

**ON THE WINGS OF LOVE, OP. 38,
FOR TENOR, CLARINET AND PIANO**

[1] Ionian Song

Constantine P. Cavafy (1863–1933)
(Translation by George Barbaris)
Dedicated to Ned Rorem

Just because we have broken their statues,
just because we have driven them out of their temples,
the gods did not die because of this at all.
O Ionian land, it is you they still love,
it is you their souls still remember.

When an August morning dawns upon you
a vigor from their life moves through your air;
and at times an ethereal youthful figure,
indistinct, in rapid stride,
crosses over your hills.

[2] The Moon Sails Out

Federico García Lorca (1898–1936)
(Translation by Robert Bly)
Dedicated to Ian Flint

When the moon sails out
the church bells die away
and the paths overgrown
with brush appear.

When the moon sails out
the waters cover the earth
and the heart feels it is
a little island in the infinite.

No one eats oranges
under the full moon.
The right thing are fruits
green and chilled.

When the moon sails out
with a hundred faces all the same
the coins made of silver
break out in sobs in the pocket.

[3] Sonnet XI

Jean de Sponde (1557–1595)
(Translation by Gilbert F. Cunningham)
Dedicated to Graham Lloyd

First in my verse, I hitherto have set
The burning love in which my passions glow,
But now that kinder looks your eyes bestow,
All but my constancy I would forget.

Even Love himself, whose spirits help avails me yet,
Aware how mortal spirits often go
From change to change, now stands amazed to know
That, loving you, I love without regret.
Many there are who burn with hot desires,
Yet in the end their self-consuming fires
To wisps of smoke or scraps of ash will turn.

But in their squalor let such lovers lie;
I am well pleased if you consent to learn
My fire, till I am dead, will never die.

[4] Epitaph

The Emperor Hadrian (76–138 AD)
(Translation by Royston Lambert)
Dedicated to Kenneth Prendergast

Little spirit,
Gentle and Wandering,
Companion and guest of the body,
In what place will you now abide,
Pale, stark and bare,
Unable as you used, to play?

[5] When you are Old

William Butler Yeats (1865–1939)
(Dedicated to Gilly Lowson)

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look,
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;
How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;
And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love hath fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

VENETIAN SONGS – LOVE'S VOICE, OP. 22

John Addington Symonds (1840–1893)

[6] Fortunate Isles

(Dedicated to Annie and Marc Burnside)

There are islands, there are islands
On the ocean's heaving breast
Where the honey-scented silence
Broods above the halcyon's nest;
Where the sands are smooth and golden,
And the flowers bloom, one by one,
Unloved and unbeholden
Save by the all-seeing sun.
I shall ne'er with friend or lover
Wander on from glade to glade
Through those forests, or discover
Silvery fountains in the shade:
But another's foot shall linger
Mid the bowers whereof I dream,
And perchance a careless finger
Strew the roses on the stream;
Happier men shall pluck the laurel
For the tresses that they love,
And the passionate pale coral
Wreath round brows I know not of.

[7] The Passing Stranger

(Dedicated to John Pemble)

Of all the mysteries wherethrough we move,
This is the most mysterious – that a face,
Seen peradventure in some distant place,
Whither we can return no more to prove
The world – old sanctities of human love,
Shall haunt our waking thoughts, and gathering grace
Incorporate itself with every phase
Whereby the soul aspires to God above.

Thus are we wedded through that face to her
Or him who bears it; nay, one fleeting glance,
Fraught with a tale too deep for utterance,
Even as a pebble cast into the sea,
Will on the deep waves of our spirit stir
Ripples that run through all eternity.

[8] The Invitation to the Gondola
(Dedicated to Joanna Brickell)

Come forth; for Night is falling,
The moon hangs round and red
On the verge of the violet waters,
Fronting the daylight dead.

Come forth; the liquid spaces,
Of sea and sky are one,
Where outspread angel flame-wings,
Brood o'er the buried sun.

Bells call to bells from the islands,
And far-off mountains rear
Their shadowy crests in the crystal
Of cloudless atmosphere.

A breeze from the sea is wafted;
Lamp-litten Venice gleams
With her towers and domes uplifted
Like a city seen in dreams.

Her waterways are a tremble
With melody far and wide,
Borne from the phantom galleys
That o'er the darkness glide.

There are stars in the heaven, and starry
Are the wandering lights below;
Come forth! for the Night is calling,
Sea, city, and sky are aglow!

[9] Love's Voice
(Dedicated to Ian Partridge)

Love, felt from afar, long sought, scarce found,
On thee I call;
Here where with silvery silent sound,
The smooth oars fall;

Here where the glimmering water-ways,
Above yon stair,
Mirror one trembling lamp that plays
In twilight air!

What sights, what sounds, O poignant Love
Ere thou wert flown,
Quivered these darksome waves above,
In darkness known!

I dare not dream thereof; the sting
Of those dead eyes
Is too acute and close a thing
For one who dies.

Only I feel through glare and gloom,
Where yon lamp falls,
Dim spectres hurrying to their doom,
And love's voice calls:

'Twas better thus toward death to glide,
Soul-full of bliss,

Than with long life unsatisfied
Life's crown to miss.

[10] Midnight Lamentation
*Harold Monro (1879–1932) adapted
by the composer (Dedicated to Graham Lloyd)*

When you and I go down
Breathless and cold,
Our faces both worn back
To earthly mould,
How lonely we shall be!
What shall we do,
You without me,
I without you?

We are most nearly born
Of one same kind;
We have the same delight,
The same true mind.
Must we then part, we part;
Is there no way
To keep a beating heart,
And light of day?

I cannot find a way
Through love and through;
I cannot reach beyond
Body, to you.
When you or I must go
Down evermore,
There'll be no more to say
– But a locked door.

[11] Break, break, break
*Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)
(Dedicated to Nigel and Gilly Lowson)*

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!
And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

[12] The November Piano
*Charles Bennett (b. 1954)
(Dedicated to Mary and Nick Turner)*

Text in copyright

[13] Vitae Summa Brevis
*Ernest Dowson (1867–1900)
(Dedicated to Graham Lloyd)*

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.

[14] Flying Crooked
Robert Graves (1895–1985)
(Dedicated to *Lady Trudy Bliss*)

Text in copyright

[15] At Midnight
Edna St Vincent Millay (1892–1950)
(Dedicated to *Joanne Azarnoff*)

Text in copyright

[16] The Hippo
Theodore Roethke (1908–1963)
(Dedicated to *Paul and Carol Walshe*)

Text in copyright

[17] At Malvern
John Addington Symonds (1840–1893)
(Dedicated to *Marjorie Chater-Hughes*)

The winds behind me in the thicket sigh,
The bees fly droning on laborious wing,
Pink cloudlets scarcely float across the sky,
September stillness broods o'er ev'rything.
Deep peace is in my soul: I seem to hear
Catullus murmuring 'Let us live and love;
Suns rise and set and fill the rolling year
Which bears us deathward, therefore let us love;
Pour forth the wine of kisses, let them flow,
And let us drink our fill before we die.'
Hush! in the thicket still the breezes blow;
Pink cloudlets sail across the sky;
The bees warp lazily on laden wing;
Beauty and stillness brood o'er ev'rything.

[18] A Kiss
Thomas Hardy (1840–1928)
(Dedicated to *Kevin McLean-Mair*)

By a wall the stranger now calls his,
Was born of old a particular kiss,
Without forethought in its genesis;
Which in a trice took wing upon the air.
And where that spot is nothing shows:
There ivy calmly grows,
And no one knows
What a birth was there!

That kiss is gone where none can tell –
Not even those who felt its spell:
It cannot die; that know we well.
Somewhere it pursues its fight,
One of a long procession of sounds
Travelling aethereal rounds
Far from earth's bounds
In the infinite.