

2 Abide with me

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide! When other
 helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O, abide with me!
 I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour,
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
 Thro' cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me!
 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
 Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee.
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

3 Aeschylus and Sophocles

(Sophocles)

"We also have our pest of them which buzz About our honey, darken it, and sting; We laugh at
 them, for under hands like ours, Without the wing that Philoctetes shook, One single feather
 crushes the whole swarm. I must be grave.
 Hath Sicily such, charms Above our Athens? Many charms hath she, But she hath kings.
 Accursed be the race!"

(Aeschylus)

"But where kings honour better men than they, Let kings be honoured too.
 The laurel crown Surmounts the golden; wear it, and farewell"

Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864)

4 Afterglow

At the quiet close of day
 Gently yet the willows sway; When the sunset light is low, Lingers still the afterglow.
 Beauty tarries loth to die, Every lightest fantasy Lovelier grows in memory,
 Where the truer beauties lie.

James Fenimore Cooper, Jr. (1892-1918)

7 Amphion

The mountain stirr'd its bushy crown,
 And, as tradition teaches, Young ashes pirouetted down
 Coquetting with young beeches.
 And shepherds from the mountain-eaves Look'd down, half-pleased, half-frighted,
 As dash'd about the drunken leaves The random sunshine lighten'd.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

10 At Sea

Some things are undivined except by love— Vague to the mind, but real to the heart, As is the
 point of yon horizon line Nearest the dear one on a foreign shore.

Robert Underwood Johnson (1853-1937)

11 At the River

Shall we gather at the river
 Where bright angel feet have trod, With its crystal tide for ever
 Flowing by the throne of God? (Gather at the river?) Yes, we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, the beautiful river; Yes, we'll gather at the river
 That flows by the throne of God. (Shall we gather, shall we gather at the river?)

Robert Lowry (1826-1899) [with changes by Charles Ives]

12 August

For August, be your dwelling thirty towers Within an Alpine valley mountainous, Where never the
 sea-wind may vex your house,
 But clear life sep rate, like a star, be yours.
 There horses shall wait saddled at all hours, That ye may mount at morn or at eve: On each hand
 either ridge ye shall, perceive,
 A mile apart, which soon a good beast scours.
 So alway, drawing homewards, ye shall tread Your valley parted by a rivulet Which day and night
 shall flow sedate and smooth.
 There all through noon ye may possess the shade, And there your open purses shall entreat The
 best of Tuscan cheer to feed your youth.

*Folgore da San Gimignano (ca. 1275-before 1332),
 translation by Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)*

20 Canon II

Oh! the days are gone, when beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life, from morn till night, Was love, still love! New hope
 may bloom, and days may come, Of milder, calmer beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream!

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

21 Chanson de Florian

Ah! s'il est dans votre village Un berger sensible et charmant, Qu'on chérisse au premier
 moment,
 Qu'on aime ensuite davantage,
 Ah! c'est mon ami, rendez-le moi!

J'ai son amour, il a ma foi!

Si passant près de sa chaumière Le pauvre, en voyant son troupeau, Ose demander un agneau,
 Et qu'il obtienne encor la mère, Oh! c'est bien lui, Oh! rendez-le moi!
 Si par sa voix tendre et plaintive Il charme l'écho de vos bois, Si les accents de son hautbois
 Rendent la bergère pensive,
 Oh! c'est encor lui, rendez-le moi!

J'ai son amour, il a ma foi!

Jean Pierre Claris de Florian (1755-1794)

23 The Children's Hour

Between the dark and the daylight, When the night is beginning to lower,
 Comes a pause in the day's occupations That is known as Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened, And voices soft and sweet.
From my study I see in the lamplight, Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra, And Edith with golden hair.
Between the dark and daylight,
Comes a pause that is known as Children's Hour.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

28 Country Celestial

For thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep:
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
Balm in time of sickness,
And love, and life, and love, and life, and rest.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with em'ralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee, unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Saints built up its fabric,
The cornerstone, the cornerstone is Christ.

Oh sweet and blessed Country
The home of God's elect!
Oh sweet and blessed Country
That eager hearts, that eager hearts expect!
O Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Thou art, with God the Father,
And Spirit blest, and Spirit ever blest.

John Mason Neale (1818-1866), based on Bernard of Cluny

29 Cradle Song

Hush thee, dear child, to slumbers; We will sing softest numbers; Naught thy sleeping
encumbers.
Summer is slowly dying; Autumnal winds are sighing; Faded leaflets are flying.
Brightly the willows quiver; Peacefully flows the river; So shall love flow forever.

Augusta L. Ives (1802-1864)