

University of Missouri School of Music  
Bachelor of Music Senior Recital • 2020-2021 Series

Truman Butler, Tenor  
Ross Dryer, Piano

April 20 • 7:00pm • Whitmore Recital Hall

Program

Sailor's Song  
Piercing Eyes  
She Never Told Her Love  
Fidelity

Franz Joseph Haydn  
(1732-1809)

Ständchen  
Die Nacht  
Beim Schlafengehen from *Vier Letzte Lieder*  
In Goldener Fülle

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

“Als flotter Geist... Ja das Alles auf Ehr” from *Die Zigeunerbaron*

Johann Strauss II  
(1825-1899)

Intermission

“Avete torto... Firenze è come un albero fiorito”  
From *Gianni Schicchi*

Giacomo Puccini  
(1858-1924)

Poème d'un jour  
Rencontre  
Toujour  
Adieu

Gabriel Fauré  
(1844-1924)

All Night Under the Moon  
The Cloths of Heaven  
The Apple Orchard  
I Will go with my Father a-ploughing  
Down by the Salley Gardens

Ivor Gurney  
(1890-1937)

*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree in vocal performance. Truman Butler is a student of Steven Tharp.*

**Franz Joseph Haydn** (1732-1809) was an Austrian composer active during the Classical Period. While he is famous for revolutionizing chamber music in his time with such inventions as the piano trio, he also was quite instrumental in the development of symphony and the string quartet. His compositions stretch across all types in genres from symphony and keyboard sonatas to operas and even songs and cantatas with keyboard.

The following songs were composed between the years 1794-1795 and are different from much of his other music of the same classification as these are among the few that he set to English text, usually preferring German text. Both **Sailor's Song** and **Fidelity** have poems penned by British *salonnière* poet Anne Hunter, while **She Never Told her Love** was written by the great William Shakespeare and excerpted from his work *Twelfth Night*. **Piercing Eyes'** author, while exemplifying the same poetic feel and style of the other three, is unknown.

### **Sailor's Song**

Poem by Anne Hunter (1742–1821)

High on the giddy bending mast  
The seaman furls the rending sail,  
And, fearless of the rushing blast,  
He careless whistles to the gale.

Rattling ropes and rolling seas,  
Hurlyburly, hurlyburly,  
War nor death can him displease.

The hostile foe his vessel seeks,  
High bounding o'er the raging main,  
The roaring cannon loudly speaks,  
'Tis Britain's glory we maintain.

Rattling ropes and rolling seas,  
Hurlyburly, hurlyburly,  
War nor death can him displease.

### **Piercing Eyes**

Anonymous

Why asks my fair one if I love?

Those eyes so piercing bright  
Can ev'ry doubt of that remove,  
And need no other light.

Those eyes full well do known my heart,  
And all its working see,  
E'er since they play'd the conq'ror's part,  
And I no more was free.

**She Never Told her Love** from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*

Poem by William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek...;  
She sat, like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief.

**Fidelity**

Poem by Anne Hunter (1742–1821)

While hollow burst the rushing winds,  
And heavy beats the show'r,  
This anxious, aching bosom finds  
No comfort in its pow'r.

For ah, my love, it little knows  
What thy hard fate may be,  
What bitter storm of fortune blows,  
What tempests trouble thee.

A wayward fate hath spun the thread  
On which our days depend,  
And darkling in the checker'd shade,  
She draws it to an end.

But whatsoe'er may be our doom,  
The lot is cast for me,  
For in the world or in the tomb,  
My heart is fix'd on thee.

**Richard Strauss** (1864-1949) was a German composer, conductor, pianist and violinist. Known for his contributions to the German Romantic movement, he is often credited as a primary driving force in the maturation of this sound. **Strauss** composed various types of music including but not limited to: lieder, opera, tone poem, concertos and chamber music.

This set of lieder by **Strauss**, pseudo-mirrors the chronological order in which they were written. This allows for the following of his composition style and development. **Ständchen** and **Die Nacht** both come from his earlier days of composition while **In goldener Fülle** comes later in his life and **Beim Schlafengehen** is from his *Vier Letzte Lieder* (Four Last Songs) written just before his death in 1948.

### **Ständchen**

Poem by Adolf Friedrich von Schack (1815-1894)

Mach auf, mach auf! doch leise, mein Kind,  
Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken!  
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im  
Wind  
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken;  
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts sich  
regt,  
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt!  
Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,  
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,  
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,  
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen!  
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden  
Bach  
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.  
Sitz nieder! Hier dämmerts geheimnisvoll  
Unter den Lindenbäumen.  
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll  
Von unseren Küssen träumen  
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,  
Hoch glühn von den Wonneshauern der  
Nacht.

### **Serenade**

English Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

Open up, open up! but softly, my child,  
So that no one's roused from slumber!  
The brook hardly murmurs, the breeze hardly  
moves  
A leaf on the bushes and hedges;  
Gently, my love, so nothing shall stir,  
  
Gently with your hand as you lift the latch!  
With steps as light as the steps of elves,  
As they hop their way over flowers,  
Flit out into the moonlit night,  
Slip out to me in the garden!  
The flowers are fragrant in sleep  
  
By the rippling brook, only love is awake.  
Sit down! Dusk falls mysteriously here  
Beneath the linden trees.  
The nightingale above us  
Shall dream of our kisses  
And the rose, when it wakes at dawn,  
Shall glow from our night's rapture.

Translations by Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

## Die Nacht

Poem by Hermann von Gilm (1812-1864)

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,  
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,  
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,  
Nun gib Acht!  
Alle Lichter dieser Welt,  
Alle Blumen, alle Farben  
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben  
Weg vom Feld.  
Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,  
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms  
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms  
Weg das Gold.  
Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:  
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,  
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle  
Dich mir auch.

## Beim Schlafengehen

Poem by Hermann Hesse (1877-1962)

Nun der Tag mich müd gemacht,  
Soll mein sehnliches Verlangen  
Freundlich die gestirnte Nacht  
Wie ein müdes Kind empfangen.

Hände, lasst von allem Tun,  
Stirn, vergiss du alles Denken,  
Alle meine Sinne nun  
Wollen sich in Schlummer senken.

Und die Seele, unbewacht,  
Will in freien Flügen schweben,  
Um im Zauberkreis der Nacht  
Tief und tausendfach zu Leben.

## Night

English Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

Night steps from the woods,  
Slips softly from the trees,  
Gazes about her in a wide arc,  
Now beware!  
All the lights of this world,  
All the flowers, all the colours  
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves  
From the field.  
She takes all that is fair,  
Takes the silver from the stream,  
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof  
The gold.  
The bush stands plundered:  
Draw closer, soul to soul,  
Ah the night, I fear, will steal  
You too from me.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

## Going to Sleep

Translation: © David Paley

Now that day has made me tired,  
My blissful yearning  
Will welcome starry night  
In friendship like a sleepy child.

Hands, rest from all your tasks,  
Brow, forget all thinking  
All my senses now  
Want to sink in slumber.

And my unguarded soul  
Wants to soar in freest flight  
Within enchanted night time circles,  
To live a thousand fold profoundly.

Translation: © David Paley

### **In goldener Fülle**

Poem by Paul Remer (1867- 1943)

Wir schreiten in goldener Fülle  
Durch seliges Sommerland,  
Fest liegen unsere Hände  
Wie in einander gebannt.  
Die große Sommersonne  
Hat unsere Herzen erhellt,  
Wir schreiten in goldener Fülle  
Bis an das Ende der Welt.  
Und bleicht deine sinkende Stirne,  
Und läßt meine Seele ihr Haus,  
Wir schreiten in goldener Fülle  
Auch in das Jenseits hinaus.  
Wem solch ein Sommer beschieden,  
Der lacht der flüchtigen Zeit—  
Wir schreiten in goldener Fülle  
Durch alle Ewigkeit.

### **In gold profusion**

English Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

We walk in golden profusion  
Through the blissful summer land,  
Firmly we clasp  
Each other's hand.  
The great summer sun  
Has lit up our hearts,  
We walk in golden profusion  
To the end of the world.  
And if your drooping brow grow pale,  
And if my soul leave its abode,  
We shall walk in golden profusion  
Even into the life to come.  
He who is granted such a summer  
Laughs at fleeting time—  
We walk in golden profusion  
Through all eternity.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

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**Johann Strauss II** (1825-1899) was an Austrian composer particularly known for his light music; mainly operettas and dance music. The main proprietor and populizer of the waltz in Vienna during the mid-late romantic period, the majority of his popular works feature a waltz feel in both meter and tempo.

*Die Zigeunerbaron's Als Flotter Geist* is no exception to the propensity of the waltz amongst **Strauss II's** popular works. *Die Zigeunerbaron* follows the marriage between an exile and a young Romany girl, whomst is revealed to be the rightful owner of a hidden treasure. This aria is sung when Sándor Barinkay, the exile attempting to be married, first enters the opera. He tells of his feats and adventures in a charming yet very boastful exclamation that is one of the more popular excerpts from this immensely popular operetta.

## Als flotter Geist... Ja das Alles auf Ehr

Libretto by Ignaz Schnitzer (1839-1921)

Als flotter Geist, doch früh verwaist,  
Hab' ich die halbe Welt durchreist,  
Factotum war ich erst, und wie!  
Bei einer grande ménagerie!  
Vom Wallfisch bis zum Goldfasan  
Ist mir das Thierreich unterthan:  
Es schmeichelt mir die Klapperschlange,  
Das Nashorn streichelt mir die wange,  
Der Löwe kriecht vor mir im Sand,  
Der Tiger frisst mir aus der Hand,  
Per Du bin ich mit der Hyäne,  
Dem Krokodil reiss' ich die Zähne,  
Der Elefant mengt in der Schüssel  
Mir den Salat mit seinem Rüssel -  
Ja, das Alles auf Ehr,  
Das kann ich und noch mehr,  
Wenn man's kann ungefähr,  
Ist's nicht schwer - ist's nicht schwer!

Mit Raritäten reist' ich dann  
Als Akrobat und Wundermann,  
Bis ich zuletzt Gehilfe gar  
Bei einem Hexenmeister war!  
In meinem schwarzen Zauberkreis  
Citir' ich Geister dutzendweis'  
Bin passionirter Feuerfresser,  
Und zur Verdauung schluck' ich Messer, -  
Ich balancir' wie Japanesen,  
Changire - noch nicht dagewesen!  
In Kartenkünsten bin ich gross,  
Im Volteschlagen grandios!  
Ich bin ein Zaub'rer von Bedeutung  
Und Alles ohne Vorbereitung!  
Ja, Changeur und Jongleur,  
Prestidigitateur,  
Wenn man's kann ungefähr,  
Ist's nicht schwer - ist's nicht schwer!

## A Roving Soul... Yes, all that on my honor

Translations by EMI recordings

A roving soul, though orphaned young,  
I've travelled all over the world,  
First I was general factotum, and how,  
In a large menagerie.  
From the whale to the golden pheasant  
The animal kingdom is subject to me:  
The rattlesnake makes up to me,  
The rhinoceros strokes me on the cheek,  
The lion cowers before me in the sand,  
The tiger eats out of my hand.  
I'm on first-name basis with the hyena,  
For the crocodile I do dental extractions.  
In the bowl the elephant mixes  
My salad with his trunk.  
Yes, all that on my honor  
I can do, and more as well  
If you can do it more or less  
It isn't difficult, it isn't difficult!

Then I travelled with a freak show  
As acrobat and conjurer,  
Till eventually I became assistant  
To a sorcerer!  
In my black magical circle  
I call on spirits by the dozen.  
I'm a passionate fire-eater,  
In my spare time, I swallow knives,  
I can tightrope like and Japanese,  
And do quick-change acts like no one else.  
At card tricks I'm terrific.  
And magnificent at sleight of hand.  
I am a magician of note.  
And all at the drop of a hat.  
Yes, quick-change artist and juggler,  
Expert in legerdemain  
If you can do it more or less  
It isn't difficult, it isn't difficult!

## Intermission



**Giacomo Puccini** (1858-1924) was an Italian composer of opera active in the middle to late Romantic Period. He began work in the traditional Italian-Romantic style, but he would grow and mature as he continued composing until his operas became the premiere examples of verismo. His operas are among the most performed of any composer, and he is widely considered one of the best Italian composers to ever pen music.

*Gianni Schicchi* is part of the larger work of *Il Trittico*, a set of 3 one-act operas. Written in Puccini's later period, the story of this opera is based on an incident mentioned in the Divine Comedy by Dante Alighieri. A squabble over a recently passed rich relative's will crosses with the desires of a young man and woman's love and their intentions to marry. Rinuccio, the character singing this aria, suggests the family reach out to the title character as he may be able to advise or help them, to which the family promptly denies, scoffing at Gianni Schicchi's humble origins. Rinuccio exclaims that they are wrong and expounds upon the qualifications and genius of Schicchi. This convinces the family that they can trust him to help... and also that Schicchi's daughter Lauretta is worthy to marry the young Rinuccio.

**Avete torto... Firenze è come un albero fiorito**

**You're wrong... Florence is like a blossoming tree**

Libretto by Giovacchino Forzano (1884-1970)

Translation by Robert L. Larson

Avete torto!  
È fine! astuto...  
Ogni malizia di leggi e codici  
conosce e sa.  
Motteggiatore!...  
Beffeggiatore!...  
C'è da fare una beffa nuova e rara?  
È Gianni Schicchi che la prepara!  
Gli occhi furbi gli illumina di riso lo strano  
viso,  
ombreggiato da quel suo gran nasone che pare  
un torraccione per così!  
Vien dal contado?  
Ebbene? Che vuol dire?  
Basta con queste ubbie... grette e piccine!

You're wrong!  
He's refined! astute...  
Every trick of laws and codices  
he knows and knows intimately.  
A jokester!  
A prankster!  
Is there a new and rare joke to be played?  
It's Gianni Schicchi who prepares it!  
His cunning eyes light up with laughter his  
strange face,  
shaded by that great nose of his which seems  
like a huge, isolated tower — like this!  
He comes from the countryside?  
Well? What does that mean?  
Enough of these narrow-minded and petty  
prejudices!

Firenze è come un albero fiorito  
che in piazza dei Signori ha tronco e fronde,  
ma le radici forze nuove apportano  
dalle convalli limpide e feconde!

Florence is like a blossoming tree  
which has its trunk and branches in the Piazza  
dei Signori;  
but the roots bring forth new vitalities

E Firenze germoglia ed alle stelle  
salgon palagi saldi e torri snelle!

L'Arno, prima di correre alla foce,  
canta baciando piazza Santa Croce,  
e il suo canto è sì dolce e sì sonoro  
che a lui son scesi i ruscelletti in coro!

Così scendanvi dotti in arti e scienze  
a far più ricca e splendida Firenze!

E di val d'Elsa giù dalle castella  
ben venga Arnolfo a far la torre bella!

E venga Giotto dal Mugel selvoso,  
e il Medici mercante coraggioso!  
Basta con gli odi gretti e coi ripicchi!

Viva la gente nova e Gianni Schicchi!

from the limpid and fertile valleys!  
And Florence grows; and staunch palaces  
and slender towers rise up to all the stars!

The Arno, before running to its mouth,  
sings, kissing the Piazza Santa Croce;  
and its song is so sweet and so sonorous  
that the little brooks have run down to it in  
chorus!

Likewise, may experts in arts and sciences  
descend here  
To make Florence more rich and splendid!

And down from the castles of the Val d'Elsa  
may Arnolfo be welcomed here to make the  
beautiful tower!

And may Giotto come from the wooded  
Mugello,  
and Medici the courageous merchant!  
Away with narrow-minded hatreds and with  
grudges!  
Long live the newcomers and Gianni  
Schicchi!

The translation is taken from [Arias for Tenor](#)  
compiled by Robert L. Larsen.

**Gabriel Fauré** (1845–1924) was a French composer, organist, pianist and teacher. He lived and worked through the latter half of the Romantic Period and transitioned into more modern style as his career continued. Fauré composed many types of music ranging from vocal music, piano works, orchestral and chamber music. He is regarded by many as the master of *mélodie*, French Art Song.

The *Poème d'un jour* (or *Poem of a Day*) consists of three *mélodies*: **Rencontre**, **Toujours**, and **Adieu**. Composed in 1878 and published 2 years later. **Fauré** used the poems of poet and playwright Charles-Jean Grandmougin. The cycle tells the story of love over one day. From the first moment one lays eyes on the object of their passions, the fiery ups and downs of love, to the all too soon farewell.

## Rencontre

Poem by Charles-Jean Grandmougin (1850-1930)

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai rencontrée,  
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné  
tourment,  
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme inespérée  
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?  
Ô passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu donc  
l'amie  
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète isolé,  
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie  
Comme le ciel natal sur un cœur d'exilé?  
Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne pareille,  
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer!  
Devant l'immensité ton extase s'éveille  
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle âme est cher.  
Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie  
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un vivant lien,  
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour envahie  
Et mon cœur te chérit sans te connaître bien.

## Toujours

Poem by Charles-Jean Grandmougin (1850-1930)

Vous me demandez de me taire,  
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais  
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,  
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!  
Demandez plutôt aux étoiles  
De tomber dans l'immensité,  
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,  
Au jour de perdre sa clarté!  
Demandez à la mer immense

## Meeting

English Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

I was sad and pensive when I met you,  
Today I feel less my persistent pain;  
O tell me, could you be the long hoped-for  
woman,  
And the ideal dream pursued in vain?  
O passer-by with gentle eyes, could you be  
the friend  
To restore the lonely poet's happiness,  
And will you shine on my steadfast soul  
Like native sky on an exiled heart?  
Your timid sadness, like my own,  
Loves to watch the sun set on the sea!  
Such boundless space awakes your rapture,  
And your fair soul prizes the evenings' charm.  
A mysterious and gentle sympathy  
Already binds me to you like a living bond,  
And my soul quivers, overcome by love,  
And my heart, without knowing you well,  
adores you.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

## Forever

English Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

You ask me to be silent,  
To flee far from you forever  
And to go my way alone,  
Forgetting whom I loved!  
Rather ask the stars  
To fall into infinity,  
The night to lose its veils,  
The day to lose its light!  
Ask the boundless sea

De dessécher ses vastes flots  
Et quand les vents sont en démente,  
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!  
Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme  
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs  
Et se dépouille de sa flamme  
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

To drain its mighty waves,  
And the raging winds  
To calm their dismal sobbing!  
But do not expect my soul  
To tear itself from bitter sorrow,  
Nor to shed its passion  
As springtime sheds its flowers!

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

### Adieu

Poem by Charles-Jean Grandmougin (1850-1930)

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose déclose,  
Et les frais manteaux diaprés des prés;  
Les longs soupirs, les bien-aimées, fumées!  
On voit dans ce monde léger changer  
Plus vite que les flots des grèves, nos rêves,  
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs, nos cœurs!

À vous l'on se croyait fidèle, cruelle,

Mais hélas! les plus longs amours sont courts!

Et je dis en quittant vos charmes, sans larmes,  
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu, Adieu!

### Farewell

English Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

How swiftly all things die, the rose in bloom,  
And the cool dappled mantle of the meadows;  
Long-drawn sighs, loved ones, all smoke!  
In this fickle world we see our dreams  
Change more swiftly than waves on the shore,  
Our hearts change more swiftly than frosted  
flowers!

To you I thought I would be faithful, cruel  
one,

But alas! the longest loves are short!  
And I say, taking leave of your charms,  
without tears,  
Almost at the moment of my avowal,  
Farewell!

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder*, published by Faber, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder ([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))

**Ivor Gurney** (1890-1937) was an English composer and poet most commonly recognized for his songs, though he also composed for string quartet. He studied at the Royal College of Music under the tutelage of Charles Villiers Stanford, who also taught composition to other renowned composers such as Ralph Vaughn Williams, Rebecca Clarke and John Ireland. Influences in his music stem from his suffering of what has now been considered bipolar disorder for most of his life, as well as fighting in World War I.

This collection of songs showcases not only the vast array of moods **Gurney** was capable of conveying, but also his mastery of various musical stylings as well. **All Night Under the Moon** and **The Apple Orchard** both feature extension beyond the recognized tonal landscape in western fine art music contrast against the more tonal **Down by the Salley Gardens** and **The Cloths of Heaven**, whilst **I will go with my Father a-ploughing** opens tonally and concludes with flashes of atonality and frequent key modulation. All the songs speak of themes found commonly in **Ivor Gurney's** compositions including heartbreak, despondency, and life in the countryside.

### **All Night Under the Moon**

Poem by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (1878 - 1962), appears in *Friends*

All night under the moon  
Plovers are flying  
Over the dreaming meadows of silvery light,  
Over the meadows of June  
Calling and crying,  
Wandering voices of love in the hush of the night.

All night under the moon  
Love, though we are lying  
Quietly under the thatch, in the dreaming light  
Over the meadows of June  
Together we are flying,  
Wandering voices of love in the hush of the night.

### **The Cloths of Heaven**

Poem by William Butler Yeats (1865 - 1939), appears in *The Wind among the reeds*

Had I the Heaven's embroidered cloths  
Enwrought with golden and silver light  
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths

Of night and light and the half-light,

I would spread the cloths under your feet:  
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;  
I have spread my dreams under your feet;  
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

**The Apple Orchard** from *Seven Sappho Songs*

Bliss Carman (1861 - 1929)

In the apple boughs the coolness  
Murmurs, and the grey leaves flicker  
Where sleep wanders.

In the garden all the hot noon  
I await thy fluttering footfall  
Through the twilight.

**I Will go with my Father a-ploughing**

Poem Joseph Campbell (1881 - 1944), from *The Mountainy Singer*

I will go with my father a-ploughing  
To the green field by the sea,  
And the rooks and the crows and the seagulls  
Will come flocking after me.  
I will sing to the patient horses  
With the lark in the white of the air,  
And my father will sing the plough-song  
That blesses the cleaving share.

I will go with my father a-sowing  
To the red field by the sea,  
And the rooks and the gulls and the starlings  
Will come flocking after me.  
I will sing to the striding sowers  
With the finch on the greening sloe,  
And my father will sing the seed-song  
That only the wise men know.

I will go with my father a-reaping  
To the brown field by the sea,  
And the geese and the crows and the children  
Will come flocking after me.  
I will sing to the tan-faced reapers  
With the wren in the heat of the sun,  
And my father will sing the scythe song  
That joys for the harvest done.

### **Down by the Salley Gardens**

Poem by William Butler Yeats (1865 - 1939), appears in *The Wanderings of Oisín and Other Poems*

Down by the Salley Gardens my love and I did meet;  
She passed the Salley Gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;  
But I, being young and foolish, with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.