

CHAMBER III

Futility of Conflict

FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 4 PM
TRINITY UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

NOTES BY KEN MELTZER

Four Hymns (1914)

Ralph Vaughan Williams was born in Down Ampney, England, on October 12, 1872, and died in London, England, on August 26, 1958.

🕒 *Approx. performance time: 17 mins.*

📅 *SMF performance history: 3/27/14, 3/29/04*

Ralph Vaughan Williams completed his *Four Hymns* in 1914. The work was scheduled to premiere in Worcester in September of that year. But on August 4, Great Britain declared war on Germany. On New Year's Eve, Vaughan Williams, 42 years old, enlisted in the Army.

During World War I, Vaughan Williams worked in the field ambulance unit, transporting the wounded from the battlefield in the Neuville St. Vaast region. As Vaughan Williams wrote to his friend, composer Gustav Holst: "I am a 'waggon orderly' and go up the line every night to bring back wounded and sick in a motor ambulance—all this takes place at night except an occasional day journey for urgent cases."

The war-delayed premiere of the *Four Hymns* finally took place in Cardiff on May 26, 1920. Tenor Stuart Wilson performed with violist Alfred Hobday and the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Julius Harrison.

The *Four Hymns* exist in three versions; tenor, with piano and viola obbligato; tenor, with string orchestra and viola obbligato; and tenor with string quartet.

In the context of such radiant devotional works as the *Four Hymns*, it is perhaps of note that Vaughan Williams was, according to his widow, Ursula, "a declared agnostic." Nonetheless, her husband "was able, all through his life, to set to music words in the accepted terms of Christian revelation as if they meant to him what they must have meant to George Herbert or to Bunyan." Or, as Vaughan Williams once quipped: "There is no reason why an atheist could not write a good Mass." Of course, this observation presumed an artist of the musical stature of Ralph Vaughan Williams.

I. Lord! Come away!

Lord! Come away!
Why dost Thou stay?
Thy road is ready; and Thy paths made straight
With longing expectation, wait
The consecration of Thy beauteous feet!

Ride on triumphantly!
Behold we lay our lusts and proud wills in Thy way!
Hosanna! Welcome to our hearts!
Lord, here Thou hast a temple too; and full as dear
As that of Sion, and as full of sin:
Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein;
Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor!
Crucify them that they may never more
Profane that holy place
Where Thou hast chose to set Thy face!

And then, if our stiff tongues shall be
Mute in the praises of the Deity,
The stones out of the temple wall
Shall cry aloud and call
"Hosanna!" and Thy glorious footsteps greet!

Jeremy Taylor (1613–1667)

II. Who is this fair one?

Who is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness,
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans?

This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of His blood,
And her request and her complaint
Is but the voice of ev'ry saint:

"O let my name engraven stand
Both on Thy heart and on Thy hand;
Seal me upon mine arm and wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

"Stronger than death Thy love is known
Which floods of wrath could never drown,
And hell and earth in vain combine
To quench a fire so much divine.

"But I am jealous of my heart,
Lest it should once from Thee depart;
Then let my name be well impress'd
As a fair signet on Thy breast.

"Till Thou has brought me to Thy home,
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Thy countenance let me often see,
And often shalt Thou hear from me:

"Come, my beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of Thy delay,

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872–1958)

Four Hymns (1914)

Ben Hulett, tenor
Philip Dukes, viola
Anna Tilbrook, piano

EDWARD ELGAR (1857–1934)

Cello Concerto in E minor, Opus 85 (1919)

III. Adagio

Keith Robinson, cello
Sebastian Knauer, piano

JOHN IRELAND (1879–1962)

Settings of Rupert Brooke

"The Soldier" (1917)
"Blow Out, You Bugles" (1918)
"Spring Sorrow" (1918)

Ben Hulett, tenor
Anna Tilbrook, piano

IVOR GURNEY (1890–1937)

"In Flanders" (1917)
"Severn Meadows" (1917)

Ben Hulett, tenor
Anna Tilbrook, piano

GEORGE BUTTERWORTH (1885–1916)

Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad (1911)

I. "Loveliest of trees"
II. "When I was one-and-twenty"
III. "Look not in my eyes"
IV. "Think no more, lad"
V. "The lads in their hundreds"
VI. "Is my team ploughing?"

Ben Hulett, tenor
Anna Tilbrook, piano

INTERMISSION

HERBERT HOWELLS (1892–1983)

Elegy for Viola and Piano, Opus 15 (1917)

Philip Dukes, viola
Anna Tilbrook, piano

IVOR GURNEY (1890–1937)

"By a Bierside"

Ben Hulett, tenor
Anna Tilbrook, piano

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872–1958)

On Wenlock Edge (1909)

Ben Hulett, tenor
Benny Kim, violin
Giovanni Guzzo, violin
Robin Ashwell, viola
Eric Kim, cello
Anna Tilbrook, piano

Fly like a youthful hart or roe
Over the hills where spices blow.”

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

III. Come Love, come Lord

Come Love, come Lord, and that long day
For which I languish, come away,
When this dry soul those eyes shall see
And drink the unseal'd source of Thee,
When glory's sun faith's shades shall chase,
Then for Thy veil give me Thy face.

Richard Crashaw (ca. 1613-1649)

IV. Evening Hymn

O gladsome Light, O Grace
Of God the Father's face,
The eternal splendour wearing;
Celestial holy, blest,
Our Saviour, Jesus Christ,
Joyful, joyful in Thine appearing:

Now ere day fadeth quite,
We see the evening light,
Our wonted hymn outpouring;
Father of might unknown,
Thee, His incarnate Son,
And Holy Spirit adoring.

To Thee of right belongs
All praise of holy songs,
O Son of God, Life-giver;
Thee, therefore, O Most High,
The world doth glorify,
And shall exalt for ever.

Robert Bridges (1844–1930) from the Greek

Cello Concerto in E minor, Opus 85 (1919), Third Movement

Edward Elgar was born in Broadheath, near Worcester, England, on June 2, 1857, and died in Worcester on February 23, 1934.

🕒 *Approx. performance time: 8 mins.*

📅 *SMF performance history: SMF premiere*

In the spring of 1918, following a long and painful illness finally diagnosed as tonsillitis, Edward Elgar underwent surgery. The composer's daughter, Carice, recalled: “He was in a great deal of pain for several days; (there) were not anything like the sedatives that we have now, but nevertheless he woke up one morning and asked for pencil and paper.” Elgar then composed the first music he had written

in nine months—a beautiful melody in 9/8 time. That fall, Alice Elgar noted that her husband was at work orchestrating the melody.

By the spring of the following year, Elgar devoted much time and attention to this music, which now took form as his Cello Concerto in E minor. On June 26, 1919, Elgar wrote to his friend, Sidney Colvin: “I am frantically busy writing & have nearly completed a Concerto for Violoncello—a real large work & I think *good* & alive.” Elgar later dedicated the Concerto to Sidney Colvin and his wife, Frances.

Cellist Felix Salmond assisted Elgar in the composition of the solo part. In August, Elgar offered Salmond the opportunity to be the soloist in the Concerto's world premiere, which took place at the Queen's Hall in London on October 27, 1919. In a review of the premiere of the Elgar Cello Concerto, the eminent British music critic Ernest Newman wrote: “The work itself is lovely stuff, very simple—that pregnant simplicity that has come upon Elgar's music in the last couple of years—but with a profound wisdom and beauty underlying its simplicity...the realization in tone of a fine spirit's lifelong wistful brooding upon the loveliness of the earth.”

In time, the Elgar Concerto has become recognized as one of the 20th century's finest works for cello and orchestra. Many commentators have recognized the Concerto's “profound wisdom,” first cited by Ernest Newman. However, they often attribute that wisdom to far less genial circumstances than those suggested by Newman. Elgar composed the Cello Concerto after the devastation of the First World War. Elgar was all too aware of the effect the “War to End All Wars” had upon the world he knew and loved. As the composer wrote in 1917: “Everything good & nice & clean & sweet is far away—never to return.”

And perhaps Elgar sensed that his own life—at least as a composer—was reaching its final stages. In his catalogue of works, Elgar wrote the following next to the listing of his Cello Concerto: “FINIS R.I.P.” And after his beloved Alice's death in 1920, Elgar was never the same. Although Edward Elgar lived another fifteen years after the premiere of the Cello Concerto, it proved to be his last major work.

III. *Adagio*—The Concerto's slow-tempo movement features an elegiac, wide-ranging melody, played *molto espressivo* by the cello.

Settings of Rupert Brooke

John Ireland was born in Bowdon, England, on August 13, 1879, and died in Rock Mill, England, on June 12, 1962.

🕒 *Approx. performance time: 9 mins.*

📅 *SMF performance history: SMF premiere*

This concert features three songs by English composer John Ireland, settings of poems of Rupert Brooke (1887-1915). Brooke was a contemporary of fellow English poet Wilfred Owen (1893-1918). Both Brooke and Owen served in the British military and died during World War I. Brooke was a member of the British navy when he died on April 23, 1915, while positioned off the coast of the Greek Island of Skyros. Brooke's death was caused by sepsis, the result of an infected mosquito bite. Wilfred Owen (1893-1918) served as British Army officer in France during World War I. Owen was killed in battle on November 4, 1918, a week before the Armistice.

Brooke's wartime verse projects a glorified view of military service and death. During his time in the military, Owen wrote a series of remarkable poems, stripped of any romanticism or patriotic fervor, and graphically portraying the horrors of war. Benjamin Britten set several Owen poems, to unforgettable effect, in his great *War Requiem* (1961).

Brooke's lyrical poetry receives its due in Ireland's sensitive and evocative song adaptations.

“The Soldier” (1917)

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Rupert Brooke (1887–1915)

“Blow Out, You Bugles” (1918)

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that un hoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have
been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our
dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

Rupert Brooke (1887–1915)

“Spring Sorrow” (1918)

All suddenly the wind comes soft,
And Spring is here again;
And the hawthorn quickens with buds of green
And my heart with buds of pain.

My heart all Winter lay so numb,
The earth so dead and froze,
That I never thought the Spring would come,
Or my heart wake any more.


But Winter's broken and earth has woken
And the small birds cry again.
And the hawthorn hedge puts forth its buds,
And my heart puts forth its pain.

Rupert Brooke (1887–1915)

Songs (1917)

Ivor Gurney was born in Gloucester, England, on August 28, 1890, and died in Dartford, England, on December 26, 1937.

 Approx. performance time: 5 mins.

 SMF performance history: SMF premiere

British composer and poet Ivor Gurney studied with Charles Villiers Stanford and Ralph Vaughan Williams at the Royal College of Music. In 1915, Gurney enlisted in the British Army. Despite being both shot and gassed in battle, Gurney continued to write poetry and compose. From an early age, Gurney battled mental illness that may well have been exacerbated by his wartime trauma. In 1922, Gurney was institutionalized, and remained so until his death in 1937.

This concert features songs Gurney composed during World War I, including one (“Severn Meadows”) to his own poetry.

“In Flanders” (1917)

I'm homesick for my hills again -
To see above the Severn plain
Unscabbarded against the sky
The blue high blade of Cotswold lie;
The giant clouds go royally
By jagged Malvern with a train
Of shadows.

Where the land is low
Like a huge imprisoning O
I hear a heart that's sound and high,
I hear the heart within me cry:
“I'm homesick for my hills again -
Cotswold or Malvern, sun or rain!
My hills again!”

Frederick William Harvey (1888–1957)

“Severn Meadows” (1917)

Only the wanderer
Knows England's graces,
Or can anew see clear
Familiar faces.


And who loves joy as he
That dwells in shadows?
Do not forget me quite,
O Severn meadows.

Ivor Gurney (1890–1937)

Six Songs from *A Shropshire Lad* (1911)

George Butterworth was born in London, England, on July 12, 1885, and died in Pozières, France, on August 5, 1916.

 Approx. performance time: 13 mins.

 SMF performance history: SMF premiere

As a young man, George Butterworth became fascinated with English folksong. Butterworth and his friend and fellow British composer, Ralph Vaughan Williams made several visits to the English countryside to study and collect folk songs. These journeys exerted a profound influence on both men's approach to composition. In 1911, Butterworth composed a series of songs for voice and piano, settings of poems from the collection entitled *A Shropshire Lad* (1896). Written by Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936), *A Shropshire Lad* explores the impact of the specter of impending mortality.

In 1912, Butterworth composed his orchestral *A Shropshire Lad* as an “orchestral epilogue” to his song settings of the various Housman poems.

George Butterworth's promising career was cut short when he died while fighting as member of the British Army in the Battle of the Somme. George Butterworth was 31 years old. After Butterworth's death, Vaughan Williams confided to Gustav Holst:

I sometimes think now that it is wrong
to have made friends with people much
younger than oneself—because there will
only be the middle aged left and I have got
out of touch with most of my contemporary
friends—but then there is always you and
thank Heaven we have never got out of
touch and I don't see why we ever should.

I. “Loveliest of trees”

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936)

II. “When I was one-and-twenty”

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
“Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free.”
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
“The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue.”
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936)

III. "Look not in my eyes"

Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see,
And there you find your face too clear
And love it and be lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie
Spent in star-defeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I
Perish? gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well
And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936)

IV. "Think no more, lad"

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly;
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around.
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever;
Think no more; 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground.

Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936)

V. "The lads in their hundreds"

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for
the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the
mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor
are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will
never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and
the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many
the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the
handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth
to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were
tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never
discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and
wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way that they will
not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's
nothing to scan
And brushing your elbow ungussed at and not
to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage
of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936)

VI. "Is my team ploughing?"

"Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?"

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

"Is football playing
Along the river-shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?"

Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

"Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?"

Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

"Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?"

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936)

Elegy for Viola and Piano, Opus 15 (1917)

Herbert Howells was born in Lydney, England, on October 17, 1892, and died in Oxford, England, on February 23, 1983.

🕒 *Approx. performance time: 10 mins.*

📅 *SMF performance history: SMF premiere*

In 1912, Herbert Howells was awarded a scholarship to the Royal College of Music in London, where he studied with Walter Parratt, Hubert Parry, Charles Villiers Stanford, and Charles Wood. One of Howells's classmates at the Royal College of Music was Frances Purcell Warren (1895-1916), a student of composition and viola. In 1914, Warren enlisted in the military, and ultimately, was stationed in France. On July 3, 1916, during the Battle of the Somme, Warren was reported missing at Mons. His body was never recovered.

The year after Warren's death, Howells composed his *Elegy*, Opus 15. The work received its premiere that year at Royal Albert Hall, as part of a Mons Memorial Concert. The *Elegy* exists in versions for viola and piano, and viola, string quartet, and strings. The latter version most potently reveals the connection between the Howells *Elegy* and the Ralph Vaughan Williams *Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis* (1910, rev. 1919). But in either version, Howells's affectionate, heartfelt tribute to his departed friend shines through.

"By a Bierside" (1917)

Ivor Gurney was born in Gloucester, England, on August 28, 1890, and died in Dartford, England, on December 26, 1937.

🕒 *Approx. performance time: 5 mins.*

📅 *SMF performance history: SMF premiere*

"By a Bierside"

This is a sacred city, built of marvellous earth.
Life was lived nobly there to give such Beauty
birth.
Beauty was in that heart and in that eager hand.
Death is so blind and dumb, death does not
understand.

Death drifts the brain with dust and soils the
young limbs' glory.
Death makes justice a dream and strength a
traveller's story.
Death makes the lovely soul to wander under
the sky.
Death opens unknown doors. It is most grand
to die.

John Masefield (1878–1967)

On Wenlock Edge (1909)

Ralph Vaughan Williams was born in Down Ampney, England, on October 12, 1872, and died in London, England, on August 26, 1958.

🕒 *Approx. performance time: 23 mins.*

📅 *SMF performance history: 3/27/14*

In 1907, British composer Ralph Vaughan Williams admitted that he was “lumpy and stodgy, and had come to a dead end and that a little French polish would be of good use.” In the early part of 1908, Vaughan Williams studied for three months in Paris with Maurice Ravel. Vaughan Williams found his work with Ravel to be remarkably productive (“as far as I know my own faults, he hit on them exactly”).

After studies with Ravel, Vaughan Williams returned “home with a bad attack of French fever and I wrote a string quartet which caused a friend to say that I must have been having tea with (Claude) Debussy, and a song cycle with several atmospheric effects.”

The “song cycle” Vaughan Williams referred to was *On Wenlock Edge*, a setting of poems for tenor, piano and string quartet. The poems are from the collection *A Shropshire Lad* (1896), by Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936). Housman’s poems of life and mortality inspired musical settings by many composers (see Butterworth, *Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad*, above). For his part, Housman was hardly appreciative, especially when the composers omitted portions of his text to fit their musical conceptions. According to Vaughan Williams’s widow, Ursula, the composer took this criticism in stride and with good humor: “Ralph always asserted that any poet who had written such lines as

The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal,

should be grateful to have them left out.” (Here, Vaughan Williams refers to verses he omitted from his setting of “Is my team ploughing?”)

The premiere of *On Wenlock Edge* took place in London on November 15, 1909, with tenor Gervase Elwes, pianist Frederick Kiddle and the Schwiller Quartet. In the early 1920s, Vaughan Williams created an orchestral version of the piano and string quartet accompaniment. But in the original chamber version, Vaughan Williams conjures a remarkable variety of instrumental colors and effects. Vaughan Williams’s imaginative writing for the tenor and chamber ensemble is always at the service of Housman’s

evocative texts. *On Wenlock Edge* remains one of the great English song cycles of the 20th century.

I. On Wenlock Edge

On Wenlock Edge the wood’s in trouble;
His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves;
The gale, it plies the saplings double,
And thick on Severn snow the leaves.

‘Twould blow like this through holt and hanger
When Uricon the city stood:
‘Tis the old wind in the old anger,
But then it threshed another wood.

Then, ‘twas before my time, the Roman
At yonder heaving hill would stare:
The blood that warms an English yeoman,
The thoughts that hurt him, they were there.

There, like the wind through woods in riot,
Through him the gale of life blew high;
The tree of man was never quiet:
Then ‘twas the Roman, now ‘tis I.

The gale, it plies the saplings double,
It blows so hard, ‘twill soon be gone:
To-day the Roman and his trouble
Are ashes under Uricon.

Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936)

II. From far, from eve and morning

From far, from eve and morning
And yon twelve-winded sky,
The stuff of life to knit me
Blew hither: here am I.

Now for a breath I tarry
Nor yet disperse apart
Take my hand quick and tell me,
What have you in your heart.

Speak now, and I will answer;
How shall I help you, say;
Ere to the wind’s twelve quarters
I take my endless way.

Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936)

III. Is my team ploughing?

“Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?”

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;

No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

“Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?”

Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

“Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?”

Yes, lad, yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man’s sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936)

IV. Oh, when I was in love with you

Oh, when I was in love with you,
Then I was clean and brave,
And miles around the wonder grew
How well did I behave.

And now the fancy passes by,
And nothing will remain,
And miles around they’ll say that I
Am quite myself again.

Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936)

V. Bredon Hill

In summertime on Bredon
The bells they sound so clear;
Round both the shires they ring them
In steeples far and near,
A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning
My love and I would lie,
And see the coloured counties,
And hear the larks so high
About us in the sky.

The bells would ring to call her
In valleys miles away;
“Come all to church, good people;
Good people come and pray.”
But here my love would stay.

And I would turn and answer
Among the springing thyme,

"Oh, peal upon our wedding,
And we will hear the chime,
And come to church in time."

But when the snows at Christmas
On Bredon top were strown,
My love rose up so early
And stole out unbeknown
And went to church alone.

They tolled the one bell only,
Groom there was none to see,
The mourners followed after,
And so to church went she,
And would not wait for me.

The bells they sound on Bredon,
And still the steeples hum,
"Come all to church, good people,"
O noisy bells, be dumb;
I hear you, I will come.

Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936)

VI. Clun

In valleys of springs of rivers,
By Ony and Teme and Clun,
The country for easy livers,
The quietest under the sun,

We still had sorrows to lighten,
One could not be always glad,
And lads knew trouble at Knighton,
When I was a Knighton lad.

By bridges that Thames runs under,
In London, the town built ill,
'Tis sure small matter for wonder

If sorrow is with one still.
And if as a lad grows older
The troubles he bears are more,
He carries his griefs on a shoulder
That handselled them long before.

Where shall one halt to deliver
This luggage I'd lief set down?
Not Thames, not Teme is the river,
Nor London nor Knighton the town:

'Tis a long way further than Knighton,
A quieter place than Clun,
Where doomsday may thunder and lighten
And little 'twill matter to one.

Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936)