
Haydn THE SEASONS

INTRODUCTION

Haydn's last two masses, the *Schopfungsmesse* (1801) and the *Harmoniemesse* (1802), together with his Oratorio *The Seasons* (Die Jahreszeiten), were the composer's last major works. He is reported to have said of *The Seasons* that it 'broke my back'. The work was, indeed, enormous, taking from 1798 to 1801 to complete, and the tireless effort which Haydn lavished on the score ruined his health. He became subject to nervousness, headaches, a continual sort of rheumatism or grippe, his eyes troubled him, and, in general, his health was permanently impaired. Although he lived on for some years, he never had the strength to put down on paper more than a few partsongs (*Mehrstimmige Lieder*), harmonisations for Scottish songs, and two movements of a string quartet. Since it is fruitless to speculate what he might have written, let us instead accept the fact that we are, because of this exhaustion, the possessors of one of Haydn's greatest works on this scale - the only others which compare with it are *The Creation*, *Orfeo* and *The Seven Words of the Saviour on the Cross*. Strangely enough, as it would seem, Haydn hated his last monumental work. He had no kind words for it at all, and is supposed to have said with great vehemence, 'this Frenchified trash was forced upon me'. It was, indeed, forced upon him, for which we may thank Baron Gottfried van Swieten, the Viennese Court Librarian.

BARON VAN SWIETEN - THE LIBRETTIST

Baron van Swieten was an outwardly cold, inwardly sentimental, vain, proud, domineering Viennese aristocrat. However, he did two great services for music, the first of which was to introduce Mozart to the works of Bach and Handel at his Sunday morning concerts; the second, and even more important, service was that of collaborating with Haydn to write *The Creation* and then cajoling Haydn into writing *The Seasons*. Van Swieten was also a composer. About his symphonies Haydn had only the famous and oft-quoted words that they were 'as stiff as the Baron himself'. Van Swieten was also a poet. Pohl, Haydn's first champion and biographer in the nineteenth century, wrote: 'Haydn was under the thumb of a self-important person who thought as highly of his poetic gifts as he did of his social importance'. While most of this is quite true, van Swieten was also typically Viennese in his extraordinarily subtle musical perception. It is known that the Baron wrote detailed instructions to the composer when they were working on *The Creation*. Haydn followed these instructions quite carefully, showing both his innate modesty and his ability to use any good idea, even if it came from someone whose level of composition was a great deal below his own. But in the case of *The Seasons* matters were a little different. Haydn objected to the text, both directly and abstractly. He raged and stormed over 'that sort ... of vulgar Frenchified trash' and slandered van Swieten to his friends and acquaintances. 'Croaking frogs', he snorted, 'that's the sort of thing Grétry did'. Van Swieten directed Haydn to reserve the stringed instruments for the lightning (in the famous storm scene), but Haydn ignored this command and used flutes instead, as in the *Symphony no. 8 in G major* 'Le Soir', of thirty years before.

'In the additional instrumental accompaniment', dictated van Swieten, now sure that the success of *The Creation* was only due to his hints on how Haydn ought to compose, 'I should like to hear the purling of brooks and the buzzing of the flying insects'; or, 'Here I want the wailing cry of owls'. Haydn was speechless with rage. Studying the text with the eyes of one who had lived for three decades in Burgenland among the peasants, Haydn read van Swieten's 'Praise of Industry'. Said the composer: 'All my life long I have been industrious, but it has never occurred to me to compose a "Praise of Industry".' As if this were not enough, van Swieten actually began dictating melodies for Haydn to use. In a chorus he insisted that Haydn write 'fugally', and that 'the countersubject be introduced here'. (These comments are preserved in the *Preussische Staatsbibliothek*, Berlin.) Through van Swieten's tireless efforts (perhaps for the first time he was tactful with the venerable composer) Haydn was persuaded to continue his work, and on 24 April 1801 the first performance took place in the historic halls of the Palais Schwarzenberg. The success was enormous, perhaps even greater than that of *The Creation*.

COMPOSITION

Haydn was not petty. Once he had made up his mind to continue for van Swieten, everything he had learned in fifty years of composition was poured into the work. Haydn, the master orchestrator, surpassed everything he had done before in this respect, for the instrumentation of the piece from beginning to end is breath-takingly beautiful. Harmonically more daring than anything except 'Chaos' in *The Creation*, the work is so radically modern in its harmonic conception that one must, as Schuricht once said, 'pinch oneself in order to remember that the man who wrote this music was nearly seventy years old'. Every contrapuntal feat that the old man knew is used casually, without effort, to produce the biggest effects. In short, *The Seasons* occupies the unique position whereby everything in Haydn's artistic life is summed up and, at the same time, the whole world of Berlioz and Wagner is opened to us. *The Seasons* is a Janus, but the face which looks forward is more full of surprise and mystery than the wiser, more perfectly formed face which surveys half a century of tireless, fruitful activity.

The text of *The Seasons* is best described by the note on the first published score by Breitkopf: 'nach Thomson'. This is correct. Van Swieten is 'after' or perhaps even better 'based upon' the Thomson text, first published in 1726. Van Swieten removed the most (to the ears of 1800) objectionable passages, those classical, unemotional and somehow typically English reflections on Nature, the 'moral reflections that Nature arouses in the countryman' which is the Virgilian spirit immersed in the cooling waters of the Age of Reason. Van Swieten's version of the poem is fundamentally fourth-rate, and what Goethe said about it is, alas, all too true: 'If only', the great writer wrote to Knebel on 27 February 1811, 'the entire text were not so frightfully absurd.' If *The Magic Flute* and *The Seasons* are great it is despite, and not because of, their respective texts. Today one is only concerned with what Haydn did with miserable, sentimentalised poetry and what Mozart made out of a silly Viennese *Märchenkomödie* with Masonic secrets added, the underlying truths of which are so abstruse that it takes an Einstein or an Abert to interpret them for us.

H.C. Robbins Landon

THE ENGLISH TEXT

Haydn's last great choral work deserves to be better known in this country, but has been badly served by its English translators from the very beginning. Van Swieten himself produced the first English translation, which varied from being unsingable to unintelligible. In the present edition only two of his lines are preserved: he sensibly realised that Thomson's very first line "*Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come*" fitted the opening chorus perfectly; and then, at the very end, his "*Direct us in thy ways, O God, support us in the strife!*" serves the final fugue very well. But, as the rest of his translation was acknowledged to be unsatisfactory right from the start, editors and publishers altered it where they could. In 1840 Edward Taylor, professor of music at Gresham College, realising that something radical needed to be done, tried to get back to the original poem in the version he produced for *Kearns and Lonsdale*. He writes "...The poem of Thomson is the basis of my version, which thus acquires the vigour of an original work, instead of the feebleness of a translation. In the recitatives I have ventured to make a few alterations, in order to adhere to the poetry of Thomson. The songs being in rhymed metre, I have been compelled to deviate from Thomson's text, in order to follow and preserve the measure of the German poem..." The old Novello edition (1854, revised 1891) used some of Taylor's improvements and served an earlier generation quite well. However, in our day choral conductors have increasingly lamented its inadequacies and made a plea (as Sir Roger Norrington memorably did in his Prom Talk broadcast of 1982) for a modern, performable, English text before they would programme it.

At the time of the work's premiere, in 1801, and for many years earlier, the poem was held in very high regard. As a precursor of the Romantic movement it is possibly the most influential poem of the 18th century, and was translated into many languages soon after publication. Wordsworth, who had no need to love the work since it was written in an Augustan, post-Milonic, style of poetry which he so despised, and to which he notoriously drew attention in 1798 with the publication of

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the *Lyrical Ballads*, writes in the Preface to that pivotal work: "...*The Seasons* is a work of inspiration. It was no sooner read than universally admired." Barthold Heinrich Brockes published a German translation in 1745 which usefully had the German and English texts side by side on the page, and which Swieten must have known and used. He probably had several English editions, judging from the variations in the texts he wrote. This is important, because Thomson changed, altered and expanded the text in every new edition - sometimes completely reversing the meaning. For example, in the opening of *Summer*, his original line (used in editions from 1727-1738) "*With tardy step brown night retires*" becomes "*With quickened step ...*" in the later revisions. Swieten used the 'tardy' image, which is obligingly demonstrated in Haydn's music.

No one, I believe, has commented in detail on how many portions of Haydn's other Oratorio - *The Creation* - are inspired by Thomson. Swieten only ever credited Milton for that libretto; but you can look in vain in *Paradise Lost* for portions of it. There are many sections - hitherto probably credited to Swieten as original - that derive from Thomson's poem. For example: the Bass Aria "Rolling in foaming billows" (Aria no. 6) uses some lines of text from Milton's "Paradise Lost":

.... *The mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky.* [‘Paradise Lost’ Book VII, lines 285-7]

but is completed by others from Thomson's "The Seasons":

*Lashed into foam, the fierce-conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn.
Meantime the mountain billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swelled, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar.* [Winter, lines 159-163]

The soprano aria, no. 15, seems to have been derived from these lines of Thomson:

..... *the steep-ascending eagle soars
With upward pinions through the flood of day,
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the sun...* [Summer, lines 608-11]

rather than this image by Milton, which has sometimes been cited as the original inspiration:

*They summ'd their pens, and soaring th'air sublime,
With clang despised the ground...* [‘Paradise Lost’ Book VII, lines 421-3]

So van Swieten plundered the Thomson poem whilst writing *The Creation* libretto and noticed at an early stage that he could make his next libretto out of it. *The Seasons* libretto is Thomson seen through Swieten's eyes, and is frequently given a different slant. When van Swieten is writing without the assistance of James Thomson the libretto takes a very different turn. In the definitive work about Haydn - *Haydn; Chronicle and Works* volume V - we find the following from H.C. Robbins Landon: "Swieten's adaptation of these lines is in many ways typical. He has made prose out of poetry, completely losing the charm. Swieten could not translate Thomson's felicitous diction, with its brilliantly new reliance on Latin-derived words and its compact organisation of the blank verse into paragraphs rather than linear thoughts. Basically Swieten thought in prose rather than poetry, and when he had to devise verses of his own the result is hardly ever inspiring either as poetry or as stimulating intellectual thought".

Van Swieten made a bad decision when he took it upon himself to translate his text back into the vernacular of the poet James Thomson. With his poor command of the English language it is remarkable that he was not persuaded by his publishers to entrust the task to someone more qualified. From this initial piece of misjudgement stems the entire fate of the work in England, where it has never been as well-loved as *The Creation*, despite being based on a great English poem. Where one would expect to find glorious lines from the original poem they are curiously missing, and in their place is a leaden text, often with poor scansion, and demonstrating exactly the

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kind of “poetic diction” that Wordsworth was inveighing against in his Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*. He famously lamented there that the poetry of his day had descended into the unthinking state that, every time ‘*sheep*’ were written about in a poem, they were referred to as a ‘*fleecy care*’.

With the greatness of Thomson’s poem in mind, coupled with the masterpiece that Haydn made of the music, it seemed sensible to see, once again - just as Edward Taylor had in 1840 - how much of the original could be put back into a new English version. Where the text is not based on Thomson (in *Autumn*, where van Swieten expanded the hunting theme, inserted an operatic love-duet, and added a chorus in praise of wine, and in *Winter* where he added two Songs with chorus for no particular reason except that of adding bulk to the text) I have tried to preserve a ‘period’ feel by choosing appropriate lines of English poetry, ballads and folksongs, from the 17th and 18th centuries. Where van Swieten makes use of a device which he first employed in *The Creation*, of taking verses from the Psalms to develop into major choruses, (e.g. no. 9, and portions of 19 & 44) I have endeavoured to retain the feel of the Book of Common Prayer.

As I hope the new libretto will reveal, Thomson’s original voice is now allowed to speak out more clearly through the music. His dislike for hunting (such a topical subject in our own day) is once again felt in *Autumn*, where van Swieten had altered the mood in sympathy with his own ‘pro-hunting’ tastes. Some things could not be altered too radically: the Wine Chorus (no. 31) may still seem rather Austrian; though the replacement of the nonsensical German refrain “*Heysa, hopsa! Juche, juche, juh*” by the more idiomatic “*Hip, hip, hurrah*”, and the insertion of lines from “The Wait’s Carol” of 1640, “*Hang Sorrow! Let’s cast care away!*” both endeavour to place it in a rural English context. The *Romance* for Soprano and Chorus (no. 40) is from the pen of Madame M. J. B. Favart and was incorporated into Johann Adam Hiller’s Singspiel ‘*Die Liebe auf dem Lande*’ in 1768. Originally written in French, the German translation was prepared by Christian Felix Weisse. However, it must surely be acknowledged that the original inspiration for this little folk-tale is none other than the English folk-song “*Lovely Joan*”, printed below. It must have gone on an interesting European tour before coming home and being fitted back in to my new English translation!

1. *A fine young man it was indeed,
He was mounted on his milk-white steed.
He rode, he rode, himself all alone,
Until he came to lovely Joan.*

2. *“Good morning to you, fair pretty maid”
And “Twice good morning Sir” she said.
He gave her a wink, she rolled her eye.
Says he to himself: “I’ll be there by and by.”*

3. *Then he pulled off his ring of gold.
“My pretty Miss, do this behold.
I’d freely give it for your maidenhead”,
And her cheeks they blushed like the roses red.*

4. *“Give me that ring into my hand,
And I will neither stay nor stand,
For this would do more good to me
Than twenty maidenheads” said she.*

5. *And as he made for the pooks of hay,
She leaped on his horse and tore away.
He called but it was all in vain;
Young Joan she never looked back again.*

6. *She didn’t think herself quite safe,
No, not till she came to her true love’s gate.
She’s robbed him of his horse and ring,
And left him in a rage in the meadows green*

The movements which are being omitted in tonight’s performance: 24, 25, 28, 38; & 36, 37 (portions) are ones in which there is none of Thomson’s poem, but are van Swieten’s own additions.

Neil Jenkins

New translation by Neil Jenkins

SPRING

1. **Overture** *Expressing the passage from Winter to Spring*

1a. **Recitative** *Simon, Lucas, Hannah*

Behold where surly Winter flies, and far to the north passes off.
He calls his ruffian blasts, his blasts obey and quit the hill, the forest and the vale.
Behold the craggy mountain peaks, where softer gales dissolve the snows.
Forth fly the tepid airs, and unconfined, unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.

2. **Chorus**

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness come!
Out of her wintry grave bid drowsy nature rise.
At last the pleasing Spring is near; the softening air is full of balm.
A boundless song bursts from the groves.
As yet the year is unconfirmed, and Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
and bids his driving sleets deform the day and chill the morn.
Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness come!
and smiling on our plains descend, while music wakes around.

3. **Recitative** *Simon*

At last the bounteous sun from Aries into Taurus rolls. Now sickly damps and fogs give way to light and temp'rate airs that lift the white and fleecy clouds and spread them through the sky.

4. **Aria** *Simon*

Th'impatient, joyous husbandman drives forth his lusty team,
to where the well-used plough remains, now loosened from the frost;
and they begin their toil again, cheered by a simple song.
With measured step he throws the grain in the bosom of the ground,
and prays the ripening sun will crown the year with golden corn.

5. **Recitative** *Lucas*

Laborious man hath done his part; while sparing neither pain nor care;
and, seeking Nature's better blessings o'er the land,
he prays that heav'n, he prays that heav'n will favour him.

6. **Trio & Chorus** *Lucas, Simon, Hannah*

Be propitious, kindly heaven, bounteously, bounteously
pour down thy sweetness o'er the freshened world below.
Ye softening dews, ye fostering breezes, ye lenient airs, ye tender showers,
descend, descend and temper all; and let the sun revive the world.
This annual plenteousness demands the praise and thanks of all Mankind.

7. **Recitative** *Hannah*

Our fervent prayers are heard; th'effusive southern breeze warms the wide air,
with soft humidity. In heaps on heaps the vapours sail; and well-showered earth
is deep enriched with life from Nature's ample store.

8. **Trio & Chorus** *Hannah, Lucas, Simon*

Spring, fair-handed Spring unbosoms every matchless grace.

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Come, companions, let us wander in the fragrant air.
Come, good fellows, let us wander through the greenwood fair.
See the lilies, see the roses, see the mingled flowers. See the valleys, see the meadows,
see the verdant bowers. See the woodland, see the waters, see the azure sky!
All is living, all is stirring, while the landscape laughs around!
See the lambs that frisk and gambol; see the fish that swim and tumble.
See the bees that swarm together; see the birds that soar and flutter.
What enchantment, what enjoyment, swells within our hearts!
Sweetest longings, softest passions, stir within our breasts!
Every feeling, every rapture, is the mighty, the mighty Creator's breath.
Let us honour, let us worship, let us magnify his glorious name.
Let our voices sing his praises and resound on high.

9. Trio & Chorus *Hannah, Lucas, Simon*

Wonderful, bountiful, merciful God.
With thine abundant goodness hast thou revived the world.
For thou hast, with thy mighty hand, poured blessings on the land.
Endless praise to thee we sing, wonderful, bountiful, merciful God.

SUMMER

10. Recitative *Lucas, Simon*

At first, faint-gleaming in the east, the meek-eyed morn appears.
With tardy step brown Night retires, and Day pours in apace.
To gloomy caverns fly the black ill-omened birds of night;
and all their mournful cries oppress the timid heart no more.
The crested cockerel crows aloud, and, with his early cry, awakes
the soon-clad shepherd-boy, who sets forth on his morning task.

11. Aria *Simon*

And from the crowded fold he drives the bleating flock and lowing herd
to graze along the verdant hills, slowly winding o'er the lea.
Then, gazing toward the dappled east, observant on his crook he leans,
to see the powerful king of day dart his glorious beams around.

11a. Recitative *Hannah*

Lo! now aslant the dew-bright earth, the mists of morning
melt into limpid air; the kindling azure spreads through the boundless sky;
while burnished mountains high gleam from afar.

12. Trio & Chorus *Hannah, Lucas, Simon*

Behold, the sun arises; he gleams, then mounts his throne in bright array!
He shines resplendent on high in boundless majesty!
Hail, thou glorious sun! Thou source of light and life, all hail!
Thou soul of all surrounding worlds, in whom thy Maker shines, we raise our song to thee.
How shall I then attempt to sing the source of light and life below?
Who can recount the myriad blessings that in effusion from thee flow?

We honour thee for giving joy;
We honour thee for giving life;
We honour thee for giving health;

But firstly let us praise the Lord who gave thee power and might.

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The voice of all Creation rejoices in thy power.

13. Recitative *Simon*

Now swarms the village over the mead; the youths and the maids,
both healthful and strong. All in a row they spread their breathing harvest to the sun;
the sickles flash, down falls the grass; and as they rake the teded grain
the russet haycocks rise behind.

14. Recitative *Lucas*

'Tis raging noon, and now the sun,
with tyrant heat dispreading through the cloudless sky,
darts down forceful rays on all things below.
Far as the ranging eye can see, from pole to pole, o'er heaven and earth,
a dazzling deluge reigns.

15. Cavatina *Lucas*

Exhausted nature sinks to rest;
wilting flowers, arid pastures, thirsty fountains,
show the tyrant rage of heat; and drooping,
languish man and beast outstretch'd upon the ground.

16. Recitative *Hannah*

O welcome now, ye shady groves; ye lofty pines, ye aged oaks!
ye bowery thickets, hail! How welcome is the sheltered glade,
with murmuring leaves and boughs.
Now scarcely moving through the reeds the brooklet purls along;
and how delightful is the hum as Nature swarms with life.
The fragrant woodbine's balmy scent on Zephyr's wing is borne;
and from the rural shade is heard the shepherd's tuneful pipe.

17. Aria *Hannah*

How delicious is your shelter to the soul! In your shade a pleasing comfort
coolly glides through every nerve, refreshing weary hearts.
Hence through her nourished powers the spirit springs aloft,
and gladly beats the heart with life and strength restored.

18. Recitative *Simon, Lucas, Hannah*

Behold! Slow settling o'er the lurid grove, unusual darkness broods and grows;
the sky is charged with wrathful vapours, and in yon cloud of reddening gloom
the fighting winds ferment and clash while all is calm below.
Hark! From the mountain there comes a roar that may portend a storm.
Behold the baleful clouds that gather, threatening, overhead, and darken all the world below.
A boding silence reigns throughout the dun expanse.
No leaf within the forest shakes; a deathly hush is in the air.

19. Chorus

Hark! the tempest nearer comes. Heaven help us!
Eruptive through the clouds the thunder rolls on high.
Away! Away! Where shall we fly? Flashes of lightning emblazen the sky;
the crashes of awful thunder draw nigh, and down comes a deluge of rain.
Still the tempest growls; and still the heavens are rent. Run for shelter!
Peal on peal, with fearful crash, convulsing heaven, the thunder rolls!

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The firm and deep foundations of earth itself are moved.

20. **Trio & Chorus** *Lucas, Hannah, Simon*

The shattered clouds now melt away and from the face of heaven depart.
And Nature shines out freshly, through all the lightened air.
The setting sun with yellow ray invests the fields with glittering robes of joy.
Home from his evening task returns the shepherd, his folded flock secure.
 The quail is clamouring for his mate;
 The cricket chirps within the grass;
 The frog is croaking in the pool.
The curfew tolls the knell - the knell of parting day.
In heaven shines the evening star, inviting all to sweet repose.
Come then, come then, one and all! 'Tis the hour for soothing sleep,
that simple hearts, and healthy lives, and honest labours surely have earned.
Away, to sweet repose.

AUTUMN

21. **Overture** *Expressing the Farmer's delight at the rich harvest*

21a. **Recitative** *Hannah*

Whate'er the blossomed Spring put in white promise forth,
Whate'er the Summer's sun swelled to a full perfection,
now in bounteous Autumn rejoice the heart of man.

22. **Recitative** *Lucas, Simon*

Rich, silent, deep, the harvest stands, far as the circling eye can see;
The granaries can scarcely hold th'abundance of the flowing fields.
The labourer's pains are now repaid; and as he glances round on every side
the prospect gladdens his grateful heart.

23. **Trio & Chorus** *Simon, Hannah, Lucas*

Thus Nature, with a lavish hand, rewards the toil of man;
and in the lap of Industry the mellow plenty falls.
Her bounties shine, in Autumn, unconfined.
These are the gifts of honest toil:

 The cottage where we dwell;
 The clothing that we wear;
 The produce that we eat.

These are the gifts bestowed by thee, O toil, O honest toil.

 Thou source of virtuousness - uniting every gentle heart:
 Thou source of justice - protecting every erring heart:
 Thou source of moral strength - which governs every cultured heart.

O toil, O honest toil, from thee springs every good.

26. **Recitative** *Simon*

Where once the plenteous harvest wav'd, some uninvited guests appear:
scared from the stubble limps the hare, and, scampering, the harvest mouse.
The farmer sees no wrong, and lets these creatures take their humble dole.
The gleaners spread around and feed on nature's charity.
The clamour of the sportsman's gun is heard, fast-thundering.

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With shouts resounding from the hills, wild for the chase, the huntsmen come.

27. Aria *Simon*

Behold, along the ravaged fields the spaniel goes in search of scent;
and still obedient to command, he follows it unerringly.
But now his senses are aroused; he hears the chiding voices no more.
He races, and in mid-career he scents the game, and stiff, with open nose, he stands.
In vain they beat their idle wings upon the surges of the air;
though borne aloft they are not safe: the shot rings out from the fowler's gun
and down they fall from the towering height.

29. Chorus

Hark the mountains resound! The vales and forests ring!
It is the shrill-sounding hunting-horn - the cry of the hounds and the huntsmen!
The noble stag is roused by fear; and eagerly all of the pack pursue.

See how he leaps,
See how he bounds,
O see how he flies!

He bursts the thickets and sweeps through the glade,
and fleeter than wind seeks the sheltering wood.

The hounds have lost the scent; dispersed they seek the latent prey. Tally ho!
The clamour of the hunting-horn has gathered them up again. Tally ho!
With ardour redoubled, up behind the stag comes again the inhuman rout.
Surrounded now on every side, he stands at bay
and groans in anguish, while the pack hang at his chest.
The clamorous horn proclaims the kill, relaying the glories of the chase,
the death of the stag and the sportsman's joy. Hurrah!

30. Recitative *Hannah, Simon, Lucas*

The vineyard now its wealth displays, with bending boughs and clusters clear,
that swell refulgent on the day, as thus they brighten with their juice.
The rural youths and maids, exulting rove the fields, each fond for each
to cull the sweet Autumnal prime, and speak the vintage nigh.
See how the loaded vats foam in transparent floods,
while in their festive joy the jocund sound re-echoes.
Thus they rejoice, nor think of the toil, from early morn to set of sun;
but, when they see the juices ferment, their work gives way to merriment.

31. Chorus

Joyful the liquor flows,
that by degrees refined,
high-sparkling cheers the soul!
Hurrah! Produce the mighty bowl!
Now let us merry be!

Let us drink now, drink in festive joy.
Let us sing now, sing in festive joy.
Hip, hip, hurrah! Three cheers for the wine!
Three cheers for the soil that did no wrong;
Three cheers for the vat that made it strong;
Three cheers for the bowl we pass along.

Let us drink now, fill the glasses,

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once more let us drink in festive joy.
Hurrah! Let's praise the juice divine!
Hey there! Three cheers for the wine!

A band from the village now starts up the dancing:
The fiddle is scraping,
The organ is groaning,
The bagpipe is droning.
The children are prancing,
The youths to the sound are advancing.
The girls in their arms now are dancing
An old country dance.
Trip it, trip it, foot it featly!
Trip it, trip it, step it neatly!

Good fellows all, come fill the bowl! And drain it down!
Gaily singing! Laughter ringing! Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!
Joyous and jocund, let's merry be!

And now let all the company
In friendly manner all agree
Let's merry be this joyful day!
Hang sorrow! Let's cast care away!
Let us now both sport and play!

Three cheers for the wine, the noble wine, that joyfully now appears!
Let's praise the juice divine. All hail to the wine. All hail!

WINTER

32. Overture *Expressing the thick fogs at the approach of Winter*

33. Recitative *Simon, Hannah*

See, Winter comes to rule the year, and vapours, clouds, and storms descend.
Thick mists pour down the mountain side, and swallow up the dreary plain.
The midday sun hangs low, and ineffectual shoots his rays.
With boisterous sweep the winds rush forth from farthest Greenland and the Pole,
where Winter holds his court, and now oppresses half the globe.

34. Cavatina *Hannah*

Light and life forsake the dubious day; vital heat forsakes the dying year.
Hours of pallid twilight follow long, long nights of tedious gloom.

35. Recitative *Lucas*

A crystal pavement lies the lake; arrested stands the bickering stream.
Once raging in copious torrent - see, in dumb cascade, the waterfall.
The leafless forests now are hushed. The snows descend
and fields put on their winter-robe of purest white. The face of earth, where nature lies,
is hid beneath the shapeless drift that stretches o'er the wintry waste.
And far as human eye can see appears an empty solitude.

36. Aria *Lucas*

As thus the snows arise, disastered stands the swain:
which way to turn his faltering steps?
He wanders on from hill to dale, and vainly roams the trackless waste.

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Impatient, flouncing thro' the drifts, he ventures more and more astray.
Now sinks his fainting soul; what horror fills his heart!
Around him night is closing fast,
and weariness and cold creep o'er his stiffened limbs.
But stay! Before his tired eyes appears a sudden gleam of light!

37. Recitative *Lucas, Hannah, Simon*

As he draws nigh, he thinks he hears, despite the piercing wintry wind,
jocund voices from within. Meantime the village rouses up the brightly blazing fire,
met there in friendly circle to while away the hours with rural tasks and rustic mirth.

39. Recitative *Lucas*

Now the evening task is done, the spinning wheels are still,
and in a friendly group the men and womenfolk are sat, to listen to
the latest tale that Hannah will recount to them.

40. Song with Chorus *Hannah*

A Lord rode out one sunny morn to view the meadows round,
And spied a pretty country maid come tripping o'er the ground.
Dismounting from his milk-white steed he said "Come kiss your Lord".
She trembling stood there and obeyed, poor girl, quite overawed.
['Fie, fie, why not say no?']

He took this fair maid for a walk, her hand within his own;
"I want to purchase your true heart: 'tis you I love alone!
I'll make you happy. Take my purse, my ring, my watch so fine;
And if you want still more from me, then speak and it is thine!"
['Fie, fie, that sounds too good!']

"Kind sir" she said, "I pray take care; my brothers - they might see.
And if they spread the tale about, what would become of me?
Were they not working quite so nigh I fear that I might yield.
Climb up upon that bank and see if they are in the field."
['Ha, ha, what happened then?']

Now as the Lord rose up to look, the maid to his dismay
Leapt on his steed, and like the wind she quickly tore away.
"I'll go no more a-roving with you, kind sir" she cried.
He stood there in a fearful rage: denied, and then defied!
['Ha, ha, a pretty pass, the clever lass!']

41. Recitative *Simon*

'Tis done! Dread Winter triumphs o'er the ever-changeful year.
Shadows vast, deep-tinged and damp, and congregated cloud
now hide Earth's universal face. The cruel tyrant comes with heavy gloom
oppressing all; and over Nature's wastes shedding his influence malign.

42. Aria *Simon*

Behold in this, deluded man, behold in this thy pictured life!
Soon passes off thy flowering Spring; exhausted is thy Summer's strength;
thy Autumn fading into age; and pale concluding Winter arrives at last and shuts the scene.
Ah, whither now are fled those dreams, those hopes of lasting joy?
Those longings after fame, those restless, restless cares?
Where are they now, those busy days, those busy, bustling days?

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And where, those giddy hours, those gay-spent festive nights?
All vanished, like a dream! But Virtue survives!

43. Recitative *Simon*

Virtue survives; immortal, never-failing friend, through every changing season;
through every good and ill; our guide to happiness on high.

44. Trio & Chorus *Simon, Lucas, Hannah*

And then shall come the glorious morn, the second birth of Heaven and Earth:
the great eternal scheme, from pain and death for ever free.
The heav'nly gates are lifted up, the holy hill appears!
Thereon the heav'nly seat, where peace eternal dwells.

But who shall pass those gates within?
The man whose life was free from sin.
And who ascend the holy hill?
The man whose tongue was void of ill.
And who shall dwell within that place?
The man whose soul was full of grace.
And who eternal peace shall find?
The man whose heart was pure and kind.

And then shall come the glorious morn! Behold the radiant light!
The heavenly gates are lifted up, the holy hill appears.
Now are they gone, and quickly passed, the nights of doubt and sorrow,
the days of gloom and terror. And one unbounded Spring,
and everlasting happiness, is virtue's high reward.

Could we but find a like reward!
Let us labour, let us travail,
Let us struggle, let us battle,
till we merit such a prize.

Direct us in thy ways, O God! Support us in the strife.
Then shall we sing, as we ascend the holy hill of Righteousness: Amen.