

Notes, Texts, and Translations

I

from *Six Arias*, opus 6

Barbara Strozzi
(1619-1677)

**Non ti doler, mio cor
Chi brama in amore**

Barbara Strozzi was the daughter of a servant to Giulio Strozzi, a well-known poet and intellectual of seventeenth-century Venice. When Giulio Strozzi adopted Barbara shortly before 1638, she gained access to his social standing and many fine educational opportunities. She received lessons in Latin, Greek, rhetoric, and history, as well as musical training that, in addition to studies in voice, harpsichord, and lute, included composition lessons with Francesco Cavalli. It was in her father's home that Barbara first gained public recognition as a singer, performing for various literary figures of Venice. She composed many of the songs that she performed, as was the common practice for singers of that time. But, unlike most of the female musicians of her generation, Strozzi had many of her works published.

From 1644 to 1664, nearly one hundred of her works were published in eight volumes, beginning with a collection of two- to five-voice madrigals using texts by Giulio Strozzi. Nearly all of her compositions are ariettas, arias, and cantatas for solo voice and continuo. She wrote lyrical melodies with which she carefully conveyed textual meaning. Most of the texts she set deal with love, particularly unrequited love that causes pain and suffering. The dedications of her works to a number of wealthy patrons seem to suggest that Strozzi had to support herself through composing after her father's death in 1652. Although she never married, she had four children. Her two daughters entered into service at a Venetian convent in 1656, and her son Massimo became a monk in 1662.

Because Barbara Strozzi was the principal performer for her music, she frequently used texts that would allow for puns on her name. This is evident in the final line of each stanza of "Non ti doler, mio cor," which also displays the strophic form and lengthy melismatic passages that are characteristic of her vocal music.

Non ti doler, mio cor

*Non ti doler mio cor,
Se provi in tuo servir pene e martori.
Una produsse Amor
Che fu Barbara sempre etu l'adori.*

*Se rimedio non ha
La piaga ch'è mortal, me solo incolpo.
E qual spero pietà
Se da Barbara man mi viene il colpo?*

*Così cimanda il ciel:
Amo chi m'odia e ne languisco e moro.
Seguo chi m'è infedel
E Barbara beltà supplice adoro.*

Do not suffer, my heart

*Do not suffer, my heart,
If in your serving you feel pains and torment.
Love made one
Who was always a barbarian, and you adore her.*

*If there is no cure
For the deadly wound, I alone am guilty.
And what pity do I hope for
If the blow comes from a barbarian's hand?*

*Thus commands heaven:
I love the one who hates me, and I languish and die for this.
I follow the one who is unfaithful to me
And as a supplicant I adore a barbarian beauty.*

One of Strozzi's primary compositional techniques is contrast, which she utilizes in "Chi brama in amore" through a variety of tempos, rhythms, and tonalities. In some sections, she achieves a somewhat ambiguous tonality by using chromatic sequences.

Chi brama in amore

*Chi brama in amore
Far paghi i disiri,
Nel centro del core
No chiuda i martiri.
Con note sonore,
Con voci che strida
All'empia omicida,
Sue pene distingua.
Pietà non manca
Ad amator ch'ha lingua.*

*S'aviene ch'un dardo
Il core t'impiaغه,
Non copra le piaghe
Silenzio codardo.
Discopra non tardo
Le fresche ferite
Chi brama guarite
Le pene del core.
Per amante ch'è muto
È sordo Amore.*

He who strongly wishes in love

*He who strongly wishes in love
To fulfill the desires
In the center of his heart,
Let him not enclose his anguish.
With loud cries,
With voices that shriek,
Let him divulge his pains
To the wicked killer.
Pity is not lacking
For a lover who has a tongue.*

*If it happens that an arrow
Wounds your heart,
Do not let cowardly silence
Cover up the wounds.
He who wants healed
The pains of his heart,
Let him not be slow in uncovering
His fresh wounds.
For a lover who is mute,
Love is death.*

--translations by Ellen Ritchey

II

Six Romances for Voice and Piano, opus 1

**Le Souvenir
La Dormeuse
Le Ruisseau
Le Papillon
Les Agréments de la Solitude
Vol des fleches de l'Amour**

**Sophie-Marguerite Mercken
(1776-1821)**

Sophie-Marguerite Mercken completed *Six Romances for Voice and Piano*, her only known publication, in 1798, and dedicated the work to her friend and piano teacher, Mademoiselle Karr. Perhaps she intended to compose a second set of songs, as she referred to this work her "first collection," but a second opus was either lost or never written. In 1802, she married Casimir Hartmann, who, like Sophie, was a music teacher. Little is known about the details of her life, and what few facts exist have been uncovered through studies of her father, Johann Kilian Mercken. He is considered to be the first maker of pianos in Paris and was both professionally and socially involved in influential Parisian musical circles.

During the eighteenth century, the *romance* was a popular poetic genre in France. Composers frequently adapted these simple, sentimental, strophic poems into songs with plain, unembellished vocal lines and accompaniments that rarely play more than a secondary role. Sophie Mercken's *romances* are typical of French vocal music during the Classical period. Although the music is never complex, each song reveals its own unique and captivating character.

Le Souvenir

*Ils ne sont plus ces jours que ma constance
Jusqu'au trépas devoit faire envier
D'un bien perdu n'ai plus que souvenance
Feroit bien mieux hélas de l'oublier.*

*Au temps passé malgré moi si je pense
De pleur d'amour sens mes yeux se mouiller
Oh c'esy malheur d'en garder souvenance
Et c'est malheur hélas de l'oublier.*

*Doux souvenir tiens moi lieu d'espérance
Et mon bonheur n'a pas fuit tout entier
Sais bien qu'on meure d'en garder souvenance
Mais comment vivre hélas et l'oublier.*

La Dormeuse

*Réveillez vous belle Dormeuse
Si ce baiser vous fait plaisir
Mais si vous êtes scrupuleuse
Dormez ou feignez de dormir*

*Craignez que je ne vous éveille
Favorisez ma trahison
Vous soupirez votre coeur veuille
Laissez dormir votre raison.*

Le Ruisseau

*Ruisseau qui baigne cette plaine
Je te ressemble en bien des traits
Toujours même penchant t'entraîne
Le mien ne changera jamais*

*Ton murmure flateur et tendre
Ne cause ne bruit ni fracas
Plein du souci qu'amour fait prendre
Si j'en murmure c'est tout bas.*

Le Papillon

*Papillon ton penchant volage
Te porte à tout sans t'arrêter
Tu voltige rien ne t'engage
Ah que ne puis-je t'imiter*

*De l'Amour tu n'as que les ailes
Ce dieu me retient dans ses fers
Tu ne trouve point de cruelles
C'est une ingrate que je sers.*

Remembrance

*No more are those days that my fidelity
Will make me long for until I die.
The good, once lost, lives on better in memory,
However I wish that it might fade away.*

*In spite of myself, I think of times gone by.
My eyes are wet from tears of love.
Oh, it is misfortune to guard memories.
And it is misfortune for them to fade away.*

*Let sweet remembrance take the place of my hope
And my happiness may not entirely desert me
I think I'd die, wrapped up in good memories,
But to forget them and live is difficult.*

Sleeping Beauty

*Awake, you beautiful sleeper
If it is your pleasure to be kissed at this time.
But, if you feel doubtful,
Sleep or feign sleep.*

*Why fear lest I awaken you?
Favor my betrayal.
Let your watchful heart sigh;
Leave your reason sleeping.*

The Brook

*Brook that bathes this plain,
I resemble your traits well.
Just as you always have the same desire in your spirit,
My spirit never changes.*

*You murmurings flatter and speak tenderly
Your chatter is neither noise nor crashing.
Full of worry that love made me bear,
I murmur quite low.*

The Butterfly

*Butterfly, with your fickle tendency,
You go forever without stopping
You flutter, committed to nothing.
Oh, that I could copy you.*

*You fly from Cupid,
That god who imprisons me in shackles.
You do not discover the cruelty
That is my thankless lot.*

Les Agréments de la Solitude

*Dans cette aimable solitude
Sous l'ombrage de ces ormeaux
Exempt de soins d'inquiétude
Mes jours s'éculent en repos*

*Jouissant enfin de moi même
Ne formant plus de vains désirs
J'éprouve que le bien suprême
C'est la paix et non les plaisirs.*

Vol des flèches de l'Amour

*Diane un jour dans un bois sombre
Vit Cupidon dormir à l'ombre
'Me voilà donc maîtresse de son sort
Vengeons nous en tandis qu'il dort.'*

*Tous les mortels versent des larmes
Pour ses appas vains et trompeurs
Si je lui peux voler ses armes
Je rends la paix à tous les coeurs.*

The Pleasures of Solitude

*In this kind solitude
Under the shade of the elms
Free from care and worry,
My days pass by in rest.*

*At last, I have found pleasure,
Free from vain wishes
I have discovered what is best:
Peace and not pleasure.*

The Theft of Cupid's Arrows

*One day in the gloomy woods, Diana
Found Cupid fast asleep in the shade.
'At last, I am mistress of his fate!
We'll take vengeance while he sleeps.'*

*All the mortals have cried tears
For themselves, charmed by vanity and deceit.
So I steal his arrows from him
And return peace to their hearts.*

--translations by James Ellery

III

**Mailied
Die Sommernacht**

**Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel
(1805-1847)**

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel, an extraordinary pianist and composer of the Romantic period, was often overshadowed by the fame of her younger brother Felix. She therefore remains relatively unknown. Although she composed approximately 500 works, only a few were published during her lifetime, and many of her compositions are still unpublished. This is due largely to the fact that, though they encouraged her in her musical studies and compositional activities, her father and Felix discouraged Fanny from having her works published. Their disapproval may have been the result of prevailing nineteenth-century attitudes toward women or a sense of protectiveness for Fanny. There is also speculation that Felix was jealous of his sister's compositional talents and feared competition.

Fanny received her first piano lessons from her mother, Lea Mendelssohn, and later studied composition and theory with C. F. Zelter, one of the first champions of J. S. Bach. An important venue for nineteenth-century female composers was the *salon*, a periodic gathering of the intellectual and social elite. Around 1825, Fanny's mother established weekly *salons* called *Sonntagsmusiken* (Sunday musicales) in their home. Fanny composed most of her works for these events, where she also conducted and performed on the piano. She wrote mainly *Lieder* and solo piano pieces, but her compositions also include a few large-scale dramatic works and some pieces for instrumental chamber ensembles. Her songs are modeled after the conservative, North German tradition of strophic songs with simple accompaniments.

In 1829, Fanny married Wilhelm Hensel, a talented writer and artist who later became the official court painter of the King of Prussia. During their lengthy, long-distance courtship, Wilhelm won the approval of Fanny's skeptical parents by sending portraits of various Mendelssohn family members along with his letters. Their only child, Sebastian, was born in 1830.

"Mailied," completed in April of 1824, was dedicated to Fanny's father. The text was written by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832) in May of 1771. The poem, originally titled *Maifest* (May festival), was inspired by Goethe's first love, Friedrike Brion. Hailed by critics as Goethe's first great work

of poetry, it is filled with joyful exclamations that defy traditional grammatical structures. Hensel enhanced these sudden bursts of emotion with melismas, which she often used in her songs to emphasize a particular word or syllable near the end of a stanza. This poem was also set to music by Beethoven and Hans Pfitzner.

Mailed

*Wie herrlich leuchtet
Mir die Natur!
Wie glänzt die Sonne!
Wie lacht de Flur!
Es dringen Blüten
Aus jedem Zwieg
Und tausend Stimmen
Aus dem Gesträuch,
Und Freud und Wonne
Aus jeder Brust.
O Erd, o Sonne!
O Glück, o Lust!*

*O Lieb, o Liebe!
So golden schön
Wie Morgenwolken
Auf jenen Höhn!
Du segnest herrlich
Das frische Feld,
Im Blütendampfe
Die volle Welt.
O Mädchen, Mädchen,
Wie lieb ich dich!
Wie blinkt dein Auge!
Wie liebst du mich!*

*So liebt die Lerche
Gesang und Luft
Und Morgenblumen
Den Himmelsduft,
Wie ich dich liebe
Mit warmem Blut,
Die su mir Jugend
Und Freud und Mut
Zu neuen Liedern
Und Tänzten gibst.
Sei ewig glücklich,
Wie du mich liebst!*

May Song

*How gloriously shines
Nature on me!
How the sun gleams!
How the farmland laughs!
There emerge blossoms
From every twig
And a thousand voices
From the bushes,
And joy and delight
From every breast.
Oh earth, oh sun!
Oh happiness, oh pleasure!*

*Oh love, oh love!
So beautifully golden
Like morning clouds
On those heights!
You gloriously bless
The fresh field,
In a stream of blossoms
The whole world.
Oh maiden, maiden,
How I love you!
How your eyes sparkle!
How you love me!*

*As the lark loves
Singing and air
And morning flowers love
The fragrant sky,
So I love you
With warm heart,
You who give me youth
And joy and courage
For new songs
And dances.
May you be eternally happy,
Just as eternally you love me!*

The text of “Die Sommernacht” (1827) was written by Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock (1724-1803). At the age of twenty-four, Klopstock was recognized as one of Germany’s foremost poets following the publication of the first portion of *Messias*, an epic poem about Christian redemption that was completed twenty-five years later. He received a life pension from the king of Denmark and was living in Copenhagen in 1766 when he wrote this poem, which was also set by Gluck and Schubert. Fanny Hensel generally preferred to set poems that were written by her contemporaries. Klopstock was the earliest German poet to capture her interest; she used at least four of his poems as texts for her Lieder. “Die Sommernacht” has a somewhat

hybrid song form that incorporates many non-traditional cadences and key changes. It has more variety than a purely strophic song and more unity than most through-composed songs.

Die Sommernacht

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

*So umschatten mich Gedanken an das Grab
Der Geliebten, und ich she' in dem Walde
Nur es dämmern, und es weht mir
Von der Blüte nicht her.*

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

The Summer Night

*When the gleam of the moon now downwards
Into the woods pours itself, and scents
With the perfumes of the lime tree
In the coolings blow;*

*So around me comes a shadow, thoughts about the graves
Of my loved ones, and I see in the woods
Only a faint light, and it blows to me
No more fragrance from the blossoms.*

*O you who are dead, I once enjoyed it with you!
How the fragrance and the cooling blew around us,
How beautiful you were by the moon,
You, o beautiful nature!*

--translations by John Glenn Paton

from *Sechslieder*, opus 13

**Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)**

**Liebeszauber
Der Mond kommt still gegangen**

Clara Wieck Schumann was born in Leipzig and spent her childhood training to be a piano virtuoso under the strict instruction of her father. While in her teens, she began an international concert career that would span over sixty years. In 1840, Clara married Robert Schumann, for whom she was a constant advocate and source of inspiration. Throughout her life, she was torn between her own desire to compose and society's lack of acceptance of works by female composers. Clara always considered her compositions to be somewhat weak and inferior to those of her husband, but she once wrote in a diary entry, "There is nothing like the satisfaction of composing something oneself and hearing it afterwards."

Nearly all of Clara's songs were written after her marriage to Robert, with most of them intended as birthday or Christmas gifts for him. She made few efforts to promote her songs, but many of them were admired by singers and other composers. When Clara included her own compositions in her concert programs, she usually chose songs rather than pieces for piano. "Liebeszauber" and "Der Mond kommt still gegangen" were among some of her most frequently performed *Lieder*. She generally set poems of two to three stanzas in length that explored popular themes of the Romantic period: love, yearning, melancholy, mystery, and the beauty of nature. Clara used unconventional harmonies and irregular rhythmic patterns to convey her interpretation of poetry. She considered the texts of songs to have great importance and frowned upon singers who showed more concern for vocal effect than an understanding of words. Her piano accompaniments are quite elaborate, but they always enhance rather than overpower the text and vocal line.

Opus 13 was assembled from songs composed for various occasions between 1840 and 1843. The collection was dedicated to Queen Caroline Amalie of Denmark, who extended generous hospitality to Clara during her 1842 concert tour to Copenhagen. Three of the six songs, "Liebeszauber," "Der Mond kommt still gegangen," and "Die stille Lotosblume" are settings of poems by Emanuel Geibel (1815-1884). Geibel, the son of a pastor in Lubeck, planned to become a member of the clergy before discovering that his gifts lay in philosophy and literature. He began his career as a revolutionary poet, choosing nationalistic and political themes for his works, but his strength was writing lyric poetry. Many composers have set Geibel's poems to music because of the subjects he chose and his attention to formal perfection.

Liebeszauber

Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
im Rosenbusch und sang;
es flog der wundersüße Schall
den grünen Wald entlang.

Und wie er klang, da stieg im Kreis
aus tausend Kelchen Duft,
und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',
und leiser ging die Luft;

die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum
geplätschert von den Höh'n,
die Rehlein standen wie im Traum
und lauschten dem Getön.

Und hell und immer heller floß
der Sonne Glanz herein,
um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß
sich goldig roter Schein.

Ich aber zog den Weg entlang
und hörte auch den Schall.
Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
war nur sein Widerhall.

Der Mond kommt still gegangen

Der Mond kommt still gegangen
mit seinem gold'nen Schein,
da schläft in holdem Prangen
die müde Erde ein.

Und auf den Lüften schwanken
aus manchem treuen Sinn
viel tausend Liebesgedanken
über die Schläfer hin.

Und drunten im Tale, da funkeln
die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
ich aber blikke im Dunkeln still
in die Welt hinaus.

Love's Magic

Now Love once like a nightingale
in rosebush perched and sang;
With sweetest wonder flew the sound
along the woodland green.

And as it rang, there rose a scent
from ring of thousand buds,
and all the treetops rustled soft,
and softer blew the air;

The brooks silenced, scarcely come
by splashing from the heights,
The fawns stood still as if in dream
and listened to the tone.

And bright and ever brighter flowed
the sunbeams down inside,
'round blossoms, wood and gorge it gushed
with golden red sunshine.

I walked along the path that day
and also heard that sound.
Alas! what ever since I've sung
was just its echo faint.

The moon so peaceful rises

The moon so peaceful rises
with all its golden shine,
There sleeps in lovely glitter
the weary earth below.

And on the breezes waft down
from many faithful hearts
true loving thoughts by the thousand
upon the sleeping ones.

And down in the valley, there twinkle
the lights from my lover's house;
But I in darkness still look out silent
into the world.

--translations by David Kenneth Smith

IV

Three Irish Country Songs

I know my love
I know where I'm goin'
As I was goin' to Ballynure

Rebecca Clarke
(1886-1979)

Down by the Salley Gardens

Rebecca Clarke, born and raised in England, spent most of her adult life in the United States. She wrote her first compositions prior to her 1903 enrollment at the Royal Academy of Music, from which she was promptly withdrawn in 1905 when her harmony teacher, Percy Miles, proposed marriage. In 1907, she began to study composition at the Royal College of Music as the first female student of Charles Villiers Stanford. However, she was again unable to complete her studies when her father banished her from the family home. Clarke then began to support herself through a career as a violist; she had switched from her first instrument, the violin, at the encouragement of Stanford. In 1912, she became one of the first female musicians in a fully professional (and formerly all-male) ensemble, the Queen's Hall Orchestra, and throughout the 1910s and 1920s, Clarke performed throughout the world both as a soloist and in chamber ensembles with many of the greatest musicians of that time. In 1944, at age 58, she married James Friskin, a member of the piano faculty at Juilliard, whom she had met during her studies at the Royal College of Music.

Clarke composed about 90 works, which include pieces for various solo instruments, works for both instrumental and vocal chamber ensembles, choral works, and solo songs. Her best-known and most frequently recorded compositions are the *Viola Sonata* (1919) and the *Piano Trio* (1921). She is regarded as one of the most important British composers of the period between the two world wars. However, most of her music has never been published and remains the property of her estate.

Clarke arranged *Three Irish Country Songs*, completed in April of 1926, from material she found in *Irish Country Songs, Volume I*, edited and arranged by Herbert Hughes (1909). These pieces, like many of her other chamber works, demonstrate a mastery of the wide variety of techniques and characters that can be created on the violin.

I know my love

"I know my love by his way of walkin'
And I know my love by his way of talkin'
And I know my love drest in a suit o' blue,
And if my love leaves me what will I do?"

And still she cried, "I love him the best,
And a troubled mind sure can know no rest."
And still she cried, "Bonny boys are few,
And if my love leaves me what will I do?"

"There is a dance house in Maradyke
And there my true love goes ev'ry night,
He takes a strange one upon his knee,
And don't you think now that vexes me?"...

"If my love knew I could wash and wring,
If my love knew I could weave and spin,
I'd make a coat all of the finest kind,
But the want of money sure leaves me behind."...

I know where I'm goin'

"I know where I'm goin', " she said,
"And I know who's goin' with me,
I know who I love,
But the dear knows who I'll marry.

"I have stockings of silk,
Shoes of fine green leather,
Combs to buckle my hair,
And a ring for ev'ry finger.

"Some say he's black,
But I say he's bonny,
The fairest of them all,
My handsome, winsome Johnny.

"Feather beds are soft,
And painted rooms are bonny,
But I would leave them all
To go with my love Johnny.

As I was goin' to Ballynure

*As I was goin' to Ballynure the day I well remember
For to view the lads and lasses on the fifth day of November,
With a maring-doo-a-day,
With a maring-a-doo-a-daddy-oh.*

*As I was goin' along the road as homeward I was walkin'
I heard a wee lad behind a ditch-a to his wee lass was talkin'...*

*Said the wee lad to the wee lass, "It's will ye let me kiss ye?
For it's I have got the cordial eye that far exceeds the whiskey."...*

*"This cordial that ye talk about, There's very few o' them gets it,
For there's nothin' now but crooked combs and mus-i-lin gowns can catch it."...*

The original voice and piano version of "Down by the Salley gardens" was completed in February of 1919 while Rebecca Clarke was touring in Honolulu with 'cellist May Mukle. She wrote a new version with violin accompaniment in 1955 for soprano Helen Boatwright. For this arrangement, one of Clarke's last compositions, she transposed the song from E to F-sharp minor and modified the vocal melody of the second verse to provide Boatwright with a high note at the climax of the piece. The text was written by Irish poet, politician, and dramatist William Butler Yeats (1865-1939). Yeats, the 1923 Nobel Prize winner for literature, was a central figure in the early twentieth-century literary revival known as the Irish Renaissance.

Down by the Salley gardens

Down by the Salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the Salley gardens with little snow white feet.
She bid me take love easy as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her did not agree.*

*In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears*

*willow

V

Three Mountain Hymns

**Alice Parker
(b. 1925)**

**I will arise
O Thou, in whose presence
Mansions in the Skies**

Alice Parker has made significant contributions to American choral music as an arranger, composer, conductor, teacher, and author. She began composing at age five and has written more than 400 works in all vocal forms, including cantata and opera. In 1949, she received a master's degree in choral conducting from the Juilliard School, where she studied with Robert Shaw, Julius Herford, and Vincent Persichetti. During her second year of study at Juilliard, the Robert Shaw Chorale was founded and Parker began her lengthy collaboration with the master conductor. Together, they produced many choral arrangements of spirituals, folk songs, carols, and hymns that have become standards in the American choral repertoire. In 1954, Alice married Thomas Pyle, an assistant to Shaw and a baritone in the chorale.

Alice Parker has received numerous commissions from well-known groups such as Chanticleer, the Vancouver Chamber Singers, and the Atlanta Symphony. Now in her late seventies, she continues to travel within the United States and abroad, lecturing, conducting, and leading workshops.

“I will arise” is an arrangement of the hymn tune *RESTORATION* from William Walker’s *Southern Harmony*, 1835, which is commonly sung with the text “Come ye sinners, poor and needy.” The first stanza of Parker’s setting uses an anonymous text, while the second and third stanzas are drawn from portions of Robert Robinson’s “Come Thou Fount.” Robinson (1735-1890) wrote the text at the age of twenty-three. While in his teens, he experienced conversion at a revival meeting led by George Whitefield. Robinson later wrote other hymns and theological works and served as a minister in both Methodist and Baptist churches.

I will arise

*I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in his arms,
In the arms of my dear Savior,
Oh, there are ten thousand charms.*

*Come Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise*

*Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of Thy redeeming Love.*

“O Thou, in whose presence” is a Dorian setting of the tune *DAVIS* by Freeman Lewis. The three stanzas of this hymn are taken from the first, fifth, and last stanzas of a seven stanza poem by Joseph Swain (1761-1796). At one time apprenticed to an engraver in London, Swain began writing hymns after his conversion and became a Baptist minister in 1791.

O Thou, in whose presence

*O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.*

*He looks and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for His word;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with His voice,
Reechoes the praise of her Lord.*

*This is my beloved: His form is divine,
His vestment spreads odors around,
The locks on His head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.*

The text for “Mansions in the Skies” was written by Isaac Watts (1674-1748), the father of English hymnody. Watts experienced poor health for most of his life, providing good reason for the enthusiasm for life in heaven that he expresses in this hymn. For the last thirty years of his life, he was more or less an invalid, but it was in these years that he devoted himself to writing the texts for some of the most beloved hymns of the Protestant faith.

Mansions in the Skies

*When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes.*

*Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heav'n, my All!*

*Should earth against my soul enrage
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage
And face a frowning world;*