London Fog

Trio Dara:
Heather Newhouse, Sopran
Anthea Pichanick, Alt
Justine Eckhaut, Klavier

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Die Lieder und Duette von Henry Purcell (1659-1695) wurden von Benjamin Britten (1913–1976) bearbeitet.

Sound the trumpet (Henry Purcell – arr. Benjamin Britten / Nahum Tate)
The trees they grow so high (Anon. – arr. Benjamin Britten / Anon.)
Il est quelqu'un sur terre (Anon. – arr. Benjamin Britten / Anon.)
What can we poor females do (Henry Purcell – arr. Benjamin Britten / Anon.)

Prelude aus *Suite in C major* Z 666 (Henry Purcell)

I wonder as I wander (Anon. Text und Melodie gesammelt von John Jacob Niles – arr. Benjamin Britten)
When I am laid in Earth aus *Dido and Aeneas* (Henry Purcell – arr. Benjamin Britten / Nahum Tate)
Evening Hymn (Henry Purcell – arr. Benjamin Britten / William Fuller)

Allemande aus *Suite in G minor* Z 661 (Henry Purcell)

Music for a while (Henry Purcell – arr. Benjamin Britten / John Dryden)
The last rose of summer (Anon. – arr. Benjamin Britten / Thomas Moore)
Greensleeves (Anon. – arr. Benjamin Britten / Anon.)
Lost is my quiet (Henry Purcell – arr. Benjamin Britten / Anon.)

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Sound the trumpet
(Henry Purcell – arr. Benjamin Britten / Nahum Tate)

Sound the trumpet till around
You make the listening shores rebound.
On the sprightly oboy play.
All the instruments of joy
That skilful numbers can employ
To celebrate the glory of this day.

The trees they grow so high
(Anon. – arr. Benjamin Britten / Anon.)

The trees they grow so high
And the leaves they grow so green.
And many a cold winter's night
My love and I have seen.
Of a cold winter's night,
My love, you and I alone have been,
Whilst my bonny boy is young
He's a-growing.
Growing, growing.
Whilst my bonny boy is young
He's a-growing.

O father, dearest father.
You've done to me great wrong,
You've tied me to a boy
When you know he is too young.
O daughter. dearest daughter,
If you wait a little while,
A lady you shall be
While he's growing.
Growing, growing,
A lady you shall be
While he's growing.

I'll send your love to college
All for a year or two,
And then in the mean-time
He will do for you;
I'll buy him white ribbons,
Tie them round his bonny waist
To let the ladies know
That he's married.
Married, married,
To let the ladies know
That he's married.

I went up to the college
And I looked over the wall,

Saw four-and-twenty gentlemen
Playing at bat and ball.
I called for my true love,
But they would not let him come,
All because he was a young boy
And growing.
Growing, growing,
All because he was a young boy
And growing.

At the age of sixteen
He was a married man,
And at the age of seventeen
He was a father to a son;
And at the age of eighteen
The grass grew over him.
Cruel death soon put an end
To his growing.
Growing, growing,
Cruel death soon put an end
To his growing.

And now my love is dead
And in his grave doth lie.
The green grass grows o'er him
So very, very high.
I'll sit and I'll mourn
His fate until the day I die,
And I'll watch all o'er his child
While he's growing.
Growing, growing,
And I'll watch all o'er his child
While he's growing

Il est quelqu'un sur terre

(Anon. – arr. Benjamin Britten / Anon.)

Il est quelqu'un sur terre, va, mon rouet !
Docile, tourne, va ton train, et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
Il est quelqu'un sur terre, vers qui mes rêves vont.

Il est dans la vallée, va, mon rouet !
Docile, tourne, va ton train, et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
Il est dans la vallée, un moulin près du pont.

L'amour y moud sa graine, va, mon rouet !
Docile, tourne, va ton train, et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
L'amour y moud sa graine, tant que le jour est long.

La nuit vers les étoiles, va, mon rouet !
Docile, tourne, va ton train, et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,

La nuit vers les étoiles, soupire sa chanson.

La roue s'y est brisée. Va, mon rouet !
Docile, tourne, va ton train, et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
La roue s'y est brisée. Finie est la chanson.

Es gibt jemanden auf Erden

Deutsche Übersetzung : Sophia Stern

Es gibt jemanden auf Erden, dreh dich, mein Spinnrad!
Dreh dich gehorsam, dreh dich, und sing leise dein süßes Lied,
Es gibt jemanden auf Erden, zu dem meine Träume fliegen.

Er ist im Tal, dreh dich, mein Spinnrad!
Dreh dich, mein Spinnrad, und sing leise dein süßes Lied.
Er ist im Tal, eine Mühle nahe der Brücke.

Die Liebe mahlt dort ihren Samen, dreh dich, mein Spinnrad!
Dreh dich, mein Spinnrad, und sing leise dein süßes Lied.
Die Liebe mahlt dort ihren Samen, solange der Tag lang ist.

Die Nacht zu den Sternen, geh, mein Spinnrad!
Gehorsam dreh dich, geh deinen Weg und sing leise dein süßes Liedchen,
Die Nacht zu den Sternen seufzt ihr Lied.

Das Rad ist zerbrochen. Geh, mein Spinnrad!
Gehorsam dreh dich, geh deinen Weg und sing leise dein süßes Liedchen,
Das Rad ist zerbrochen. Das Lied ist zu Ende.

What can we poor females do

(Henry Purcell – arr. Benjamin Britten / Anon.)

What can we poor females do,
When pressing, teasing, pressing, teasing lovers sue?
What can we poor females do?

Fate affords no other way,
Than denying or complying.

And resenting or consenting
Does alike, our hopes betray.

I wonder as I wander

(Anon. gesammelt von John Jacob Niles – arr. Benjamin Britten)

I wonder as I wander out under the sky
How Jesus the Saviour did come for to die
For poor on'ry people like you and like I;

I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

When Mary birthed Jesus 'twas in a cow stall
With wise men and farmers and shepherds and all,
But high from God's heaven, a star's light did fall
And the promise of ages it then did recall.

If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing,
A star in the sky or a bird on the wing
Or all of God's Angels in heaven to sing,
He surely could have it, 'cause he was the King !

I wonder as I wander out under the sky
How Jesus the Saviour did come for to die
For poor on'ry people like you and like I,
I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

When I am laid in Earth aus *Dido and Aeneas*

(Henry Purcell – arr. Benjamin Britten / Nahum Tate)

Thy hand, Belinda, darkness shades me,
On thy bosom let me rest.
More I would, but Death invades me;
Death is now a welcome guest.

When I am laid in earth,
May my wrongs create
No trouble in thy breast.

Remember me, but ah! forget my fate.

Evening Hymn

(Henry Purcell – arr. Benjamin Britten / William Fuller)

Now that the sun hath veil'd his light,
And bid the world goodnight;
To the soft bed my body I dispose,
But where shall my soul repose?
Dear God, even in thy arms,
And can there be any so sweet security!
Then to thy rest, O my soul!
And singing, praise the mercy
That prolongs thy days.
Hallelujah!

Music for a while

(Henry Purcell – arr. Benjamin Britten / John Dryden)

Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile.
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd
And disdaining to be pleas'd
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands,
Till the snakes drop from her head,
And the whip from out her hands.

The last rose of summer

(Anon. – arr. Benjamin Britten / Thomas Moore)

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie senseless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd.
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

Greensleeves

(Anon.-Benjamin Britten / Anon.)

Alas, my love, you do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously;
And I have loved you so long,
Rejoicing in your company.
Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,

And who but my lady Greensleeves ?

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you did crave;
And I have waged both life and land,
Your love and good-will for to gain.

Lost is my quiet

(Henry Purcell-Benjamin Britten / Anon.)

Lost is my quiet for ever,
Lost is life's happiest part;
Lost all my tender endeavour
To touch an insensible heart.

But tho' my despair is past curing,
And much undeserv'd is my fate;
I'll show by a patient enduring,
My love is unmov'd as her hate.