

Old Songs re-sung

Liedteksten

Ludwig von Beethoven ***Scottish Folksongs***

1. The sweetest lad was Jamie *(William Smyth)*

The sweetest lad was Jamie,
the sweetest, the dearest,
and well did Jamie love me,
ah, not a fault has he. –
Yet one he had, it spoke his praise,
he knew not woman's wish to tease,
he knew not all our silly ways,
Alas! the woe to me!

Oh! knew he how I loved him,
sincerely and dearly,
how I would fly to meet him,
Oh! happy were the days!
Some kind, kind friend, oh, come between,
and tell him of my altered mien!
That Jeanie has not Jeanie been
since Jamie went away!

2. Oh sweet were the hours *(William Smyth)*

Oh sweet were the hours, when in myrth's frolic
throng,
I led up the revels with dance and with song;
when brisk from the fountain and bright as the day,
my spirits o'erflowed and ran sparkling away..
Wine, wine, wine, come bring me wine to cheer me,
friend of my heart, come pledge me high!
Wine till the dreams of youth again are near me,
why must they leave, tell me why?

Retourn, ye sweet hours, once again let me see
Your airy light forms of enchantment and glee;
Come, give an old friend, while he crowns his gay glass,
a nod as you part and a smile as you pass.
Wine, wine, wine, come bring me wine to cheer me
friend of my heart, come pledge me high!
Wine till the dreams of youth again are near me,
why must they leave, tell me why?

I cannot forget you, I would not resign,
there's health in my pulse and a spell in my wine
and sunshine in Autumn, tho' passing too soon,
is sweeter and dearer than sunshine in June
Wine, wine, wine, come bring me wine to cheer me
friend of my heart, come pledge me high!
Wine till the dreams of youth again are near me,
why must they leave, tell me why?

3. Sunset *(Walter Scott)*

The sun upon the Weirdlaw hill
in Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet,
the westland wind is hush and still,
the lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
bears those bright hues that once it bore,
Tho' ev'ning with it's richest dye
Flames o'er the hills on Ettrick's shore.
With listless look along the plain,

I see Tweed's silver current glide,
and coldly mark the holy fane
of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
the hill, the stream, the tower, the tree –
are they still such as once they were,
or is the dreary change in me?

4. Faithfu' Johnie
(Anne Grant of Laggan)

*"When will you come again, my faithfu' Johnie?
When will you come again?"*
"When the corn is gathered,
and the leaves are withered,
I will come again, my sweet and bonnie,
I will come again."

*"Then will you meet me here, my faithfu' Johnie?
Then will you meet me here?"*
"Though the night were halow we'en
and the fearfu' sights were seen,
I would meet thee here, my sweet and bonnie,
I would meet thee here."

5. Come fill, fill my good fellow
(William Smyth)

Come fill, fill my good fellow!
fill high, high my good fellow,
and lets be merry and mellow,
and let us have one bottle more.
When warm the heart is flowing
and bright the fancy glowing,
oh! shame on the dolt would be going,
nor tarry for one botle more!

My Heart, let me but lighten,
and Life, let me but brighten,
and Care, let me but frighten -
he'll fly us with one bottle more!
By day, tho' he confound me,
when friends at night have found me,
there is Paradise around me,
but let me have one bottle more!

So now, here's to the Lasses!
See, see, while the toast passes,
how it lights up beaming glasses!
Encore to the Lasses, encore!
We'll toast the welcome greeting
of hearts in union beating,
and oh! for our next merry meeting
Huzza! then for one bottle more!

Johannes Brahms
German Folksongs (traditional)

6. Es steht ein Lind

Es steht ein Lind in jenem Tal,
ach Gott, was tut sie da?
Sie will mir helfen trauren,
dass ich mein Lieb verloren hab.

Es sitzt ein Vöglein auf dem Zaun,
ach Gott, was tut es da?
Es will mir helfen klagen,
dass ich mein Lieb verloren hab.

Es quillt ein Brunnlein auf dem Plan,
ach Gott, was tut es da?
Es will mir helfen weinen,
dass ich mein Lieb verloren hab!

7. Erlaube mir, feins Mädchen

Erlaube mir, feins Mädchen in den Garten zu gehn,
dass ich dort mag schauen wie die Rosen so schön.
Erlaube sie zu brechen, es ist die höchste Zeit;
ihre Schönheit, ihr Jugend hat mir mein Herz
erfreut.

O Mädchen, o Mädchen, du einsames Kind,
wer hat den Gedanken ins Herz dir gezinnt,
dass ich soll den Garten, die Rosen nicht sehn?
Du gefällst meinen Augen, das muss ich gestehn.

8. Da unten im Tale

Da unten im Tale läuft's Wasser so trüb
Und i kann dirs nit sagen, i hab di so lieb.

Sprichst allweil von Lieb, sprichst allweil von Treu,
und a bisele Falschheit is au wohl dabei!

Und wenn i dirs zehnmal sag, das i di lieb,
und du willst nit verstehen, muss i halt weiter gehn.

Für die Zeit, wo du g'liebt mi hast, dank i dir schön,
und i wünsch, dass dirs anderswo besser mag
gehen.

9. Mein Mädél hat einen Rosenmund

Mein Mädél hat einen Rosenmund,
und wer ihn küsst, der wird gesund;
O du, schwarzbraunes Mägdelein, O du!
Du lässt mir keine Ruh!

Die Wangen sind wie Morgenröt,
wie sie steht überm Winterschnee;
O du, schwarzbraunes Mägdelein, O du!
Du lässt mir keine Ruh!

Dein Augen sind wie die Nacht so schwarz,
wenn nur zwei Sternlein funkeln drin;
O du, schwarzbraunes Mägdelein, O du!
Du lässt mir keine Ruh!

Du Mädél bist wie der Himmel gut,
wenn er über uns blau sich wölben tut;
O du, schwarzbraunes Mägdelein, O du!
Du lässt mir keine Ruh!

Maurice Ravel

Cinq Mélodies Populaires Grecques

(traditioneel, Franse vertaling D.Calvocoressi)

10. Le réveil de la mariée¹

Réveille toi, réveille toi, perdrix mignonne².
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté, mon coeur en est brûlé.
Vois le ruban³, le ruban d'or que je t'apporte
Pour le nouer⁴ autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier:
Dans nos deux familles tous sont alliés.

¹ bruid

² lief patrijsje

³ haarband

⁴ binden

11. La-bàs, vers l'église

La-bàs, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidero,
L'église, Ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costandino,
Se sont réunis, rassemblés à nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte!
Du monde tous les plus braves!

12. Quel galant m'est comparable?

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vasiliki?
Vois, pendus, pendus à ma ceinture,
Pistolets et sabre aigue....
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

13. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques⁵

Ô joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon coeur, trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du coeur
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau, plus beau qu'un ange.

Ô lorsque tu parais, ange si doux,
Devant nos jeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas, tous nos pauvres coeurs soupirent!

14. Tout gai!

Tout gai! gai,
Ha tout gai;
Belle jambe, tireli qui danse,
Belle jambe, la vaisselle⁶ danse,
Tra-la-la.

PAUZE

⁵ pluksters van pistachenoten

⁶ aardewerk

George Butterworth

Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad (A.E.Housman)

1. Loveliest of trees,

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

2. When I was one-and-twenty

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free.'
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
'The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue.'
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

3. Look not in my eyes

Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see,
And there you find your face too clear
And love it and be lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie
Spent in star-defeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I
Perish? Gaze not in my eyes.
A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well
And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

4. Think no more, lad

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly:
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around.
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever:
Think no more; 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground.

5. The lads in their hundreds

The lads in hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the
mill and the fold,

The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are
there,

And there with the rest are the lads that will never
be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the
till and the cart,

And many to count are the stalwart, and many the
brave,

And many the handsome of face and the handsome
of heart,

And few that will carry their looks or their truth to
the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were
tokens to tell

The fortunate fellows that now you can never
discern;

And then one could talk with them friendly and
wish them farewell

And watch them depart on the way that they will
not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's
nothing to scan;

And brushing your elbow unguessed-at and not to
be told

They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of
man,

The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

6. Is my team ploughing

'Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?'

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

'Is football playing
Along the river shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?'

Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

'Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?'

Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

'Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?'

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
never ask me whose.

Ludwig von Beethoven
uit: Irish Folksongs

7. Thou Emblem of Faith
(J.P.Curran)

Thou emblem of Faith, thou sweet pledge of a
passion,
that heaven has ordain'd for a n happier than me,
on the hand of the fair go resume thy love'd station,
and bask in the beam that is lavish'd on thee.

And when some past scene thy remembrance
recalling,
her bosom shall rise to the tear that is falling,
with the transport of love may no anguish combine,
but the bliss be all her's and the suff'ring all mine.

8. The Return to Ulster
(Walter Scott)

Once again, but how chang'd, since my wand'rings
began
I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,
and the pines of Clanbrassil resound to the roar
that wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.

Alas! My poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn!
With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return?
Can I live the dear life of delusion again,
that flow'd when these echoes first mixed with my
strain?

9. The Elfin Fairies
(David Thomson)

We fairy-elves in secret dells,
all day contrive our magic spells,
till sable night o'er cast the sky,
then through the airy regions fly,
with Cynthia's light so clear:
around the earth ere dawn of day,
on high we win our easy way;
sometimes the lawns to earth inviting,
on the velvet turf alighting, so light,
so light oer pliant stalks we fleet,
the blade scarce bends beneath our feet
but shakes as if for fear.

And if no bus'ness calls from home
around the wheeling globe we roam;
we to some flow'ry meadows stray
and sing and dance the night away,
around our Fairy Queen.

Then we our mushroom boards prepare,
the gather'd sweets of flow'rs our fare,
the dewy nectar round distilling,
all our harebell goblets filling,
good night, good night we say, then sink to rest
upon some lily's downy breast,
by mortal eyes unseen.

10. Oh! Who, my dear Dermot
(*William Smyth*)

Oh! Who, my dear Dermot, has dar'd to deceive thee,
and what's the dishonour this gold is to buy?
Back, back to thy tempter, or Norah shall leave thee,
to hide her in woods, and in desarts to die.

Oh! Dermot, thy heart is with agony swelling,
for once it was honest and honour it's law.
An Irishman thou, and have bribes in thy dwelling!
Back, back to thy tempter, go, Erin go bragh!

11. Come, draw we round a cheerful Ring
(*Joanna Baillie*)

Come, draw we round a cheerful ring,
and broach the foaming ale,
and let the merry maiden sing,
the beldame tell her tale:
and let the sightless harper sit
the blazing faggot by;
and let the jester vent his wit,
his tricks the urchin try.

Who shakes the door with angry din,
and would admitted be?
No, Gossip Winter, snug within
we have no room for thee.
Go, scud it o'er Killarney's lake
and shake the willows bare,
the water elf his sport doth take,
thou'lt find a comrade there

Will o' the wisp skips in the dell,
the owl hoots on the tree,
they hold their nightly vigil well,
he while will we.
Then strike we up the rousing glee
and pass the beaker round,
while ev'ry head right merrily
is moving to the sound.