

Flowers of the Seasons

Politics, Power & Poverty

Songs, poetry and story-telling
celebrating the music of
Eliza Flower (1803–1846)



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

Song Texts

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Patrons:

Judith Weir – Master of the King’s Music:
Professor Uta Frith - DBE FBA FMedSci FRS

Eliza Flower (1803 - 1846) **Hymns and Anthems “Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter” 1841**
Text: The Corn Law Rhymer, Ebenezer Elliott (1781-1849)
For SATB

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

The song of Homer liveth,
Dead Solon is not dead,
Thy splendid name, Pythagoras,
O’er realms of suns is spread.

But Babylon and Memphis
Are letters traced in dust:
Read them, earth’s tyrants? Ponder well
The might in which ye trust!

They rose while all the depths of guilt
Their vain creators sounded;
They fell, because on fraud and force
Their corner-stones were founded.

Truth, mercy, knowledge, justice,
Are powers that ever stand;
They build their temples in the soul,
And work with God’s right hand.

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,
Listen

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”

God is our guide! From Field, from wave,
From plough, from anvil, and from loom,
We come our country’s rights to save
And speak a tyrant faction’s doom –
And Hark! We raise from sea to sea
The sacred watchword “Liberty”

God is our guide! No sword we draw –
We kindle not war’s battle fires;
By union, justice, reason, law,
We claim the birthright of our sires:-
We raise the watchword “Liberty”
We will, we will, we will be free!

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,
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.

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 Höltz (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)
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!

O clear and shining light, whose beams,
That hour Heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head;
Be near, through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy, and faith,
O clear and shining light!

O star which led to Him, whose love
Brought hope and mercy free;
Where art thou? – 'mid the hosts above,
May we still gaze on thee! –
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim,
Send them to guide us yet,
O star which led to Him!

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!

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

A 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
Premiere Performance October 27th 2023 at Conway Hall, London

Frances M Lynch

Spring - *"Rachel"*

For Solo Tenor, Hand Percussion & Sampled 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 snow
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!

Wherefore art thou beating?
Do dreams disturb thy slumbers
Vainest hopes repeating?
Sleep heart of Mine!
Sleep thee without dreaming;
Love, the beguiler,
Weareth 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!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy Praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Or, if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky:
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly:
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God to Thee
Nearer to Thee!