

May 13, 2022, 3pm:

Duo A priori | David Mather, baritone | Bahar Soyoz, piano

The Lads in their hundreds from *Six songs from a Shropshire Lad*

G. Butterworth

Zu Strassburg auf der Schantz (1887) from *Lieder und Gesänge aus der Jugendzeit (Songs from the early days)*

G. Mahler

All quiet along the Potomac to-night from *Civil Words*

J. Higdon

L'invitation au voyage (1870)

H. Duparc

Fear no more the heat o' the Sun from *Five Shakespeare Songs 2nd Set, Op.23, No. 1*

R. Quilter

Texts and Translations:

The lads in their hundreds

Alfred Edward Housman

The lads in their 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.

Zu Strassburg auf der Schantz

Anon.

Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz,
Da ging mein Trauern an;
Das Alphorn hör' ich drüben wohl
anstimmen,
Ins Vaterland muß ich hinüberschwimmen,
Das ging ja nicht an.
Ein' Stund in der Nacht
Sie haben mich gebracht;
Sie führten mich gleich vor des Hauptmanns
Haus,
Ach Gott, sie fischten mich im Strome auf,
Mit mir ist es aus.
Früh morgens um zehn Uhr
Stellt man mich vors Regiment;
Ich soll da bitten um Pardon,
Und ich bekomm doch meinen Lohn,
Das weiß ich schon.
Ihr Brüder allzumal,
Heut' seht ihr mich zum letztenmal;
Der Hirtenbub ist nur schuld daran,
Das Alphorn hat mir's angetan,
Das klag ich an.

At Strasbourg on the ramparts

English Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

At Strasbourg on the ramparts
My troubles began;
I heard the alpine horn over there,

I had to swim across to my fatherland;
And that was not allowed.
In the middle of the night
They brought me back;
They took me at once to the captain's house,

They fished me out of the water, my God!
I'm done for now!
In the early morning at ten o'clock
They'll stand me before the regiment;
I'll have to beg for pardon,
Yet I shall get my due reward,
That much I know.
You comrades, everywhere,
You'll see me today for the last time;
The shepherd boy's alone to blame,
I could not resist the alpine horn,
That's what I accuse.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night!"
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'Tis nothing! A private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost! Only one of the men
Moaning out all alone, the death rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night!
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
And their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
And the light of their camp-fires are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as a gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping;
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard o'er the army while sleeping.

There's only the sound of the line sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle bed,
Far away, in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack, and his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
And their mother – "may heaven defend her!"

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then -
That night when the love, yet unspoken,
Leaped up to his lips, and when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling;
And gathers his gun closer up to his breast,
As if to keep down the heart's swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Towards the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! Was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looks like a rifle: "Ah! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and splashing.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night!"
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
And the picket's off duty forever!

L'invitation au voyage

Charles Baudelaire

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!
Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
-Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Invitation to journey

English Translation © Richard Stokes

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that is like you!
The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
Hold for my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.
There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.
See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping,
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.
There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,

Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan;
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.
No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renown'd be thy grave!