

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

6 English Canzonettas (Set II) (1794-5)

Sailor's Song

Anonymous

High on the giddy bending mast
The seaman furls the rending sail,
And, fearless of the rushing blast,
He careless whistles to the gale.

Rattling ropes and rolling seas!
Hurly burly, hurly burly!
War nor death can him displease.
Hurly burly, hurly burly.

The hostile foe his vessel seeks,
High bounding o'er the raging main.
The roaring cannon loudly speaks
'Tis Britain's glory we maintain.

Rattling ropes and rolling seas!
Hurly burly, hurly burly!
War nor death can him displease.
Hurly burly, hurly burly.

The Wanderer

Anne Hunter

To wander alone when the moon, faintly beaming
With glimmering lustre, darts thro' the dark shade,
Where owls seek for covert, and nightbirds complaining
Add sound to the horror that darkens the glade.

'Tis not for the happy; come, daughter of sorrow,
'Tis here thy sad thoughts are embalm'd in thy tears,
Where, lost in the past, disregarding tomorrow,
There's nothing for hopes and nothing for fears.

Sympathy

John Hoole after Metastasio

In thee I bear so dear a part,
By love so firm, so firm am thine,
That each affection of thy heart
By sympathy is mine.

When thou art griev'd, I grieve no less,
My joys by thine are known,
And ev'ry good thou would'st possess
Becomes in wish my own.

She never told her love

William Shakespeare

She never told her love,
But let concealment,
Like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek...
She sat like patience
On a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Piercing Eyes

Anonymous

Why asks my fair one if I love?
Those eyes so piercing bright,
Can ev'ry doubt of that remove,
And need no other light.

Those eyes full well do know my heart,
And all its workings see,
E'er since they play'd the conq'ror's part,
And I no more was free.

Content

Anonymous

Ah me, how scanty is my store!
Yet, for myself, I'd ne'er repine,
Tho' of the flocks that whiten o'er
Yon plain one lamb were only mine.

'Tis for my lovely maid alone,
This heart has e'er ambition known;
This heart, secure in its treasure,
Is bless'd beyond measure,
Nor envies the monarch his throne.