

The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.

Please note that late entry or reentry of the West Building after 6:30 pm is not permitted.

For the convenience of concertgoers, the Garden Café remains open for light refreshments until 6:00 pm on Sundays.

Music Department
National Gallery of Art
Sixth Street and Constitution Avenue NW
Washington, DC

www.nga.gov

Concerts are made possible in part through the generosity of donors to the National Gallery of Art through The Circle. Reserved seating is available in recognition of their support. Please contact the development office at (202) 842-6450 or circle@nga.gov for more information.

COVER: Edward Burne-Jones, *Laus Veneris*, 1873–1878,
Laing Art Gallery, Newcastle upon Tyne, England



The Seventy-first Season of
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lamot Belin
Concerts

National Gallery of Art
2,938th Concert

National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble
Rosa Lamoreaux, artistic director, soprano
Andrew Earle Simpson, pianist

Presented in honor of *Pre-Raphaelites:*
Victorian Art and Design, 1848–1900

April 14, 2013
Sunday, 6:30 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Admission free

Program

Claude Debussy (1862–1918)

La Damoiselle élue

Rosa Lamoreaux, *soprano*; Rebecca Kellerman Petretta, *soprano*;
Barbara Hollinshead, *mezzo-soprano*; Roger Isaacs, *countertenor*

Sir Henry R. Bishop (1786–1855)

O, by Rivers, by Whose Falls

Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848–1918)

Willow, Willow, Willow

Matthew Heil, *tenor*

Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842–1900)

The Long Day Closes

Traditional

The Voice of Toil

From *Chants for Socialists*

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

Love's Minstrels

Alex Rosen, *bass*

Thomas Morley (1557–1602)

Who Is Sylvia?

Arranged by Sir Henry R. Bishop

Vaughan Williams

Your Eyën Two

Matthew Smith, *tenor*

Traditional

The March of Workers

From *Chants for Socialists*

Vaughan Williams

Silent Noon

William Sharp, *baritone*

Andrew Earle Simpson (b. 1967)

O Mistress Mine

INTERMISSION

Charles Bennett (Active 1890–1925)

The Lady of Shalott, Part III (A Bow-shot from the Bower Eaves)

Sir William Schwenck Gilbert (1836–1911) and Sir Arthur Sullivan

Excerpts from *Patience*

If You Want a Receipt

Mystic Poet

Am I Alone and Unobserved?

Your Maiden Hearts, Ah

A Magnet Hung in a Hardware Shop

So Go to Him and Say to Him

When I Go out of Door

It's Clear that Mediæval Art

The Musicians

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART VOCAL ENSEMBLE

Now in its ninth season as a chamber choir under the leadership of artistic director Rosa Lamoreaux, the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble has presented special programs in honor of Gallery exhibitions, including seventeenth-century Dutch music in honor of *Jan Lievens: A Dutch Master Rediscovered* (2008) and *Pride of Place: Dutch Cityscapes of the Golden Age* (2009), as well as music by Vivaldi and other Italian composers in honor of *Venice: Canaletto and His Rivals* (2011). In January 2010 members of the Vocal Ensemble joined forces with the early music ensemble ARTEK to perform Claudio Monteverdi's *Vespers of the Blessed Virgin* (1610) on the occasion of its 400th anniversary year, and in December 2012 the group sang the Gallery's traditional Viennese New Year concert. Members of the Vocal Ensemble participating in tonight's concert are:

Rosa Lamoreaux, *artistic director, soprano*

Rebecca Kellerman Petretta, *soprano*

Barbara Hollinshead, *mezzo-soprano*

Roger Isaacs, *counter-tenor*

Matthew Smith, *tenor*

Matthew Heil, *tenor*

William Sharp, *baritone*

Alex Rosen, *bass*

ROSA LAMOREAUX

Acclaimed by the *Washington Post* for her "scrupulous musicianship... gorgeous sound, and stylistic acuity," soprano Rosa Lamoreaux maintains an international career of broad scope, including solo recitals, chamber music, opera, and orchestral performances at Carnegie Hall, the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, the Kennedy Center, Royal Albert Hall, Strathmore Hall, and the Washington National Cathedral, among other major concert venues. Highlights of the current season include Bach cantatas and the *B Minor Mass* at the Phillips Collection, Bethlehem Bach Festival, and Washington

National Cathedral; and American musical revues for the Dumbarton Concert Series. Her concert tours abroad have included performances in Germany, Italy, and the United Kingdom as well as Brazil, Japan, and Peru. Now in her ninth season as artistic director of the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble, she also works with ArcoVoce, Chatham Baroque, the Folger Consort, Four Nations Ensemble, Hesperus, Musica Aperta, and Opera Lafayette. Lamoreaux maintains a website at www.rosasings.com.

ANDREW EARLE SIMPSON

A pianist and composer of opera, orchestral, silent film, chamber, choral, and vocal music, Andrew Earle Simpson is ordinary professor and chair of the division of theory and composition at the Benjamin T. Rome School of Music of the Catholic University of America. His music has been performed across the United States and abroad by such ensembles as Cantate Chamber Singers, Cedar Rapids Symphony Chamber Players, Contemporary Music Forum, counter)induction, Great Noise Ensemble, Indianapolis Chamber Orchestra, Red Cedar Trio, and Tampa Bay Composers Forum. Active as a composer, pianist, and organist for silent films, Simpson has appeared frequently in this capacity at the National Gallery as well as the afi Silver Theater in Silver Spring, Maryland; J. Paul Getty Villa in Malibu, California; the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts; Library of Congress; National Museum of Women in the Arts; and New York Public Library for the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center. In 2008 he made his Italian debut at the Giornate del Cinema Muto in Pordenone, Italy, and in 2009 he performed a program of his film music at the Sala Cecília Meireles in Rio De Janeiro, Brazil.

Program Notes

Queen Victoria had been on the throne for little more than a decade when seven fervent young men formed a secret society in London in 1848 with the aim of rejuvenating the arts in industrial-age Britain. Bonding over their mutual passion for medieval art and disdain for contemporary painting practices, they called their group the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in acknowledgment of their admiration of art prior to Raphael (1483–1520). The three most talented members were John Everett Millais, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and William Holman Hunt—ages nineteen, twenty, and twenty-one, respectively. Along with other artists in their circle, most significantly their mentor Ford Madox Brown, they sowed the seeds of a self-consciously avant-garde movement, one whose ideals they published in a short-lived journal, *The Germ*. Combining scientific precision, an innovative approach to subject matter, and brilliant, clear colors, Pre-Raphaelitism was Britain's first avant-garde art movement. The first major survey of the art of the Pre-Raphaelites to be shown in the United States, *Pre-Raphaelites: Victorian Art and Design, 1848–1900*, remains on view in the West Building until May 19, 2013.

As an official group, the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood stayed together for only five years. But a second generation of artists, centered on Rossetti and led by Edward Burne-Jones and William Morris, arose in the 1860s with the aim of cultivating beauty in everyday life. By the end of Victoria's reign in 1901, the Pre-Raphaelite legacy had permeated all areas of British art and design, from painting and sculpture to photography and the decorative arts.

Pre-Raphaelite paintings often addressed subjects of moral seriousness, whether pertaining to history, literature, religion, or modern society, which they saw as ripe for redemption. Hunt's *The Awakening Conscience* depicts a moment of salvation. A kept woman, on hearing the song her lover has been singing—legible in the painting as “Oft in the Stilly Night,” a setting by Sir John Stevenson (1761–1833) of a poem by Thomas Moore (1779–1852)—realizes her mistaken ways and rises from his lap, reminded of lost innocence by the sentimental lyrics. The fallen woman was a shocking subject, but it fascinated many painters, including Rossetti, who addressed the controversial theme in a poem—“The Blessed Damozel”—and a number of drawings.

Claude Debussy set “The Blessed Damozel” to music in 1888, as a cantata for solo voices with the title *La Damoiselle élue*. The music and text evoke perfectly the feminine ideal present in many Pre-Raphaelite works. The ensuing part-songs and airs on tonight's program draw on Shakespeare and other popular Elizabethan writers, as well as Chaucer and Rossetti. William Morris (1834–1896), the English textile designer whose work is well represented in the exhibition, was a fervent socialist who set several of his socialist texts to popular tunes and bound them in a book, *Chants for Socialists*, which is also on display in the exhibition. The two Morris songs on this program demonstrate the diversity of tunes that he chose to carry his texts.

The second half of the concert opens with excerpts from Alfred Lord Tennyson's “The Lady of Shalott,” a poem based loosely on Arthurian legends, set to music by Charles Bennett, a composer who was a voice teacher at the New England conservatory in the early twentieth century. William Holman Hunt's *The Lady of Shalott*, included in the exhibition, is suggestive of the famous character's unrestraint. As described by Tennyson, the lady defied a curse that condemned her to live in isolation while weaving images of the outside world, which she was allowed to glimpse only through a mirror.

The selections from Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta *Patience* demonstrate the satirical wit written into the roles of the male characters, as they vie for the admiration of the ladies. With its mockery of the characters' emphasis on perfection, the operetta is a satire on the Pre-Raphaelites' moralistic philosophy. The aesthetic movement was so popular and easy to ridicule that satirizing it made *Patience* a box office success. The two poets in the story, Bunthorne and Grosvenor, are given to reciting their own verses aloud, principally to the admiration of a chorus of rapturous maidens. The poetry declaimed by Bunthorne is emphatic and obscure, strongly contrasted stylistically with Grosvenor's poetry, which is simple and pastoral. According to some authorities, Gilbert based his main characters on the poets Algernon Charles Swinburne and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Program notes based on materials provided by Rosa Lamoreaux and Margaret Doyle, associate curator, department of exhibition programs, National Gallery of Art

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

LA DAMOISELLE ÉLUE
 French translation by
 Gabriel Sarrazin (1853-fl.1920)

SSAA:

La Damselle élue s'appuyait
 Sur la barrière d'or du Ciel,
 Ses yeux étaient plus profonds que l'abîme
 Des eaux calmes au soir.
 Elle avait trois lys à la main
 Et sept étoiles dans les cheveux.

Une Récitante:

Sa robe flottante,
 N'était point ornée de fleurs brodées,
 Mais d'une rose blanche, présent de Marie,
 Pour le divin service justement portée;
 Ses cheveux qui tombaient le long de ses épaules,
 Étaient jaunes comme le blé mûr.

SSAA:

Autour d'elle des amants
 Nouvellement réunis,
 Répétaient pour toujours, entre eux,
 Leurs nouveaux noms d'extase;
 Et les âmes, qui montaient à Dieu,
 Passaient près d'elle comme de fines flammes.

Une Récitante:

Alors, elle s'inclina de nouveau et se pencha
 En dehors du charme encerclant,
 Jusqu'à ce que son sein eut échauffé
 La barrière sur laquelle elle s'appuyait,
 Et que les lys gisent comme endormis
 Le long de son bras étendu.

SSAA:

Le soleil avait disparu, la lune annelée
 Était comme une petite plume
 Flottant au loin dans l'espace; et voilà
 Qu'elle parla à travers l'air calme,
 Sa voix était pareille à celle des étoiles
 Lorsqu'elles chantent en chœur.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL
 Poem by Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)

SSAA:

The blessed damozel leaned out
 from the gold bar of Heaven;
 her eyes were deeper than the depth
 of waters still at even;
 she had three lilies in her hand,
 and the stars in her hair were seven.

Narrator:

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
 no wrought flowers did adorn,
 but a white rose of Mary's gift,
 for service meetly worn;
 her hair that lay along her back
 was yellow like ripe corn.

SSAA:

Around her, lovers, newly met
 'mid deathless love's acclaims,
 spoke evermore among themselves
 their rapturous new names;
 and the souls mounting up to God
 went by her like thin flames.

Narrator:

And still she bowed herself and stooped
 out of the circling charm;
 until her bosom must have made
 the bar she leaned on warm,
 and the lilies lay as if asleep
 along her bended arm.

SSAA:

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
 was like a little feather
 fluttering far down the gulf; and now
 she spoke through the still weather.
 Her voice was like the voice the stars
 had when they sang together.

La Damoiselle Éluë:

"Je voudrais qu'il fût déjà près de moi,
Car il viendra.
N'ai-je pas prié dans le ciel? Sur terre,
Seigneur, Seigneur, n'a-t-il pas prié,
Deux prières ne sont-elles pas une force parfaite?
Et pourquoi m'effraierais-je?"

"Lorsqu'autour de sa tête s'attache l'aurole,
Et qu'il aura revêtu sa robe blanche,
Je le prendrai par la main et j'irai avec lui
Aux sources de lumière;
Nous y entrerons comme dans un courant,
Et nous y baignerons à la face de Dieu.

"Nous nous reposerons tous deux à l'ombre
De ce vivant et mystique arbre,
Dans le feuillage secret duquel on sent parfois
La présence de la colombe,
Pendant que chaque feuille, touchée par ses plumes,
Dit son nom distinctement.

"Tous deux nous chercherons les bosquets
Où trône Dame Marie
Avec ses cinq servantes, dont les noms
Sont cinq douces symphonies:
Cécile, Blanchelys, Madeleine,
Marguerite et Roselys.

"Il craindra peut-être, et restera muet,
Alors, je poserai ma joue
Contre la sienne; et lui parlerai de notre amour,
Sans confusion ni faiblesse,
Et la chère Mère approuvera
Mon orgueil, et me laissera parler.

"Elle-même nous amènera la main dans la main
A celui autour duquel toutes les âmes
S'agenouillent, les innombrables têtes clair rangées
Inclinées, avec leurs auroles,
Et les anges venus à notre rencontre chanteront,
S'accompagnant de leurs guitares et de leurs citoles.

"Alors, je demanderai au Christ Notre Seigneur,
Cette grande faveur, pour lui et moi,
Seulement de vivre comme autrefois sur terre;
Dans l'Amour; et d'être pour toujours,
Comme alors pour un temps,
Ensemble, moi et lui."

The Blessed Damozel:

"I wish that he were come to me,
for he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven? - On earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?"

"When round his head the aureole clings,
and he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
to the deep wells of light;
we will step down as to a stream,
and bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will lie in the shadow of
that living mystic tree
within whose secret growth the Dove
is sometimes felt to be,
while every leaf that His plumes touch
saith His Name audibly.

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
where the Lady Mary is,
with her five handmaidens, whose names
are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:
then I will lay my cheek
to his, and tell about our love,
not once abashed or weak:
and the dear Mother will approve
my pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
to him round whom all souls
kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
bowed with their aureoles:
and angels meeting us shall sing
to their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
thus much for him and me: -
only to live as once on earth
with Love, - only to be,
as then awhile, for ever now
together, I and he."

SSAA:

Elle regarda, prêta l'oreille et dit,
D'une voix moins triste que douce:

La Damoiselle Éluë:

"Tout ceci sera quand il viendra."

SSAA:

Elle se tut;
La lumière tressaillit de son côté, remplie
D'un fort vol d'anges horizontal.
Ses yeux prièrent, elle sourit;

Mais bientôt leur sentier
Devint vague dans les sphères distantes.

Une Récitante:

Alors, elle jeta ses bras le long
Des barrières d'or.
Et posant son visage entre ses mains,
Pleura.

SSAA:

She gazed and listened and then said,
less sad of speech than mild,

The Blessed Damozel:

"All this is when he comes."

SSAA:

She ceased.
The light thrilled towards her, filled
with angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

I saw her smile. But soon their path
was vague in distant spheres:

Narrator:

And then she cast her arms along
the golden barriers,
and laid her face between her hands,
and wept.

PART-SONGS AND AIRS**O, BY RIVERS, BY WHOSE FALLS**

Poem by Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593),
adapted by Sir Henry R. Bishop

O, by rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals,
The shepherd swains shall dance and play
For thy delight on each May-day.
With a fa la la la lal la ...

Where silver sands and pebbles sing
Eternal ditties to the spring,
There shall you pass the welcome night
In sylvan pleasures and delight.

WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW

Poem by William Shakespeare (1564-1616),
from *Othello*

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow.
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her
moans,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;
Sing willow, willow, willow,
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

THE LONG DAY CLOSES

Poem by Henry F. Chorley (1808-1872)

No star is o'er the lake, its pale watch keeping,
 The moon is half awake, through gray mist creeping.
 The last red leaves fall 'round the porch of roses,
 The clock hath ceased to sound, the long day closes.
 Sit by the silent hearth in calm endeavor
 To count the sounds of mirth, now dumb forever:
 Heed not how hope believes and fate disposes:
 Shadow is 'round the eaves, the long day closes.
 The lighted windows dim are fading slowly.
 The fire that was so trim now quivers lowly.
 Go to the dreamless bed where grief reposes;
 Thy book of toil is read, the long day closes.

THE VOICE OF TOIL

Poem by William Morris (1834-1896),
 from *Chants for Socialists*

I heard men saying, leave hope and praying,
 all days shall be as all have been.
 Today and tomorrow bring fear and sorrow,
 the never-ending toil between.
 When earth was younger, midst toil and hunger,
 in hope we strove, and our hands were strong;
 Then great men led us, with words they fed us,
 and bade us right the earthly wrong.

Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,
 and trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,
 While we, the living, our lives are giving
 to bring the bright new world to birth.
 Come shoulder to shoulder ere earth grow older!
 The Cause spreads over land and sea;
 The world now shaketh and fear awaketh,
 and joy at last for thee and me.

LOVE'S MINSTRELS

Poem by Dante Gabriel Rossetti,
 from *The House of Life*

One flame-winged brought
 a white-winged harp-player,
 Even where my lady and I lay all alone;
 Saying: "Behold this minstrel is unknown;
 Bid him depart, for I am minstrel here:
 Only my songs are to love's dear ones dear."
 Then said I, "Through thine hautboy's
 rapturous tone,
 Unto my lady still this harp makes moan,
 And still she deems the cadence deep and clear!"
 Then said my lady: "Thou art passion of Love
 And this Love's worship: both he plights to me.
 Thy mastering music walks the sunlit sea:
 But where wan water trembles in the grove,
 And the wan moon is all the light thereof,
 This harp still makes my name its voluntary."

WHO IS SYLVIA? WHAT IS SHE?

Poem by William Shakespeare,
 from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*

Who is Sylvia? what is she,
 That all her swains commend her?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she;
 The heav'ns such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
 For beauty lives with kindness:
 Love doth to her eyes repair
 To help him of his blindness,
 And being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
 That Sylvia is excelling;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling:
 To her let us garlands bring.

YOUR EYËN TWO

Poem by Geoffrey Chaucer (1343?-1400),
from *Merciless Beauty*

Your eyën two will slay me suddenly:
I may the beauty of them not sustene,
So woundeth it throughout my hertë kene.

And but your word will helen hastily
My hertës woundë, while that it is green,
Your eyën two will slay me suddenly;
I may the beauty of them not sustene.

Upon my troth I say you faithfully,
That ye be of my life and death the queen,
For with my death the truthë shall be seen:
Your eyën two will slay me suddenly:
I may the beauty of them not sustene,
So woundeth it throughout my hertë kene.

THE MARCH OF THE WORKERS

Poem by William Morris,
from *Chants for Socialists*

What is this the sound and rumor?
What is this that all men hear?
Like the winds in hollow valleys
when the storm is drawing near.
Like the rolling on of ocean
in the eventide of fear?
'Tis the people marching on.

Whither go they and whence come they,
what are these of whom ye tell?
In what country are they dwelling
'twixt the gates of heav'n and hell?
Are they mine or thine for money?
Will they serve a master well?
Still the rumour's marching on.

Hark, the rolling of the thunder!
Lo, the sun! and lo, thereunder
Riseth wrath and hope and wonder,
And the hosts come marching on.

Forth they come from grief and torment:
on they wend t'ward health and mirth;
All the wide world is their dwelling,
ev'ry corner of the earth;

Buy them, sell them for thy service!
Try the bargain what 'tis worth,
For the days are marching on.

These are they who build thy houses,
weave thy raiment, win thy wheat,
Smooth the rugged, fill the barren,
turn the bitter into sweet,
All for thee this day and ever.
What reward for them is meet?
Till the host comes marching on.

Hark, the rolling of the thunder!
Lo, the sun! and lo, thereunder
Riseth wrath and hope and wonder,
And the hosts come marching on.

SILENT NOON

Poem by Dante Gabriel Rossetti,
from *The House of Life*

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
The finger points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and
glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge,
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.

Deep in the sun-search'd growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosen'd from the sky:
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companion'd inarticulate hour,
When twofold silence was the song of love.

O MISTRESS MINE

Poem by William Shakespeare,
from *Twelfth Night*

O mistress mine! Where are you roaming?
O! Stay and hear; your true love's coming,
Who can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting.
Fa la la la la la.
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.
Fa la la la la la.

What is love? 'Tis not here after;
Present mirth hath present laughter,
What's to come is still unsure.

In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Fa la la la la la.
Youth's a stuff will not endure.
Fa la la la la la.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

Excerpts from the poem by
Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

PART I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tow'r'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island here below,
The island of Shalott.

Only reapers reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
Down to tow'r'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
List'ning, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web of colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot.
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from the bower eaves,
He rode between the barley sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on a yellow field
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free
Like to some branch of stars we see,
Hung in a golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot.
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung
Beside remote Shalott.

His broad brow in the sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
 She made three paces thro' the room,
 She saw the water-lily bloom,
 She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She look'd down to Camelot.
 Out flew the web, and floated wide;
 The mirror crack'd from side to side;
 "The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his bank's complaining,
 Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tow'r'd Camelot.
 Down she came and found a boat
 Beneath a willow left afloat,
 And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse -
 Like some bold seer in a trance,
 Seeing in his own mischance
 With a glassy countenance -
 Did she look to Camelot.
 And at the closing of the day
 She loosed the chain and down she lay;
 The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Lying robed in snowy white
 That loosely flow'd from left to right,
 The leaves upon her falling light,
 Thro' the noises of the night.
 As the boat-head wound along
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

What is this? And what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer:
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot.
 But Lancelot mused a little space:
 He said, "She has a lovely face:
 God in His mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

EXCERPTS from PATIENCE

Libretto by Sir William S. Gilbert (1836-1911)

IF YOU WANT A RECEIPT

Colonel and Dragoons

If you want a receipt for that popular mystery,
 Known to the world as a Heavy Dragoon,
 Take all the remarkable people in history,
 Rattle them off to a popular tune.

The pluck of Lord Nelson on board of the Victory -
 Genius of Bismark devising a plan -
 The humor of Fielding (which sounds contradictory) -
 Coolness of Paget about to trepan -
 The science of Julien, the eminent musico -
 Wit of Macaulay, who wrote of Queen Anne -
 The pathos of Paddy, as rendered by Boucicault -
 Style of the Bishop of Sodor and Man -
 The dash of a D'Orsay, divested of quackery -
 Narrative powers of Dickens and Thackeray -
 Victor Emmanuel - peak-haunting Peveril -
 Thomas Aquinas and Doctor Sacheverell -
 Tupper and Tennyson - Daniel Defoe -
 Anthony Trollope and Mister Guizot!

Ah! Take of these elements all that is fusible,
 Melt 'em all down in a pipkin or crucible -
 Set 'em to simmer and take off the scum,
 And a Heavy Dragoon is the residuum!

If you want a receipt for this soldier-like paragon,
 Get at the wealth of the Czar (if you can) -
 The family pride of a Spaniard from Aragon -
 Force of Mephisto pronouncing a ban -
 A smack of Lord Waterford, reckless and rollicky -
 Swagger of Roderick, heading his clan -
 The keen penetration of Paddington Pollaky -
 Grace of an Odalisque on a divan -
 The genius strategic of Cæsar or Hannibal -
 Skill of Sir Garnet in thrashing a cannibal -
 Flavour of Hamlet - the Stranger, a touch of him -
 Little of Manfred (but not very much of him) -
 Beadle of Burlington - Richardson's show -
 Mister Micawber and Madame Tussaud!

Ah! Take of these elements all that is fusible,
 Melt 'em all down in a pipkin or crucible -
 Set 'em to simmer and take off the scum,
 And a Heavy Dragoon is the residuum!

MYSTIC POET**Maidens and Bunthorne, Dragoons**

Mystic poet, hear our prayer, -
 Twenty love-sick maidens we -
 Young and wealthy, dark and fair,
 All of county family.
 And we die for love of thee -
 Twenty love-sick maidens we!
 Yes, we die for love of thee -
 Twenty love-sick maidens we!

Though my book I seem to scan
 In a rapt ecstatic way,
 Like a literary man
 Who despises female clay;
 I hear plainly all they say,
 Twenty love-sick maidens they!

He hears plainly all they say,
 Twenty love-sick maidens they!

Though so excellently wise,
 For a moment mortal be,
 Deign to raise thy purple eyes
 From thy heart-drawn poesy.
 Twenty love-sick maidens see -
 Each is kneeling on her knee!
 Twenty love-sick maidens see -
 Each is kneeling on her knee!

Though, as I remarked before,
 Anyone convinced would be
 That some transcendental lore
 Is monopolizing me,
 'Round the corner I can see
 Each is kneeling on her knee!

'Round the corner he can see
 Each is kneeling on her knee!

Now is not this ridiculous,
 and is not this preposterous?
 A thorough-paced absurdity -
 Explain it if you can.

Instead of rushing eagerly
 to cherish us and foster us,
 They all prefer this melancholy literary man.

Instead of slyly peering at us,
 Casting looks endearing at us,
 Blushing at us, flushing at us, flirting with a fan;
 They're actually sneering at us,
 fleeing at us, jeering at us!
 Pretty sort of treatment for a military man!

In a doleful train
 Two and two we walk all day,
 For we love in vain!
 None so sorrowful as they
 Who can only sigh and say,
 Woe is me, a-lack-a-day!
 Twenty love-sick maidens we,
 And we die for love of thee!
 Yes, we die for love of thee!

**AM I ALONE AND UNOBSERVED?
 Bunthorne**

Am I alone, and unobserved?
 I am!
 Then let me own
 I'm an æsthetic sham!
 This air severe
 Is but a mere
 Veneer!
 This cynic smile
 Is but a wile
 Of guile!
 This costume chaste
 Is but good taste
 Misplaced!
 Let me confess!
 A languid love for lilies does *not* blight me!
 Lank limbs and haggard cheeks do *not* delight me!
 I do *not* care for dirty greens
 By any means.
 I do *not* long for all one sees
 That's Japanese.
 I am *not* fond of uttering platitudes
 In stained-glass attitudes.
 In short, my mediævalism's affectation,
 Born of a morbid love of admiration!

If you're anxious for to shine
 in the high æsthetic line
 as a man of culture rare,
 You must get up all the germs
 of the transcendental terms,
 and plant them ev'rywhere.
 You must lie upon the daises
 and discourse in novel phrases
 of your complicated state of mind.
 The meaning doesn't matter
 if it's only idle chatter
 of a transcendental kind.

And ev'ryone will say,
 As you walk your mystic way,
 "If this young man expresses himself
 in terms too deep for *me*,
 Why, what a very singularly deep young man
 this deep young man must be!"

Then a sentimental passion
 of a vegetable fashion
 must excite your languid spleen;
 An attachment *à la* Plato
 for a bashful young potato,
 or a not-too-French French bean!
 Though the Philistines may jostle,
 you will rank as an apostle
 in the high æsthetic band,
 If you walk down Piccadilly
 with a poppy or a lily
 in your mediæval hand.

And ev'ryone will say,
 As you walk your flow'ry way,
 "If he's content with a vegetable love
 which would certainly not suit *me*,
 Why, what a most particularly pure young man
 this pure young man must be!"

BUT WHO IS THIS?

Ensemble, Grosvenor, Bunthorne

But who is this, whose god-like grace
 Proclaims he comes of noble race?
 And who is this, whose manly face
 Bears sorrow's interesting trace?

Yes, who is this, whose god-like grace
 Proclaims he comes of noble race?

I am a broken-hearted troubadour,
 Whose mind's æsthetic and whose tastes are pure!

Æsthetic! He is æsthetic!

Yes, yes, I am æsthetic
 And poetic!

Then, we love you!

They love him! Horror!

They love him! Horror!

They love me! Horror! Horror! Horror!

YOUR MAIDEN HEARTS

Duke, Ensemble

Your maiden hearts, ah, do not steel
 To pity's eloquent appeal,
 Such conduct British soldiers feel.
 Sigh, sigh, all sigh!

To foeman's steel we rarely see
 A British soldier bend the knee,
 Yet, one and all, they kneel to ye.
 Kneel, kneel, all kneel!

Our soldiers very seldom cry,
 And yet - I need not tell you why -
 A teardrop dews each martial eye!
 Weep, weep, all weep!

A MAGNET HUNG IN A HARDWARE SHOP
Bunthorne, Maidens

A magnet hung in a hardware shop,
 And all around was a loving crop
 Of scissors and needles, nails and knives,
 Offering love for all their lives;
 But for iron the magnet felt no whim,
 Though he charmed iron, it charmed not him;
 From needles and nails and knives he'd turn,
 For he'd set his love on a Silver Churn!

A Silver Churn!
 A Silver Churn!
 His most æsthetic - very magnetic -
 Fancy took this turn -
 "If I can wheedle a knife or a needle,
 Why not a Silver Churn?"

And iron and steel expressed surprise,
 The needles opened their well-drilled eyes,
 The pen-knives felt "shut up", no doubt,
 The scissors declared themselves "cut-out".
 The kettles they boiled with rage, 'tis said,
 While ev'ry nail went off its head,
 And hither and thither began to roam,
 Till a hammer came up and drove them home.

It drove them home?
 It drove them home!
 While this magnetic - peripatetic -
 Lover he lived to learn,
 By no endeavor can magnet ever
 Attract a Silver Churn!

SO GO TO HIM AND SAY TO HIM
Jane, Bunthorne

So go to him and say to him,
 with compliment ironical -

Sing "Hey to you - Good day to you" -
 And that's what I shall say!

"Your style is much too sanctified -
 your cut is too canonical" -

Sing "Bah to you - Ha! ha! to you" -
 And that's what I shall say!

"I was the beau ideal
 of the morbid young æsthetical -
 To doubt my inspiration
 was regarded as heretical -
 Until you cut me out
 with your placidity emetical."

Sing "Booh to you - Pooh, pooh to you" -
 and that's what I shall say!

Sing "Hey to you - Good day to you" -
 Sing "Bah to you - Ha! ha! to you" - '
 Sing "Booh to you - Pooh, pooh to you" -
 And that's what you should say!

I'll tell him that unless
 he will consent to be more jocular -

Sing "Booh to you - Pooh, pooh to you" -
 And that's what you should say!

To cut his curly hair,
 and stick an eyeglass in his ocular -

Sing "Bah to you - Ha! ha! to you" -
 And that's what you should say!

To stuff his conversation
 full of quibble and of quiddity,
 To dine on chops
 and roly-poly pudding with avidity -
 He'd better clear away
 with all convenient rapidity.

Sing "Hey to you - Good day to you" -
 And that's what you should say!

Sing "Booh to you - Pooh, pooh to you" -
 And that's what I shall say!

Sing "Hey to you - Good day to you" -
 Sing "Bah to you - Ha! ha! to you" - '
 Sing "Booh to you - Pooh, pooh to you" -
 And that's what you should say!

WHEN I GO OUT OF DOOR
Bunthorne, Grosvenor

When I go out of door,
 Of damozels a score
 (All sighing and burning,
 And clinging and yearning)
 Will follow me as before.
 I shall, with cultured taste,
 Distinguish gems from paste,
 And "High diddle diddle"
 Will rank as an idyll,
 If I pronounce it chaste!

A most intense young man,
 A soulful-eyed young man -
 An ultrapoetical, superæsthetical,
 Out-of-the-way young man!

Conceive me, if you can,
 An ev'ry-day young man:
 A common-place type,
 With a stick and a pipe,
 And a half-bred black-and-tan;
 Who thinks suburban "hops"
 More fun than "Monday Pops," -
 Who's fond of his dinner,
 And doesn't get thinner
 On bottled beer and chops.

A common-place young man -
 A matter-of-fact young man -
 A steady and stolidly, jolly Bank-holiday,
 Every-day young man!

A Japanese young man -
 A blue-and-white young man -
 Francesca da Rimini, miminy, piminy,
Je-ne-sais-quoi young man.

A Chancery Lane young man -
 A Somerset House young man -
 A very delectable, highly respectable
 Three-penny-bus young man!

A pallid and thin young man -
 A haggard and lank young man,
 A greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Gallery,
 Foot-in-the-grave young man!

A Sewell and Cross young man,
 A Howell and James young man,

A pushing young particle - "What's the next article?" -
 Waterloo House young man!

Conceive me if you can,
 A matter-of-fact young man,
 An alphabetical, arithmetical,
 Every-day young man!

Conceive me if you can,
 A crotchety, cracked young man,
 An ultrapoetical, superæsthetical,
 Out-of-the-way young man!

IT'S CLEAR THAT MEDIÆVAL ART
Ensemble

It's clear that mediæval art
 alone retains its zest,
 To charm and please its devotees
 we've done our little best.
 We're not quite sure if all we do
 has the Early English ring;
 But, as far as we can judge,
 it's something like this sort of thing:

You hold yourself like this,
 You hold yourself like that,
 By hook and crook you try to look
 both angular and flat.
 We venture to expect
 That what we recollect,
 Though but a part of true High Art,
 will have its due effect.

If this is not exactly right,
 we hope you won't upbraid;
 You can't get high Aesthetic tastes
 like trousers, ready made.
 True views on Mediævalism,
 Time alone will bring,
 But, as far as we can judge,
 it's something like this sort of thing:

You hold yourself like this,
 You hold yourself like that,
 By hook and crook you try to look
 both angular and flat.
 To cultivate the trim
 Rigidity of limb,
 You ought to get a Marionette,
 and form your style on him.