

## Programmheft alle Texte

### Shakespeare Songs von Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

1. Full fathom five thy father lies,  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
Ding-dong.  
Hark! now I hear them, – ding-dong bell.
2. The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

### **Rede: "All The World's A Stage" (As You Like It) von William Shakespeare (1564-1616)**

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players;  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
Then, the whining school-boy with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,  
In fair round belly, with a good capon lined,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws, and modern instances,  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,

Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

### **Shakespeare Songs von Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)**

3. Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough briar,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire  
I do wander everywhere.  
Swifter than the moonè's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours:  
I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

### **Fair Phyllis von John Farmer (1570-1601)**

Fair Phyllis I saw sitting all alone  
Feeding her flock near to the mountain side.  
The shepherds knew not,  
They knew not whither she was gone,  
But after her lover Amyntas hied,  
Up and down he wandered,  
Whilst she was missing;

Whilst she was missing;  
When he found her,  
O, then they fell a-kissing.  
Up and down he wandered,  
Whilst she was missing;  
When he found her,  
O, then they fell a-kissing

### **Since first I saw your face von Thomas Ford (1580-1648)**

Since first I saw your face  
I resolv'd to honour and reknown ye,  
If now I be disdain'd  
I wish my heart had never known ye.  
What! I that lov'd and you that lik'd  
Shall be begin to wrangle?  
No, no, no, my heart is fast  
And cannot disentangle.

If I admire or praise you too much  
That fault you may forgive me.  
Or if my hands had stray'd a touch  
Then justly might you leave me.  
I ask'd you leave, you bade me love  
Is't now a time to chide me?  
No, no, no, I'll love you still  
What fortune e'er betide me.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are  
Rejecteth no beholder;  
And your sweet beauty, past compare,  
Made my poor eyes the bolder.  
Where beauty moves and wit delights  
And signs of kindness find me  
There, oh there, where'er I go  
I'll leave my heart behind me.

***Sonett 116: Let me not to the marriage of true minds von William Shakespeare (1564-1616)***

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove.  
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error and upon me prov'd,  
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

***It was a lover and his lass von Thomas Morley (1557-1602)***

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding, ding:  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folk would lie,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding, ding:  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That how a life was but a flower,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding, ding:  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
For love is crowned with the prime  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding, ding:  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

### **Just as the tide was flowing von Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)**

One morning in the month of May,  
Down by some rolling river,  
A jolly sailor, I did stray,  
When I beheld my lover,  
She carelessly along did stray,  
A-picking of the daisies gay;  
And sweetly sang her roundelay,  
Just as the tide was flowing.

O! her dress it was so white as milk,

And jewels did adorn her.  
Her shoes were made of the crimson silk,  
Just like some lady of honour.  
Her cheeks were red, her eyes were brown,  
Her hair in ringlets hanging down;  
She'd a lovely brow, without a frown,  
Just as the tide was flowing.

I made a bow and said, Fair maid,  
How came you here so early?  
My heart, by you it is betray'd  
For I do love you dearly.  
I am a sailor come from sea,  
If you will accept of my company  
To walk and view the fishes play,  
Just as the tide was flowing.

No more we said, but on our way  
We'd gang'd along together;  
The small birds sang, and the lambs did play,  
And pleasant was the weather.  
When we were weary we did sit down  
Beneath a tree with branches round;  
For my true love at last I'd found,  
Just as the tide was flowing.

***Akt I Szene I aus Twelfth Night von William Shakespeare (1564-1616)***

If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again! it had a dying fall:

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,  
That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,  
But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy  
That it alone is high fantastical.

### **Mehr Wasser von Claus-Steffen Mahnkopf (\*1962)**

### **6 Folksongs von Gustav Holst (1884-1934)**

1. I sowed the seeds of love  
I sowed them in the spring  
I gather'd them up in the morning so soon  
When small birds sweetly sing

My garden was planted well  
With flowers everywhere  
But I had not the liberty to choose  
The flow'r that I lov'd so dear

The gardener standing by  
I asked him to choose for me  
He chose for me the violet, the lily, the pink  
But these I refused all three

The violet I did not like

Because it fades so soon  
The lily and pink I did over-think  
And vow'd I would wait till June

In June is a red, red Rose  
And that is the flower for me  
I'll pluck it and think that no lily or pink  
Can match with the bud on that tree

***Sonett 19: Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws von William Shakespeare (1564-1616)***

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
And burn the long-liv'd Phoenix in her blood;  
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,  
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;  
But I forbid thee one more heinous crime:  
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen!  
Him in thy course untainted do allow  
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.  
Yet do thy worst, old Time! Despite thy wrong  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

**6 Folksongs von Gustav Holst (1884-1934)**

5. Abroad as I was walking, one evening in the spring,  
I heard a maid in Bedlam so sweetly for to sing;  
Her chains she rattled with her hands,  
And thus replied she:

"I love my love because I know my love loves me!

O cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea,  
And cruel was the ship that bore my love from me;  
Yet I love his parents since they're his although  
They've ruined me:

I love my love because I know my love loves me!

With straw I'll weave a garland,  
I'll weave it very fine;  
With roses, lilies, daisies,  
I'll mix the eglantine;  
And I'll present it to my love  
When he returns from sea.

For I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

Just as she sat there weeping,  
Her love he came on land.  
Then hearing she was in Bedlam,  
He ran straight out of hand.  
He flew into her snow-white arms,  
And thus replied he:

"I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

She said: "My love don't frighten me;  
Are you my love or no?"  
"O yes, my dearest Nancy,  
I am your love, also I am return'd to  
Make amends for all your injury;  
I love my love because I know my love loves me."



So now these two are married,  
And happy may they be like turtle  
Doves together, in love and unity.  
All pretty maids with patience wait  
That have got loves at sea;

I love my love because I know my love loves me.

### **Weep o mine eyes von John Bennet (1575-1614)**

Weep, O mine eyes and cease not,  
alas, these your spring tides methinks increase not.  
O when begin you  
to swell so high that I may drown me in you?

### **Kyrie aus Mass for four voices von William Byrd (1543-1623)**

Kyrie eleison  
Christe eleison  
Kyrie eleison

### **Draw on, sweet night von John Wilbye (1574-1638)**

Draw on, Sweet Night, best friend unto those cares  
That do arise from painful melancholy.  
My life so ill through want of comfort fares,  
that unto thee I consecrate it wholly.

Sweet Night, draw on! My griefs when they be told  
To shades and darkness find some ease from paining,  
And while thou all in silence dost enfold,  
I then shall have best time for my complaining.

### ***Sonett 60: Like as the waves make towards the pebb'l'd shore von William Shakespeare (1564-1616)***

Like as the waves make towards the pebb'l'd shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end;

Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:  
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

#### **Four Part-Songs, 4. Owls von Edward Elgar (1857-1934)**

What is that? ...Nothing;  
The leaves must fall, and falling, rustle;  
That is all;  
They are dead  
As they fall, –  
Dead at the foot of the tree;  
All that can be is said. ...  
What is it? ...Nothing;

What is that? ...Nothing;  
A wild thing hurt but mourns in the night,  
And it cries  
In its dread,  
Till it lies  
Dead at the foot of the tree;  
All that can be is said.  
What is it? ...Nothing;

What is that? ...Ah!  
A marching slow of unseen feet,  
That is all:  
But a bier, spread  
With a pall,  
Is now at the foot of the tree;  
All that could be said;  
Is it... what. ...Nothing.

## The turtle dove von Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Oh, fare thee well, I must be gone

And leave you for a while

Wherever I go, I will return

If I go ten thousand miles

If I go-

If I go-

If I go ten thousand miles

Oh, ten thousand miles, it is so far

To leave me here alone

Well, I may lie, lament and cry

And you'll, you'll not hear my moan

And you'll-

No, you'll-

And you'll not hear my moan

Oh, the crow that is so black, my love

Will change his color white

If ever I should prove false to thee

The day, day will turn to night

Yes, the day-

Oh, the day-

Yes, the day will turn to night

Oh, the rivers never will run dry

For the rocks melt with the sun

I'll never prove false to the boy I love

Till all, all these things be done

Till all-

Till all-

Till all these things be done