

Red Clay Creek Presbyterian Church
SUNDAY MID-AFTERNOON CONCERT

Martin Hargrove, bass & Jeffrey Miller, pianist

November 8, 2020

SONGS OF TRAVEL

by Ralph Vaughan-Williams

1. THE VAGABOND

Give to me the life I love, let the lave (*remainder*) go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above, and the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see, bread I dip in the river
There's the life for a man like me, there's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late, let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around and the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love, nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above and the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree, biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field - Warm the fireside haven -
Not to autumn will I yield, not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late, let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around, and the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love, nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above, and the road below me.

2. LET BEAUTY AWAKE

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake for Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake (*thicket*)
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end when the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend
To render again and receive!

3. THE ROADSIDE FIRE

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

4. YOUTH AND LOVE

To the heart of youth the world is a highwyside.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as the stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

5. IN DREAMS

In dreams, unhappy, I behold you stand as heretofore:
The unremembered tokens in your hand avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,
Enshrines, endears.
Cold beats the light of time upon your face
And shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept a while
And then forgot.
Ah me! but he that left you with a smile forgets you not.

6. THE INFINITE SHINING HEAVENS

The infinite shining heavens
Rose and I saw in the night
Uncountable angel stars
Showering sorrow and light.

Night after night in my sorrow
The stars stood over the sea,
Till lo! I looked in the dusk
And a star had come down to me.

I saw them distant as heaven,
Dumb and shining and dead,
And the idle stars of the night
Were dearer to me than bread.

7. WHITHER MUST I WANDER?

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather;
Thick drives the rain, and my roof is in the dust.
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree.
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door -
Dear days of old, with the faces in the firelight,
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.
Now, when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours;
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood -
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney -
But I go for ever and come again no more.

8. BRIGHT IS THE RING OF WORDS

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them.
Still they are caroled and said -
On wings they are carried -
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.

9. I HAVE TROD THE UPWARD AND THE DOWNWARD SLOPE

I have trod the upward and the downward slope;
I have endured and done in days before;
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;
And I have lived and loved, and closed the door.

