

Please note that sung texts are not available for every song,
and English translations are unavailable for tracks 12, 22, 27-9

1 Tarrant Moss

I closed and drew for my Love's sake,
That now is false to me,
And I slew the Riever of Tarrant Moss,
And set Dumeny free.
And ever they give me praise and gold,
And ever I mourn my loss;
For I struck the blow for my false Love's sake,
And not for the men of the Moss!
- Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)

7 Those Evening Bells

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
Many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.
And so 'twill be when I'm gone:
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!
- Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

10 Tolerance

How can I turn from any fire,
On any man's hearthstone?
I know the longing and desire
That went to build my own!
- Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)

12 Ein Ton

Mir klingt ein Ton so wunderbar
In Herz und Sinnen immerdar.
Ist es der Hauch, der dir entschwebt,
Als einmal noch dein Mund gebebt?
Ist es des Glöckleins trüber Klang,
Der dir gefolgt den Weg entlang?
Mir klingt der Ton so voll und rein,
Als schloß er deine Seele ein.
Als stiegst liebend nieder du
Und sängest meinen Schmerz in Ruh.
- Peter Cornelius (1824-1874)

14 & 15 Two Slants (Christian and Pagan)

a. Duty

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low,
Thou must,
The youth replies,
I can.
- Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)

b. Vita

Nascentes morimur, finisque ab origine pendet.
(Being born, we are to die, and our end is ordained
from our beginning.)
- Marcus Manilius (fl. 20 a.d.)

17 The Waiting Soul

Breathe from the gentle south,
Cheer me from the north; Blow on the treasures of thy word,
Call the spices forth!
Help me to reach the distant goal;
Confirm my feeble knee; Pity the sickness of a soul
That faints for love of thee!
Cold as I feel this heart of mine,
Yet, since I feel it so, It yields some hope of life divine.
Till the dear Deliverer come, I'll wait with humble prayer.
- John Newton (1725-1807)

19 Walt Whitman

Who goes there! hankering, gross, mystical and nude?
How is it I extract strength from the beef I eat?
What is man, anyhow?
What am I? What are you?
All I mark as my own you shall offset it with your own,
Else it were time lost a-listening to me.
- Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

21 Watchman!

Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, aught of joy or hope?
Trav'ler, Yes!
Trav'ler, Yes!
Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
Dost thou see its beauteous ray?
Trav'ler, see!
- John Bowring (1792-1872)

22 Weil' auf mir

Weil' auf mir, du dunkles Auge,
übe deine ganze Macht,
Ernste, milde, träumerische,
unergründlich süsse Nacht.
Nimm mit deinem Zauber dunkel
diese Welt von hinnen mir,
Dass du über meinem Leben
einsam schwebest für und für.
- Nikolaus Lenau (1802-1850)

23 West London

Crouch'd on the pavement, close by Belgrave Square,
A tramp I saw, ill, moody, and tongue-tied;
A babe was in her arms, and at her side
A girl; their clothes were rags, their feet were bare.
Some labouring men, whose work lay somewhere there,
Pass'd opposite; she touched her girl, who hied
Across, and begg'd, and came back satisfied.
The rich she had let pass with a frozen stare.
Thought I: Above her state this spirit towers;
She will not ask of aliens, but of friends,
Of sharers in a common human fate.
She turns from that cold succour, which attends
The unknown little from the unknowing great,
And points us to a better time than ours.'
- Matthew Arnold (1822-1888)

24 When Stars are in the Quiet Skies

When stars are in the quiet skies,
 Then most I long for thee;
 O bend on me thy tender eyes,
 As stars look down upon the peaceful sea.
 For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
 Are stillest where they shine;
 All my love lies hushed in light
 Beneath the heav'n of thine.
 There is an hour when holy dreams
 Through slumber fairest glide;
 And in that mystic hour it seems
 Thou shouldst be ever at my side.
 The thoughts of thee too sacred are
 For daylight's common beam;
 I can but know thee as my star, my guiding star,
 My angel, and my dream!
 - *Edward George Earle Bulwer-Lytton (1803-1873)*

25 Where the Eagle Cannot See

Where the eagle cannot see,
 Where cold winds can never be,
 Where the sun's bright course doth glow
 Very, very far below,
 There, in everlasting rest,
 Dwell those saints whom
 Death hath blest;
 There, in everlasting rest.
 - *Monica Peveril Turnbull (1879-1901)*

27 Widmung

O danke nicht für diese Lieder,
 Mir ziemt es dankbar dir zu sein;
 Du gabst sie mir, ich gebe wieder,
 Was jetzt und einst und ewig, ewig, dein.

Dein sind sie alle ja gewesen;
 Aus deiner lieben Augen Licht
 Hab ich sie treulich abgelesen:
 Kennst du, ach kennst du die eignen Lieder nicht?

- *(Karl) Wolfgang Müller von Königswinter (1816-1873)*

28 Wie Melodien zieht es mir

Wie Melodien zieht es mire leise durch den Sinn,
 wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es und schwebt wie Duft dahin,
 wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und fast es und führt es vor das Aug',
 wie Nebelgrau erblasst es und schwindet wie ein Hauch,
 wie Nebelgrau erblasst es und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime verborgen wohl en Duft,
 den mild aus stillem Keime ein feuchtes Auge ruft,
 den mild aus stillem Keime ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

- *Klaus Groth (1819-1899)*

29 Wiegenlied

from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Guten Abend, gute Nacht, mit Rosen bedacht,
 mit Nägelein besteckt, schlupf' unter die Deck':
 Morgen früh, wenn Gott es will, wirst du wieder aufgeweckt.

Guten Abend, gute Nacht, bon Engelein bewacht,
 Die zeigen im Traum dir Christkindleins Baum:
 Schlaf' nun selig und süß, schau' im Traum das Paradies.

- *Georg Scherer (1824-1909)*