

CELEBRATE BEETHOVEN

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[1] Irish Songs I, WoO 152

No. 5. On the Massacre of Glencoe (1st version) (1810)

Text: Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832)

Oh! Tell me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where non may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mist that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle, that from hig
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?
No, not to these, for they have rest,
The mist-wreath has the mountain crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild wood deep, nor mountain grey,
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.
The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel,
Meed for his hospitality.
The friendly heart which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with a brand
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.
Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey-hair'd master's misery.
Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
'Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
'Revenge for blood and treachery!'

Irish Songs II, WoO 153

[2] No. 30. I dream'd I lay (2nd version) (1812/13)

Text: Robert Burns (1765–1849)

I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were springing,
Gaily in the sunny beam;
I listen'd to the wild birds singing,
By a falling crystal stream.
At once the sky grew black and daring,
While through the woods the whirlwinds rave,
The trees with aged arms were warring,
Across the swelling drumlie wave.
Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
But long ere noon loud tempest storming,
All my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Though fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
Promised fair, and perform'd but ill,
Of many a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

[3] No. 40. When far from the home (alternative version, Hess 195) (1813)

Text: David Thomson (1770?–1815)

When far from the home of your youth we have rang'd,
How fondly we think of the days that are past;
Their image through changes is ever unchang'd,

Wherever our lot may be cast.
 I muse on the features of those whom I lov'd;
 The farewell of friendship I yet seem to hear:
 The scenes I remember where oft I have rov'd,
 The songs that delighted my ear.
 In slumbers their music some vision recalls,
 And oft I implore it a moment to stay;
 But, ah! Soon the measure in soft cadence falls,
 I wake, and the sound dies away.
 How sad the reverse, – once I wept but in dreams,
 The dawn then awoke me to hope and delight;
 Now hope never comes with the morning's gay beams,
 And joy is a phantom of night.
 Oh! Sleep, how enchanting the power of thy wand,
 More swift are thy pinions than fancy e'er spread;
 For back o'er the ocean of time they expand,
 And bring us to scenes that are fled.
 Tho' hope never comes with the morning's gay beams,
 Tho' long o'er the desert of life I may roam,
 Oh! Let thy soft magic still waft me in dreams
 To all the lov'd scenes of my home.

[4] No. 41. I'll praise the saints (1st version, Hess 196) (1810)

Text: William Smyth (1765–1849)

I'll praise the saints with early song,
 For now the wars are ended;
 I'll praise our Lady late and long,
 That has my Love defended.
 Yes, home is come my Patrick dear,
 From me no more to sever;
 And in his looks, I see it clear:
 He loves me more than ever.
 He sits our evening fire beside,
 The cabin round surveying,
 And looks with all a father's pride,
 While near the child is playing.
 Even me he turns to gaze upon,
 As in my maiden beauty,
 Before my bloom was worn and gone
 By many a toilsome duty.
 My love, he cries, thou canst not guess,
 Tho' kind and tender hearted,
 What I have known of sad distress,
 Since last from thee I parted.
 And little canst thou now suppose
 How my poor heart is swelling,
 To find myself at evening's close
 In this my peaceful dwelling.

[5] No. 44. Sunshine, Hess 178 (1815)

Text: William Smyth

'Tis sunshine at last, come, my Ellen, sit near me,
 And twine me these roses, we sorrow no more;
 Come taste of my cup, while it sparkles to cheer me,
 The cup that I fill, now the tempest is o'er. Oh!
 Not that my mirth, with unhallow'd intrusion,
 Would thy gentle mind to rude transport beguile,
 But catch from my bowl one fond passing illusion,
 And crown my gay heart with thy sympathy's smile.
 Oh! Ever, my love, must I think of that season,
 When, friendless, we mingled our terrors and sighs;
 And how had I failed, in the night of my reason,
 Had comfort not beam'd from thine eloquent eyes.
 Take the glass that I fill, take the homage I render:
 No riot shall break the soft dreams of the soul;
 Around us shall breathe an Elysium more tender,
 And finer enchantment be waked from my bowl.

[6] No. 48. Oh! Would I were (1st version, Hess 198) (1812)*Text: William Smyth*

Oh! would I were but that sweet linnet!
 That I had my apple tree too!
 Could sit all the sunny day on it,
 With nothing but singing to do!
 I'm weary with toiling and spinning;
 And Dermot I never can see,
 Nor sure am I Dermot of winning,
 There's never good luck for poor me!
 I set was my heart all the Sunday
 On going to Killaloe fair,
 So my father fell ill on the Monday,
 And, look ye I could not be there,
 And it was not the fair that I minded,
 For there was I Dermot to see;
 But I'm always before or behind it,
 And there's never good luck for poor me!
 I tried with my sweetest behaviour
 To tell our good priest my distress;
 And ask'd him to speak in my favour,
 When Dermot came next to confess.
 But he said I was but a beginner,
 And from love and temptation must flee!
 So if love will but make me a sinner,
 There's never good luck for poor me!
 Ye Saints, with the Virgin! Believe me,
 I join with the priest in your praise!
 Contrive but my Dermot to give me,
 And I'll love you the length of my days.
 In vain would they bid me be wiser,
 And never my Dermot to see,
 Bad luck to advice and adviser!
 Good luck! To dear Dermot and me!

[7] No. 49. 'T is but in vain (2nd version) (1812/13)*Text: William Smyth*

'Tis but in vain, for nothing thrives,
 Where Dermot has to do,
 Ill-fortune seems, howe'er he strives,
 His footsteps to pursue!
 But one by one, when friends are gone,
 Must I forsake him too.
 O poverty! Full sure thou art
 A foe the most unkind;
 And weary, weary is the heart
 That feels thee still behind.
 But one by one, when friends are gone,
 Must I forsake him too.
 Next month he sails to find a home
 Beyond the western tide;
 And heav'n knows where he means to roam,
 His houseless head to hide.
 But one by one, when friends are gone,
 Must I forsake him too.
 Oh! Breathe it not thou passing wind,
 I tell it thee alone,
 My Dermot is not always, kind -
 He breaks my heart, I own,
 But one by one, when friends are gone,
 Must I forsake him too.

26 Welsh Songs, WoO 155**[8] No. 7. O let the night my blushes hide (2nd discarded version, Hess 204) (1810)***Text: William Smyth*

Oh let the night my blushes hide,
 While thus my sighs reveal,
 What modest love and maiden pride
 Forever would conceal.

What can he mean, how can he bear,
 Thus falt'ring to delay;
 How can his eyes, his eyes so much declare,
 His tongue so little say, his tongue so little say?
 The times are hard, an odious word,
 I'm wearied with the sound,
 A cuckoo note, for ever heard
 Since first the sun went round,
 Well pleas'd a happier mind I bear,
 A heart for ever gay;
 How can his eyes, his eyes so much declare,
 His tongue so little say, his tongue so little say?
 What reck's it that the times are hard,
 Try fortune, and be blest –
 Set Hope still cheer and Honour guard,
 And Love will do the rest.
 Far better load the heart with care,
 Than waste it with delay;
 How can his eyes, his eyes so much declare,
 His tongue so little say, his tongue so little say?

[9] No. 14. The Dream (1st version, Hess 205) (c. 1810)

Text: Roberts of Pentre (dates unknown)

Based on a text in Welsh by Dafydd ap Gwilym (c. 1340–c. 1400), Y Breuddwyd

Last night worn with anguish that tortur'd my breast,
 When my senses benumb'd I at length sank to rest;
 The passion that waking has ruled o'er my mind
 Still woke in my dreams where it ro'v'd unconfin'd.
 Methought that my fair one, o'ercome by my pain,
 Assented at length to reward her fond swain;
 And soon at the altar she stood by my side,
 To the priest I already 'I will' had replied.
 Her reply I awaited with transport of soul,
 When, death to my hopes! did the matin bell toll,
 I started, awoke, and with horror I found,
 'Twas a dream that maliciously fled at the sound.

[10] No. 19. The Vale of Clwyd (1st version, Hess 191) (c. 1810)

Text: Amelia Opie (1769–1853)

Think not I'll leave fair Clwyd's vale;
 To me 'tis fondly dear!
 For still its scenes those hours recall
 When I was blest and Henry here.
 Long, long, to part our willing hands
 An angry father strove;
 While sorrow prey'd on Henry's health,
 A sorrow nurs'd by hopeless love.
 Nor was the idea in vain:
 How sad thou art, he cried;
 But smile again, my darling child;
 For thou shalt be thy Henry's bride.
 At that glad sound, on wings of love,
 To Henry's cot I flew:
 But, ah! The transient flush of joy
 From his wan cheek too soon withdrew.
 Ah! Hopes too false; ah!
 Fears too true, Nor love nor joy could save:
 I can no more, - but mark you turf
 With flow'rs o'erspread, - 'tis Henry's grave!

[11] No. 20. To the Blackbird (1st version, Hess 206) (1810)

Text: Roberts of Pentre

Based on a text in Welsh by Dafydd ap Gwilym (c. 1340–c. 1400)

Sweet warbler of a strain divine,
 What woodland note can equal thine?
 No hermit's matins hail the day
 More pure than fine from yonder spray.
 Thy glossy plumes of sable hue,
 Retiring from the searching view,
 Protect the like, the leafy screen
 Beneath whose shade thou singst unseen.

Thou to the poet art allied,
 Be then thy minstrelsy my pride:
 Thy poet then, thy song I'll praise,
 Thy name shall grace my happiest lays;
 To future lovers shall proclaim
 Thy worth, thy beauty, and thy fame,
 And when they hear thee in the grove,
 Thy'll own thee for the bird of love.

[12] 29 Songs of Various Nationality, WoO 158

No. 19. Una paloma blanca (1st version, Gardi 25) (1816)

Text: Anonymous

Una paloma blanca
 Como la nieve
 Me ha picado en el pecho,
 Como me duele!
 Mas allá de la vida
 He de quererte,
 Que amor está en el alma,
 Y esa no muere.
 Dicen que sueño es muerte,
 Mas yo lo niego,
 Pues cuando duermo, vivo,
 Cuando no, muero.

A dove as white
 as fallen snow
 pecked me on the chest.
 How it hurts!
 I'm fated to love you
 even after death,
 for love lives within the soul
 and the soul never dies.
 They say sleep is death,
 but I must disagree,
 for when I sleep, I live,
 and when I wake, I die.

25 Scottish Songs, Op. 108

[13]–[14] No. 4. The Maid of Isla

Text: Sir Walter Scott

O, Maid of Isla, from the cliff,
 That looks on troubled wave and sky, Dost thou not see yon little skiff
 Contend with ocean gallantly?
 Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge, And steep'd her leeward deck in foam, Why does she war unequal urge? -
 O, Isla's maid, she seeks her home.
 O, Isla's maid, yon sea-bird mark,
 Her white wing gleams through mist and spray,
 Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark, As to the rock she wheels away; -
 Where clouds are dark and billows rave, Why to the shelter should she come
 Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave? -
 O, maid of Isla, 'tis her home.
 As breeze and tide to yonder skiff, Thou'rt adverse to the suit I bring,
 And cold as is yon wintry cliff,
 Where sea-birds close their wearied wing. Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
 Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come;
 For in thy love, or in his grave,
 Must Allan Vourich find his home.

[15]–[16] No. 7. Bonny Laddie, Highland Laddie

Text: James Hogg (1770–1835)

Where got ye siller moon,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Glinting braw your belt aboon,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
 Belted plaid and bonnet blue,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Have ye been at Waterloo,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
 Weels me on your tartan trews,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Tell me, tell me a' the news,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie!
 Saw ye Boney by the way,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Blucher wi' his beard sae grey,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
 Or, the doure and deadly Duke,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Scatt'ring Frenchmen wi' his look,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie!

Some say he the day may rue;
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 You can till gin this be true,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.
 Would ye tell me gin ye ken,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Aught o' Donald and his men,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
 Tell me o' my kilted Clan,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Gin they fought, or gin they ran,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie?

[17] No. 11. Oh! Thou art the lad of my heart (1st version, Hess 202) (1815)

Text: William Smyth

Oh! Thou art the lad of my heart, Willy,
 There's love and there's life and glee,
 There's a cheer in thy voice, and thy bounding step,
 And there's bliss in thy blithesome ee.
 But, oh, how my heart was tried,
 Willy, For little I thought to see,
 That the lad who won the lasses all,
 Would ever be won by me.
 Adown this path we came, Willy,
 T'was just at this hour of eve;
 And will he or will he not, I thought,
 My fluttering heart relieve?
 So oft as he paused, as we saunter'd on,
 T'was fear and hope and fear;
 But here at the wood, as we parting stood,
 T'was rapture his vows to hear!
 Ah vows so soft thy vows, Willy!
 Who would not, like me, be proud!
 Sweet lark! with thy soaring echoing song,
 Come down from thy rosy cloud.
 Come down to thy nest, and tell thy mate,
 But tell thy mate alone,
 Thou hast seen a maid, whose heart of love,
 Is merry and light as thine own.

[18] No. 20. Faithful Johnie (1st version, Hess 203) (1810)

Text: Anne Grant (1755–1838)

When will you come again, ma faithfu' Johnie,
 When will you come again?
 'When the corn is gathered,
 And the leaves are withered,
 I will come again, ma sweet and bonny,
 I will come again.'
 Then will you meet me here, ma faithfu' Johnie,
 Then will you meet me here?
 'Though the night were Hallowe'en,
 When the fearfu' sights are seen,
 I would meet thee here, ma sweet and bonny,
 I would meet thee here.'
 O come na by the muir, ma faithfu' Johnie,
 O come na by the muir.
 'Though the wraiths were glist'ning white
 By the dim elf-candles' light
 I would come to thee, ma sweet and bonny,
 I would come to thee.'
 And shall we part again, ma fathfu' Johnie?
 Shall we part again?
 'So lang's my eye can see, Jean,
 That face so dear to me Jean,
 We shall not part again, ma sweet and bonnie,
 We shall not part again.'