

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](http://www.nga.gov)

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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](http://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 auréoles,  
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.