



**EDINBURGH
INTERNATIONAL
FESTIVAL**

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

**MALCOLM
MARTINEAU
& FRIENDS**

WALTER SCOTT 250

—

14 Aug 12pm & 2.30pm

OLD COLLEGE QUAD

The performance lasts approx. 1hr with no interval.

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WALTER SCOTT 250

Settings of texts by Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832)

Joseph Haydn (1732–1809)

The Palmer Hob.XXXIa: 255

The Border widow's lament Hob.XXXIa: 232

Joachim Raff (1822–82)

Die Ballade vom blutigen Gewand Op 211 No 8

Felix Mendelssohn (1809–47)

Ave Maria

Raste, Krieger! Krieg ist aus

Mikhail Glinka (1804–57)

Moja arfa

Giacomo Meyerbeer (1791–1864)

La pauvre Louise

Hubert Parry (1848–1914)

Proud Maisie

Niels Gade (1817–90)

O hush thee, my baby Op 9 No 4

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Gesang der Norna D831

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The Palmer Hob.XXXIa: 255

'O open the door, some pity to shew,
'Keen blows the northern wind;
'The glen is white with the drifted snow,
'And the path is hard to find.

'A weary Palmer, worn and weak,
'I wander for my sin;
'O open for our lady's sake,
'A pilgrim's blessing win!

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,
And heard him plead in vain;
But oft, amid December's storm,
He 'll hear that voice again;

For lo, when through the vapours dank,
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse amid the alders rank,
The Palmer welter'd there.

The Border widow's lament Hob.XXXIa: 232

My love built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flower;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king, at dead of night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair,
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

Die Ballade vom blutigen Gewand Op 211 No 8

Es war wohl in der Stadt Benevent
Vor Sankt Johannis Tag;
Ein tapf'rer Ritter, Thomas von Kent,
Schlaflos im Zelte lag.
'Von England kam zum Turnier ich her,
Die Liebe im Herzen mich drückt so schwer:
Des Fürsten Tochter ich einzig begehrt',
Die nicht gewinnen ich mag.'

Da naht sich ein Page eilig und sacht:
'Mich sendet die Herrin mein.
Die will, dass dies Kleid dir sei überbracht,
Und nennt sich die Dame dein,
Wenn's morgen dich decket beim Ritterstreit'.
Der Page enteilt; mit Innigkeit
Drückt das Gewand, so wallend und weit,
Der Ritter ans Herze sein.

Und als beim Turnier am anderen Tag
Wohl fochten die Ritter voll Mut,
Da führt' auch Herr Thomas manch wuchtigen Schlag,
Das Kleid ganz bedeckt mit Blut.
Kein anderer Held vor ihm hielt Stand,
Von allen ward er als Sieger erkannt;
Da sendet zuletzt er das Blutgewand
Zu seiner Herrin gut.

Und als nun der Edlen und Damen Kranz
Zur Messe geordnet den Zug,
Die Fürstentochter ob all ihrem Glanz
Das Kleid voll von Blute trug.
Der Fürst ersah es und rief voll Wut:
'Verbannt sei mit ihm, der dies für dich tut;
Deine Minne, für die vergoss er sein Blut,
Sie lohn' ihm nun ohne Trug'.

Da erhebt sich Herr Thomas in tönender Hall',
Da des Fürsten Wort so entbrennt,
Und durchdringt das Tosen mit rufendem Schall:
'So sei es denn, Fürst Benevent!
Du selbst gabst mir deiner Tochter Hand;
Doch verschmerzen soll sie bald ihren Stand,
Wenn ich wohl im fröhlichen Engeland
Sie heisse die Gräfin von Kent'.

Helene Raff (1865–1942), as Helge Heldt,
after Scott's *The Bloody Vest*

The ballad of the bloody cloak

It was in the town of Benevent
One midsummer's eve;
A brave knight, Thomas of Kent,
Lay sleepless in his tent.
'I have come from England to enter the lists,
Love sore afflicts my heart:
The Prince's daughter is all I desire,
And I shall never win her.'

Softly then a page approaches:
'I am sent by my lady.
She wishes to hand you this garment,
And declares that she shall be yours,
If you wear it at tomorrow's tourney'.
The page hastens away; with fervour
The knight presses to his heart
The loose and billowing cloak.

And when next day in the lists
The knights all fought with courage,
Sir Thomas dealt many a mighty blow,
Wearing his blood-drenched cloak.
No other hero could match his prowess,
They all acknowledged him as victor;
And then he sent his blood-stained cloak
To his noble lady.

And now as the throng of lords and ladies
Were processing to Holy Mass,
The Princess surpassed all in splendour
Wearing the blood-stained cloak.
The Prince observed it and cried with rage:
'Be banished with him who has done this for you;
May your love, for which he shed his blood,
Reward him without illusion'.

Sir Thomas arose in the echoing hall,
On hearing the Prince's fiery words,
And exclaimed with a cry above the din:
'So be it, Prince Benevent!
You yourself gave me your daughter's hand;
She shall soon be consoled for her loss of rank,
When I in merry England
Call her Countess of Kent'.

Translated by **Richard Stokes**

Felix Mendelssohn (1809–47)

Ave Maria

Ave Maria! Jungfrau mild,
Erhöre einer Jungfrau Flehen;
Aus diesem Felsen starr und wild
Soll mein Gebet zu dir hinwehen.
Wir schlafen sicher bis zum Morgen,
Ob Menschen noch so grausam sind.
O Jungfrau, sieh der Jungfrau Sorgen,
O Mutter, hör ein bittend Kind!
Ave Maria!

Translated by **Adam Storck** (1780–1822)
from *The Lady of the Lake*

Ave Maria! Virgin mild,
Listen to a virgin's pleading;
From this wild, unyielding rock
My prayer shall be wafted to you.
We'll sleep safely till morning dawns,
However cruel men may be.
O Virgin, behold a virgin's cares,
O Mother, hear a pleading child!
Ave Maria!

Raste, Krieger! Krieg ist aus

Raste, Krieger! Krieg ist aus,
Schlaf den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken,
Träume nicht von wildem Strauss,
Nichts von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken.

In der Insel Zauberhallen
Wird ein weicher Schlafgesang
Um das müde Haupt dir wallen
Zu der Zauberharfe Klang.

Feen mit unsichtbaren Händen
Werden auf dein Lager hin
Holde Schlummerblumen senden,
Die im Zauberlande blühn.

Translated by **Adam Storck** (1780–1822)

Warrior, rest! Your war is over

Warrior, rest! Your war is over,
Sleep the sleep, nothing shall wake you,
Do not dream of fierce battles,
Of days and nights filled with terror.

In the isle's enchanted halls
A gentle lullaby
Shall caress your weary head
To the harp's magic strains.

Fairies with invisible hands
Shall strew on your bed
Sweet flowers of peace,
Which bloom in the magic land.

Mikhail Glinka (1804–57)

Moja arfa

Zabavy junošeskich let, vesëly chorovody,
Otčizny milyj kraj moej i svetloj Temzy vody,
Pokinut' vas vnušil kto mne nesčastnoe želan'e?
Ja vsem požertvoval tebe, serdec očarovan'e,
Moja arfa!

Konstantin Alexandrovich Bakhturin (1809–41),
after the first stanza of Scott's *The Harp*

Giacomo Meyerbeer (1791–1864)

La pauvre Louise

Pauvre Louise! pauvre Louise,
Ta douce voix, pauvre Louise,
Dans les manoirs, dans les chaumières
Ainsi répète à nos bergères:
Gardez vous bien d'aller aux bois
Pauvre Louise, pauvre Louise!...

The harp

I was a wild and wayward boy,
My childhood scorned each childish toy;
Retired from all, reserved and coy,
To musing prone, I wooed my solitary joy,
My harp!

Poor Louise

Ah, poor Louise! the livelong day
She roams from cot to castle gay;
And still her voice and viol say,
Ah, maids, beware the woodland way,
Think on Louise.

The first stanza of *The Lay of Poor Louise*

Hubert Parry (1848–1914)

Proud Maisie

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early,
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

‘Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?’
‘When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.’

‘Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?’
‘The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.’

The glow-worm o’er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing,
‘Welcome, proud lady’.

Niels Gade (1817–90)

O hush thee, my baby Op 9 No 4

O, hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the tow’rs which we see,
They are all belonging, dear baby, to thee.
 O sleep, o sleep.

O, hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken with trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my baby, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.
 O sleep, o sleep.

Translation of ‘Lullaby of an Infant Chief’ from *Guy Mannering, or The Astrologer*

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Gesang der Norna D831

Mich führt mein Weg wohl meilenlang
Durch Gold und Strom und Wassergrab.
Die Welle kennt den Runensang
Und glättet sich zum Spiegel ab.

Die Welle kennt den Runensang,
Der Golf wird glatt, der Strom wird still;
Doch Menschenherz, im wilden Drang,
Es weiss nicht, was es selber will.

Nur eine Stund' ist mir vergönnt,
In Jahresfrist, zum Klage-ton;
Sie schlägt, wenn diese Lampe brennt –
Ihr Schein verlischt – sie ist entflohn.

Heil, Magnus Töchter, fort und fort!
Die Lampe brennt in tiefer Ruh';
Euch gön'n' ich dieser Stunde Wort,
Erwacht, erhebt Euch, hört mir zu!

Translated by **Samuel Heinrich Spiker** from *The Pirate*

Normanns Gesang D846

Die Nacht bricht bald herein, dann leg' ich mich zur Ruh;
Die Heide ist mein Lager, das Famkraut deckt mich zu,
Mich lullt der Wache Tritt wohl in den Schlaf hinein.
Ach, muss so weit von dir, Maria, Holde, sein.

Und wird es morgen Abend, und kommt die trübe Zeit,
Dann ist vielleicht mein Lager der blutig rote Plaid;
Mein Abendlied verstummet, du schleichst dann trüb und bang,
Maria, mich wecken kann nicht dein Totensang.

So musst ich von dir scheiden, du holde, süsse Braut.
Wie magst du nach mir rufen, wie magst du weinen laut,
Ach, denken darf ich nicht an deinen herben Schmerz,
Ach, denken darf ich nicht an dein getreues Herz.

Nein, zärtlich treues Sehnen darf hegen Norman nicht,
Wenn in den Feind Clan Alpin wie Sturm und Hagel bricht,
Wie ein gespannter Bogen sein mutig Herz dann sei,
Sein Fuss, Maria, wie der Pfeil so rasch und frei.

Wohl wird die Stunde kommen, wo nicht die Sonne scheint,
Du wankst zu deinem Norman, dein holdes Auge weint;
Doch fall ich in der Schlacht, hüllt Todesschauer mich,
O glaub, mein letzter Seufzer, Maria, ist für dich.

Doch keh'r' ich siegreich wieder aus kühner Männerschlacht,
Dann grüssen wir so freudig das Nah'n der stillen Nacht,
Das Lager ist bereitet, uns winkt die süsse Ruh
Der Hänfling singt Brautlieder, Maria, hold uns zu.

Translated by **Adam Storck** (1780–1822)
from *The Lady of the Lake*

Norna's song

My course leads me for many a mile
Through gulf and stream and moat.
The waves know the Runic lay
And grow mirror-smooth.

The waves know the Runic lay,
The gulf grows smooth, the stream is still;
But the heart of man, in its wild impulse,
Does not know its own desires.

I am granted only one hour in the year
To sing of my woes;
It strikes when this lamp burns –
When its gleam dies – the hour has fled.

Hail, daughters of Magnus, forever hail!
The lamp burns in deep peace;
To you, at this hour, I tell my tale.
Awake, arise, hear me!

Norman's song

Soon night will fall, then I shall lie down to rest;
The heath shall be my bed, the bracken shall cover me,
The sentry's tread shall lull me to sleep.
Alas, I must be so far from you, Mary.

Come tomorrow evening, come the bleak hour,
My bed may be the blood-red plaid;
My vesper song will cease, and you, Mary, will creep about,
Gloomy and troubled, your threnody will not waken me.

Thus I had to leave you, fair, sweet bride.
Though you may call out for me, though you may weep aloud,
I cannot, alas, think of your bitter suffering,
I cannot, alas, think of your faithful heart.

No, Norman cannot feel tender, devoted longing,
When Clan-Alpine bursts like hail and tempest on the foe,
His bold heart must be then like a drawn bow,
His foot, Mary, as swift and free as an arrow.

A time will come when the sun does not shine,
You will totter towards your Norman, your fair eyes will weep;
But if I fall in battle, if grim death shrouds me,
Believe this, Mary, my last sigh shall be for you.

But if I return victorious from the brave battle,
How joyfully we shall greet the approach of the silent night,
The bed is prepared, sweet repose beckons to us;
Soon, Mary, the linnet will sing us wedding songs.

Ellens erster Gesang D837

Raste Krieger! Krieg ist aus,
Schlaf den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken,
Träume nicht von wildem Strauss,
Nicht von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken.

In der Insel Zauberhallen
Wird ein weicher Schlafgesang
Um das müde Haupt dir wallen
Zu der Zauberharfe Klang.

Feen mit unsichtbaren Händen
Werden auf dein Lager hin
Holde Schlummerblumen senden
Die im Zauberlande blühn.

Raste Krieger! Krieg ist aus,
Schlaf den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken.
Träume nicht von wildem Strauss,
Nicht von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken.

Nicht der Trommel wildes Rasen,
Nicht des Kriegs gebietend Wort,
Nicht der Todeshörner Blasen
Scheuchen deinen Schlummer fort.

Nicht das Stampfen wilder Pferde,
Nicht der Scheckensruf der Wacht,
Nicht das Bild von Tagsbeschwerde
Stören deine stille Nacht.

Doch der Lerche Morgensänge
Wecken sanft dein schlummernd Ohr,
Und des Sumpffieders Klänge
Steigend aus Geschilf und Rohr.

Raste Krieger! Krieg ist aus,
Schlaf den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken.
Träume nicht von wildem Strauss,
Nicht von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken.

Ellen's first song

Warrior, rest! Your war is over,
Sleep the sleep, nothing shall wake you,
Do not dream of fierce battles,
Of days and nights filled with terror.

In the isle's enchanted halls
A gentle lullaby
Shall caress your weary head
To the harp's magic strains.

Fairies with invisible hands
Shall strew on your bed
Sweet flowers of peace
That bloom in the magic land.

Warrior, rest! Your war is over,
Sleep the sleep, nothing shall wake you,
Do not dream of fierce battles,
Of days and nights filled with terror.

Neither the wild crash of drums,
Nor the summons to enter battle,
Nor the blaring horns of Death
Shall disturb your sleep.

Neither the stamping of wild horses,
Nor the sentry's fearful cry,
Nor the image of daily cares
Shall upset your tranquil night.

Yet the lark's morning songs
Shall softly wake your slumbering ear,
And the sounds of marshland birds
Rising from the reeds and rushes.

Warrior, rest! Your war is over,
Sleep the sleep, nothing shall wake you,
Do not dream of fierce battles,
Of days and nights filled with terror.

Translated by **Adam Storck** (1780–1822)
from *The Lady of the Lake*

Ellens zweiter Gesang D838

Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd!
Weicher Schlummer soll dich decken,
Träume nicht, wenn Sonn' erwacht
Dass Jagdhörner dich erwecken.

Schlaf! der Hirsch ruht in der Höhle,
Bei dir sind die Hunde wach,
Schlaf! nicht quäl' es deine Seele
Dass dein edles Ross erlag.

Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd!
Weicher Schlummer soll dich decken,
Wenn der junge Tag erwacht,
Wird kein Jägerhorn dich wecken.

Translated by **Adam Storck** (1780–1822)
from *The Lady of the Lake*

Lied des Gefangenen Jägers D843

Mein Ross so müd' in dem Stalle sich steht,
Mein Falk ist der Kapp' und der Stange so leid,
Mein müssiges Windspiel sein Futter verschmählt,
Und mich kränkt des Turmes Einsamkeit.

Ach wär' ich nur, wo ich zuvor bin gewesen;
Die Hirschjagd wäre so recht mein Wesen,
Den Bluthund los, gespannt den Bogen:
Ja, solchem Leben bin ich gewogen.

Ich hasse der Turmuhr schläfrigen Klang,
Ich mag nicht seh'n, wie die Zeit verstreicht,
Wenn Zoll um Zoll die Mauer entlang
Der Sonnenstrahl so langsam schleicht.

Sonst pflegte die Lerche den Morgen zu bringen
Die dunkle Dohle zur Ruh' mich zu singen.
In dieses Schlosses Königshallen
Da kann kein Ort mir je gefallen.

Früh, wenn der Lerche Lied erschallt,
Sonn' ich mich nicht in Ellens Blick,
Nicht folg' ich dem flüchtigen Hirsch durch den Wald,
Und kehre, wenn Abend taut, zurück.

Nicht schallt mir ihr frohes Willkommen entgegen,
Nicht kann ich das Wild ihr zu Füßen mehr legen,
Nicht mehr wird der Abend uns selig entschweben.
Dahin ist Lieben und Leben.

Translated by **Adam Storck** (1780–1822)
from *The Lady of the Lake*

Ellen's second song

Huntsman, rest from the chase!
Gentle slumber shall enshroud you,
Do not dream, when the sun rises
That hunting horns will wake you.

Sleep! The stag is resting in his cave,
Your hounds beside you are awake,
Sleep! Let it not torment your soul
That your noble horse has died.

Huntsman, rest from the chase!
Gentle slumber shall enshroud you,
Do not dream, when the sun rises,
That hunting horns will wake you.

Song of the imprisoned hunter

My horse is so weary of his stall,
My hawk is so tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound spurns his food,
And I am sick of this tower's solitude.

I wish I were as I have been before;
Hunting the hart is truly in my nature,
With bloodhound free and bow drawn:
Yes, I favour such a life.

I hate the drowsy chime of the steeple clock,
I care not to see how time passes,
As inch by inch along the wall
The sunbeams crawl so slowly.

Once the lark would herald the morning
And the dark rook sing me to rest.
In the kingly halls of this castle
I can find nowhere that pleases me.

At early morning, when the lark's song echoes,
I do not sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Nor do I pursue the fleet deer through the forest,
And return home with the evening dew.

No joyful welcome rings in my ears,
I cannot lay my catch at her feet,
No more will evening float past in bliss.
Love and life are lost.

Ellens dritter Gesang (Ave Maria!) D839

Ave Maria! Jungfrau mild!
Erhöre einer Jungfrau Flehen,
Aus diesem Felsen starr und wild
Soll mein Gebet zu dir hinwehen.
Wir schlafen sicher bis zum Morgen,
Ob Menschen noch so grausam sind.
O Jungfrau, sieh der Jungfrau Sorgen,
O Mutter, hör ein bittend Kind!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Unbefleckt!
Wenn wir auf diesen Fels hinsinken
Zum Schlaf, und uns dein Schutz bedeckt,
Wird weich der harte Fels und dünken.
Du lächelst, Rosendüfte wehen
In dieser dumpfen Felsenkluft,
O Mutter, höre Kindes Flehen,
O Jungfrau, eine Jungfrau ruft!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Reine Magd!
Der Erde und der Luft Dämonen,
Von deines Auges Huld verjagt,
Sie können hier nicht bei uns wohnen.
Wir woll'n uns still dem Schicksal beugen,
Da uns dein heil'ger Trost anweht;
Der Jungfrau wolle hold dich neigen,
Dem Kind, das für den Vater fleht!
Ave Maria!

Translated by **Adam Storck** (1780–1822)
from *The Lady of the Lake*

Ellen's third song (Ave Maria!)

Ave Maria! Virgin mild!
Listen to a virgin's pleading,
From this wild, unyielding rock
My prayer shall be wafted to you.
We'll sleep safely till morning dawns,
However cruel men may be.
O Virgin, behold a virgin's cares,
O Mother, hear a pleading child!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Unfiled!
When, beneath your protection,
We sink down on this rock to sleep,
The hard rock shall seem soft to us.
You smile, and the fragrance of roses
Wafts through this gloomy cavern,
O Mother, hear a child's entreaty,
O Virgin, a virgin cries out to you!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Pure Maiden!
Demons of the earth and air,
Banished by the grace of your gaze,
Cannot dwell with us here.
We shall silently submit to fate,
Since your holy comfort breathes on us;
Bow down, I pray, to this virgin,
This child that prays for her father!
Ave Maria!

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827)

The Maid of Isla Op 108 No 4

O, Maid of Isla, from the cliff,
That looks on troubled wave and sky,
Dost thou not see yon little skiff
Contend with ocean gallantly?
Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,
Why does she war unequal urge?
O, Isla's maid, she seeks her home.

O, Isla's maid, yon sea-bird mark,
Her white wing gleams through mist and spray,
Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark,
As to the rock she wheels away;
Where clouds are dark and billows rave,
Why to the shelter should she come
Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave?
O, maid of Isla, 'tis her home.

The Massacre of Glencoe Op 152 No 5

Oh! Tell me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where non may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mist that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle, that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?

Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery!
The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that cloaked the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
Far more than Southern clemency.

Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey-hair'd master's misery.
Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
'Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
'Revenge for blood and treachery!'

Enchantress, farewell Op 108 No 18

Enchantress, farewell, who so oft hast decoy'd me,
At the close of the evening through woodlands to roam,
Where the forester, 'lated, with wonder espied me
Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home.
Farewell and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking
The language alternate of rapture and woe:
Oh! none but some lover, whose heartstrings are breaking
The pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Tw'as thou that once taught me, accents bewailing,
To sing how a warrior I lay stretch'd on the plain,
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain
As vain thy enchantments, O Queen of wild Numbers
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers —
Farewell, then, Enchantress I'll meet thee no more!

Sunset Op 108 No 2

The sun upon the Weirdlaw hill,
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.

Yet not the landscape to mine eyes
Bears those bright hues that once it bore;
Tho' Ev'ning, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills on Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.

The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warp'd and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye?
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply?

To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill:
And Araby's or Eden's bowers,
Were barren as this moorland hill.

The Monks of Bangor's March Wo0 155 No 2

When the heathen trumpet's clang
Round beleaguered Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar gray
Marched from Bangor's fair Abbaye;
High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the sylvan Dee.

O miserere, Domine!

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,
And the Virgin-mother mild
In their peaceful banner smiled;
Who could think such saintly band
Doomed to feel unhallowed hand!
Such was the Divine decree,

O miserere, Domine!

Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurned by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughtered down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid;
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung and bread unbroke;
For their souls for charity,

Sing, O miserere, Domine!



AT HOME

in partnership with



This performance will also be available to watch online free of charge, from Sun 15 Aug to Sun 13 Feb.

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AUDIENCE SURVEY

We are delighted to welcome audiences back to live performances. The past year has been one of the most challenging in the International Festival's history, so your feedback is more important to us than ever. Anyone who completes the survey will be entered into a prize draw for a chance to win £200 in vouchers of your choice.

Visit eif.co.uk/survey to participate



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