

## THE PRE-RAPHAELITE POETS

Friday 20 October 2023 | 1pm  
Holywell Music Room

Generously supported by **Robert & Caroline Jackson**

**Anna Dennis** soprano  
**Ashley Riches** bass-baritone  
**David Owen Norris** piano

### PROGRAMME

**John Liptrot Hatton**  
(1809 - 1886)

Simon the Cellarer

William Henry Bellamy  
(1800 - 1866)

**Henry Smart**  
(1813 - 1879)

The Lady of the Lea

William Henry Bellamy

**Thomas Haynes Bayly**  
(1797 - 1839)

Oh No! We Never Mention Her

Thomas Haynes Bayly  
(1797 - 1839)

**George Alexander Lee**  
(1802 - 1851)

I'll Be No Submissive Wife

Thomas Haynes Bayly

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**Alice Millais**  
(1862 - 1936)

Somewhere or Other

Christina Rossetti  
(1830 - 1894)

**Hubert Parry**  
(1848 - 1918)

There sits a bird on yonder tree

Richard Harris Barham  
(1788 - 1845)

**Edward Elgar**  
(1857 - 1934)

As I laye a-thynkyng

Richard Harris Barham

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**Arthur Sullivan**  
(1842 - 1900)

The First Departure

Rev. E Monro  
(1815 - 1866)

A Life that Lives for You

Lionel H Lewin  
(1848 - 1874)

**Arthur Sullivan**

Guinevere!

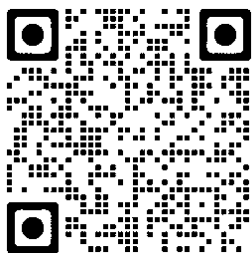
Lionel H Lewin

The Lost Chord

Adelaide Anne Procter  
(1825 - 1864)

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## ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES



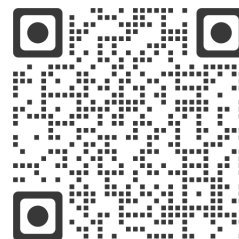
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# TEXTS

## SIMON THE CELLARER

Hatton / Bellamy

Old Simon the cellarer keeps a rare store,  
Of Malmsey and Malvoisie  
And Cyprus, and who can say how many more!  
For a chary old soul is he,  
A chary old soul is he.

Of Sack and Canary he never doth fail,  
And all the year round there is brewing of ale,  
Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,  
While he keeps to his sober six flagons a day.  
But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth shew  
How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.  
But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth shew  
How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.

Dame Margery sits in her own still-room,  
And a matron sage is she,  
From thence oft at Curfew is wafted a fume;  
She says it is Rosemary,  
But there's a small cupboard behind the back stair,  
And the maids say they often see Margery there -  
Now Margery says that she grows very old,  
And must take a something to keep out the cold!  
But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know,  
Where many a flask of his best doth go.  
But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know,  
Where many a flask of his best doth go.

Old Simon reclines in his high-back'd chair,  
And talks about taking a wife;  
And Margery often is heard to declare  
That she ought to be settled in life,  
She ought to be settled in life.  
But Margery has (so the maids say) a tongue,  
And she's not very handsome, and not very young:  
So somehow it ends with a shake of the head,  
And Simon he brews him a tankard instead.  
While ho! ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow,  
What! Marry old Margery? no, no, no!  
While ho! ho! ho! He will chuckle and crow,  
What! Marry old Margery? No, no, no!

## THE LADY OF THE LEA

Smart / Bellamy

Oh the Lady of the Lea,  
Fair, and young and gay was she,  
Beautiful exceedingly,  
The Lady of the Lea.

Many a wooer sought her hand,  
For she had gold, and she had land,  
Ev'rything at her command,  
The Lady of the Lea.

Oh! The Lady of the Lea,  
Fair and young and gay was she,  
Fanciful exceedingly,  
The Lady of the Lea.

When she held in bow'r or hall,  
Banquet high or festival,  
On ev'ry side her glance would fall,  
Sparkling merrily.

But when ask'd if she would wed  
She would toss her dainty head,  
Saying, laughingly instead  
"Sirs, we would be free.  
Time enough I trow" quoth she  
"When we're tired of liberty.  
For the present we would be  
The lady of the Lea."

To her bow'r at length, there came  
A youthful Knight of noble name.  
Hand and heart in hope to claim,  
And in love fell she.

Still she puts his suit aside,  
So he left her in her pride,  
And broken hearted, droop'd and died,  
the Lady of the Lea.

Fair and young as fair could be,  
Cold within the tomb lies she.  
Sleeping peacefully.

## OH NO! WE NEVER MENTION HER

Bayly / Bayly

Oh, no! We never mention her,  
her name is never heard;  
My lips are now forbid to speak  
that once familiar word:  
From sport to sport they hurry me,  
to banish my regret;  
And when they win a smile from me,  
they think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene  
the charms that others see;  
But were I in a foreign land,  
they'd find no change in me.  
'Tis true that I behold no more  
the valley where we met,  
I do not see the hawthorn-tree;  
but how can I forget?

They tell me she is happy now,  
the gayest of the gay;  
They hint that she forgets me,  
- I heed not what they say:  
Perhaps like me she struggles  
with each feeling of regret;  
But if she loves as I have loved,  
she never can forget.

## I'LL BE NO SUBMISSIVE WIFE

Lee / Anon.

I'll be no submissive wife,  
No, not I; no, not I.  
I'll not be a slave for life,  
No, not I.  
Think you on a wedding day,  
That I'd say as others say,  
Love, honour and obey?  
No, not I; no, not I.  
Love, honour and obey?  
No, not I.

I to dullness don't incline,  
No, not I; no, not I.  
Go to bed at half-past nine,  
No, not I.  
Should a humdrum husband say,  
That at home I ought to stay,  
Do you think that I'll obey?  
No, not I; no, not I.  
Do you think that I'll obey?  
No, not I.

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## THERE SITS A BIRD ON YONDER TREE

Parry / Barham

There sits a bird on yonder tree,  
More fond than Cushat dove;  
There sits a bird on yonder tree,  
And sings to me of love.  
Oh stoop thee from thine eyrie down,  
And nestle thee near my heart,  
For the moments fly and the hour is nigh,  
When thou and I must part,  
My love! when thou and I must part.

In yonder covert lurks a fawn,  
The pride of sylvan scene:  
In yonder covert lurks a fawn,  
And I am his only queen:  
Oh! bound from thy secret lair,  
For the sun is below the west:  
No mortal eye may our meeting spy,  
And all are closed in rest.

## SOMEWHERE OR OTHER

Millais / Rossetti

Somewhere or other there must surely be  
The face not seen, the voice not heard,  
The heart that not yet — never yet — oh me!  
Made answer to my word.

Somewhere or other, may be near or far;  
Past land and sea, clean out of sight;  
Beyond the wandering moon, beyond the star  
That tracks her night by night.

Somewhere or other, may be far or near;  
With just a wall, a hedge, between;  
With just the last leaves of the dying year  
Fallen on a turf grown green.

Oh! sweet is the breath of morn,  
When the sun's first beams appear;  
Oh! sweet is the shepherd's strain,  
When it dies on the list'ning ear.  
Oh! sweet the soft voice that speaks  
The wanderer's welcome home;  
But sweeter far by yon pale mild star,  
With our true love thus to roam,  
My dear! with our own true love to roam.

## AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE

Elgar / Barham

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye!  
There came a noble Knyghte,  
Wth his hauberk shynyng brighte,  
And his gallant hear was lyghte,  
Free and gaye;  
As I laye a-thynkyng, he rode upon his waye.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!  
There seem'd a crimson plain,  
Where a gallany Knyghte lay slayne,  
And a steed with broken rein  
Ran free,  
As I laye a-thynkyng, most pitiful to see!

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe;  
A lovely Mayde came bye,  
And a gentil youth was nyghe,  
And he breathed many a syghe  
And a vowe;  
As I laye a-thynkyng, her heart was gladsome now.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
Sadly sand the Birde as she sat upon the thorne;  
No more a youth was there,  
But a Maiden rent her haire,  
And cried in sad despaire,  
"That I was borne!"  
As I laye a-thynkyng, she perished forlorne.

As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was sinking.  
O merrie sanf that Bride as it giltter'd on her breast  
With a thousand gorgeous dyes,  
While soaring to the skies,  
'Mid the starts she seem'd to rise,  
As to her nest;  
As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was exprest:  
"Follow, follow me away,  
It boots not to delay," –  
'Twas so she she'd to saye,  
"HERE IS REST!"

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## THE FIRST DEPARTURE

Sullivan / Monro

How grand, oh sea, thou lonely sea,  
Is all thy wand'ring water;  
But yet thou bearest far from me  
My boy of song and laughter,

The boy who fill'd his mother's home  
With life and joy and gladness,  
Thou bearest on thy mighty waste,  
And leav'st but tears and sadness.

Oh grand old sea, thy lonely waves,  
How far the shores it laveth;  
Yet to those shores thou bear'st away,  
The boy my spirit craveth.

I miss him at our morning praise,  
I miss him at our prayer,  
I miss him at the Sunday Church,  
My boy, you are not there.

Oh sea, oh sea, oh lonely sea,  
Bring back upon thy water,  
Before death's hand shall part from me,  
My boy of song and laughter.

But greater far than thou, oh sea,  
Is He who lives in heaven,  
And he will keep my child for me,  
Through grace unfailing given.

## A LIFE THAT LIVES FOR YOU

Sullivan / Lewin

The sweet seductive arts  
That conquer maiden's hearts  
I never knew.  
The tender piteous sighs,  
And looks from longing eyes,  
Soft looks that ladies prize  
When lovers woo.  
My winning word and wooing glance  
Are shiver'd sword and shatter'd lance,  
And honours wrung from battle's chance,  
But all from love of you.

What need to call you fair,  
And praise your beauty rare -  
As all men do?  
'Tis not the silver tongue,  
Soft speech and softer song,  
That proves the love is strong,  
The heart is true;  
Nay turn and give that little palm,  
To one who yields before your charm -  
A loving heart, a lusty arm,  
A life that lives for you!

## GUINEVERE!

Sullivan / Lewin

There was deep, calm shade in the cloister,  
Though the burning sun was high -  
But no peace there, to her despair  
But ever a mournful cry, a mournful cry,  
"Ah! me! my Love, that cloudless love,  
Not less sweet for its bitter stain,  
It is fair that a love so pleasant prove,  
Only to end in pain?"

There was hollow roll of thunder  
And rifts in many a cloud -  
And still to her heart as she walk'd apart,  
She murmur'd half aloud, half aloud,  
"Ah! me! that hour, that dark wild hour,  
When hand held hand in a last long strain,  
And my true knight  
    went forth from my sight -  
Never to come again."

There was rain with ceaseless plashing,  
From a sullen, low'ring sky,  
And who can know what an utter woe,  
Wrung out her passionate cry -  
"Ah! me! these tears, these blinding tears,  
Useless now tho' they fall like rain,  
From a heart that breaks  
    thro' the languid years  
With a love that is all in vain!"

There was snow in the moonlight gleaming,  
Pure white in the cloister gray -  
And no sound there but a whisper'd pray'r,  
As her spirit passed away,  
Her spirit passed away.  
Ah! me! one dirge, one sweet low dirge  
White-robed nuns in the moonlit pane,  
For her eyes will wake  
    and her heart will ache  
Never on earth again.

## THE LOST CHORD

Sullivan / Procter

Seated one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then;  
But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an angel's psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence  
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
Which came from the soul of the organ,  
And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again,  
It may be that only in Heav'n  
I shall hear that grand Amen.

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