

**RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, Ten Blake**

**Songs part I**

**The Divine Image** (Innocence)

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love  
All pray in their distress;  
And to these virtues of delight  
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love  
Is God, our father dear,  
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love  
Is Man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,  
Pity a human face,  
And Love, the human form divine,  
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,  
That prays in his distress,  
Prays to the human form divine,  
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,  
In heathen, Turk, or Jew;  
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell  
There God is dwelling too.

**Infant Joy** (Innocence)

I have no name  
I am but two days old.  
What shall I call thee?  
I happy am  
Joy is my name,  
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!

Sweet joy but two days old,  
Sweet joy I call thee;  
Thou dost smile.  
I sing the while  
Sweet joy befall thee.

**The Piper** (Innocence, titled 'Introduction')

Piping down the valleys wild  
Piping songs of pleasant glee  
On a cloud I saw a child  
And he laughing said to me

Pipe a song about a Lamb;  
So I piped with merry cheer,  
Piper pipe that song again  
So I piped, he wept to hear.

Drop thy pipe thy happy pipe  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer,  
So I sung the same again  
While he wept with joy to hear.

Piper sit thee down and write  
In a book that all may read  
So he vanish'd from my sight.  
And I pluck'd a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,  
And I stain'd the water clear,  
And I wrote my happy songs  
Every child may joy to hear.

**Eternity** (Several Questions Answered)

He who binds to himself a joy  
Does the winged life destroy;

But he who kisses the joy as it flies  
Lives in eternity's sun rise.

The look of love alarms,  
Because it's fill'd with fire;  
But the look of soft deceit  
Shall win the lover's hire.

Soft deceit and idleness,  
These are Beauty's sweetest dress.

**A Poison Tree** (Experience)

I was angry with my friend;  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
I was angry with my foe:  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I water'd it in fears,  
Night & morning with my tears:  
And I sunned it with smiles,  
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night.  
Till it bore an apple bright.  
And my foe beheld it shine,  
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole,  
When the night had veil'd the pole;  
In the morning glad I see;  
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

**CYRIL SCOTT - Idyllic Fantasy**

(Poem by Cyril Scott)

Ah, Ah  
What plaintive melodies are these,  
Sighing 'mid the shadowy trees?  
O minstrels say,  
Why do ye play so sadly?  
Is it that ye mourn the end of day  
And the dying sun behind the leas?

Well-nigh your pipe and strings  
Murmur to me imperishable things,  
Enveiled rememberings  
Of incense-perfumed hours  
And evening-shaded bowers  
And gloamings of the heart.  
Ah verily,  
Almost the tears start  
And I too  
Must mourn with you.

Yet what is this,  
What mystery?  
For suddenly  
A gayer note I hear;  
Aye, something strikes my ear  
Like dancing feet  
Fairy-like and fleet,  
And redolent of delight.  
And now,  
What strange and joyous sight  
I see, for lo!  
Ye minstrels with your strains ye did evoke  
The blythe fairy folk.

**HERBERT MURRILL - Three Carols**

**Rosa Mystica**

Out of a tender root  
a little rose has sprung  
As foretold by the Prophets

from Jesse came the grace  
and wrought a little flower.  
In midst of coldest winter  
to cheer the darkest night.

The little rose I think of  
of which Isaiah spake  
has the pure virgin Mary  
alone to us now wrought  
in God's eternal purpose  
This Child of her was born  
to cheer the darkest night.

**Cradle Song**

O my dear heart young Jesus sweet,  
prepare thy cradle in my spreit.  
And I sall rock thee in my hert  
And nevermair from Thee depart.  
But I sall praise thee evermore  
With sang - is sweit unto Thy gloir  
The knees of my hert sall I bow  
and sing that richt 'Balulalow'.

**The Falcon** (Corpus Christi Carol)

Lully, Lullay, Lully, Lullay,  
the Faucon hath borne my make away.  
He bare him up, he bare him down  
he bare him into an orchard brown.  
In that orchard there was a halle  
that was hanged with purple and pall.  
And in that halle there was a bed  
It was hanged with gold so red.  
And in that bed there lieth a knight  
his woundes bleeding day and night.  
At the bed's foot there lieth a hound  
Licking the blood as it runs down.  
At that bedside kneeleth a may  
And she weepeth both night and day.  
And at that bed's head standeth a stone  
'Corpus Christi' written on.  
Lully, Lullay, Lully, Lullay,  
the Faucon hath borne my make away.

**CAREY BLYTON - Lyrics from the Chinese**

(Translated by Helen Waddell)

**Peach blossom after rain**

Peach blossom after rain is deeper red;  
The willow fresher green;  
And fallen petals lie windblown,  
Unswep't, unswep't  
Upon the courtyard stone.

**Within the massive cup of jade**

Within the massive cup of jade  
The yellow liquid shines;  
Our Prince is sure a man of men,  
And splendid are his wines.

**I saw the marsh with rushes dank and green**

I saw the marsh with rushes dank and green,  
And deep black pools beneath a sunset sky,  
And lotus silver bright,  
Gleam on their blackness in the dying light,  
As I passed by.

And all that night I saw as in a dream  
Her fair face lifted up  
Shine in the darkness like a lotus cup  
Snow-white against the deep black pool of  
night  
Till dawn was nigh.

**Blue Iris sweetest smells**

Blue Iris sweetest smells,  
Upon its stem unbroken.  
A woman highest sells  
With her fair name unspoken.

**We load the sacrificial stands**

We load the sacrificial stands  
Of wood and earthenware,  
The smell of burning southern wood  
Is heavy in the air.

It was our fathers' sacrifice,  
It may be they were eased.  
We know no harm to come of it,  
It may be God is pleased.

**White clouds are in the sky**

White clouds are in the sky  
Great shoulders of the hills  
Between us two must lie.

The road is rough and far  
Deep fords between us are.  
I pray you not to die.

**RUTLAND BOUGHTON - (untitled)**

(Poem: **Fairy-led** by Mary Webb)

The fairy people flouted me,  
Mocked me, shouted me  
They chased me down the dreamy hill and  
beat me with a wand.  
Within the wood they found me, put spells  
on me and bound me  
And left me at the edge of day in John the  
miller's pond.

Beneath the eerie starlight  
Their hair shone curd-white;  
Their bodies were all twisted like a lichened  
apple-tree;  
Feather-light and swift they moved,  
And never one the other loved,  
For all were full of ancient dreams and dark  
designs on me.

With noise of leafy singing  
And white wands swinging,  
They marched away amid the grass that  
swayed to let them through.  
Between the yellow tansies  
Their eyes, like purple pansies,  
Peered back on me before they passed all  
trackless in the dew.

**PHILIP NAPIER MILES - Four Songs**

(Poems by Robert Bridges)

**The Poppy**

A poppy grows upon the shore,  
Bursts her twin cup in summer late:  
Her leaves are glaucous-green and hoar,  
Her petals yellow, delicate.

Oft to her cousins turns her thought,  
In wonder if they care that she  
Is fed with spray for dew, and caught  
By every gale that sweeps the sea.

She has no lovers like the red,  
That dances with the noble corn:  
Her blossoms on the waves are shed,  
Where she stands shivering and alone.

**The Cliff Top**

The cliff-top has a carpet  
Of lilac, gold and green:  
The blue sky bounds the ocean,  
The white clouds scud between.  
A flock of gulls are wheeling  
And wailing round my seat;  
Above my head the heaven,  
The sea beneath my feet.

**Thou art alone, Fond Lover**

The evening darkens over  
After a day so bright,  
The windcapt waves discover  
That wild will be the night.  
There's sound of distant thunder.

The latest seabirds hover  
Along the cliff's sheer height;  
As in the memory wander  
Last flutterings of delight,  
White wings lost on the white.

There's not a ship in sight;  
And as the sun goes under  
Thick clouds conspire to cover  
The moon that should rise yonder.  
Thou art alone, fond lover.

**When June is come**

When June is come, then all the day  
I'll sit with my love in the scented hay:  
And watch the sunshot palaces high,  
That the white clouds build in the breezy sky.  
She singeth, and I do make her a song,  
And read sweet poems the whole day long:  
Unseen as we lie in our haybuilt home.  
O life is delight when June is come.

**BENJAMIN BRITTEN - Nocturne (excerpt)**

(Poem: **The Kind ghosts** by Wilfred Owen)  
She sleeps on soft, last breaths; but no ghost  
looms  
Out of the stillness of her palace wall,  
Her wall of boys on boys and dooms on  
dooms.

She dreams of golden gardens and sweet  
glooms,  
Not marvelling why her roses never fall  
Nor what red mouths were torn to make their  
blooms.

The shades keep down which well might roam  
her hall.  
Quiet their blood lies in her crimson rooms  
And she is not afraid of their footfall.

They move not from her tapestries, their pall,  
Nor pace her terraces, their hecatombs,  
Lest aught she be disturbed, or grieved at all.

**RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, Ten Blake Songs part II****London (Experience)**

I wander thro' each charter'd street,  
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow.  
And mark in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,  
In every Infant's cry of fear,

In every voice: in every ban,  
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweepers cry  
Every blackning Church appalls,  
And the hapless Soldiers sigh  
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful Harlots curse  
Blasts the new-born Infants tear  
And blights with plagues the Marriage  
hearse.

**Ah! Sun-flower (Experience)**

Ah Sun-flower! weary of time,  
Who countest the steps of the Sun:  
Seeking after that sweet golden clime  
Where the traveller's journey is done.

Where the Youth pined away with desire,  
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow:  
Arise from their graves and aspire,  
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

**Cruelty Has a Human Heart**

(Experience, titled 'A Divine Image')  
Cruelty has a Human Heart  
And Jealousy a Human Face  
Terror the Human Form Divine  
And Secrecy, the Human Dress.

The Human Dress, is forged Iron  
The Human Form, a fiery Forge.  
The Human Face, a Furnace seal'd  
The Human Heart, its hungry Gorge.

**The Lamb (Innocence)**

Little Lamb who made thee  
Dost thou know who made thee  
Gave thee life & bid thee feed.  
By the stream & o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing wooly bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice!  
Little Lamb who made thee  
Dost thou know who made thee

Little Lamb I'll tell thee,  
Little Lamb I'll tell thee!

He is called by thy name,  
For he calls himself a Lamb:

He is meek & he is mild,  
He became a little child:

I a child & thou a lamb,  
We are called by his name.

Little Lamb God bless thee.

Little Lamb God bless thee.

**The Shepherd (Innocence)**

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!  
From the morn to the evening he strays;  
He shall follow his sheep all the day,  
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,  
And he hears the ewes' tender reply;  
He is watchful while they are in peace,  
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.