

A close-up photograph of lavender flowers in shades of purple and blue, with green stems and leaves. A bumblebee is captured in flight, hovering near the flowers. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green.

# A Gardener's World

Flowers in song

RUBICON

Alessandro  
Fisher      Anna  
                Tilbrook



# A Gardener's World

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Alessandro Fisher *tenor*

Anna Tilbrook *piano*

The idea for this project was born out of the lockdowns of 2020. It was a time of great frustration, but also of contemplation and discovery. During those months of enforced isolation, when the world appeared to be falling apart at the seams, it was inevitable that we took refuge in any way we possibly could. For my wife and myself, that meant escaping into the garden we are fortunate to enjoy at our home. The hours spent in our garden during lockdown were magical in their ability to simultaneously invigorate us and detach us from the uncertainty of lockdown life. For the first time in years, we witnessed in minute detail the changing of the seasons, as heralded by the changing of the blooms. The tiniest flash of new colour, new life, brought with it a sense of hope, a warming feeling that the world itself would eventually recover and heal. This rekindled love of nature, as well as the sense of relief this escape to the garden could provide, caused me to dive into the world of poetry and music inspired by the great outdoors. It will come as no surprise that composers and poets have drawn inspiration from the flora around them for centuries.

When I first mentioned the idea for this programme to my wonderful friend and collaborator Anna Tilbrook, it became clear that we both shared a passion for this topic, and that ultimately our task would not be finding songs to include, but rather choosing which ones to leave out (this time...). Given my background in modern languages, I was keen to explore works in a broad variety of tongues. I wanted to discover how different countries' poets would respond to the blooms around them and immortalise them in poetry, before that poetry was then set to music by composers who added yet another sensory layer to the text. Thanks to the wonders of the internet, Anna and I were able to travel the world without leaving our homes, or, indeed, breaking lockdown rules... We explored a multitude of languages and cultures, some more familiar to us than others (Catalan was a completely unknown entity!), and it was fascinating to delve into the poetry and music of these vastly different nations. The contents of this recording can't be classed simply as 'songs about flowers.' While many either have the name of a specific flower in the title, or refer to flowers in a more general sense, in the majority of cases the allegorical reference to flora is used to reflect deep – but altogether human – emotion.

Indeed, the opening song, Schubert's **Die Blumensprache**, and its counterpart towards the end of the programme, Elgar's **The Language of Flowers**, highlight this perfectly. Where human speech fails, be it because of social mores or even just its own natural limitations, it is the language of flowers that allows an emotion to be fully expressed. It is the heraldic, yet painfully fleeting, nature of blooms that so often has inspired poets to write about them and composers to set those texts to music. It is unsurprising that Violets, Anemones and Daffodils feature so heavily, as they are some of the earliest flowers to blossom in the new year. Mendelssohn's **Das erste Veilchen** sees the narrator bemoan the swift passing of 'Spring's messenger,' gone before the hope its arrival elicited could bear fruit. Muriel Herbert's setting of **To Daffodils** likens the fleeting nature of human life to that of the daffodil which departs even while the 'early-rising sun has not attain'd his noon.' Composing the song in 1916, it is perhaps inevitable that she was drawn to texts that addressed the all too swift, and seemingly senseless passing of youth. The importance of the Anemone, and the new spring that its arrival announces is of such significance to Sibelius that no fewer than half of his **Six Songs** in **Op.88** are dedicated to a variety of it.

‘Blåsippan,’ ‘Vitsippan,’ and ‘Sippan’ all refer to the Anemone being both the first and the most fleeting of spring flowers, unsurprising perhaps, given the great sense of joy that the beginning of spring must elicit in a country that has just endured a long, cold, and, in parts, extremely dark winter. That being said, excitement for the arrival of spring and the explosion of life it brings clearly isn’t limited to northern Europe; indeed Eduard Toldrà’s **Floreix l’ametller** is almost explosive in portraying the joy that a simple new blossom can impart on a winter-weary soul.

We chose to include songs by both Robert and Clara Schumann, as the well-documented depth of their relationship, and indeed the adversity they had to overcome to be together, lends an extra dimension to the music they composed for each other. Unlike **Die Lotosblume**, **Meine Rose** was not included in the song cycle *Myrthen* that Robert dedicated to Clara for their wedding, but the two songs complement each other well. One could even be considered a natural successor to the other, with the young, naive, innocent first blush of love and sexual awakening in ‘Die Lotosblume’ blossoming into the more mature, self-sacrificing and utterly devoted love of ‘Meine Rose.’ Clara’s **Das Veilchen** is altogether more playful, but the tender sense of devotion that was so clear between the composers is reflected in the text she chose to set to music. All of these blooms could indeed be the flowers referred to in Poulenc’s **Fleurs**. Flowers given in a youthful pledge of love are today hazy, powdery ashes in the fireplace of memory.

Doomed or lost love is also a common theme across this programme. The old maid wistfully leaning out of her window surrounded by the scent of mint, thyme and rosemary, longing for the return of her beloved from all those years ago in Toldrà’s **Menta i farigola**; the poor flower in Fauré’s **Le Papillon et la Fleur** bemoaning the fact that it can never be with its true love, the fleeting butterfly; or the oak that is left distraught and alone when its companion, the rose, is lured away by a young maiden in Guastavino’s **La rosa y el sauce**.

All of these songs serve to highlight the versatility of floral imagery when reflecting deep human interaction and emotion. Indeed, Guastavino was so passionate about the flowers of his native Argentina that his cycle *Flores argentinas* features no fewer than 12 of them. It was no easy task to choose only one of these songs to perform, but we both instantly fell in love with the simple, almost tango-esque **Cortadera, plumerito** – an elegiac reminiscence of a youth spent in Buenos Aires watching and listening to the gentle sway of the delicate tall grasses that would in time give Guastavino his epithet; the ‘Schubert of the Pampas.’ We chose to conclude the programme with Haydn Wood’s **Love’s Garden of Roses** as (quite apart from being an utterly beautiful song) its unashamed positivity felt like a message we wanted to close with. Composed in 1914 on the eve of another great cataclysm that shook the world to its core, we found it perfectly encapsulated the inspiration for the programme as a whole. Just as it would have done in 1914, the explosion of colour, smells and activity in a summer garden served as a daily tonic; a vital reminder that life would still flourish.

**Alessandro Fisher**





Franz Schubert (1797–1828)  
1. **Die Blumensprache D519** (?1817)

*?A. or E. Platner 1787–1855*

Es deuten die Blumen des Herzens Gefühle,  
Sie sprechen manch' heimliches Wort;  
Sie neigen sich traulich am schwankenden Stiele,  
Als zöge die Liebe sie fort.  
Sie bergen verschämt sich im deckenden Laube,  
Als hätte verraten der Wunsch sie dem Raube.

Sie deuten im leise bezaubernden Bilde  
Der Frauen, der Mädchen Sinn;  
Sie deuten das Schöne, die Anmut, die Milde,  
Sie deuten des Lebens Gewinn:  
Es hat mit der Knospe, so heimlich verschlungen,  
Der Jüngling die Perle der Hoffnung gefunden.

Sie weben der Sehnsucht, des Harmes Gedanken  
Aus Farben ins duftige Kleid.  
Nichts frommen der Trennung gehässige Schranken,  
Die Blumen verkünden das Leid.  
Was laut nicht der Mund, der bewachte, darf sagen,  
Das waget die Huld sich in Blumen zu klagen.

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)  
**The language of Flowers** (?1817)

Flowers reveal the feelings of the heart,  
they speak many a secret word;  
they incline confidingly on their swaying stems,  
as though drawn by love.  
They hide shyly amid concealing foliage,  
as though desire had betrayed them to seduction.

They reveal, in a delicate, enchanting image,  
the nature of women and maidens;  
they signify beauty, grace, gentleness;  
they embody life's rewards:  
so in the bud, so secretly concealed,  
the youth has found the pearl of hope.

With coloured strands they weave into their fragrant dress  
thoughts of yearning and sorrow.  
The hateful barriers of separation  
are of no importance, flowers proclaim our suffering.  
What guarded lips may not speak aloud,  
in kindness will dare to lament through flowers.

Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847)  
2. **Das erste Veilchen Op. 19a No. 2** (1832)

*Karl Egon Ebert 1801–1882*

Als ich das erste Veilchen erblickt,  
Wie war ich von Farben und Duft entzückt!  
Die Botin des Lenzes drückt' ich voll Lust  
An meine schwellende, hoffende Brust.

Der Lenz ist vorüber, das Veilchen ist tot;  
Rings steh'n viel Blumen blau und rot,  
Ich stehe inmitten, und sehe sie kaum,  
Das Veilchen erscheint mir im Frühlingstraum.

Robert Schumann (1810–1856)  
**Myrthen Op. 25** (1840)

3. **Die Lotosblume**

*Heinrich Heine 1797–1856*

Die Lotosblume ängstigt  
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,  
Und mit gesenktem Haupte  
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle,  
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,  
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich  
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet  
Und starret stumm in die Höh;  
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert  
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847)  
**The first violet** (1832)

When I saw the first violet,  
how its colour and fragrance charmed me!  
Joyfully I pressed Spring's messenger  
to my heaving, hoping breast.

Spring has gone, the violet is dead;  
many blue and red flowers grow round about,  
I stand in their midst, yet hardly see them,  
the violet appears to me in my dream of Spring.

Robert Schumann (1810–1856)  
**Myrthen Op. 25** (1840)

**The lotus-flower**

The lotus-flower fears  
the sun's splendour,  
and with bowed head,  
dreaming, awaits the night.

The moon is her lover,  
he wakes her with his light,  
and to him she tenderly unveils  
her innocent flower-like face.

She blooms and glows and gleams,  
and gazes silently aloft –  
fragrant and weeping and trembling  
with love and the pain of love.

Clara Schumann (1819–1896)  
4. **Das Veilchen** (1853)  
*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe 1749–1832*  
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,  
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;  
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.  
Da kam eine junge Schäferin  
Mit leichtem Schritt und munterm Sinn  
Daher, daher,  
Die Wiese her, und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär' ich nur  
Die schönste Blume der Natur,  
Ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen,  
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt  
Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!  
Ach nur, ach nur  
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam  
Und nicht in acht das Veilchen nahm,  
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.  
Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch:  
Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch  
Durch sie, durch sie,  
Zu ihren Füßen doch.

Das arme Veilchen!  
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen!

Clara Schumann (1819–1896)  
**The violet** (1853)  
A violet was growing in the meadow,  
unnoticed and with bowed head;  
it was a dear sweet violet.  
Along came a young shepherdess,  
light of step and happy of heart,  
along, along  
through the meadow, and sang.

Ah! thinks the violet, if I were only  
the loveliest flower in all Nature,  
ah! for only a little while,  
till my darling had picked me  
and crushed me against her bosom!  
Ah only, ah only  
for a single quarter hour!

But alas, alas, the girl drew near  
and took no heed of the violet,  
trampled the poor violet.  
It sank and died, yet still rejoiced:  
and if I die, at least I die  
through her, through her  
and at her feet.

The poor violet!  
It was a dear sweet violet!

Robert Schumann (1810–1856)  
5. **6 Gedichte von N. Lenau und Requiem Op.90** (1850)  
*Nikolaus Lenau 1802–1850*  
**Meine Rose**  
Dem holden Lenzgeschmeide,  
Der Rose, meiner Freude,  
Die schon gebeugt und blasser  
Vom heißen Strahl der Sonnen,  
Reich' ich den Becher Wasser  
Aus dunklem, tiefen Bronnen.

Du Rose meines Herzens!  
Vom stillen Strahl des Schmerzens  
Bist du gebeugt und blasser;  
Ich möchte dir zu Füßen,  
Wie dieser Blume Wasser,  
Still meine Seele gießen!  
Könnt' ich dann auch nicht sehen  
Dich freudig auferstehen.

Jean Sibelius (1865–1957)  
**6 Songs Op. 88** (1917)

6. **Blåsippan**  
*Frans Mikael Franzén 1772–1847*  
Vad lärkan bådåt har från skyn,  
det vittnar du på jordens bryn,  
du vårens förstling, främst bland alla!  
Dock såsom allt, vad skönt vi kalla,  
åt himlen visar du också  
med dina ögon himmelsblå.

Robert Schumann (1810–1856)  
**6 Gedichte von N. Lenau und Requiem Op.90** (1850)  
*Nikolaus Lenau*  
**My rose**  
To spring's fair jewel,  
to the rose, my delight,  
already drooping and pale  
from the heat of the sun,  
I bring a beaker of water  
from the deep, dark well.

Rose of my heart!  
You droop and pale  
from the silent shaft of pain;  
I would silently pour out  
my soul at your feet,  
as I pour water for this flower!  
Even though I might not then  
see you happily revive.

Jean Sibelius (1865–1957)  
**6 Songs Op. 88** (1917)

**Blue Anemone**  
What the lark summons from above  
You witness upon the earth's brow,  
First of spring, foremost of all!  
Yet like all that we call beautiful,  
You also point toward heaven  
With your sky-blue eyes.



7. **De bägge rosorna**

*Frans Mikael Franzén*

Rosen, ja, rosen likvälär skönast i kransen af blommor;  
Derför ock himlen sjelf lånar till prydnad dess färg.  
Äfven den hvita är täck: men hvad skönhet, när begge  
tillsammans,  
Spruckna på oskuldens kind, höja hvarandras behag!

8. **Vitsippan**

*Frans Mikael Franzén*

Se vitsippan hur täck hon är,  
men ack! hur förgänglig.  
Knappt av din hand hon bryts,  
innan hon dör i din hand.  
Henne i ömhet lik som i täckhet,  
akta dig, flicka,  
att, av förförar'n kysst,  
du ej må vissna som hon.

9. **Sippan**

*Johan Ludvig Runeberg 1804–1877*

Sippa, vårens första blomma,  
Om jag bröt dig, om jag gaf dig  
Åt den älskade, den kalla!  
Bröt jag dig, jag skulle ge dig,  
Gaf jag dig, jag skulle säga:  
„Nära drifvans kant, o flicka,  
Växte vårens första blomma,  
Som vid isen af ditt hjerta  
Blommar upp min trogna kärlek,  
Bäfvande för vinterkylan,  
Men ej qväfd af den, ej skördad.“

**The Two Roses**

The rose, the rose, fairest in the garland of blooms;  
Thus heaven arrays itself borrowing its colour.  
Even the white one is pretty; but how fair when both  
are together,  
Blossoming upon innocence's cheek, heightening each other's grace!

**The Wood Anemone**

See the wood anemone, how pretty she is,  
But, oh! How fleeting!  
Plucked by your hand she breaks,  
Before she dies in your hand.  
Alike in tenderness and beauty,  
Take care, girl,  
That, kissed by the seducer,  
You do not wither like her.

**The Anemone**

Anemone, spring's first flower,  
If I plucked you, if I gave you,  
To the beloved, the cold one!  
When I plucked you, I should give you,  
And when I give you, I should say:  
'By the snow drift's edge, my girl,  
The spring's first flower grows,  
And like the ice in your heart  
So my true love blooms,  
Trembling in the winter chill,  
But never stifled nor reaped.'

10. **Törnet**

*Johan Ludvig Runeberg*

Törne, du min syskonplanta,  
Svept i vinterns is, försmås du,  
Höljd af taggar, hatas du.  
Men jag tänker: kommer våren,  
Slår du ut i blad och rosor,  
Och en växt fins ej på jorden,  
Ljuf och älskad såsom du.  
O, hur mången törnestängel  
Står ej naken i naturen,  
Som behöfde kärlek blott,  
Blott en solblick af ett hjerta,  
För att kläda sig i rosor  
Och hvarit väsens glädje bli!

11. **Blommans öde**

*Johan Ludvig Runeberg*

Barn af våren  
Rov för höstens vind,  
Blomma, säg vi dröjer tåren  
På din späda kind?

„Solen dalar,  
Stormens röst jag hör.“  
Så den späda blomman talar,  
Träffas, bräcks och dör.

**The thorn**

The thorn, my sister plant,  
Concealed by the winter's ice, disdained,  
Encased in thorns, despised.  
But I think: when the spring comes,  
You break forth leaves and roses,  
And no finer beauty exists upon earth  
That is more greatly admired than you.  
Oh, how many thorns  
Stand naked in nature,  
Which simply need love,  
Simply a glance of sunlight from a heart,  
To become clothed in roses  
And gladden all!

**The flower's fate**

Child of spring  
Plundered by autumn's wind,  
Flower, tell me why the tear remains  
Upon your tender cheek?

'The sun descends,  
I hear the storm's voice.'  
This is what the tender flower says,  
It is battered, broken, and dies.

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)  
12. **Le Papillon et la Fleur Op. 1 No. 1** (1861)

*Victor Hugo 1802–1885*

La pauvre fleur disait au papillon céleste:  
Ne fuis pas!  
Vois comme nos destins sont différents. Je reste,  
Tu t'en vas!

Pourtant nous nous aimons, nous vivons sans les hommes  
Et loin d'eux,  
Et nous nous ressemblons, et l'on dit que nous sommes  
Fleurs tous deux!

Mais, hélas! l'air t'emporte et la terre m'enchaîne.  
Sort cruel!  
Je voudrais embaumer ton vol de mon haleine  
Dans le ciel!

Mais non, tu vas trop loin! – Parmi des fleurs sans nombre  
Vous fuyez,  
Et moi je reste seule à voir tourner mon ombre  
À mes pieds.

Tu fuis, puis tu reviens; puis tu t'en vas encore  
Luire ailleurs.  
Aussi me trouves-tu toujours à chaque aurore  
Toute en pleurs!

Oh! pour que notre amour coule des jours fidèles,  
Ô mon roi,  
Prends comme moi racine, ou donne-moi des ailes  
Comme à toi!

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)  
**The butterfly and the flower** (1861)

The humble flower said to the heavenly butterfly:  
do not flee!  
See how our destinies differ. Fixed to earth am I,  
you fly away!

Yet we love each other, we live without men  
and far from them,  
and we are so alike, it is said that both of us  
are flowers!

But alas! The breeze bears you away, the earth holds me fast.  
Cruel fate!  
I would perfume your flight with my fragrant breath  
in the sky!

But no, you flit too far! Among countless flowers  
you fly away,  
while I remain alone, and watch my shadow circle  
round my feet.

You fly away, then return; then take flight again  
to shimmer elsewhere.  
And so you always find me at each dawn  
bathed in tears!

Ah, that our love might flow through faithful days,  
O my king,  
take root like me, or give me wings  
like yours!

Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)  
13. **Les Papillons Op. 2 No. 3** (1880)

*Théophile Gautier 1811–1872*

Les papillons couleur de neige  
Volent par essaims sur la mer;  
Beaux papillons blancs, quand pourrai-je  
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air?

Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,  
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,  
S'ils me voulaient prêter leurs ailes,  
Dites, savez-vous où j'irais?

Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,  
À travers vallons et forêts,  
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,  
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.

Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)  
14. **Fiançailles pour rire** (1939)  
*Louise de Vilmorin 1902–1969*

**Fleurs**

Brûle avec ses images saintes.  
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver  
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?  
Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes  
Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras,  
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas,  
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la cheminée  
Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées

Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)  
**Butterflies** (1880)

Snow-coloured butterflies  
swarm over the sea;  
beautiful white butterflies, when might I  
take to the azure path of the air?

Do you know, O beauty of beauties,  
my jet-eyed bayadere –  
were they to lend me their wings,  
do you know where I would go?

Without kissing a single rose,  
across valleys and forests  
I'd fly to your half-closed lips,  
flower of my soul, and there would die.

Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)  
**Fiançailles pour rire** (1939)

**Flowers**

Burns with its sacred images.  
Who brought you these flowers in winter  
Sprinkled with the sea's sand?  
A moan-beribboned heart  
Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,  
Flowers from a step's parentheses,  
Your lovely eyes are ashes and in the hearth  
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves



Eduard Toldrà (1895–1962)  
15. **A Pombra del lledoner** (1924)

*Tomàs Garcés 1901–1993*  
A l'ombra del lledoner  
una fadrineta plora.  
La tarda mor dalt del cim  
i llisca per la rossola,  
l'esfilagarsen els brucs,  
la tenebra se l'emporta.  
La noia plora d'enyor:  
el lledoner no fa ombra.  
Fadrina, l'amor és lluny;  
enllà, la carena fosca.

Si passava un cavaller...  
Du el cavall blanc de la brida.  
L'arbre li dóna repòs,  
l'oratge, manyac, arriba.  
Al cel la llum de l'estel  
és la rosada del dia.  
–Cavaller, l'amor és lluny;  
amb l'ombra i el cant fugia.  
–Fadrina, l'amor és lluny;  
per l'ampla plana camina.

La nit sospira, la nit,  
el bosc, la riera clara.  
Les branques del lledoner  
són fines i despullades;  
fulla i ocell n'han fugit,  
però hi crema l'estelada.  
Fadrina, l'amor és lluny;  
demana'l a punta d'alba,  
quan l'ombra del lledoner  
s'allargui com un miracle.

Eduard Toldrà (1895–1962)  
**In the shade of a hackberry** (1924)

In the shade of a hackberry  
a young girl is crying.  
The evening dies over the summit  
and slides down the chute,  
is frayed by the heathers,  
darkness takes it away.  
The girl cries of longing:  
the hackberry gives no shade.  
Girl, love is far away;  
beyond the dark crest.

If a knight would pass...  
Takes the white horse by the bridle.  
The tree gives him rest,  
the breeze, gentle, arrives.  
In the sky, the starlight  
is like the daylight's dew.  
– Sir, love is far away;  
fled with the shadow and the song.  
– Girl, love is far away;  
walks along the vast plain.

The night sighs, the night,  
the forest, the clear brook.  
The branches of the hackberry  
are thin and bare;  
leaves and birds have abandoned them,  
but they are lighted by the stars.  
Girl, love is far away;  
ask for it at dawn,  
when the shade of the hackberry,  
like a miracle, will lengthen.

16. **Menta i farigola** (1915)

*Josep Carner 1884–1970*  
Menta, farigola,  
ruda y romaní.  
Una vella, vella,  
com un pergami.

Al nas les ulleres,  
a la mà'l mitjó,  
surt a la finestra,  
guayta l'horitzó.

Y com cada día,  
en instant parell,  
la vella gemega,  
pregant pel donzell

qu'a tretz'anys l'aymava.  
Tretz'anys! si era ahí!  
Menta, farigola,  
ruda y romaní.

*Published in Llibre dels Poetas (1904).*  
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**Mint and thyme** (1915)

Mint and thyme  
rue and rosemary.  
An elderly woman,  
old as parchement,

glasses on her nose,  
a sock in her hand,  
leans at the window,  
looks at the horizon.

And like every day  
at the same time,  
the old maid wails,  
praying for the young man

that loved her when she was thirteen.  
Thirteen years old! Seems like yesterday!  
Mint and thyme,  
rue and rosemary.

17. **Floreix l'ametller** (1929)

*Ignasi Iglesias 1871–1928*

Floreix l'ametller  
i el blat ja grifola.  
Malgrat el gener  
mon cor no tremola  
que el baf del terror  
l'alegra i l'arbola.  
El verd lluminós  
que enjoia el sembrat  
reflecta clarors  
d'un foc soterrat:  
d'un foc que reviu  
amb vida fecunda,  
natura somriu!  
natura es deixonada.  
El sol, emboirat  
enyora la terra,  
i apunta, esblaimat  
pel cim de la serra.  
Per 'xò a ple gener  
mon cor no tremola  
que el baf del terror  
Floreix l'ametller  
i el blat ja grifola.

**The almond tree blossoms** (1929)

The almond tree blossoms  
and the wheat sprouts already.  
In spite of January  
my heart does not shiver  
because the breath of the earth  
brightens and lifts it.  
The shining greenery,  
that the sown field adorns,  
reflects the light  
of a buried fire:  
of a fire revived  
with fertile life,  
nature smiles,  
nature awakes.  
The sun, covered with mist,  
longs for the earth,  
and begins to show, pale,  
at the top of the mountains.  
Hence, in the middle of January  
my heart does not shiver  
because the breath of the earth  
The almond tree blossoms  
and the wheat sprouts already.

Carlos Guastavino (1912–2000)

18. **La rosa y el sauce** (1942)

*Fernán Silva Valdés 1887–1975*

La rosa se iba abriendo  
Abrazada al sauce,  
El árbol apasionada,  
La amaba tanto!

Pero una niña, una niña coqueta  
Se la ha robado  
Y el sauce desconsolado  
La está llorando.

**Flores Argentinas** (1969)

*León Benarós 1915–2012*

19. **Cortadera, plumerito**  
Cortadera, plumerito  
¡Cuánto nácar en el viento!  
Recuerdos de tus verdoros  
Me causan un sentimiento.

¡Ay, cuanto te necesito!  
Trebolar donde vivía.  
¿Podré volver algún día  
Cortadera, plumerito?

Por esos campos viví  
Provincia de Buenos Aires  
Y, abanicando los aires  
Por esos años te ví.

Carlos Guastavino (1912–2000)

**The rose and the willow tree** (1942)

The rose was opening  
cleaved to the willow.  
The passionate tree  
loved it so!

But a cheeky young girl  
took it away,  
and the disconsolate willow  
laments it so!

**Flores Argentinas** (1969)

**Cortadera, plumerito**  
Little cutting, little feather,  
like mother-of-pearl in the wind!  
Memories of your greenness  
stir feelings within me.

Oh, how much I need you,  
clover fields where I lived.  
Can I return someday,  
little cutting, little feather?

I lived among those fields,  
the Province of Buenos Aires,  
and, during those years,  
I saw you fanning the airs.



Muriel Herbert (1897–1984)  
20. **Violets** (1927)  
*George Meredith 1828–1909*  
Violets, shy violets!  
How many hearts with you compare!  
Who hide themselves in thickest green,  
And thence, unseen,  
Ravish the enraptured air  
With sweetness, dewy fresh and rare!

Violets, shy violets!  
Human hearts to me shall be  
Viewless violets in the grass,

And as I pass,  
Odours and sweet imagery  
Will wait on mine and gladden me!

21. **To Daffodils** (1916)  
*Robert Herrick 1591–1674*  
Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attain'd his noon.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to the even-song;  
And, having pray'd together, we  
Will go with you along.  
  
We have short time to stay, as you,  
We have as short a spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or anything,  
We die

As your hours do, and dry  
Away,  
Like to the summer's rain;  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

Edward Elgar (1857–1934)  
22. **The Language of Flowers** (1872)  
*James Gates Percival 1795–1856*  
In Eastern lands they talk in flow'rs  
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;  
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bow'r's,  
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The rose is a sign of joy and love,  
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn,  
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,  
From the myrtle's snowy flow'rs is drawn.

Innocence gleams in the lily's bell,  
Pure as the heart in its native heaven.  
Fame's bright star and glory's swell  
By the glossy leaf of the bay are given.

The silent, soft and humble heart,  
In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes,  
And the tender soul that cannot part,  
In a twine of evergreen fondly wreathes.

The cypress that daily shades the grave,  
Is sorrow that moans her bitter lot,  
And faith that a thousand ills can brave,  
Speaks in thy blue leaves "forget-me-not".  
Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,  
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

Haydn Wood (1882–1959)  
23. **Love's garden of roses** (1914)  
*Ruth Rutherford d.1952*  
Come, dearest heart, 'mid the flow'rs of June,  
Come out in my garden so gay;  
I've roses, bright roses of ev'ry hue  
And sunshine for the whole day.

There is laughter and song in my garden  
And a spell over all the land.  
Ah! Never a fairer world could be,  
To wander hand in hand.

Come to my garden of roses;  
Winds whisper low.  
Ne'er was so sweet a garden  
With love aglow.

Laughter and love in the sunshine;  
Joys all divine.  
Come, oh come to my garden,  
Dearest heart of mine.

Come, dearest heart, where the flow'rs enfold  
A dream that is tender and true.  
'Tis here we may find in a rose's heart,  
A message glad for me and you.

There is laughter and song in my garden,  
And such bliss that our hearts can tell,  
In the world we walk together,  
Where love alone doth dwell.

Come to my garden of roses;  
Winds whisper low.  
Ne'er was so sweet a garden  
With love aglow.

Laughter and love in the sunshine;  
Joys all divine.  
Come, oh come to my garden,  
Come, dearest heart of mine.

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**RADIO 3** **NEW  
GENERATION  
ARTISTS**

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