



**GURNEY: All Night Under the Moon • By a Bierside • On the Downs
Lights Out • 5 Elizabethan Songs**

8.572151

[1] On the downs

Text: John Masefield (1878-1967)

Text in copyright

[2] Ha'nacker Mill

Text: Hilaire Belloc (1870-1953)

Text in copyright

[3] The Bonnie Earl of Murray

Text: Traditional, Scots Ballad (17th century)

Ye Hielands and ye Lawlands,
O whare hae ye been?
They hae slain the Earl of Murray,
And laid him on the green.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rade at the ring;
O the bonnie Earl of Murray,
He might hae been a king.

O lang may the ladies
Look frae the Castle down,
Ere they see the Earl of Murray
Come riding through the town.

Now wae be to ye Huntley!
And wharefore did ye sae?
I bade you to take him,
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the gluve;
O the bonnie Earl of Murray,
He was the Queen's luve.

O lang may the ladies
Look frae the Castle down,
Ere they see the Earl of Murray
Come riding through the town.

[4] The cherry trees

Text: Edward Thomas (1878-1917)

The cherry trees bend over and are shedding
On the old road where all that passed are dead,
Their petals, strewing the grass as for a wedding
This early May morn when there is none to wed.

[5] By a Bierside

Text: John Masefield

Text in copyright

5 Elizabethan Songs

[6] Orpheus with his lute

Text: William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art:
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

[7] Tears

Text: Anonymous, possibly John Fletcher (1579-1625)

Weep you no more, sad fountains,
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth quickly waste!
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at e'en he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

[8] Under the greenwood tree

William Shakespeare

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

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

[9] Sleep

Text: John Fletcher (1579-1625)

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies, that from thence
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving.
Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy.
We, that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought
Thro' an idle fancy wrought:
O let my joys have some abiding.

[10] Spring

Text: Thomas Nashe (1567-1601)

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,
Spring! The sweet Spring!

7 Sappho Songs

[11] The Apple Orchard

*Text: William Bliss Carman (1861-1929)
from Gurney's Seven Sappho Songs*

In the apple boughs the coolness
Murmurs, and the grey leaves flicker
Where sleep wanders.

In the garden all the hot noon
I await thy fluttering footfall
Through the twilight.

[12] All night under the moon

Text: Wilfrid Gibson (1878-1962)

Text in copyright

[13] The Latmian Shepherd

Text: Edward Shanks (1892-1953)

Text in copyright

[14] I will go with my father a-ploughing

*Text: Joseph Campbell (1879-1944)
(Seosamh MacCathmhaoil)*

I will go with my father a-ploughing
To the green field by the sea,
And the rooks and the crows and the seagulls
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the patient horses

With the lark in the white of the air,
And my father will sing the plough-song
That blesses the cleaving share.

I will go with my father a-sowing
To the red field by the sea,
And the rooks and the gulls and the starlings
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the striding sowers
With the finch on the greening sloe,
And my father will sing the seed-song
That only the wise men know.

I will go with my father a-reaping
To the brown field by the sea,
And the geese and the crows and the children
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the tan-faced reapers
With the wren in the heat of the sun,
And my father will sing the scythe song
That joys for the harvest done.

[15] Last Hours

Text: John Freeman (1880-1929)

A gray day and quiet,
With slow clouds that pass,
And in dull air a cloud that hangs, hangs
All day.

The naked and stiff branches
Of oak, elm, thorn,
In the cold light are like men aged and
Forlorn.
Only a gray sky,
Grass, trees, grass again,
And all the air a cloud that drips, drips
All day.

Lovely the lonely
Bare trees and green grass.
Lovelier now the last hours of slow winter
Slowly pass.

[16] Cathleen ni Houlihan

Text: William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

The old brown thorn-trees break in two high over Cummen Strand,
Under a bitter black wind that blows from the left hand;
Our courage breaks like an old tree in a black wind and dies,
But we have hidden in our hearts the flame out of the eyes
Of Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

The wind has bundled up the clouds high above Knocknarea,
And thrown the thunder on the stones for all that Maeve can say.
Angers that are like noisy clouds have set out hearts abeat;
But we have all bent low and low and kissed the quiet feet
Of Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

The yellow pool has overflowed high up on Clooth-na-Bare,
For the wet winds are blowing out of the clinging air;
Like heavy flooded waters our bodies and our blood;
But purer than a tall candle before the Holy Rood
Is Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

[17] A Cradle Song

Text: W.B. Yeats

The angels are stooping, above your bed;
They weary of trooping with the whimpering dead.

God's laughing in heaven to see you so good;
The Shining Seven are gay with His mood.
I kiss you and kiss you, my pigeon my own.
Ah how I shall miss you when you have grown.

[18] The Fiddler of Dooney

Text: W.B. Yeats

WHEN I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
Folk dance like a wave of the sea;
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin:
They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle
And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With 'Here is the fiddler of Dooney!'
And dance like a wave of the sea.

[19] Snow

Text: Edward Thomas

In the gloom of whiteness,
In the great silence of snow,
A child was sighing
And bitterly saying: 'Oh,
They have killed a white bird up there on her nest,
The down is fluttering from her breast.'
And still it fell through the dusky brightness
On the child crying for the bird of the snow.

[20] The Singer

Text: Edward Shanks

Text in copyright

[21] Nine of the clock

Text: 'John Doyle' (Robert Graves, 1895-1985)

Text in copyright

[22] Epitaph in Old Mode

Text: Sir John Collings Squire (1884-1958)

Text in copyright

[23] The Ship

Text: J.C. Squire

Text in copyright

[24] The Scribe

Text: Walter de la Mare (1873-1956)

Text in copyright

[25] Fain would I change that note

Text: Tobias Hume (c1569-1645)

Fain would I change that note
To which fond love hath charmed me,
Long, long to sing by roate,
Fancying that that harmde me,
Yet when this thought doth come
Love is the perfect summe
Of all delight:
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voyse,
To sing or write.
O Love they wrong thee much
That say thy sweete is bitter,
When thy ripe fruit is such,
As nothing can be sweeter,
Faire house of joy and blisse,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my hart,
And fall before thee.

[26] An Epitaph

Text: Walter de la Mare

Text in copyright

[27] When death to either shall come

Text: Robert Bridges (1844-1930)

When death to either shall come,
I pray it be first to me,
Be happy as ever at home,
If so, as I wish, it be.

Possess thy heart, my own;
And sing to the child on thy knee,
Or read to thyself alone
The songs that I made for thee.

[28] Thou didst delight my eyes

Text: Robert Bridges

Thou didst delight my eyes:
Yet who am I? nor first
Nor last nor best, that durst
Once dream of thee for prize;
Nor this the only time
Thou shalt set love to rhyme.

Thou didst delight my ear:
Ah! little praise thy voice
Makes other hearts rejoice,
Makes all ears glad to hear;
And short my joy: but yet,
O song, do not forget.

For what wert thou to me?
How shall I say? The moon,
That poured her midnight noon
Upon his wrecking sea; —
A sail, that for a day
Has cheered the castaway.

[29] The boat is chafing

Text: John Davidson (1857-1909)

The boat is chafing at our long delay,
And we must leave too soon
The spicy sea-pinks and the inborne spray,
The tawny sands, the moon.

Keep us, O Thetis, in our western flight!
Watch from thy pearly throne
Our vessel, plunging deeper into night
To reach a land unknown.

[30] Lights Out

Text: Edward Thomas

I have come to the borders of sleep,
The unfathomable deep
Forest, where all must lose
Their way, however straight
Or winding, soon or late;
They can not choose.

Here love ends—
Despair, ambition ends;
All pleasure and all trouble,
Although most sweet or bitter,
Here ends, in sleep that is sweeter
Than tasks most noble.

There is not any book
Or face of dearest look
That I would not turn from now
To go into the unknown
I must enter, and leave, alone,
I know not how.