

Evening Hymn

Priva son d'ogni conforto,

Sovra il campo della vita

Auf der Donau,

Die Nacht

Sleep Five Elizabethan Songs

Go, Lovely Rose,

Linden Lea

Blacker

*I am bereft of all comfort,
yet there is no hope of death
for me, wretched that I am.
My heart, consumed with sorrow
Is weary of suffering,
Yet death denied itself to me.*

Nicola Francesco Haym (1678–1729)

*Out of the forest steps
Night,
Out of the trees she
softly steals,
Looks around her in a
wide arc,
Now beware.*

*All the lights of this world,
All flowers, all colours
She extinguishes, and steals
the sheaves
From the field.*

*She takes everything that
is dear,
Takes the silver from the
stream,
and from the Cathedral's
copper roof,
She takes the gold.*

*The bushes are left,
stripped naked,
Come closer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear that the night
will also steal
You from me.*

Hermann von Gilm (1812–64)

John Fletcher (1579–1625)

