

# *Flowers of the Seasons*

## *Politics, Power & Poverty*

An informal evening of songs, poetry and story-telling at Conway Hall's historic Library  
Celebrating the music of Eliza Flower (1803–1846)



7pm Friday 27<sup>th</sup> October 2023

CONWAY HALL

25 Red Lion Square, London, WC1R 4RL

## Programme



Image of Eliza Flower by Mrs E Bridell Fox, Courtesy of Conway Hall Ethical Society

## Song Texts

Please visit [electricvoicetheatre.co.uk](http://electricvoicetheatre.co.uk) for full programme information

**Eliza Flower (1803 - 1846) Hymns and Anthems “Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter” 1841**

Text: The Corn Law Rhymer, Ebenezer Elliott (1781-1849)

For SATB and Organ

Extract – recorded by ELECTRIC VOICE THEATRE SINGERS:

Frances M Lynch – Soprano

Samantha Houston – Mezzo

Julian Stocker – Tenor

Gwion Thomas – Baritone

Spring, summer, autumn, winter,  
Come duly as of old;  
Winds blow, suns set, and morning saith,  
“Ye hills, put on your gold.”

**Frances M Lynch**

**“TIME – Songs of the Months” 2023**

Text from the frontispiece of Flower’s *Songs of the Months*

For acapella voices

TIME - Listen as we pass,  
Marking our pace by Music  
Children of the year,  
TIME

**Eliza Flower (1803 - 1846) Songs of the Months: March “Wind & Clouds” 1834**

Text: Sarah Flower Adams (1805 - 1848)

For Mezzo & Piano

A WIZARD is he!  
D’ye see, d’ye see?  
Temples arise in the upper air;  
Now they are gone  
And a troop comes on  
Of plumed knights and ladies fair;  
They pass – and a host of spirits grey  
Are floating onward – away, away!

His sun-beams are light’ning,  
The black clouds brightening,  
Grand is the world in the heavens to see!  
His winds are the thunder,  
Scattering asunder  
The world he has made – but what cares he?  
In a chariot of storm he rolls along,  
While the whirlwinds shout a triumphal song.

Blow, March, blow!  
Your time is now;  
Soon you must hush your noisy breath;  
Soon we shall listen,  
While rain-drops glisten,  
To the airs that will murmur of Spring's bright wreath;  
Harm not the buds that dare to peep,  
Lest April away her sweet life should weep.

**Fanny Hensel (1805 – 1847) “Frühlingslied” H255 1830**

Text: Wilhelm Hensel (1794 - 1861)

For Soprano & Piano

Blaue, blaue Luft, grüner, grüner Wald!  
Es zittern die Blumen im Sonnenschein  
und winken und möchten gebrochen sein.  
Mädchen wohin? In den Wald.

Nachtigallklang, Lerchengesang  
und all das Sehnen in treuer Brust  
löst sich in Leben und Lieb' und Lust.  
Strömt jubelnd, jubelnd dahin im Gesang,  
Grüner, grüner Wald und Nachtigallklang.

**Franz Schubert (1797 - 1828) “Die Sommernacht” D289 1815**

Text: Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock (1724 – 1803)

For Tenor & Piano

Wenn der Schimmer von dem Monde nun herab  
In die Wälder sich ergießt, und Gerüche  
Mit den Düften von der Linde  
In den Kühlungen wehn;

So umschatten mich Gedanken an das Grab  
Meiner Geliebten, und ich seh' im Walde  
Nur es dämmern, und es weht mir  
Von der Blüte nicht her.

Ich genoß einst, o ihr Toten, Ich genoß es einst mit euch!  
Wie umwehten uns der Duft und die Kühlung,  
Wie verschönt warst von dem Monde,  
Du, o schöne Natur!

**Eliza Flower (1803 - 1846) Songs of the Months: August "The Harvests of Time" 1834**

Texts: Harriet Martineau (1802 - 1876)

For Tenor & Piano

Beneath this starry arch,  
Nought resteth or is still;  
But all things hold their march  
As if by one great will.  
Moves one, move all;  
Hark to the foot-fall!  
On, on, for ever.

Yon sheaves were once but seed;  
Will ripens into deed;  
As cave-drops swell the streams,  
Day thoughts feed nightly dreams;  
And sorrow tracketh wrong,  
As echo follows song.  
Hark to the foot-fall!  
On, on, for ever.

By night, like stars on high,  
The hours reveal their train;  
They whisper and go by;  
I never watch in vain.  
Moves one, move all;  
Hark to the foot-fall!  
On, on, for ever.

They pass the cradle head,  
And there a promise shed;  
They pass the moist new grave,  
And bid rank verdure wave;  
They bear through every clime  
The harvests of all time.  
Hark to the foot-fall!  
On, on, for ever.

**Eliza Flower (1803 - 1846) "The Gathering of the Unions – March & Song" 1832**

Text: Harriet Martineau (1802 -1876)

For Mixed Voices (Instruments if/as available)

Recorded Extract by the ELECTRIC VOICE THEATRE Virtual Choir

Lo, we answer! See we come,  
Quick at Freedom's holy call  
We come, we come, we come, we come,  
To do the glorious work of all  
And Hark! We raise from sea to sea  
The sacred watchword "Liberty"

**Eliza Flower (1803 - 1846) “The Day-Labourer’s Song” 1846**

Text: William J. Fox (1786 -1864)

For Unaccompanied Solo Voice & Chorus

My only claim is this,  
With labour stiff and stark,  
By lawful turn my bread to earn,  
Between the light and dark;  
My daily bread, and nightly bed,  
My bread, and cheese, and beer;  
But all from the hand that holds the land,  
And none from the Overseer

No parish money, nor parish loaf,  
No pauper-badge for me;  
I’m a son of the soil, by rightful toil  
Entitled to my fee.

No alms I ask; give me my task,  
For will, or arm, or leg;  
I’m strong, I’m bold, and to this I’ll hold-  
To work, and not to beg.

**Eliza Flower (1803 - 1846) “The Barons Bold, On Runnymede” 1832**

Text: William J. Fox (1786 – 1864)

For Solo Voice, Chorus & Instruments if/as available

The Barons bold on Runnymede  
by union won their charter  
True men were they, prepared to bleed  
but not their rights to barter  
And they swore that England’s laws  
were above a tyrant’s word  
And they proved that Freedom’s cause  
was above a tyrant’s sword

Then honour we the memory  
of those Barons bold united  
And like their band  
join hand in hand  
Our wrongs shall soon be righted.

The Commons brave in Charles's time  
by union made the crown fall  
And shewd the world that royal crime  
should lead to royal downfall  
And the swore that rights and laws  
were above a monarch's word  
And they raised the nation's cause  
above the monarch's sword

Then honour we the memory  
of those Commons brave united  
And like their band  
join hand in hand  
Our wrongs shall soon be righted.

The People brave from court and peers  
by union won reforms, Sirs  
And union safe the nation steers  
through sunshine and through storms, Sirs  
And we swear that equal laws  
shall prevail o'er lordling's words  
And can prove that Freedom's cause  
Is too strong for hireling's swords

Then honour we the victory  
of the People brave united  
When all our bands  
join hearts and hands  
Our wrongs shall soon be righted.

**Eliza Flower (1803 - 1846)** *"Norman the Foresters Song"* 1831  
from Musical Illustrations of the Waverley Novels  
Text: Sir Walter Scott (1771 - 1832) from *"Bride of Lammermoor"*  
For Tenor & Piano

The Monk must arise when the matins ring,  
The Abbot may sleep to their chime;  
But the Yeoman must start when the bugles sing,  
'Tis time, my hearts, 'tis time.

There are bucks and raes on Bilhope braes;  
There's a herd in Shortwood Shaw;  
But a lily white doe in the garden goes,  
A lily white doe in the garden goes,  
She's fairly worth them a'.

The Monk must arise when the matins ring,  
The Abbot may sleep to their chime;  
But the yeoman must start when the bugles sing,  
'Tis time, my hearts, 'tis time my hearts, 'tis time, 'tis time.

**Fanny Hensel (1805 - 1847) "Im Herbst" H407 1844**

Text: Joseph von Eichendorff (1788 - 1857)

For Soprano & Piano

Der Wald wird falb, die Blätter fallen,  
Wie öd und still der Raum!  
Die Bächlein nur gehn durch die Buchenhallen  
Lind rauschend wie im Traum,  
Und Abendglocken schallen  
Fern von des Waldes Saum.

Was wollt ihr mich so wild verlocken  
In dieser Einsamkeit?  
Wie in der Heimat klingen diese Glocken  
Aus stiller Kinderzeit-  
Ich wende mich erschrocken,  
Ach, was mich liebt, ist weit!

So brecht hervor ihr alte Lieder,  
Und brecht das Herz mir ab!  
Noch einmal grüß ich aus der Ferne wieder,  
Was ich nur Liebes hab,  
Mich aber zieht es nieder  
Vor Wehmut wie ins Grab.

**Franz Schubert (1797 -1828) "Winterlied" D 401 1816**

Text: Ludwig Hölty (1748 - 1776)

For Tenor & Piano

Keine Blumen blühn,  
Nur das Wintergrün  
Blickt durch Silberhüllen;  
Nur das Fenster füllen  
Blumen rot und weiss,  
Aufgeblüht aus Eis.

Ach, kein Vogelsang  
Tönt mit frohem Klang,  
Nur die Winterweise  
Jener kleinen Meise,  
Die am Fenster schwirrt,  
Und um Futter girrt.

Minne flieht den Hain,  
Wo die Vögelein  
Sonst im grünen Schatten  
Ihre Nester hatten;  
Minne flieht den Hain,  
Kehrt ins Zimmer ein.

Kalter Januar,  
Hier werd' ich fürwahr  
Unter Minnespielen  
Deinen Frost nicht fühlen;  
Walte immerdar,  
Kalter Januar!

**Eliza Flower (1803 - 1846) Hymns and Anthems "O Lovely Voices Of The Sky" 1841**

Text: Felicia Hemans (1793 - 1835) 1<sup>st</sup> Verse only

For Soprano & Piano

O lovely voices of the sky,  
That hymned the Saviour's birth!  
Are ye not singing yet on high,  
Ye that sang, "Peace on earth"?  
To us yet speak the strains  
Wherewith, in days gone by,  
Ye bless'd the Syrian swains,  
O voices of the sky!

**Eliza Flower (1803 - 1846) "Rose Bradwardine's Song—St Swithin's Chair" 1831**

from *Musical Illustrations of the Waverley Novels*

Text: Sir Walter Scott (1771 - 1832) from "Waverley"

For Mezzo & Piano

On Hallow-Mass Eve, ere ye boune ye to rest,  
Ever beware that your couch be blest;  
Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,  
Sing the Ave, and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride,  
And all her nine-fold sweeping on by her side,  
Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,  
Sailing through moonshine or swath'd in a cloud.

Then on Hallow-Mass Eve, ere ye boune ye to rest,  
Ever beware that your couch be blest;



The Baron has been with King Robert his liege  
These three long years in battle and siege;  
News are there none of his weal or his woe,  
And fain the Lady his fate would know.

He that dare sit in Saint Swithin's Chair,  
When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,  
Questions three, when he speaks the spell,  
He may ask, and she will tell.

Then on Hallow-Mass Eve, ere ye boune ye to rest,  
Ever beware that your couch be blest;

The Lady she sat in Saint Swithin's Chair,  
The dew of the night has damp'd her hair:  
Her cheek was pale; but resolved and high  
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

She shudders and stops as the charm she speaks;  
Is it the moody owl that shrieks?  
Or is it that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,  
The voice of the Demon that haunts the stream?

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low,  
The roaring torrent had ceased to flow;  
The calm was more dreadful than raging storm,  
When the cold grey mist brought the ghastly Form!

Then on Hallow-Mass Eve, ere ye boune ye to rest,  
Ever beware that your couch be blest;

### INTERVAL

**Frances M Lynch**

***"TIME – Songs of the Months" 2023***

*Text from the frontispiece of Flower's Songs of the Months  
For acapella voices*

### TIME

Listen as we pass  
Marking our pace by Music.  
Children of the year,  
We move in swift tho' never wearying march,  
Each richly gifted with a precious dower  
Of differing beauty.



**Eliza Flower (1803 - 1846)**

**Free Trade Songs of the Seasons 1845**

Text: Sarah Flower Adams (1805 - 1848)

**Spring**

***"The Descent of the Lark"***

For Soprano & Piano

Hark! the whistle at the plough  
Hark! the sower singing  
High above the weary brow  
Hark! the lark is ringing;  
Sunshine promises in showers;  
Golden rain of hope she pours,  
Of dewy nights to summer days,  
Mellow ripening Autumn rays.  
Ploughman, Sower, cheerily work on  
Lo! for thee, Heaven's smile comes all the while  
As the sweet air, free

Lo! the lark has dropped to earth  
Where the Corn is springing  
Sudden silence to her mirth  
Saddened heart thought bringing  
Clouded hopes descend in rain  
For Heaven's blessing turned to bane  
Sickly nights and struggling days  
Starving all that toil repays  
Ploughman, Sower, wearily work on  
Lo! for thee Man's hand is o-er the land  
A curse till Corn be free!

**Summer**

***"Song of the Brook"***

For Mezzo & Piano

And now the sun sends down his burning rain,  
In yellow showers to gild the ripening grain  
Now hie we to the shadowy forest nook,  
Where bower'd with hazels sings the brook

Ripple, ripple, on I go;  
Flow'rs beside me springing  
Sometimes fleet and sometimes slow;  
Ever ever singing  
O the joy that dwells in me!  
I am free!

**Song Texts**

Ripple, ripple, on I go;  
Rill runs on to river;  
Widening to the sea I flow,  
Who can stay me ever  
O the joy that dwells in me!  
I am free!

**Autumn**

***"Harvest Home"***

For Mezzo & Piano

"Harvest home!"  
Over the stubble I heard the call  
"Harvest home!"  
And I watch'd the reapers one and all,  
Each face said plain as plain could be  
"The harvest ne'er comes home to me!"  
  
"Harvest home!"  
Faint and more faintly was heard the call  
"Harvest home!"  
No echo comes from the cottage wall  
For there the Reaper with aspect wild,  
Holds a mouldy crust to a dying child,  
  
"Harvest home!"  
What voice from beneath is heard to call  
"Harvest home!"  
Where the shadow of Famine is over all.  
Death for the Reaper's child has come,  
Stern Landlord to bear his harvest home!

**Winter**

***"Promise"***

For Solo Voice, Chorus & Piano

Frosty Earth and icy chain,  
Knee deep snow:  
Ne'er a day can hide away,  
The hope that lives below;  
All the while we'll ne'er forget  
**Springtime is coming yet.**  
  
Stony heart and stubborn hand,  
Vain all now!  
Day by day, hopes brightening ray  
Bids budding promise grow;  
Onward all- and ne'er forget,  
**Free corn is coming yet.**

## Seasons of Change

Premiere Performance October 27<sup>th</sup> 2023 at Conway Hall, London

**A new set of 4 Songs of the Seasons inspired by  
Eliza Flower's "Free Trade Songs of the Seasons"**

Commissioned by ELECTRIC VOICE THEATRE with funds made available by  
Hinrichsen Foundation  
The National Lottery Heritage Fund

**Frances M Lynch**

**Spring - "Rachel"**

For Solo Tenor, Hand Percussion & Nature Sounds

Spring

No lark, No whistle, No Song

Spring, She said,

To the silence

Spring

Sowing seeds of sadness

Shattering the soil

For a future dream of Summer

Streams of sewage surfing waves

No Autumn harvest

No bright scene

No Winter hope

Just cold comfort

But it is Spring

Still Spring, She said

Spring could be.....

Spring shall be....

Is, Silent

**Anna Appleby**

**Summer - "Future Dream"**

For Fixed Media, Tenor & Soprano

You went and chose the name Gen Z

The last generation

There's nothing left

We pick up remnants

Memories of others

The internet begins to eat itself

You went and chose the gas and oil

Monetised survival

We still have rain and wind and sun

The future dream has just begun

Rain is Free  
Wind is Free  
Sun is free  
And so are we

**Lilly Vadaneaux**

**Autumn - "A Day in Autumn"**

Text: R.S. Thomas © Elodie Thomas

For Solo Voice

It will not always be like this,  
The air windless, a few last  
Leaves adding their decoration  
To the trees' shoulders, braiding the cuffs  
Of the boughs with gold; a bird preening  
In the lawn's mirror. Having looked up  
From the day's chores, pause a minute,  
Let the mind take its photograph  
Of the bright scene, something to wear  
Against the heart in the long cold.

**Amanda Johnson**

**Winter - "Has the End Begun?"**

Text: Hattie Johnson

For Soprano, Tenor & Recorded Sound

A sliver of glass lines the moon  
like the wet surface sheen of a heart  
The cold this year is a new sensation  
The type a place feels when all air is inhaled from it  
Has the end begun?

The low white sun in the day  
Had thawed the sun  
But the water's beginning to freeze again  
Shards of feathered crystals shift  
Since the Summer now burns the land and skin  
The cold has become a comfort

The journey towards the end has begun  
The set of events leading to the final day  
Has been set in motion  
They were written out a long time ago  
Once the speaker starts to read aloud  
It is decided; the end has begun

The cold is now a comfort  
The journey towards the end  
Has begun; it is decided  
But has the end begun?  
Has the end begun?

**Eliza Flower (1803 - 1846)** **“Sleep, Heart of Mine” (L.E.L’s Song)** 1839  
Text: Letitia Elizabeth Landon (1802 - 1838)  
For Mezzo & Piano

Sleep, heart of mine!  
Why should love awake thee?  
Like a clos’d rosebud  
To thy rest betake thee.  
Sleep, heart of mine!

Do dreams disturb they slumbers  
Vainest hopes repeating?  
Sleep heart of Mine!  
Sleep thee without dreaming;  
Love, the beguiler,  
Wearth such false seeming;  
Seep, heart of mine!

But if in thy slumbers,  
Breathe one sweet murmur,  
of his charmed numbers,  
Waken heart of mine,  
From such dang’rous sleeping,  
Love’s haunted visions  
ever end in weeping.

**Eliza Flower (1803 - 1846)** **Hymns and Anthems “Nearer My God To Thee”** 1841  
Text: Sarah Flower Adams (1805 - 1848)  
For Mixed Choir & Piano  
Recorded extract by Frances M Lynch

Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!  
E'en though it be a cross,  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!