**Songs of Travel by Ralph Vaughan Williams**

The *Songs of Travel* were derived from a series of poems written by Robert Louis Stevenson (1850 – 1894). The first poem set by Vaughan Williams was “Whither Must I Wander” in 1901. The remaining songs in the cycle were published in two sets. In 1905 he wrote a set of three and then in 1907 the final four songs in the cycle. This was done largely at the bequest of the publisher who did not believe that the work would sell as a whole.

Though the work was finished in 1907, it was not until May 21, 1960, that the work was performed as a complete cycle, in the correct order with the ninth and final piece included, which was not published at the time. “I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope” was found in the papers of Vaughan Williams after his death with directions on the manuscript reading, “this little epilogue…should be sung in the public only when the whole cycle is performed.”

The *Songs of Travel* offer a look into the journey of a young man as he experiences the joys, the sorrows, the trials and tribulations of his life and comes to terms with the choices that he has made along the way. The cycle has been characterized by Michael Kennedy as, “a kind of English *Winterreise*.” It is the story of a man coming of age, finding peace with the life he chose to lead…and having no regrets.

**Let Beauty Awake**

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
To render again and receive!

**Youth and Love**

To the heart of youth the world is a highwayside.
Passing forever, he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.
Dichterliebe by Robert Schumann

Dichterliebe, (A poet’s love) is composed to sixteen poems taken from the section entitled Lyrisches Intermezzo (Lyrical Intermezzo) by Heinrich Heine. Many have speculated that this cycle recounts the story of the few months when Robert and Clara’s plans to be wed were in doubt from lack of consent by her father. The manuscript sent to the printer had twenty songs, but Schumann excised four and made extensive revisions in several others. In its final form, the Dichterliebe is a unified masterpiece. Many of its individual songs are so slight or ambiguous in their resolutions that they cannot stand on their own, while many others have piano postludes so long that they can almost be thought of as songs in themselves. There are many obvious and not-so-obvious musical relationships between the songs, as, for example, the postlude of song 12 reappears transfigured in the final postlude of the work. And yet for all this unity, the range of expression is enormous. The dreamy optimism of the opening song culminates in the bitter shattered hopes of the final song, and takes us through every shade of hopeless, yearning, wistful melancholy, utter despair, and ultimate peace.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Knospen sprangen,  
Da ist in meinem Herzen  
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May  
When all the buds burst open,  
Then in my heart,  
Love unfolded too.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Vögel sangen,  
Da hab’ ich ihr gestanden  
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May  
When all the birds sang,  
Then I confess to her  
My longing and my desire.

Aus Meinen Tränen spriessen
Aus meinen Tränen spriessen  
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,  
Und meine Seufzer werden  
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Out of my tears go forth  
Many flowers in bloom,  
And my sighs become  
The chorus of nightingales.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,  
Schenk’ ich dir die Blumen all’,  
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen  
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

And if you are fond of me, little one,  
I will give you all the flowers;  
And before your window shall ring  
The song of the nightingale.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,  
Die liebt’ ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.  
Ich lieb’ sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine  
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,  
I loved them all once with the rapture of love.  
I love them no more, I love alone  
The little one, the fine, the pure, the only one;

Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,  
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.  
Ich liebe alleine die Kleine,  
Die Feine, die Reine, die Eine, die Eine!

She herself, the well of all love,  
Is rose and lily and dove and sun  
The fine, the pure, the only one,  
The fine, the pure, the only one!