



Henry Handel RICHARDSON

LET SPRING COME AND OTHER SONGS

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Simon Lobelson, baritone
Tonya Lemoh, piano

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON AND HER SONGS

by Tonya Lemoh and Narelle Yeo

Henry Handel Richardson, one of Australia's most important literary figures, was born in Melbourne on 3 January 1870 and christened Ethel Florence Lindesay Richardson. She was an academically and musically precocious student, and her earliest attempts at composition were made during her school days at the Presbyterian Ladies College in Melbourne, where she wrote both choral and solo songs. Although Richardson is renowned for her novels and short stories, winning the 1929 Australian Literature Society Gold Medal for her novel *Ultima Thule*, she composed art-songs throughout her life and her final songs were composed in the 1940s. She wrote under a male pseudonym, overcoming the many challenges to the pursuit of a creative vocation as a woman in the Victorian era. Richardson's songs reflect a late-Romantic sensibility and a refined lyrical gift. This recording presents 32 of them (out of a total of 57, along with a number of other incomplete sketches), written to texts in German, French, Italian and English, by a variety of well-known poets, in their first recordings; it is also the first commercially available collection of any of her music.

Richardson's passion for the combination of music and the written word saw her literary career bookended with novels about music. Her first published book, *Maurice Guest* (1908), follows the musical and emotional experiences of a young piano student in Leipzig, capturing the artistic *Zeitgeist*; and her last novel, *The Young Cosima* (1939), is a fictionalised account of Franz Liszt's youngest daughter. Richardson's deeply felt connection to music was clearly conveyed in one of her letters, in which she wrote that there were times when what she felt, or was trying to say, 'could be better expressed in tones than in words'.¹

¹ Henry Handel Richardson, *Henry Handel Richardson: The Letters*, ed. Clive Probyn and Bruce Steele, Miegunyah Press/Melbourne University Press, Melbourne, 2000, Vol. 2, Letter 462.

Her gift for music manifested itself at an early age, and both she and her sister studied the piano and were considered local prodigies. When she was nineteen, the family moved to Europe, where she was accepted into the Royal Conservatorium of Music in Leipzig. She studied piano with Johannes Weidenbach (1847–1902) and took instruction in harmony with Gustav Schreck (1849–1918), who had been appointed *Thomaskantor* in 1893. During this period, she crossed paths with some of the most prominent musicians of the era, including Clara Schumann, Joseph Joachim and Eugène Ysaÿe. But upon completing her final piano exam, she decided the life of a performer was not for her, and the family relocated to England, where she remained for the rest of her life. Her letters indicate that performance anxiety played a significant part in her decision to abandon a performing career. In Dublin, in 1895, shortly after completing her music studies, Richardson married the philologist John George Robertson (1867–1933), whom she had met while they were students in Leipzig. Robertson was particularly interested in German music and literature: he was the founding editor of *Modern Language Review*, remaining in the post until his death; he also gave a series of lectures on Wagner in the 1930s. She returned to Australia only once, in 1912, to research family history for her famous trilogy, *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony* (1930). She died on 20 March 1946 in East Sussex, with her faithful companion Olga Roncoroni (who had filled the emotional gap left by the death of her husband) at her side.

By then she was celebrated as a writer, but was completely unknown as a composer, and why she chose not to pursue composition more publicly is unclear. The only song published during her lifetime was *Christkindleins Wiegenlied* (1931) [8], printed by the Shenval Press in Britain, which produced 250 copies for sale and a further 50 for private distribution to friends and family at Christmas. Although the rest of her songs remained unpublished, Richardson was nevertheless insistent that the manuscripts be carefully preserved for posterity.

Mendelssohn and Schumann were regarded particularly highly at the Conservatorium in Leipzig, and their influence was certainly a factor in Richardson's predilection for Lieder as her chosen genre of composition. The stylistic approach in the songs themselves also resonates clearly with the music of these composers. Most importantly, given

Richardson's pianistic prowess and her inherent sensitivity to language, the marriage of voice and piano using texts by major poets seems an inevitable choice. The piano being Richardson's instrument of choice, the accompaniments in her songs are highly idiomatic and reveal a natural instinct for harmonic structure. Though rarely virtuosic, they show finesse and craftsmanship, being exquisitely tailored to fit the nuances of the vocal lines and poetic syntax. The style is firmly rooted in Romanticism, with brief forays into folk-like accompaniment in some instances. Some of the later songs tend towards a more Straussian expansiveness in the vocal line and offer some surprising harmonic twists and turns. Richardson rarely ventures to the extremes of the keyboard, staying close to the vocal range. She handles the accompaniments with an economy of expression which recalls the precision of language in her literary works. In both genres, she demonstrates an ability to communicate real depths of emotion within a seemingly simple framework.

There is no evidence that Richardson ever ventured into larger-scale composition. That may have been a conventional decision influenced partly by her gender, as the miniature was often seen as the province of the gifted amateur female artist – and yet composers like Hugo Wolf and Henri Duparc are renowned almost exclusively for their songs. It is more likely that Richardson wrote songs simply because they offered the most perfect synthesis of her two overriding passions: the written word and music. In contrast to the grand symphonic works of the Romantic period, the intimate universe of *Lieder* provided her with an introspective and highly personal means to express herself musically.

In true art-song tradition, Richardson selected poetry by major writers (she never set her own texts). Her choice of poetry is linguistically diverse (she was fluent in German and English), drawn from such famous figures as Shakespeare [30], Hardy [23] [24] [26], Byron [25], Ben Jonson [16] and Walter de la Mare [21] [32]. Rather unconventionally, she also championed the poetry of several female contemporaries, among them the Americans Clara Marcelle Farrar Greene (1840–1928) [17] and Louise Imogen Guiney (1861–1920) and the Irish Katharine Tynan (1859–1931). German and Danish poets include Goethe [1], Nietzsche

and Jens Peter Jacobsen (1847–85) [13].² Seminal German texts, such as Vogelweide's mediaeval *Unter der Linden* [2] and excerpts from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* [4]–[6] [8] [10], feature frequently.

The literary universe of Richardson's books is represented in subtle ways in the songs. The references to her father's mental illness in the *Fortunes of Richard Mahony* align with her setting of *Peacock Pie*, Walter de la Mare's portrayal of a mad prince [21]. A connection to her Irish roots is revealed in *The Irishman's Song* [22], and her fascination with German and Scandinavian culture is apparent in her numerous choices of Danish and German poetry [1]–[13] [18]. A preoccupation with death and insanity contrasts with a light-hearted girlishness and femininity in other songs, recollecting the youthful world of *The Getting of Wisdom*. The charming French song *O nous achèterons* [14] appears in *The Young Cosima* as Cosima sings the lullaby to her infant.

Richardson's songs lay carefully preserved in the National Library of Australia but were largely unknown for many years after her death, and were only partially donated to the National Library of Australia in 1973 by the executrix of her estate. In 1993, her translations of German carols were found in a 1917 version of *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony* in Illinois. The full collection of songs was subsequently edited by the Australian musicologists Bruce Steele and Richard Divall. This important work was carried out with the support of the G. W. L. Marshall-Hall Trust from 1995 to 1999. Divall donated a number of original manuscripts to the National Library in 2017. A small number of songs were partially reconstructed by Divall and Steele. In *Vesperal* [31] the original sketch was completed by Bruce Steele, and in *Dregs* [19], *At Kew* [29] and *The Spring, my Dear* [27] there were several bars missing in the accompaniments, which were also completed by Steele. The accompaniment in her last song, the *Tuscan Lullaby* [15], was provided by Divall. The original manuscript contained a vocal line only, since Richardson did not live long enough to complete it.

² Carl Nielsen set eleven of Jacobsen's poems to music, in his *Opp.* 4 and 6; Jacobsen texts also lie behind Delius' *Fennimore and Gerda* and Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder*.

The tessitura of the songs suit the mezzo-soprano and baritone ranges, and the subject matter is quite obviously gendered: there are songs about vagabonds and soldiers on roving adventures, with $\frac{4}{4}$ timing and thumping ostinatos in the bass clef. There are graceful melodies with coquettish turns of phrase and a tongue-in-cheek charm. Many of these songs sit firmly in male or female characterisation, in keeping with Victorian constraints of gender. Given Richardson's penchant for irony in her literature, and her sympathy for the suffrage movement, it is not unlikely that some of these heavily gendered text-settings contain an element of parody, imagining a female voice delivering traditionally male-oriented text and music. This approach could offer some musical justification for her own use of the male *nom de plume*.

Many of the German Lieder, such as the poignant *Erster Verlost* [1] and the capricious *Wenn ich scheiden muss* [3], deal with romantic love. Others range from bold folk-like settings about life's prosaic realities to the most tender of lullabies.

There is a whimsy combined with a sense of melancholy in many of the English songs, which also include light, mannered portraits of polite society, such as those found in *At Kew* [29] and *A la Mode* [17]. Reflective and mournful sentiments are expressed in *Susannah Fry* [32], *Regret Not Me* [26] and *Come Away, Death* [30]. The interval of a falling sixth is often employed here to convey grief and yearning. There is, in her melodic writing, a delicate simplicity that is also reflected in her prose. The direct appeal and longing in *Regret Not Me* show her intuitive grasp of the innate power of music to elicit empathy.

The last line of the poem 'Dregs' [19] is 'This is the end of every song man sings'. Richardson chose to omit this line of text, instead allowing the sentiment to be expressed wordlessly in the quiet pathos of the piano chords. Perhaps she agreed with the words of one of the poets represented in these songs, Victor Hugo: 'Music expresses that which cannot be put into words and that which cannot remain silent'.³

Richardson's literary career occupies a unique place in the creative history and cultural identity of Australia. It is hoped that this collection of songs will illuminate

³ Victor Hugo, *William Shakespeare*, Estes and Lauriat, Paris, 1864, p. 120.

another side of this important artist, revealing the musical imagination and creative persona of Henry Handel Richardson the composer.

Dr **Narelle Yeo** has enjoyed a varied career as opera, operetta and music-theatre singer and director. After graduate study at the Shepherd School of Music at Rice University in Houston and at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, she performed widely across the western USA, with favourite roles including Cio Cio San in *Madama Butterfly*, Leonore in *Fidelio* and Nedda in *I pagliacci*, as well as Guenevere in the Lerner/Loewe musical *Camelot* and Sharon in Terence McNally's play *Master Class*. She was also a faculty member at the San Francisco Conservatory, directing opera and musical theatre, and has sung in world premieres of works by Rinde Eckert and Thomas Rimes. She has sung solo for the San Francisco Symphony and Berkeley Symphony Orchestras and in the Sydney Opera House and Sydney Town Hall. She is featured on two Wirripong recordings celebrating the work of the composer Meta Overman. She is currently a member of the faculty of the Sydney Conservatorium of Music as classical, opera and music-theatre voice-teacher and stage-director in residence.



Photograph: George Fetting

With a career that has spanned four continents and 85 operatic roles, from the Baroque to the contemporary, and the lyric to the dramatic, earning respect as a pedagogue, superlative press reviews and a Helpmann Award nomination, **Simon Lobelson** has established himself as one of the most versatile baritones of his generation, and a champion of contemporary music. Since graduating with honours from Sydney University and subsequently studying at the Royal College of Music in London on a scholarship, he has performed extensively with such companies as The Royal Opera House, English National Opera, Opera Australia, Pinchgut Opera, Sydney Chamber Opera, ensembles including the English Chamber Orchestra, London Mozart Players, Israel Camerata, Sydney Philharmonia and Sydney Symphony Orchestra, and at events such as the Lucerne Festival. The conductors with whom he has worked count Richard Bonyngé, Pierre Boulez, Charles Dutoit, Louis Halsey and Paul McCreech among their number; and he has recorded for Chandos and ABC Classics. He is a lecturer, coach and vocal professor at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music, regularly adjudicates for the Sydney Eisteddfod and has given master-classes in both Australia and China. He is currently completing a doctorate through Sydney University on an RTP government scholarship.



The Australian/Sierra Leonean pianist **Tonya Lemoh** is known for her focus on unusual and exotic repertoire. She made her name on the international scene with her ground-breaking recording for Chandos of piano works by the Austrian composer Joseph Marx. Praised by *Gramophone*, *International Piano* and other leading publications, her recordings have since consistently garnered enthusiastic reviews, as have her concert appearances. She has won several international awards, including First Prize in the '21st century Art Competition'

(International Association of Art and Education in the 21st Century, Helsingor), and a Diplôme d'Honneur in the International Edvard Grieg Piano Competition. Her recording of Svend Erik Tarp's piano works was awarded one of Denmark's most prestigious national music prizes, the Danish Radio prize for best solo disc of the year. Other recordings include the solo albums *Harmonies du Soir* for the Danish label Danacord and, most recently, the complete piano works of the Australian composer Raymond Hanson for Grand Piano (Naxos), which was selected as Editor's Choice in *Limelight*, receiving a five-star review.

As a collaborative artist, Tonya Lemoh has performed widely as chamber musician and Lied interpreter. She is featured on duo recordings of Meta Overman's music with fellow pianist Jeanell Carrigan, *The Golden Age* and *Souvenirs* (as a member of the Copenhagen Piano Duo), and *Rags, Bags and Tangos* (with the clarinetist Deborah De Graaff). Tonya Lemoh worked as graduate accompanist in the voice department of the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music for two years, and was subsequently a vocal and instrumental staff accompanist at The Boston Conservatory. In this capacity she performed as collaborative artist at numerous recitals and competitions in the USA. Following her relocation to Europe, she was frequently featured as collaborative artist with opera and Lied performers in Denmark and Norway.

She holds piano-performance degrees from conservatoria in Australia, the USA and Denmark, and completed her Ph.D. at the Newcastle Conservatorium of Music in New South Wales. A keen interpreter of new music, she has performed in new-music festivals in Australia and throughout Scandinavia. She was a lecturer on the piano faculty of the University of Copenhagen for ten years. She has performed and recorded for ABC Radio, Danish National Radio and Danish television.



Texts and Translations

Where Richardson provided her own translations of the songs and they are complete, we have deferred to her translation. Otherwise, all other translations are our own. There are minor inconsistencies between some of the poems as published and as set by Richardson.

1] Erster Verlust

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,
Jene Tage der ersten Liebe,
Ach, wer bringt nur eine Stunde
Jener holden Zeit zurück!
Einsam nähr' ich meine Wunde,
Und mit stets erneuter Klage
Traur' ich ums verlorne Glück,
Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,
Jene holde Zeit zurück!

2] Unter der Linden

Walther von der Vogelweide (1170–1228)

Unter der Linden,
an der Heide,
Wo unser beider Bette war,
Da könnet ihr finden,
wie wir beide
Die Blumen brachen und das Gras
Vor dem Wald in einem Tal!
Tándaradéi, tándaradéi,
Sang so süß' die Nachtigall.

First Love Lost

*Ah, who can bring back those beautiful days,
the days of first love?
Ah, who will bring back a single hour
of that sweet moment?
Alone I treat my wounds
and, forever feeling this sorrow,
I mourn that happiness long gone.
Ah, who will bring back those beautiful days,
the sweet moment in time?*

Under the Lime Tree

*Under the lime tree
On the heather,
Where we had shared a place of rest,
Still you may find there,
Lovely together,
Flowers crushed and grass down-pressed.
Beside the forest in the vale,
Tándaradéi, tándaradéi,
Sweetly sang the nightingale.*

Kam da gegangen
hin zur Aue
Und mein Liebster war schon da.
Da ward ich empfangen,
hehre Fraue,
O welches Glück, dass ich ihn sah!
Ob er mich küsste? So manche Stund!
Tándaradéi, tándaradéi,
Seht, wie rot mir ist der Mund!

Wüsste das einer,
dass geblieben
Er bei mir, ich schämte mich.
O wollte doch keiner,
was wir trieben
Erfahren je, nur er und ich.
Und ein kleines Vögelein –
Tándaradéi, tándaradéi,
Das werde wohl verschwiegen sein!

*I came to meet him
At the green:
There was my true love come before.
Such was I greeted –
Heaven's Queen! –
That I am glad for evermore.
Had he kisses? A thousand some:
Tándaradéi, tándaradéi,
See how red my mouth's become.*

*If any knew
He lay with me
(May God forbid!), for shame I'd die.
What did he do?
May none but he
Ever be sure of that – and I,
And one extremely tiny bird,
Tándaradéi, tándaradéi,
Who will, I think, not say a word.*

—translation by Raymond Oliver

3 Wenn ich scheiden muss

Leo Heller (1876–1941)

Wenn ich scheiden muss,
Wenn ich scheiden muss,
Jeden Abend scheiden muss, mein Lieb,
Ist mir immer so,
Als ob das, was froh
Mir im Herzen war, bei dir verblieb!

All' mein Traurigkeit,
All' mein Herzeleid
Nehm ich mit in meine Einsamkeit,
Schmerz und Harm ist mir,
Alles Glück bei dir,
Und der Weg von dir zu mir so weit.

Aber wenn ich dann
Wieder wandern kann,
Jenen lieben Weg zu deinem Haus,
Lacht die ganze Welt,
Lacht mir Flur und Feld,
Und das Glück fliegt meinem Pfad voraus.

If I have to leave

*When I part from thee, when I part from thee,
Every evening part from thee my dear,
Then it seems to me that I leave with thee
All my heart's content and all its cheer.*

*On my lonely way, fall the shadows grey
As I turn from where I fain would be
Mine the stress and strife, thine the joy and life
And the way is far from these to me.*

*But let come the hour when I tread once more
The dear path that leads me back to thee,
All my hearts aflame as I breathe thy name,
On love's wing my sweet I fly to thee.*

—translation by Henry Handel Richardson

4 Wiegenlied

From *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Buko von Halberstadt,
Bring' doch meinem Kinde was.
Was soll ich ihm bringen?
Rote Schuh' mit Ringen,
Rote Schuh' mit Gold beschlagen,
die soll unser Kindchen tragen.
Hurraso, Burra fort, Wagen
und schön' Schuh' sind fort,
stecken tief im Sumpfe,
Pferde sind ertrunken.
Schrei' doch nicht so, Reitersknecht,
warum fuhrst du auch so schlecht!

5 Eia im Sause

From *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Eia im Sause!
Zwei Wiegen in einem Hause
soll der Vater nicht werden bang
um zwei Wiegen in einem Gang?
Eia im Sause!

Eia popaeia!
Wer kocht dem Schelm ein Breie?
Tut recht Zucker und Butter hinein
so kriegt der Schelm ein geschmeidigen Sinn
Eia popaeia!

Lullaby

*Buko from Halberstadt,
Bring something to my child.
What should I bring?
Red shoes with rings,
Red shoes shod with gold,
Our child should wear them.
Away, wagon!
The beautiful shoes are gone,
stuck deep in the swamp,
Horses drowned.
Don't scream, husband.
Why are you driving so badly!*

Eia im Sause

*Eia im sause!
Two cradles in one house
Shouldn't the father be afraid,
having two cradles in one hallway?
Eia im sause!

Eia popaeia!
Who cooks a porridge for the rogue?
Make sure you put sugar and butter in it
This will give the little rogue a pliant mind
Eia popaeia!*

6 Schlaf, Kindlein, Schlaf

From *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,
Der Vater hüt die Schaaf,
Die Mutter schüttelt Bäumelein,
Da fällt herab ein Träumelein,
Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf.

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,
Am Himmel ziehn die Schaaf,
Die Sternelein sind Lämmerlein,
Der Mond der ist das Schäferlein,
Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf.

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,
So schenk ich dir ein Schaaf
Mit einer goldnen Schelle fein,
Das soll dein Spielgeselle sein,
Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf!

Sleep, Baby, Sleep

*Sleep, baby, sleep
Thy father guards the sheep,
Thy mother shakes a little tree,
There stumbles down a dream for thee
Sleep, baby, sleep.*

*Sleep, baby, sleep.
The sky is full of sheep,
The twinkling stars are lambkins white,
The moon he guards their flocks by night,
Sleep, baby, sleep.*

*Sleep, baby, sleep.
And I'll give thee a sheep,
A tiny lamb from out the fold,
With round its neck a ball of gold,
Sleep, baby, sleep.*

—translation by Henry Handel Richardson

7 Vagabundenlied

Jakob Julius David (1859–1906)

Ich hab' kein Haus, ich hab' kein Nest,
ich hab' kein' Hochzeit und kein Fest;
ich hab' kein Hof, ich hab' kein Feld,
ich hab' kein' Heimat auf der Welt.

Am Himmel selbst der Schauerstrich,
den fürchten sie nicht so wie mich,
mir geht's nicht gut, mir geht's nicht schlecht:
und so, und gerade so ist's recht!

8 Christkindleins Wiegenlied

From *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

O Jesulein zart,
O Jesulein zart,
Das Kripplein ist hart,
Wie liegst du so hart,
Ach schlaf, ach thu die Äugelein zu,
Schlaf, und gieb uns die ewige Ruh.

Schlaf Jesulein wohl,
Nichts hindern soll
Ochs Esel und Schaf,
Sind alle im Schlaf.
Ach schlaf, ach, thue die Äugelein zu,
Schlaf und gieb uns die ewige Ruh.

Song of the Vagabond

*I have no house, I have no nest
I have no wedding, no party.
I have no yard, I have no Land
I have no home in all the world.*

*In heaven itself, the hail from the sky,
Doesn't fear him as much as it fears me,
I'm neither good nor bad:
And so, and just like that, it is what it is!*

The Christchild's Lullaby

*Oh gentle little Jesus,
Oh gentle little Jesus,
Your little manger is hard,
How hard you lie,
Ah sleep, ah close your little eyes,
Sleep and give us eternal rest.*

*Sleep well, little Jesus,
Nothing shall disturb your slumber
The oxen, donkeys and sheep
Are all fast asleep.
Sleep, child, sleep, close your little eyes,
Sleep and give us eternal rest.*

Dir Seraphim singt,
Und Cherubim klingt,
Viel Engel im Stall,
Die wiegen dich all.
Ach schlaf, ach, thu die Äüglein zu,
Schlaf und gieb uns die ewige Ruh.

Sieh Jesulein sieh,
Sankt Joseph ist hie,
Ich bleib auch hiebei,
Schlaf sicher und frei.
Ach schlaf, ach, thu die Äüglein zu,
Schlaf, und gieb uns die ewige Ruh.

Schweig Eselein still,
Das Kind schlafen will,
Ey Oechsle nicht brüll,
Das Kind das schlafen will.
Ach schlaf, ach, thu die Äüglein zu,
Schlaf, und gieb uns die ewige Ruh.

*The seraphim sing to you,
The [song of the] cherubim rings out too,
Many angels in the stable,
They all rock you to sleep.
Sleep, child, sleep, close your little eyes,
Sleep and give us eternal rest.*

*See, little Jesus, see,
St Joseph is here,
I too shall remain here,
Sleep securely and freely,
Sleep, child, sleep, close your little eyes,
Sleep and give us eternal rest.*

*Fall silent, little donkey,
The child wants to sleep,
Ah, oxen, do not low,
The child wants to sleep,
Sleep, child, sleep, close your little eyes,
Sleep and give us eternal rest.*

9] Lied des armen Narren

Otto Julius Bierbaum (1865–1910)

Excerpted from the poem 'Brummständchen'

Hätt' ich Geld, ich wüsste wohl,
Was ich thät', genau:
Hätt' ich Geld, ich nähme dich
Augenblicks zur Frau,
Nähme dich und schleppte dich
In den Liebesbau,
Den ich baute, – hätt' ich Geld.
Hätt' ich Geld, ach, hätt' ich Geld.
Wärst du meine Frau.

Hab' kein Geld. Was ist denn das,
So ein Kassenschein?
Hab' kein Geld. Ja, Phantasie,
Phantasie ist mein.
Güter hab' ich auf dem Mond
Und im Herzen mein.
Leise brumm' ich: hätt' ich Geld,
Hätt' ich Geld, ach, hätt' ich Geld,
Wär' das Mäd'el mein.

Song of the Poor Fool

*If I had money, I would know
What to do, exactly:
If I had money, I would take a wink to the
woman,
Take you and drag you
into the love-nest
which I would build, if I had money.
If I had money, if only I had money.
Would you be my wife?*

*If I had money. What is that?
Such a shame.
Have no money. Yes, imagination,
Imagination is mine.
I have treasures on the moon
And in my heart.
I hum softly to myself, 'if I had money,
If I had money,
The girl would be mine'.*

10 Wenn du zu meinem Schätzel kommst

From 'An einen Boten', in 'Volkslieder'
(‘Folksongs’), *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Wenn du zu meinem Schätzel kommst,
Sag: ich liess sie grüssen;
Wenn sie fraget, wie mirs geht?
Sag: auf beiden Füssen.
Wenn sie fraget: ob ich krank?
Sag: ich sei gestorben;
Wenn sie an zu weinen fangt,
Sag: ich käme morgen!

11 Ringel-ringel-rosenkranz

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Ringel-ringel-rosenkranz,
Ich tanz mit meiner Frau,
Wir tanzen um den Rosenbusch,
Klingklanggloribusch.
Ich dreh mich wie ein Pfau.

Zwar hab ich kein so schönes Rad,
Doch bin ich sehr verliebt,
Ich spring wie ein Firlfink,
Dieweil es gar kein lieber Ding
Als wie die Meine gibt.

When you go to my darling

*When you go to my darling
Say: I send my regards;
When she asks how am I doing?
Say: I'm on both feet.
When she asks: Am I sick?
Say: I died!
When she starts crying
Say: I will come tomorrow!*

Ring-a-ring-a-rosary

*Ring-around-a-rose-garland.
I'm dancing with my wife.
We're dancing around the rosebush,
Ding, dong, gloribusch.
I twirl around like a peacock.*

*True, I don't have such a beautiful display,
But I am very much in love.
I leap like a little finch,
Because there is no finer thing
Than my wife.*

Die Welt, die ist da draussen wo,
Mag auf dem Kopfe sie stehn!
Sie int'ressiert uns gar nicht sehr,
Und wenn sie nicht vorhanden wär,
Wird's auch noch weiter gehn:

Ringel-ringel-rosenkranz,
Ich tanz mit meiner Frau,
Wir tanzen um den Rosenbusch,
Klingklanggloribusch.
Ich dreh mich wie ein Pfau.

12 Schusters Abendlied

Anonymous

Ich ging einmal spazieren
Ahm, ahm, ahm
Ich ging einmal spazieren
Vallalleri vallaleri vallaleri.
Und tat ein Mädle führen
Aha, aha, aha.

Sie sagt, ich soll sie küssen
Ahm, ahm, ahm
Sie sagt, ich soll sie küssen
Vallalleri vallaleri vallaleri.
Es braucht's niemand zu wissen,
Aha, aha, aha.

*The world is out there somewhere.
It might as well be standing on its head!
It doesn't interest us much at all,
And if it weren't there,
We'd carry on just the same:*

*Ring-around-a-rose-garland.
I'm dancing with my wife.
We're dancing around the rosebush,
Ding, dong, gloribusch.
I twirl around like a peacock*

Cobbler's Evening Song

*I went for a walk once
Um, um, um
I went for a walk once
Vallalleri vallaleri vallaleri.
And I led a girl along
Aha, aha, aha.*

*She said I should kiss her
Um, um, um
She said I should kiss her
Vallalleri vallaleri vallaleri.
Nobody needs to know,
Aha, aha, aha!*

Sie sagt, ich soll sie nehmen,
Ahm, ahm, ahm
Sie sagt, ich soll sie nehmen,
Vallalleri vallaleri vallaleri.
Sie macht's mir recht bequeme,
Aha, aha, aha.

Der Sommer ist gekommen,
Ahm, ahm, ahm.
Der Sommer ist gekommen,
Vallalleri vallaleri vallaleri.
Ich hab' sie nicht genommen,
Aha, aha, aha.

13 Irmelin Rose

Jens Peter Jacobsen (1847–85)

Seht, es war einmal ein König,
Dem die Schätze reich gedieh'n,
Und der beste, der ihm eigen,
Hiess mit Namen Irmelin.
Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sonne,
Irmelin alles, was schön war.

Schier von jedem Ritterhelme
Wehte ihrer Farben Schein,
Und mit jedem Reim der Sprache
Klang ihr Name überein:
Irmelin Rose,

*She said I should take her
Um, um, um
She said I should take her
Vallalleri vallaleri vallaleri.
She makes it very easy for me,
Aha, aha, aha!*

*Summer has come,
Um, um, um.
Summer has come,
Vallalleri vallaleri vallaleri.
I didn't take her.
Aha, aha, aha!*

Irmelin Rose

*Behold, there was once a king
Who held rich treasures,
And the best possession
Was called Irmelin.
Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sun,
Irmelin, she was all beauty.*

*Her colours fluttered
From every knight's helmet
With every rhyme spoken
Her name was chimed:
Irmelin Rose,*

Irmelin Sonne,
Irmelin alles, was un schön war.

Freier kamen scharenweise
Herzgezogen zum Palast,
Und mit zärtlichen Gebärden
Klang ihr Schmeicheln ohne Rast:
Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sonne,
Irmelin alles, was un schön war.

Doch Prinzessin Stahlherz jagte
All die Freier schnippisch fort,
Fand an jedem was zu tadeln,
Hier die Haltung, da das Wort.
Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sonne,
Irmelin alles, was un schön war.

—translation from the Danish
by Robert Franz Arnold

14 O nous achèterons

Victor Hugo (1802–85)
Fantine's speech, from *Les Misérables* (1890)

O nous achèterons des bien belles choses
En nous promenant le long des faubourgs.
Les bleuets sont bleus, les roses sont roses,
Les bleuets sont bleus, j'aime mes amours.

*Irmelin Sun,
Irmelin, she was all beauty.*

*Many suitors came flocking
Drawn to the palace by their hearts,
And, with tender gestures,
To sound their incessant flattery:
Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sun,
Irmelin, she was all beauty.*

*But the hard-hearted princess chased
All the suitors away,
Found fault in all of them:
One for his bearing, one for his speech.
Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sun,
Irmelin, she was all beauty.*

O we will buy

*O we will buy beautiful things
As we promenade along the suburbs.
Cornflowers are blue, roses are pink,
Blueberries are blue, I adore my loves.*

15 Tuscan Lullaby

Anonymous

Perche piangi O bambinel?
Forse il gel' ti da noia o l'asinel?
Fa la nonna, O paradiso del mio cor,
Redentor, redentor ti bacio il viso.
Fa la nonna, fa la nonna, fa la nonna.

*Why are you crying O little one?
Maybe the frost scares you, or the donkey?
Go to your grandmother, O dear heart.
Redeemer, redeemer.
I kiss your face.
Go to your grandmother, your grandmother,
your grandmother.*

16 A Toast

Ben Jonson (1572–1637)

Song 3 from *The Gypsies Metamorphosed*
(1621)

To the young, all health and pleasure
To the old, long life and treasure
To the fair, their face with eternal grace;
And the soul to be loved at leisure.

For the feet of my sweet are like swallows that
skim
And an ocular treat, her perfection of limb.
At the play, in the street, there is nowhere
you'll meet
With an instep so sweet or an ankle so trim.

18 Let Spring Come (Lad Vaaren komme)

Jens Peter Jacobsen

17 A la Mode

Attributed to Clara Marcelle Farrar Greene
(1840–1920)

As fair as a rose on its elegant stalk
Is my love when she goes in the park for a walk
For the tilt of her nose breaks the hearts of the
beaux
But it's chiefly her hose that occasions the talk.

Let Spring come bearing as it will,
Its loveliest greenness,
And thousand birds with fluting trill,
While blooms are blowing
And all the beauty
Fairest of fragrance comes now aflowing
Over the meadow and over the land,

Veiled in the garden,
Concealed in the forest
Sweet is its breath over land, over sea.
What's that to me?
My heart has neither bloom nor flower,
And springtime cannot make it glad;
Yet sometime soon its Spring will come.
When?

[19] Dregs

Ernest Dowson (1867–1900)

The fire is out, and spent the warmth thereof
(This is the end of every song man sings!)
The golden wine is drunk, the dregs remain.
Bitter as wormwood and as salt as pain;
And health and hope have gone the way of
love,
Into the drear oblivion of lost things.
Ghosts go along with us until the end;
This was a mistress,
This perhaps, perhaps a friend
With cold indifferent eyes we sit and wait
For the dropt curtain and the closing gate.

[20] The Rolling English Road

G. K. Chesterton (1874–1936)

Before the Roman came to Rye or out to
Severn strode,
The rolling English drunkard made the rolling
English road.
A reeling road, a rolling road, that rambles
round the shire,
And after him the parson goes, the sexton and
the squire;
A merry road, a mazy road, and such as we
did tread
The night we went to Birmingham by way of
Beachy Head.

I knew no harm of Bonaparte and plenty of
the Squire,
And for to fight the Frenchman I did not much
desire;
But I did bash these baggonets because they
came arrayed
To straighten out the crooked road an English
drunkard made,
Where you and I went down the lane with ale-
mugs in our hands,
The night we went to Glastonbury by way of
Goodwin Sands.

His sins they were forgiven him; or why do
flowers run
Behind him; and the hedges all strengthening
in the sun?
The wild thing went from left to right and
knew not which was which,
But the wild rose was above him when they
found him in the ditch.
God pardon us, not harden us; we did not see
so clear
The night we went to Bannockburn by way of
Brighton Pier.

My friends, we will not go again or ape an
ancient rage,
Or stretch the folly of our youth to be the
shame of age,
But walk with clearer eyes and ears this path
that wandereth,
And see undrugged in evening light the decent
inn of death;
For there is good news yet to hear and fine
things to be seen,
Before we go to Paradise by way of Kensal
Green.

[21] Peacock Pie

Walter de la Mare (1873–1956)
From *The Song of the Mad Prince*

Who said 'Peacock Pie?'
The old King to his Sparrow:
Who said 'Crops are ripe?'
Rust to the harrow:
Who said, 'Where sleeps she now?
Where rests she now her head,
Bathed in Eve's loneliness?'
That's what I said.
Who said 'Ay, mum's the word?'
Sexton to willow:
Who said, 'Green dusk for dreams,
Moss for a pillow?'
Who said 'All Time's delight hath she for
narrow bed?'
Life's troubled bubble broken,
That's what I said.

[22] The Irishman's Song

Anonymous

I wish I had a boat and a little horse to ride
It's often I am weary for roaming far away;
A boat to woo this sea-wind and to wander
with the tide,
And a horse to go from hearing of this Bay

Then I would not be weary to wander anymore,
My heart would be at anchor from the
moaning of the sea;
For if I had a boat I would never leave the
shore,
And if I had a horse I would let him be.

[23] The King's Men

Thomas Hardy (1840–1928)

We be the King's men, hale and hearty,
Marching to meet one Buonaparte;
If he won't sail, lest the wind should blow,
We should have marched for nothing, O!
Fol-de-rol! Fol-de-rol! Fol-de-rol! O!
Fol-de-rol! O! Fol-de-rol!

We be the King's men, hale and hearty,
Marching to meet one Buonaparte;
If he be sea-sick, says 'No, no!'
We shall have marched for nothing, O!
Fol-de-rol! Fol-de-rol! Fol-de-rol! O!
Fol-de-rol! O! Fol-de-rol!

We be the King's men, hale and hearty,
Marching to meet one Buonaparte;
Never mind, mates, we'll be merry though
We may have marched for nothing, O!
Fol-de-rol! Fol-de-rol! Fol-de-rol! O!
Fol-de-rol! O! Fol-de-rol!

[24] The Night of Trafalgar

Thomas Hardy

In the wild October night-time when the wind
raved round the land
And the Back-sea met the Front-sea and our
doors were blocked with sand
And we heard the drub of Dead-Man's Bay,
where the bones of thousands are,
We knew not what the day had done for us at
Trafalgar.
Had done, had done, for us at Trafalgar.
'Pull hard and make the Nothe, or down we
go!' one says, says he.
We pulled; and bedtime brought the storm;
but snug at home slept we.
Yes all the while our gallants after fighting
through the day,
Were beating up and down the dark sou'west
of Cadiz Bay.
The dark, the dark, sou'west of Cadiz Bay.
The victors and the vanquished then the storm
it tossed and tore,
As hard they strove those worn-out men, upon
that surly shore;
Dead Nelson and his half dead crew, his foes
from near and far,
Were rolled together on the deep, that night at
Trafalgar!
The deep, the deep, that night at Trafalgar!

25 So, We'll Go No More A-roving

Lord Byron (1788–1824)

Included in a letter to Thomas Moore

So, we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul outwears the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.

26 Regret Not Me

Thomas Hardy

Regret not me;
Beneath the sunny tree
I lie uncaring, slumbering peacefully.
Swift as the light
I flew my faery flight;
Ecstatically I moved, and feared no night.
I did not know

That heydays come and go,
But deemed that what was would be always so.
I skipped at morn
Beside the yellowing corn,
Thinking it good and glorious to be born.
I ran at eves
Among the piled-up sheaves,
Dreaming, 'I grieve not, therefore nothing
grieves'.

Now soon will come
The apple, pear and plum
And hinds will sing, and autumn insects hum.
Again you will fare
To cider-makings rare,
And junketings; but I shall not be there.
Yet gaily sing
Until the pewter ring
Those songs we sang when we went gypsying.
And lightly dance
Some triple-timed romance
In coupled figures, and forget mischance;
And mourn not me
Beneath the yellowing tree;
For I shall mind not, slumbering peacefully.

27 The Spring, my Dear

William Ernest Henley (1849–1903)

The spring, my dear,
Is no longer spring.
Does the blackbird sing
what he sang last year?
Are the skies the old
Immemorial blue?
Or am I, or are you,
grown cold, grown cold?

Though life be change,
It is hard to bear
When the old sweet air
sounds forced and strange.
To be out of tune,
Plain you and I...
It were better to die,
and soon, and soon.

28 There was an Old New England Cat

Anonymous; American children's rhyme

There was an old New England cat, new
England cat, New England cat
There was an old New England cat went forth
to seek her prey.
She chased a mouse from house to house,
From house to house, from house to house.
She chased a mouse from house to house
upon the Sabbath day.
The parson so astonished was, astonished was,
astonished was,
The parson so astonished was,
For lo the fact remains!
He threw his book upon the floor,
Upon the floor, upon the floor.
He threw his book upon the floor and laid that
cat in chains.

29 At Kew

Alfred Noyes (1880–1958)

From *After The Barrel-Organ* (extract)

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in
lilac-time;

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't very far
from London!)

And you shall wander hand in hand with love
in summer's wonderland;

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't very far
from London!)

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom and soft
perfume and sweet perfume,

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so
near to London!)

And there they say, when dawn is high and all
the world's a blaze of sky

The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a
song for London.

30 Come Away, Death

William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

From *Twelfth Night*

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.

Fly away, fly away, breath;

I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,

O, prepare it!

My part of death, no one so true

Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,

On my black coffin let there be strown.

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,

Lay me, O, where

Sad true lover never find my grave,

To weep there!

31 **Vesperal**

Ernest Christopher Dowson (1867–1900)

Extract

Strange grows the river on the sunless
evenings!
The river comforts me, grown spectral, vague
and dumb:
Long was the day; at last the consoling
shadows come:
Sufficient for the day are the day's evil things!

32 **Susannah Fry**

Walter de la Mare (1873–1956)

From *Ding Dong Bell* (1924)

Here lie I,
Susannah Fry,
No one near me,
No one nigh:
Alone, alone
Under my stone,
Dreaming on,
Yes, dreaming on:
Grass for my valance
And coverlid,
Dreaming on
As I always did.
'Weak in the head'
Maybe. Who knows?
Susannah Fry
Under the rose.



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Recorded on 27 June and 10 July 2019 in the Sydney Conservatorium of Music
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Piano: Steinway

Booklet text: Tonya Lemoh and Narelle Yeo
Cover painting: Cathy Wilcox (2021)
Cover design: David M. Baker (david@notneverknow.com)
Typesetting and lay-out: Kerrypress, St Albans

Executive Producer: Martin Anderson

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