In 1899, Delius promoted a London concert of his own music, courtesy of his Uncle Theodor's inheritance, and over the next few years he wrote two more operas: *A village Romeo and Juliet* and the one-act *Margot la rouge*.

He married Jelka in 1903 and changed his name from Fritz to Frederick. Prospects looked more positive, with interest for his music in Germany increasing, including the first performance of a Delius opera, *Koanga*. Further German premières followed, including *Appalachia*, his piano concerto, *Sea drift* and *A village Romeo and Juliet*. His reputation in England had improved as a result of his foreign successes, but his music was still practically unknown there until Sir Thomas Beecham heard *Appalachia* and became an instant devotee, immediately programming *Paris* in London and later premièring *A mass of life*.

In 1910, Delius spent a month in a sanatorium where his deteriorating health was ascribed to tertiary syphilis. He finished his last opera, *Fennimore and Gerda*, the following year and completed *An arabesque* and *The song of the high hills*. His works were now being performed in England, Germany, France and America, but the outbreak of war in 1914, and the

stopping of German royalties, had a catastrophic effect on Delius' finances. They moved to Beecham's house in Watford, before returning to Grez in 1915, where he composed productively until 1917, when his health took a sudden turn for the worse, and he was barely able to walk. He improved and they spent the summer of 1918 in Biarritz, during which time their house in Grez was requisitioned by French officers, who vandalized the property, requiring the Deliuses to spend the next year in London.

Initially, their financial problems continued on their return to Grez, but Delius received a commission to write the incidental music for the play *Hassan*, which proved to be a great commercial success, and funds that had been blocked by the war were finally released. Delius continued to grow weaker, despite various treatments, and eventually became confined to Grez. He received a constant stream of visitors, and radio broadcasts combined with gramophone recordings enabled him to hear his music, but by the end of 1925, although mentally unimpaired, he had lost the use of his limbs and was blind.

He remained in this helpless but stable condition until 1928 when, having heard about Delius' disability, a young Yorkshireman called Eric Fenby, wrote to him, offering to act as his amanuensis. Delius accepted his offer, and Fenby was soon engaged in the extraordinarily difficult task of taking down musical dictation from the composer. The Delius-Fenby partnership slowly bore fruit and an orchestral suite of music from *Hassan* was produced, together with the completion of his orchestral songs *Cynara* and *A late lark*, and a new work: *A song of summer*. In the autumn of 1929, Fenby left for a well-earned break, and Delius travelled to England to attend Beecham's Delius Festival.

Fenby went to work with Delius again, and together they produced a third violin sonata, *Songs of farewell* and *Idyll*. When Jelka was admitted to hospital for an operation, Fenby returned once more to help out, Delius' condition having worsened, and was present when Jelka was allowed back home a couple of days before Delius' death on 10th June 1934. Delius was initially buried in Grez, but was moved the following year to Limpsfield, Surrey; just as his music had grown and matured abroad, before being embraced on home soil, so the composer himself returned, in the end, to the land of his birth.

FREDERICK
DELIUS
COMPOSER
1862-1934
JELKA
DELIUS
ROSEN
MAY 1867



FIVE SONGS FROM THE DANISH (SET 1)

These songs, written a decade after Delius' two large groups of Norwegian songs, show the development in his compositional style, being generally more through-composed. The other difference between the Danish and Norwegian songs is that the former appear to have been set to the original language. The catalogue numbers indicate that the first and fourth items are listed as orchestral songs, although the piano versions are by the composer and may well have been the original forms. They also show the original grouping of seven songs composed around 1897 (tracks 3,5,32,2,34,33 & 13), with the other two songs from this first group (tracks 1 & 4) being composed as a set in 1900; the songs are presented on this disc in the composer's own English translations and in the 1906 published order.

1 i **The violet** RT V/21, No.1

Frederick Delius after *Viol* by Ludvig Detlaf Greve Holstein (1864-1943)

Written strophically, the form of this song is most like Delius' earlier Norwegian songs, although the harmonic language belongs to his more familiar chromatic, maturing style. The poem is from Holstein's 1895 collection *Digte*, as is the other Holstein poem of this group, and compares the poet's beloved to a flower, saying that no harm is intended, and that it is enough simply to be in their presence. Delius' English words, which were originally wrongly credited to the publisher's in-house translator, were altered slightly for Sir Thomas Beecham's recordings of this song with the soprano Dora Labette, and it is this amended version that is performed here.

Sweet flower mine! My little bird!
I see you from my lonely shade.
No harm to thee I'd ever do.
'Twould be a sin to sadden you!
And though your beauty I would wear,
To pluck you I would never dare
And rob you of the sunny air,
Beloved flower!

Min lille blomst! Min lille fugl!
Jeg ser dig fra mit mørke skjul.
Jeg vil jo intet gøre dig.
Åh, det var Synd at røre dig!
Om blot det var at bukke sig,
Jeg voved ej at plukke dig
Og røve dig din klare sol.
Viol! Viol!

Sweet flower mine! My little bird!
I see you from my lonely shade.
If only I may look at you,
You may despise or frown on me.
I would not ever trouble you!
I long to breathe the self-same air
To share its fragrance and delight
With you, sweet flower!

*Min lille blomst! Min lille fugl!
Jeg ser dig fra mit mørke skjul.
Når blot jeg må betragte dig,
Så må du godt foragte mig.
Jeg vil jo ikke bryde dig,
Jeg vil jo bare fryde mig
Og ånde I den same sol
Som du, viol!*

2 ii **In the seraglio garden** RT III/4, No.4

Frederick Delius after *I seraillets have* by Jens Peter Jacobsen (1847-1885)

This atmospheric poem, which like all three Jacobsen poems in this set comes from his 1886 collection *Digte*, portrays the tranquil beauty of a Turkish seraglio garden at night. Delius writes a slow, chordal piano part with occasional semi-quaver ornaments that support a soporific vocal line. In fact, the theme he introduces in the piano part for the third line of the poem must have particularly pleased him, because he reused it for the opening of the third number in *A mass of life*, the words of which, by Nietzsche, talk of staring longingly into life's night eye.

With perfume heavily laden
The roses droop their heads,
The pine trees are swaying so silently
In drowsy air,
And silvery fountains are slowly playing
So dreamily!
The minarets raise towards heaven in faith
Their Turkish towers,
The crescent moon glides on her lonely way
O'er the dark blue sky,
And she kisses clusters of lily and rose
And other rare flowers too,
In the seraglio garden,
In the seraglio garden.

*Rosen saenker sitt hoved, tungt
Af dug og duft,
Og pinjerne svaje saa tyst
Og mat i lumre Luft.
Kilderne vaelte det tunge sølv
I døsi ro.
Minareterne pege mod himlen op
I tyrketto,
Og halvmaanen driver saa jævnt afsted
Over det jævna blaa,
Og den kysser rosers og liljers flok,
Alle de blomster smaa
I seraillets have,
I seraillets have.*

3 iii **Silken shoes** RT III/4, No.1

Frederick Delius after *Silkesko over gylden læst* by Jens Peter Jacobsen

This poem is a fanfaric flourish on having wooed a beautiful girl, the opening line of which is an expression of the exquisite and valuable nature of the newly-won beloved. Delius uses rising triplets throughout to underline the triumphant nature of the song, which, after favourably comparing the girl to everything else the world has to offer, comes to a warm, satisfied ending. Although the original version of this song had an identical piano part, the vocal line had several higher options, which Delius decided against including in the published version, used for this recording.

Silken shoes upon golden lasts!
I've won a maiden fair!
The fairest maiden waits for me!
None is like her; none, on God's bright sunny earth,
Alone she stands, alone.
Not the sky in the south nor the snow in the north
Is more pure.
But my heaven is filled with earthly bliss,
And flames flare out of my snow.
No red, red rose of summer is redder
Than her black eyes are deep...

Silkesko over gylden læst!
Jeg har mig en jomfru fæst'!
Jeg har mig en dejlig jomfru fæst'!
Ingen er som hun paa Guds sollyse jord,
Ikke en eneste en.
Som himlen i syd og som sneen i nord
Er hun ren.
Men der er jorderigs fryd i min himmel,
Og flammer der staar af min sne.
Ingen sommers rose er rødere,
End hendes øje er sort...

4 iv **Autumn** RT V/21, No.2**Frederick Delius** after *Efteraar* by Ludvig Detlaf Greve Holstein

In this Norse ballad, sometimes referred to as *Whither*, Delius sets the first two verses of the poem strophically, as the child innocently asks their father where the swans and the clouds go. Only in the third verse are these questions revealed as an allusion to the deeper question at the end of the poem, for which the song becomes slower and solemn, with clashing, accented octaves in the right hand of the piano and a more dramatic vocal line. As for *The violet*, several small changes were made to the text when Beecham recorded the song with Labette, and these alterations have been adopted for this recording.

Father, whither fly the swans?
 Away, away! With glittering wings,
 With outstretched necks singing, hastening
 Away, away! Whither no one knows!

Father, whither sail the clouds?
 Away, away! Hunted by winds
 Across the wide ocean shining, race they
 Away, away! Whither no one knows!

Father, and we, say whither do we go?
 Away, away! We bow our heads
 And close our eyelids, sobbing plaintively:
 Away, away! Whither no one knows!

*Far, hvor flyver svanerne hen?
 Bort! bort! Vingerne spiler de,
 Halsen strækker de, syngende iler de
 Bort! bort! Ingen hved hvorhen.*

*Far, hvor sejler skyerne hen?
 Bort! bort! Jaget af vindene
 Ud over havene stryger de skinnende
 Bort! bort! Ingen hved hvorhen.*

*Men far, vi selv, hvor gaar vi saa hen?
 Bort! bort! Øjnene lukker vi,
 Hovedet bøjer vi, klagende sukker vi,
 Bort! bort! Ingen hved hvorhen.*

5 v **Irmelin** RT III/4, No.2**Frederick Delius** after *Irmelin Rose* by Jens Peter Jacobsen

Delius composed this song around five years after his first opera of the same name, borrowing the refrain for the purpose. It tells of a Turandot-style princess who continually refuses her wooers' advances, because she is waiting for the knight of whom she has constantly dreamt. Delius uses different music for all the verses except the middle two, the strophic nature of which serves to emphasise the repetitive nature of the endless succession of men calling on the princess. The seductive calling of her name at the end of each verse is evocative of both the hopeful knights and her own desire for her true love. Again, Beecham's textual changes have mostly been used for this recording.

There lived a king in days departed,
Many treasures rare he owned,
But far beyond the best of these
He thought his beauteous Irmelin,
Irmelin rose,
Irmelin sun,
Irmelin loveliest of all!

Every knightly helmet shining
Mirrored back her image bright,
Every poet sang of passion,
Breathed her name by day and night:
Irmelin rose,
Irmelin sun,
Irmelin loveliest of all!

Knights by hundreds, noble wooers,
Thronged the ancient castle hall,
Wooed the maid with fond devotion,
Wooed with sweet and flowered word:
Irmelin rose,
Irmelin sun,
Irmelin loveliest of all!

But the princess would not listen,
Cold her heart was, cold as steel,
She lightly mocked their marks of anguish
And scorned their pangs of hopeless love.
Irmelin rose,
Irmelin sun,
Irmelin loveliest of all!

*Se, der var en gang en konge,
Mangen skat han kaldte sin,
Navnet paa den allerbedste
Vidste hver var Irmelin,
Irmelin rose,
Irmelin sol,
Irmelin alt, hvad der var dejligt!*

*Alle ridderhjelme spejled
Hendes farvers muntre pragt,
Og med alle rim og rytmer
Havde navnet sluttet pagt:
Irmelin rose,
Irmelin sol,
Irmelin alt, hvad der var dejligt!*

*Hele store bejlerflokke
Der til kongens gaarde foer,
Bejlede med ømme lader
Og med blomsterfagre ord:
Irmelin rose,
Irmelin sol,
Irmelin alt, hvad der var dejligt!*

*Men prindsessen jog dem fra sig
(Hjertet var saa koldt som staal),
Lastede den enes holdning,
Vrænged ad den Andens Maal.
Irmelin rose,
Irmelin sol,
Irmelin alt, hvad der var dejligt!*

6 **Noch ein Mal RT II/1** **Once more****Friedrich Nietzsche** (1844-1900)

Also known as *Mitternachtslied Zarathustras*, this song was composed for baritone soloist, male chorus and orchestra in 1898 and dedicated to Delius' cousin Arthur Krönig, the husband of Marie Krönig who wrote the words for the song *Traum Rosen*, which was composed around the same time. It was later included as the final movement of *A mass of life*, which was composed in 1904 and 1905. The undated manuscript of this version, for solo voice and piano, was found amongst Delius' papers after his death, and although it was not in Delius' hand, his wife stated that this was the earliest form of the music. The text was also used by Mahler in his third Symphony completed two years earlier.

O Mensch! Gib acht!
 Was spricht die tiefe Mitternacht?
 "Ich schlief, ich schlief –,
 Aus tiefem Traum; bin ich erwacht: –
 Die Welt ist tief,
 Und tiefer als der Tag gedacht,
 Tief ist ihr Weh –,
 Lust – tiefer noch als Herzeleid:
 Weh spricht: Vergeh!
 Doch alle Lust will Ewigkeit –,
 – Will tiefe, tiefe Ewigkeit!"

*Oh man! Take heed!
 What does the deep midnight say?
 "I was asleep, I was asleep –,
 I awoke from deep dreams: –
 The world is deep,
 And deeper than day had thought,
 Deep is its woe –,
 Desire – deeper even than heartache:
 Woe says: Pass away!
 But all desire wants eternity –,
 – Wants deep, deep eternity!"*

LIEDER NACH GEDICHTEN VON FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE RT V/19
Friedrich Nietzsche

These four Nietzsche songs, like the *Noch ein Mal*, were written in 1898, and were possibly published by Leuckart as a set of five songs, together with *Im Glück wir lachend gingen*, the German translation of track 11. The four Nietzsche songs were later published on their own by Universal in 1924. It is not difficult to understand Delius' affinity with Nietzsche's poetry and atheistic philosophy, and these songs were probably sketches for his later large-scale work *A mass of life*. His musical language here is direct and dramatic, despite the fact that each of the songs is quite short.

7 i Nach neuen Meeren

This first poem is from the second, 1887 edition of Nietzsche's book *Die fröhliche Wissenschaft*, which contained the appendix *Lieder des Prinzen Vogelfrei*. The words are those of an adventurous soul, who fearlessly faces the unknown, with only the eye of Eternity watching over him. The reference to Genoa appears because Nietzsche often wintered there for his health. Delius' music starts in recitative style, with a dotted triplet rhythm in the piano to suggest the courage of the sailor. The stillness of the sea develops into a sweeping movement at the mention of the ship before the eerie calm of Eternity's eye at the end.

Dorthin – will ich; und ich traue
Mir fortan und meinem Griff.
Offen liegt das Meer, ins Blaue
Treibt mein Genueser Schiff.

Alles glänzt mir neu und neuer,
Mittag schläft auf Raum und Zeit –:
Nur dein Auge – ungeheuer
Blickt mich's an, Unendlichkeit!

Towards new seas

*Over there – I want to go; and I trust
Myself from now on and my grip.
The sea lies open, into the blue
My Genoese ship drives.*

*Everything seems to me to shine new and newer,
Noon sleeps upon space and time –:
Only your eye – tremendous
Looks at me, Eternity!*

8 ii Der Wanderer

The original 1882 edition of Nietzsche's *Die fröhliche Wissenschaft* contained a prelude of poems entitled *Scherz, List und Rache* from which this poem was taken. A powerful image of a traveller who has wilfully wandered from the beaten track, it is a metaphor of the path taken through life, and the perils of stepping out on one's own course. Delius' setting is very sparse, with the piano accompaniment being entirely chordal to give the impression of isolation and space. The final warning, that one is lost if one believes in danger, is emphasised by a defiantly short piano postlude.

“Kein Pfad mehr! Abgrund rings und
Totenstille!” –
So wolltest du's! Vom Pfade wich
dein Wille!
Nun, Wanderer, gilt's! Nun blicke kalt
und klar!
Verloren bist du, glaubst du – an Gefahr.

The wanderer

*“No more path! Abyss all around and deathly
quiet!” –
As you wanted it! Your intention deviated from
the path!
Now, wanderer, is the moment! Now look coldly
and clearly!
You are lost, if you believe – in danger.*

9 **iii Der Einsame**

This poem is also from the prelude of the same book as the previous song. The words are those of a recluse who wants neither to follow nor to be followed, but rather to be a solitary wandering figure, returning home only when he is ready. Delius again employs a chordal accompaniment to support a strong vocal line at the start of this song, illustrating the poet's resolve not to fit in with the confines of regular society. On the introduction of the travels, the vocal line becomes more lyrical and quieter, being matched by a flowing piano part.

Verhasst ist mir das Folgen und das Führen.
Gehorchen? Nein! Und aber nein – Regieren!

Wer sich nicht schrecklich ist, macht
niemand Schrecken.

Und nur wer Schrecken macht, kann andre
führen.

Verhasst ist mir's schon, selber mich zu führen!

Ich liebe es, gleich Wald- und Meerestieren,

Mich für ein gutes Weilchen zu verlieren,

In holder Irrens grüblerisch zu hocken

Von ferne her mich endlich heimzulocken,

Mich selber zu mir selber zu verführen.

The lonely man

I hate following and leading.

Obeying? No! But also no to ruling!

He who is not frightening to himself, makes no one afraid.

And only he who makes people afraid, can lead others.

I even hate to lead myself!

I love, like creatures of the forest and sea,

To lose myself for a good while,

To crouch brooding in sweet madness

Far from here, finally to entice myself home,

Me to myself seducing.

10 **iv Der Wanderer und sein Schatten**

This final Nietzsche poem is taken from his 1878 book *Menschliches, Allzumenschliches – Ein Buch für freie Geister*. In the verse, a mountaineer has reached a point where there is no way back and no way forward, the only option being to hold fast to where he is, and consider what lies beneath him: the whole of mankind and his own death. The music is suitably bleak, with Delius' high chords providing the icy atmosphere of the hostile terrain. Particularly effective is a rising piano interlude whilst the traveller considers his options as dawn approaches.

Nicht mehr zurück? Und nicht hinan?

Auch für die Gemse keine Bahn?

So wart ich hier und fasse fest,

Was Aug und Hand mich fassen lässt!

Fünf Fuss breit Erde, Morgenrot,

Und unter mir – Welt, Mensch und Tod.

The wanderer and his shadow

Back no more? And not ascend?

No path for the mountain goat too?

So I wait here and hold fast,

To that which eye and hand allow me to hold!

Five feet of earth, sunrise,

And below me – the world, man and death.

FOUR POSTHUMOUS SONGS – DANISH

These songs, which are slightly later than the Norwegian songs from the same group, were not published until 1981. As with the Norwegian songs, which were composed shortly after his other settings of the same language, these two songs date from around the period when he wrote his two major sets of Danish songs. Like the other Danish songs, it appears that these were composed to the original Danish texts. 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 composer's wife.

11 iii We laughed when days were merry RT V/20

Mark Stone (*b.1969*) after *Vi lo jo før saa længe* Holger Drachmann (1846-1908)

Composed around 1895, this song was possibly published with the four preceding Nietzsche songs, although little evidence has been found to support this; it may not have got to publication because of World War I. Later, in 1920, it was engraved but not published, despite repeated requests by the composer. The original Danish text was taken from Drachmann's 1879 collection *Ungdom i digt og sang*, setting the first two verses of three. It is a song of nostalgia, saying we should not regret youth's passing, but be glad for the fun we once had.

We laughed when days were merry
And spun joy's thread for years,
Now we can shoulder bravely
A sprinkling of tears;
When bitter tears have ended,
We'll venture out to where
Our hearts in dance were blended;
No dancing now is there.

In silence there we settle
On benches in the shade
Where golden sunrays revel
With rafters in play.
To sit there in the darkness
Yet see the sunlight soar,
Rejoicing in the gladness
Of old. We ask no more!

*Vi lo jo før saa længe
Og spandt paa glædens traad,
Nu kan vi sagtens trænge
En smule til graad;
Naar graaden saa er standset,
Saa gaar vi ud og ser
Paa stedet, hvor vi dansed;
Dér danser vi ej mer.*

*Dér sætter vi os stille
I skyggen paa en bænk,
Hvor solens straalere spille
Med tavlede stænk.
At sidde selv i skyggen
Og se, hvor solen lér,
At glæde os ved lykken,
Som var. Hvad vil vi mer?*

12 iv I hear in the night RT V/23

Jelka Rosen (1868-1935) after *Jeg hører i natten* by Holger Drachmann

This poem is the third from Drachmann's *Sange til en søster*, the first part of *Døgnet's psalmer* from *Ungdom i digt og sang* of 1878. It is an atmospheric song in which the poet describes not being able to sleep because of the noises coming from the forest; the trembling piano part depicts the disturbing sounds the singer describes. Jelka produced English and German translations of the song in an attempt to have it published in the decade after its composition in 1901, but to no avail.

I hear in the night
From the sleeping forest
A cry: Ah help me
My God!
I listen trembling,
Cannot sleep,
They call me, I hasten
Outside.

I wake in the night
The sleeping forest
With whispering voice:
Who's there?
In darkness, where all
Is still and silent
Stand sleepily bushes
And trees.

I'm frightened as if
I had dared too much
And call again:
Who's there?
I listen. From sleepheavy
Slumbering forests
There comes back the echo:
Who's there?

*Jeg hører i natten
Fra stille skove
Et raab, som af: hjælp mig,
Min Gud!
Jeg rejser mig, lytter,
Kan ikke sove,
Jeg kaldes, jeg kommer
Derud.*

*Jeg vækker i natten
De slumrende skove
Med hviskende stemme:
Hvem dér?
I natten, med ret til
At tie og sove,
Staar søvntunge buske
Og træer.*

*Jeg ængstes, som var det
For meget at vove,
Jeg løfter min stemme:
Hvem dér?
Jeg lytter. Fra søvntunge,
Slumrende skove
Spørger mig ekko:
Hvem dér?*

I hasten at night
From the quiet forest,
I anxiously think
My God!
I lie still, I listen,
Can sleep no more.
Who am I? And where
Am I bound?

*Jeg iler i natten
Fra stille skove,
Jeg grubler, jeg grunder;
Min Gud!
Jeg lægger mig, lytter,
Kan ikke sove.
Hvem er jeg? hvordan ser
Jeg ud?*

SONGS TO WORDS BY VARIOUS POETS – DANISH AND SWEDISH

These three songs form part of a group of five collected together for the Complete Works, the remaining two being settings of English poems. They were originally published in 1915 by Tischer und Jagenberg, with the setting of Verlaine's *Chanson d'automne* in place of the Drachmann song *Summer landscape*. Although this original publication had little homogeneity, encompassing four languages and written over a sixteen-year period, this group of three songs is quite a cohesive set, with the musical language of the three songs being recognisably similar, and the compositional span reduced to five years.

13 i **Let springtime come** RT III/4, No.7

Frederick Delius after *Lad vaaren komme* by Jens Peter Jacobsen

This was one of the seven orchestral Danish songs composed in 1897. The poem, from Jacobsen's 1886 collection *Digte* starts by describing the beauties of nature in springtime, only for the poet to say that he will remain untouched by these wonders, waiting instead for his own blossoming. Delius' music provides a mellifluous melody to paint the spring picture seductively, before solemnly reaching the song's concluding message. Although not as adventurous as some of his later songs, it does give an indication of the direction his vocal writing was destined to lead, with an occasionally unusual voice part driven by an ever-changing harmonic structure.

Let springtime come then, when it will,
 With verdure greenest,
 With flutelike song of myriad birds,
 When all that blossoms
 And all that is freshest,
 Loveliest, fairest
 Waves and flutters,
 Away over meadows, away over fields,
 Budding in gardens and hiding in woodlands,
 Shedding its fragrance on waters and waves.
 Yet not for me!
 My heart is neither leaf nor blossom
 And springtime cannot bring me joy:
 I must await my own spring
 When?

*Lad vaaren komme, mens den vil,
 Med grønt, der grønnes,
 Med tusend fugles fløjtespil,
 Mens blomster blomstre
 Og alt det skjønnest
 Fagreste fagre
 Kommer at flagre
 Ud ove enge og ud over agre,
 Vælder i haver og skjules i skove,
 Vælder sin duft over vang, og vove.
 Hvad gjør de mig?
 Mit hjerte er ej blomst, ej blad,
 Og vaaren gjør det ikke glad:
 Det har sin egen, sæere vaar,
 Naar?*

14 ii **Black roses** RT V/22

Frederick Delius after *Svarta rosor* by Ernst Josephson (1851-1905)

Aside from a lost folksong arrangement referred to by the tenor Leonard Labatt in a letter to the composer in 1888, Delius only composed one Swedish song, in 1901, which was a setting of the title poem from Josephson's 1888 collection. This verse is a dialogue, the initial question of which evokes a dark tale of a rose-tree that has grown around the human heart, where it tears with its thorns. Delius set the first two of three stanzas, omitting reference to the different coloured roses – white as death, red as blood – and the description of the roots wrenching the heart.

Tell me, why are you so sad today?
 You have always been so merry and gay!
 Believe me, I am no more sad today
 Than when you thought that I was merry and gay;
 For sorrow has night-black roses.

A tangle of roses grows thick round my heart
 And stinging thorns make wounds that smart.
 And roses and thorns spread night and day;
 They have driven all joy and peace away,
 For sorrow has night-black roses!

*Säg hvarför är du så ledsen i dag,
 Du, som alltid är så lustig och glad?
 Och inte är jag mera ledsen i dag
 Än när jag tyckes dig lustig och glad;
 Ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.*

*I mitt hjerta der växer ett rosendeträd
 Som aldrig nånsin vill lemna mig fred.
 Och på stjelkarne sitter tagg vid tagg,
 Och det vållar mig ständigt sveda och agg;
 Ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.*

Frederick Delius after *Sommer i Gurre* by Holger Drachmann

Gurre in Denmark was the setting for a mediaeval story of a Danish king whose mistress was killed by the queen; the tragic tale was the basis of Arnold Schoenberg's 1911 *Gurre-Lieder*, which used the poetry of Jacobsen. Delius' song begins by painting a peaceful twilight scene. Although there is no specific reference to the tale, the middle section develops, with more emotive music, to speak of the memories and dreams that remain there. The serene music of the opening returns for the end of the song, coloured by the location's dark past.

The sun is at rest; its rays are gone!
 Day now reposes,
 The fields lie in haze, and a faint breeze trembles
 O'er dusky woodlands.
 On every leaflet sweet memories dwell
 And tarry there, glistening like evening dew.
 And far away
 In white floating vapours half hidden
 Lie meadows and forests and dreamland;
 And rising towards the heaven aglow
 And swaying like waves,
 The mists waft away,
 And a poem is born
 In the darkening sea of trees.

*Solen er til hvile, den slukte sit lys;
 Dagen vil sove.
 Engene damper, der gaar som et gys
 Gennem gurrevangs skove.
 Der sitrer et minde paa hvert et blad,
 Som bøjer sig, tynget af duggens bad;
 I bunterad,
 Mens dampene tættes og skilles ad,
 Staa enge og minder og skove.
 Og det løfter sig, suget af glansen fra oven,
 Det svulmer som voven;
 Det sænker sig ned,
 Og der fødes et digt
 Ved skovsøens dæmrende bred.*

SONGS TO POEMS BY PAUL VERLAINE

Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

This grouping of four Verlaine songs is due to their current publication. In fact, the first two songs were composed as a set of *Deux mélodies* in 1895, although they were published separately in Paris the following year. The other two songs were composed as individual items in 1910 and 1911, being published by Tischer & Jagenberg in 1910 and 1915 respectively. What is instantly apparent is that Delius' compositional style with these poems is completely distinct from his songs in other languages. He captures, not only the prosody of the language that he was obviously hearing and speaking on a daily basis, but also the recognisable sound-world of French art song.

16 i Il pleure dans mon cœur RT V/16, No.1 Tears fall in my heart

This poem, from Verlaine's *Romances sans paroles* of 1874, had already been set by Fauré and Debussy when Delius composed his version. It is a melancholic verse, which compares the rain in the town to the tears in the heart, which are shed for no reason. The text employs internal assonance and alliteration to give the rhythm of the raindrops, highlighted by Delius' insistent quaver rhythm, to which he adds a gently falling, sighing melody in the right hand of the piano. His modulation for the fourth verse returns unexpectedly to the opening key, as if to suggest that no amount of questioning can change the poet's state of mind.

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie,
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,
Ô le chant de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écoeure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?...
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

*Tears fall in my heart
Like the rain falls on the town;
What is this languor
That penetrates my heart?*

*Oh the sweet sound of the rain
On the ground and on the roofs!
For a weary heart,
Oh the song of the rain!*

*Tears fall without reason
In this sickening heart.
What! No betrayal?...
This grief is without reason.*

*It is really the worse pain
Not to know why
Without love and without hatred,
My heart is in so much pain.*

17 ii Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit RT V/16, No.2 The sky, above the roof

Verlaine's title for this poem was *Sagesse*, and it was written when he was serving a prison sentence for manslaughter, explaining why Fauré's version of the song was called *Prison* and Hayn's was called *D'une prison*. In fact, the first three verses of the poem describe calm, beautiful surroundings, with only the last lamenting over his loss of liberty. Delius' song, apparently one of his favourites, has a vocal line that seems to continually ascend to the blue, calm sky beyond the prison roof, whilst the piano part illustrates in turn, the bell's ringing, the waving trees and birdsong.

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.

– Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse?

*The sky, above the roof, is
So blue, so calm!
A tree, above the roof,
Waves its crown.*

*The bell, in the sky we see,
Gently rings.
A bird, on the tree we see,
Plaintively sings.*

*My God, my God, life is there,
Simple and tranquil.
That peaceful murmur there
Comes from the town,*

*– What have you done, oh you that
Weep incessantly,
Say, what have you done
With your youth?*

Delius' setting of Verlaine's 1870 poem from his collection *La bonne chanson*, like the previous song, followed in the footsteps of Fauré and Hayn. The three verses of the poem describe a tranquil forest at night, interrupted by single lines that the poet calls out to his lover, appropriately set in isolation by Delius. The gently rocking accompaniment, follows a meandering harmonic path, particularly for the second verse, of which the vocal line is merely a single strand, much as the lovers are themselves one aspect of the constantly changing moonlit landscape.

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...
O bien-aimée.
L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.
Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...
C'est l'heure exquisite.

*The white moon
Shines in the woods;
From every branch
Comes a voice
Beneath the arbour...
Oh my beloved.
The pond reflects,
Like a deep mirror
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind weeps...
Let us dream, It is time.
A vast and tender
Calm
Seems to descend
From heaven
That the moon illuminates...
It is the exquisite hour.*

Taken from Verlaine's 1867 collection *Poèmes saturniens*, this verse, which was also previously set by Hayn, describes the melancholic effect that autumn has to provoke memories of earlier days. Delius' opening chiming piano chords suggest both the passing of time and the sobbing of the first verse. The anxiety of remembering in the second verse is highlighted by the song's increased chromaticism. The music becomes more agitated for the final verse's description of the wind before, on comparing himself to a dead leaf, the accompaniment returns to the slow lamenting chords of the start.

Les sanglots longs
Des violons
De l'automne
Blessent mon coeur
D'une langueur
Monotone.

Tout suffocant
Et blême, quand
Sonne l'heure,
Je me souviens
Des jours anciens,
Et je pleure;

Et je m'en vais
Au vent mauvais
Qui m'emporte
Deçà, delà,
Pareil à la
Feuille morte.

*The long sobs
Of the violins
Of autumn
Wound my heart
With a monotonous
Languor.*

*All suffocating
And pallid, when
The hour is struck,
I remember
Former days
And I weep;*

*And I go
In the ill wind
That carries me
Here and there,
Like a
Dead leaf.*

This song, composed in 1919 and then completed and published in 1932 was Delius' last song for voice and piano. The poem, like *La lune blanche* is from Verlaine's 1870 collection *La bonne chanson* and was also set by Fauré in his cycle of the same name. In this poem that describes the sunrise, Verlaine employs a device, also used in *La lune blanche*, where each verse ends with a separated description, interrupting the entreaty for the morning to intercede on behalf of the poet to his beloved, and, as such, it is really two poems that have been interspersed.

Avant que tu ne t'en ailles,
Pâle étoile du matin,
– Mille cailles
Chantent, chantent dans le thym. –

Tourne devers le poète,
Dont les yeux sont pleins d'amour,
– L'alouette
Monte au ciel avec le jour. –

Tourne ton regard que noie
L'aurore dans son azur;
– Quelle joie
Parmi les champs de blé mûr. –

Puis fais luire ma pensée
Là-bas, – bien loin, oh, bien loin!
– La rosée
Gaïment brille sur le foin. –

Dans le doux rêve où s'agite
Ma mie endormie encor...
– Vite, vite,
Car voici le soleil d'or. –

Before you go away,
Pale morning star,
– A thousand quail
Sing, sing in the thyme. –

Turn towards the poet,
Whose eyes are full of love,
– The lark
Climbs heavenward with the day. –

Turn your gaze drowned
In the blue of dawn;
– What joy
Among the fields of ripe wheat. –

Then make my thoughts shine
Down there, – far away, oh, far away!
– The dew
Shines gaily on the hay. –

In the sweet dream where
My sleeping love stirs...
– Quick, quick,
For here is the golden sun. –

ELEVEN EARLY SONGS – DANISH, GERMAN AND FRENCH

The *Eleven early songs* were published in 1974 as *Songs hitherto uncollected*. As already outlined in volume one of this series, they numbered twelve, due to Franz Ries' *Aus deinen Augen fließen meine Lieder* being incorrectly included in the Delius catalogue within his *Songs to words by Heine*. These works appear to have been composed in the period from 1885 to 1898, and show Delius at his most conservative, but also with glimpses of the music he was to write later in his career.

21 ii **Two brown eyes** RT V/3

Frederick Corder (1852-1932) after *To brune øjne* by Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1875)

Composed in Florida, whilst Delius was a student of Thomas Ward, this song dates from 1885 and was written in the same year as his first song *Over the mountains high*. In fact, when Philip Heseltine compiled his list of important Delius works, in consultation with the composer, this was the first item in the catalogue. The simple nature of the song owes something to Grieg's setting of the same poem, which used the same German translation and was no doubt familiar to Delius at this time. It is presented on this disc in English, using the English translation published with Grieg's song

I have discovered two sweet brown eyes,
In them my world and hope now lies.
O glance of maidenly purity,
For ever and ever thou'lt stay with me!

*To brune øjne jeg nylig saa,
I dem mit hjem og min verden laa.
Der flammede snildet og barnets fred,
Jeg glemmer det aldrig i evighed!*

22 **iii Der Fichtenbaum RT V/4**
Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Delius composed this Heine song the following year; Liszt had previously written two settings of the same text. The simple poetry, describing a wintery spruce longing to be a summery palm, is presented in a correspondingly straightforward song by Delius. There is none of the intricate word-painting, or unusual harmonic language that would later become the hallmark of Delius song. Instead, a piano accompaniment of quaver chords with an underlying bass melody, and vocal line of simple lyricism makes this song sound like an homage to Schubert.

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam
Im Norden auf kahler Höh.
Ihn schläfert, mit weisser Decke
Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.

Er träumt von einer Palme,
Die, fern im Morgenland,
Einsam und schweigend trauert
Auf brennender Felsenwand.

The spruce tree

*A spruce tree stands alone
On the bare heights in the north.
It is sleepy, and with a white blanket
It is wrapped by ice and snow.

It dreams of a palm tree,
Which, far away in the east,
Alone and silently mourns
On a burning rock face.*

This song, composed in 1888, has an interesting history. It was published in Paris, with the original German text and the French translation *Plus vite, mon cheval*, and perhaps on this basis was wrongly attributed in some sources as being a Verlaine setting. Delius, actually withdrew the song some time later, which could have had something to do with the dedication that appeared in some copies, to his former mistress, Madame la Princesse de Cystria. Richard Strauss also set these words in 1879, but the manuscript has been lost. Delius' song includes only the first three verses of Geibel's six verse poem, and is an exhilarating, passionate piece; Jelka once claimed to have been able to play the piano part, adding that it was a desperate affair, but so exciting!

O schneller, mein Ross, mit Hast, mit Hast,
Wie säumig dünkt mich dein Jagen!
In den Wald, in den Wald, meine selige Last,
Mein süßes Geheimnis zu tragen!

Es liegt ein trunkener Abendschein
Rotdämmernd über den Gipfeln,
Es jauchzen und wollen mit fröhlich sein
Die Vögel in allen Wipfeln.

O könnt' ich steigen mit Jubelschall
Wie die Lerch empor aus den Gründen,
Und droben den rosigen Himmeln all
Mein Glück, mein Glück verkünden!

*Oh faster, my horse, make haste, make haste,
How lethargic your hunting seems to me!
Into the forest, into the forest, take my blessed load,
My sweet secret!*

*An intoxicating evening light lies
Setting red over the peaks,
The birds rejoice and want to be merry
In every tree-top.*

*Oh, that I could soar with merry cry
Like the lark out of the valleys
And up there, to all the rosy sky,
Proclaim my happiness, my happiness!*

The words of this song, composed in 1889, are from act two of Musset's play *Le chandelier* (the candlestick). The play had been made into operettas by Messager and Offenbach, the latter doing so after producing his own version of this song. In the play, Jacqueline is advised by her lover to create a decoy for their love-affair, so as to distract the suspicions of her elderly husband. He suggests encouraging another man's affections, referring to him as a 'candlestick', derived from the French expression 'to hold the candle', meaning 'to be a gooseberry'. Fortunio is lured into playing this role, and he sings this song at a dinner attended by the husband, wife and lover.

Si vous croyez que je vais dire
Qui j'ose aimer,
Je ne saurais, pour un empire,
Vous la nommer.

Nous allons chanter à la ronde,
Si vous voulez,
Que je l'adore et qu'elle est blonde
Comme les blés.

Je fais ce que sa fantaisie
Veut m'ordonner,
Et je puis, s'il lui faut ma vie,
La lui donner.

Du mal qu'une amour ignorée
Nous fait souffrir,
J'en porte l'âme déchirée
Jusqu'à mourir.

Mais j'aime trop pour que je die
Qui j'ose aimer,
Et je veux mourir pour ma mie
Sans la nommer.

*If you think I'm going to say
Whom I dare to love,
I cannot, not even for an empire,
Name her for you.*

*We will sing all around,
If you want,
That I adore her and that she is blonde
As wheat.*

*I do whatever her whim
Orders me,
And if she needs my life, I can
Give it to her.*

*From the pain that an ignored love
Makes us suffer,
I wear my torn soul
Unto death.*

*But I love too much for me to say
Whom I dare to love,
And I want to die for my love
Without naming her.*

25 **vii Mit deinen blauen Augen** RT V/11, No.1 **With your blue eyes**
Heinrich Heine

This poem from *Neue Frühling*, later set by Richard Strauss in 1903, describes the entrancing effect that the beloved's blue eyes have on the poet. Delius' setting starts simply, but soon leads down an interesting harmonic path before returning to the tonic for the final euphoric phrase. It is the first of the *Songs to words by Heine* that were composed in the period from 1890 to 1891. In addition to the completed Heine songs, there is also a draft of a setting of Heine's *Warum sind die Rosen so blass* in one of Delius' notebooks in the Grainger Museum.

Mit deinen blauen Augen
Siehst du mich lieblich an,
Da ward mir so träumend zu Sinne,
Dass ich nicht sprechen kann.

An deine blauen Augen
Gedenk' ich allerwärts:
Ein Meer von blauen Gedanken
Ergiesst sich über mein Herz.

*With your blue eyes
You lovingly look at me,
My senses become so dreamy,
That I cannot speak.*

*By your blue eyes
I am reminded of everywhere:
A sea of blue thoughts
Pours over my heart.*

26 **viii Ein schöner Stern** RT V/11, No.2 **A beautiful star**
Heinrich Heine

Also from Heine's *Neue Gedichte*, this poem is a song to a star; the poet hopes that the comfort he receives in looking at the star is not merely a deception. Delius' song is fairly straightforward, with a lyrical vocal part accompanied by a simple quaver motion in the piano. The accompaniment moves to triplets and the speed of the song increases gradually until the desperate declamation of the last line, which is then repeated slowly and quietly, as if in prayer.

Ein schöner Stern geht auf in meiner Nacht,
Ein Stern, der süßen Trost herniederlacht
Und neues Leben mir verspricht –
O, lüge nicht!

Gleich wie das Meer dem Mond entgegenschwillt,
So flutet meine Seele, froh und wild,
Empor zu deinem holden Licht –
O, lüge nicht!

*A beautiful star rises in my night,
A star, which smiles down sweet solace
And promises new life to me –
Oh, do not deceive!*

*Just as the sea swells towards the Moon
So my soul floods, happy and wild,
Up to your sweet light –
Oh, do not deceive!*

27 ix Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen RT V/11, No.3 If I hear the little song
Heinrich Heine

This poem of painful grief, from Heine's *Buch der Lieder*, had been set before by Grieg, five years earlier in 1885, and most famously by Schumann in his *Dichterliebe Op.48* of 1840. Delius varies the speed considerably in his song, starting with the simple statement of the song's tune before speeding up and then slowing down for the end of the first verse. The second verse starts with an agitated figure that he later reused in *The minstrel* from *Seven songs from the Norwegian*, which describes an impossible longing for a brother's wife. The song ends by slowly repeating the last line three times as a lament whilst the beloved's tune is repeated in the accompaniment.

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Vor wildem Schmerzdrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergrosses Weh'.

*If I hear the little song,
That my beloved once sang,
Then my breast wants to burst
With a wild surge of pain.*

*A dark longing drives me
Up there to the wooded heights,
There, dissolved in tears, is
My immense sorrow.*

Richepin's 1883 novel *Miarka* contained this poem. Delius composed the song in 1893 and Richepin adapted his novel into a play some years later, in 1905. In the novel, Miarka herself sings this song in response to her grandmother reading a poem celebrating the glory of words. Delius only set the first two of Richepin's verses, with the last line of the song being an addition by the composer. The omitted verses hear Miarka asking why the clouds flee and what they say, calling them nasty and then good, before finally adding that she will follow the clouds, and her dreams will sleep on them.

Nuages, nuages, que vous êtes loin!
 Nuages, nuages, que je suis las,
 Et sur vos seins, à la peau blanche
 Je voudrais tant me reposer!

Nuages, nuages, que je vous aime!
 Nuages, nuages, que vous êtes beaux!
 Pour qui donc mettez-vous ces robes
 De satin vert, de velours rose?

Nuages, nuages, comme je vous aime.

Clouds, clouds, how far away you are!
Clouds, clouds, how weary I am!
And on the white skin of your breast
I would like so much to rest!

Clouds, clouds, how I love you!
Clouds, clouds, how beautiful you are!
For whom do you put on those dresses
Of green satin, of pink velvet?

Clouds, clouds, how I love you.

This song, composed around 1898, is the only known example of Delius setting words by anyone other than an established poet. Marie Heinitz was the wife of Delius' Berlin lawyer, who acted on his behalf in his dispute with the publisher Harmonie. Before this, at the time of sending these words to the composer, she was the husband of Delius' cousin, Arthur Krönig. She sent the poem to Delius after singing his song *Through long, long years (Red roses)* and being struck by the similar sentiment of the text. Her modest covering letter stated that she held little hope of him setting her poem, but he appears to have composed this song immediately.

Dunkle, schwüle Sommernacht!
 Aus geheimnisvollen Tiefen
 Wo die müden Wünsche schliefen
 Sind die Träume aufgewacht.

Glücklosen flechten sie zum schweren Kranz
 Um der Seele dumpfes Sehnen.
 Blumen Kelche schwer vor Tränen,
 Herbst erblühte ohne Glanz.
 Traum Rosen, Traum Rosen.

*Dark, sultry summer night!
 From mysterious depths
 Where the tired desires slept
 The dreams are woken up.*

*For the luckless they weave a heavy wreath
 Around the soul's stifled longings.
 Flower cups heavy with tears,
 Autumn blossomed without lustre.*

Dream roses, dream roses.

FIVE SONGS FROM THE DANISH (SET 2)

This group of songs, with the same title as the first group on this disc, was similarly not composed as an entity, but gathered together for publication, much later in the case of this group: nearly 40 years after the composer's death, in 1973. As with the other set, they were apparently composed to the Danish words, with the composer providing his own English translations. The last three songs form part of the seven orchestral songs described earlier and are the latest compositions in this group and, in fact, these songs have more in common with his earlier Danish settings.

30 i The page sat in the lofty tower RT V/17

Frederick Delius after *Genrebillede* by Jens Peter Jacobsen

This song was composed around 1895 and is a setting from Jacobsen's 1886 collection *Digte*, as are the other two Jacobsen songs in this group. It describes a poet having difficulty writing a love song, who, when words fail him, resorts to music and blows his horn across the mountains in order to express his desire. Delius' music describes, in turn, the poet's gentle love as he is writing the poem, his hesitation as he flounders, his annoyance at not being able to find the rhyme, and then his almost triumphant playing of his horn, as his love is finally communicated.

The page sat in the lofty tower
Gazing at the distance,
Rhyming of a love song
On his love and longing,
So confused the words came thronging,
Vain his searching.
Now with bright stars, now with roses
Nothing could be rhymed with roses –
Then with despair to his mouth put his horn,
Tight with his hand his sword gripped,
Blew forth thus his love longing
Away across the mountains.

*Pagen høit paa taarnet sad,
Stirred' ud saa vide,
Digted' paa et elskovskvide
Om sin elskovskvide,
Kunde ikke faa det samlet,
Sad og famled',
Nu med stjerner, nu med roser –
Intet rimed' sig paa roser –
Satte fortviolet saa hornet for mund,
Knugede vredt sit værge,
Blæste saa sin elskov ud
Over alle bjerge.*

Frederick Delius after *Lyse nætter* by Holger Drachmann

This song, the earliest of the set, was composed in 1891. It is a simple setting of the second poem in Drachmann's *Nye sange ved havet*, part of *Døgnets psalmer*, in his 1879 collection *I digt og sang*. The poem tells of a seaside sunset reminding the viewer of an innocent childhood. Most of the song, which describes the beautiful twilight scene, is set to a gently rocking rhythm of broken chords giving the impression of peacefulness. When the childhood is remembered, the music breaks into quadruple time for two lines, as if starting awake for a moment, before returning to the restfulness of the opening music.

On shore how still, all nature seems asleep;
 Like a silver path now lies the silent deep,
 The heaven softly blending with the waves,
 The sunset glow the surface warmly laves.
 And gazing thus there seems to float in sight
 A vision soft of childhood pure and bright:
 How strangely glad –
 That dreamy night, ah! that dreamy night!

*Paa stranden skælver ej det mindste blad;
 Her ruller søen sølvblank ud sit bad,
 Og solnedgangen lejr sig derover.
 I himlen smeltes ind de bløde vover,
 Du skuer mod uendelige sletter
 Af barndomsminder uden mørke pletter,
 Vemodig glad –
 De lyse nætter, ak de lyse nætter!*

32 **iii Summer nights (On the sea shore)** RT III/4, No.3
Frederick Delius after *Lyse nætter* by Holger Drachmann

The final three songs in this group were written in 1897, belonging to the set of seven orchestral songs, and as such they are the most mature compositions of the five. The peculiarity of this song is that not only is it a setting of the same Danish poem as the previous item in this group, but it has been given a completely different translation, even though both English versions were by the composer. What is haunting about this setting is the sense of regret which is absent in the previous song, and which is painfully clear in a song composed six years later. By now Delius' allowance had been reduced, he had achieved little success, and the ease of his childhood must have seemed a distant memory.

No leaflet stirs upon the silent shore,
The silvery ocean throbs upon the sands,
And red glows the sunset over yonder.
The heaven seems to melt into the waves.
Then softly from the past a host of memories
Of happy childhood throng upon me,
Half sad, half glad,
Those summer nights, oh! those twilight nights!

*Paa stranden skælver ej det mindste blad;
Her ruller søen søvblank ud sit bad,
Og solnedgangen lejr sig derover.
I himlen smeltes ind de bløde vover,
Du skuer mod uendelige sletter
Af barndoms minder uden mørke pletter,
Vemodig glad: –
De lyse nætter, ak de lyse nætter!*

33 **iv Through long, long years (Red roses)** RT III/4, No.6
Frederick Delius after *Roser røde* by Jens Peter Jacobsen

This poem also strikes at the heart of Delius predicament at the time of composition; it was written just two years after he had first been diagnosed with syphilis. Jacobsen himself had died of tuberculosis at the age of 38, and the book containing this poem was published posthumously the following year. Delius only set the first of Jacobsen's four verses. The last three stanzas continue to describe the bitter twists of fate that have moved the poet from a dreamlike state to bitter tears, each verse ending with the same line.

Through long, long years we must atone,
For what was a trifling pleasure;
And what we dismiss with a careless smile,
We cannot recall by long weeping,
For sorrows grow and hot tears flow from red roses.

*Det bødes der for i lange aar,
Som kun var en stakket glæde;
Det smiler man frem i flygtig stund,
Man bort kan i aar ej græde.
Der rinder sorg, rinder harm af roser røde.*

Frederick Delius after *Løft de klingre glaspokaler* by Jens Peter Jacobsen

The set, and this disc, concludes on a suitably nostalgic note; Jacobsen's poem describes how the red of the wine glasses brings to mind a scene of wild roses from long ago, since when youthful dreams have faded away. Delius' brash opening music for the toast quickly melts into a slower wistful setting for the description of the memories. After the final repetition of the song's title, the music of the opening returns in an attempt to banish the melancholic thoughts, but they seem to reappear as the coda fades to a pianissimo ending.

Lift on high and clink the glasses
 Look how bright the Burgundy flashes
 Like a ruby deepest red.

A faded day,
 A time gone by
 Comes back again to my memory.

Now twilight is falling,
 The earth has wended away
 From the sun's warming rays
 Roses wild on the great highway,
 Wine roses, wine roses!

Roses wild on the great highway,
 Where is our glowing summer night's dream?
 Gone as a strain of music goes?
 Wine roses, wine roses!

*Løft de klingre glaspokaler,
 Som Burgunder-bølger maler
 Røde som en mørk rubin.*

*En svunden dag,
 En svunden tid
 Vaagner igjen i mit minde.*

*Nu dæmringen kvælder,
 Og jorden har vendt
 Sig bort ifra sollysets strømme.
 Vilde rose ved alfarvej,
 Vinrose, vinrose!*

*Vilde rose ved alfarvej,
 Hvor er vor lyse sommernats drøm?
 Svunden som tonernes flygtige strøm?
 Vinrose, vinrose!*

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