

## Benjamin Britten

### Serenade für Tenor Horn und Streichorchester Op. 31

Die Serenade hat acht Sätze. Die Texte wählte Britten aus Gedichten von unterschiedlichen englischen Dichtern aus dem 15. bis 19. Jahrhundert aus.

#### 1. Prologue (Solo Horn)

#### 2. Pastoral Text: Charles Cotton (1630–1687)

The day's grown old; the fainting sun - Has but a little way to run,  
And yet his steeds, with all his skill, - Scarce lug the chariot down the hill.

The shadows now so long do grow, - That brambles like tall cedars show;  
Molehills seem mountains, and the ant - Appears a monstrous elephant.

A very little, little flock - Shades thrice the ground that it would stock;  
Whilst the small stripling following them - Appears a mighty Polypheme.

And now on benches all are sat, - In the cool air to sit and chat,  
Till Phoebus, dipping in the West, - Shall lead the world the way to rest.

#### 3. Nocturne Text: Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)

The splendour falls on castle walls - And snowy summits old in story:  
The long light shakes across the lakes, - And the wild cataract leaps in glory:

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, - Bugle blow; answer, echoes, dying,  
dying,  
O hark, O hear, how thin and clear, - And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar - The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying: - Bugle, blow; answer, echoes, answer,  
dying, dying, dying.  
O love, they die in yon rich sky, - They faint on hill or field or river:  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul, - And grow for ever and for ever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying; - And answer, echoes, answer, dying,  
dying, dying.

#### 4. Elegy Text: William Blake (1757–1827)

O Rose, thou art sick; - The invisible worm  
That flies in the night, - In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed - Of crimson joy;  
And his dark, secret love - Does thy life destroy.

#### 5. Dirge Text: Lyke Wake Dirge, Anonymous (15. Jahrhundert)

This ae nighte, this ae nighte, - Every nighte and alle,  
Fire and fleet and candle-lighte, - And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past, - Every nighte and alle,  
To Whinnymuir thou com'st at last; - And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gav'st hos'n and shoon, - Every nighte and alle,  
Sit thee down and put them on; - And Christe receive thy saule.

If hos'n and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane - Every nighte and alle,  
The whinnes sall prick thee to the bare bane; - And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinnymuir when thou may'st pass, - Every nighte and alle,  
To [Brig o' Dread](#) thou com'st at last; - And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass, - Every nighte and alle,  
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last; - And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gav'st meat or drink, - Every nighte and alle,  
The fire sall never make thee shrink; - And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane, - Every nighte and alle,  
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane; - And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte, - Every nighte and alle,  
Fire and fleet and candle-lighte, - And Christe receive thy saule.

#### 6. Hymn Text: Ben Jonson (1572–1637)

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair, - Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
Seated in thy silver chair, - State in wonted manner keep:  
Hesperus entreats thy light, - Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade - Dare itself to interpose;  
Cynthia's shining orb was made - Heav'n to clear when day did close:  
Bless us then with wishèd sight, - Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart, - And thy crystal shining quiver;  
Give unto the flying hart - Space to breathe, how short so-ever:  
Thou that mak'st a day of night, - Goddess excellently bright.

#### 7. Sonnet Text: John Keats (1795–1821)

O soft embalmer of the still midnight, - Shutting with careful fingers and benign  
Our gloom-pleas'd eyes, embower'd from the light, - Enshaded in forgetfulness  
divine:

O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close - In midst of this thine hymn my willing  
eyes,  
Or wait the "Amen" ere thy poppy throws - Around my bed its lulling charities.

Then save me, or the passèd day will shine - Upon my pillow, breeding many  
woes,  
Save me from curious Conscience, that still lords

Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole; - Turn the key deftly in the oilèd  
wards,  
And seal the hushèd Casket of my Soul.

#### 8. Epilogue (Solo Horn)