

## Upcoming VCU Music Events

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W. E. Singleton Center for the Performing Arts

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Department of Music | School of the Arts | Virginia Commonwealth University  
922 Park Avenue, Room 132 | P.O. Box 842004 | Richmond, VA 23284-2004  
(804) 828-1166 | [music@vcu.edu](mailto:music@vcu.edu) | [arts.vcu.edu/music](http://arts.vcu.edu/music)

## DEPARTMENT OF **MUSIC**

GUEST ARTIST RECITAL

**David Tayloe, tenor**

**Emily Yap Chua, piano**

**Thursday, March 30, 2017 at 7 p.m.**

Sonia Vlahcevic Concert Hall

Virginia Commonwealth University

W.E. Singleton Center for the Performing Arts

922 Park Avenue | Richmond, VA

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## Program

Purcell Realizations.....Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

1. Hark the Ech'ing Air
2. Music For A While
3. I'll Sail Upon the Dog Star
4. Sweeter Than Roses

Auf ein altes Bild.....Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Der Musikant

Verschwiegene Liebe

Verborgeneheit

Der Feuerreiter

- INTERMISSION -

A Young Man's Exhortation, op. 14.....Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

Part 1: Mane floreat et transeat

1. A Young Man's Exhortation
2. Ditty
3. Budmouth Dears
4. Her Temple
5. The Comet at Yell'ham

Short Pause

Part 2: Vespere decidat induret et arescat

6. Shortening Days
7. The Sigh
8. Former Beauties
9. Transformations
10. The Dance Continued

### 8. Former Beauties

These market-dames, mid-aged, with  
lips thin-drawn,  
And tissues sere,  
Are they the ones we loved in years  
agone,  
And courted here?

Are these the muslined pink young  
things to whom  
We vowed and swore  
In nooks on summer Sundays by the  
Froom,  
Or Budmouth shore?

Do they remember those gay tunes we  
trod  
Clasped on the green;  
Aye; trod till moonlight set on the  
beaten sod  
A satin sheen?

They must forget, forget! They cannot  
know  
What once they were,  
Or memory would transfigure them, and  
show  
Them always fair.

### 9. Transformations

Portions of this yew  
Is a man my grandsire knew,  
Bosomed here at its foot:  
This branch may be his wife,  
A ruddy human life  
Now turned to a green shoot.

These grasses must be made  
Of her who often prayed,  
Last century, for repose;  
And the fair girl long ago  
Whom I often tried to know  
May be entering this rose.

So, they are not underground,  
But as nerves and veins abound  
In the growths of upper air,  
And they feel the sun and rain,  
And the energy again  
That made them what they were!

### 10. The Dance Continued

Regret not me;  
Beneath the sunny tree  
I lie uncaring, slumbering peacefully.

Swift as the light  
I flew my faery flight;  
Ecstatically I moved, and feared no  
night.

I did not know  
That heydays fade and go,  
But deemed that what was would be  
always so.

I skipped at morn  
Between the yellowing corn,  
Thinking it good and glorious to be  
born.

I ran at eves  
Among the piled-up sheaves,  
Dreaming, 'I greave not, therefore  
nothing grieves'

Now soon will come  
The apple, pear, and plum,  
And hinds will sing, and autumn insects  
hum.

Again you will fare  
To cider-makings rare,  
And junketings; but I shall not be there.

Yet gaily sing  
Until the pewter ring  
Those songs we sang when we went  
gipsying.

And lightly dance  
Some triple-timed romance  
In coupled figures, and forget  
mischance;

And mourn not me  
Beneath the yellowing tree;  
For I shall mind not, slumbering  
peacefully.



## 5. The Comet at Yell'ham

It bends far over Yell'ham Plain,  
And we, from Yell'ham Height,  
Stand and regard its fiery train,  
So soon to swim from sight.

It will return long years hence, when  
As now its strange swift shine  
Will fall on Yell'ham; but not then  
On that sweet form of thine.

## 6. Shortening Days

The first fire since the summer is lit, and  
is smoking into the room: The sun-rays  
thread it through, like woof-lines in a  
loom. Sparrows spurt from the hedge,  
whom misgivings appall  
That winter did not leave last year for  
ever, after all.  
Like shock-headed urchins, spiny-haired,  
Stand pollard willows, their twigs just  
bared.

Who is this coming with pondering pace,  
Black and ruddy, with white embossed,  
His eyes being black, and ruddy his face  
And the marge of his hair like morning  
frost?

It's the cider-maker,  
And appletree-shaker,  
And behind him on wheels, in readiness,  
His mill, and tubs, and vat, and press.

## 7. The Sigh

Little head against my shoulder,  
Shy at first, then somewhat bolder,  
And up eyed;  
Till she, with a timid quaver,  
Yielded to the kiss I gave her;  
But, she sighed.

That there mingled with her feeling  
Some sad thought she was concealing  
It implied.  
- Not that she had ceased to love me,  
None on earth she set above me;  
But she sighed.

She could not disguise a passion,  
Dread, or doubt, in weakest fashion  
If she tried:  
Nothing seemed to hold us sundered,  
Hearts were victors; so I wondered  
Why she sighed.

Afterwards I knew her thoroughly,  
And she loved me staunchly, truly,  
Till she died;  
But she never made confession  
Why, at that first sweet concession,  
She had sighed.

It was in our May, remember;  
And though now I near November  
And abide  
Till my appointed change, unfretting,  
Sometimes I sit half regretting  
That she sighed.

## About the Artists

A native of North Carolina, tenor **DAVID TAYLOE** has been praised for his "lovely tenor that sings with Mozartean finesse." David has made appearances with the Santa Fe Opera, Opera Louisiane, Opera Birmingham, Piedmont Opera Company, the A.J. Fletcher Institute, LSU Opera, and Frost Opera Theater. His recent roles include Jason in Farbermann's Medea, Albert in Albert Herring, Gastone in La Traviata, Student in Michael Torke's Strawberry Fields, Rinuccio in Gianni Schicchi, Candide in Bernstein's Candide, and Mozart in Rimsky-Korsakov's Mozart and Salieri. He has performed as Obadiah in Elijah, the Evangelist in Bach's St. Matthew Passion as well as the tenor soloist in the Magnificat, Handel's Messiah, Haydn's Creation, Lord Nelson Mass, Paukenmesse, and Theresianmesse, Schubert's A-flat Mass, and Britten's Serenade. Recently, he has been a finalist in the Oratorio Society of New York competition and in the American Bach Society competition.

An avid performer of art song, David has presented recitals across the United States, including a tour of Schubert's Winterreise. David has collaborated with composers on their original work including Libby Larsen, Ben Moore, and Jake Runestad, and Thomas Sleeper, including the West Coast premiere of Ben Moore's Dear Theo, the world premiere of A Page Out of Zen by Ryan Jespersen, and the world premiere of Thomas Sleeper's Beatrice Bends for her Blue Ball.

Mr. Tayloe has performed with the Grammy nominated ensemble Seraphic Fire and the Santa Fe Desert Chorale, and Voices, among other professional ensembles. He has been a performer at the Magnolia Baroque Festival in North Carolina, the Duffy Composers Institute at the Virginia Arts Festival and was awarded the Stern Fellowship at Songfest in Los Angeles. He has collaborated with Martin Katz and participated in master classes with Graham Johnson, Renee Fleming, Wolfram Rieger, and Roger Vignoles.

David holds degrees from University of Miami and Louisiana State University, and the Eastman School of Music. In the fall of 2014, David joined the faculty of the University of Alabama as Assistant Professor of Voice. David is managed by Couret & Werner artist management - info at [www.couretwerner.com](http://www.couretwerner.com).

Pianist **EMILY YAP CHUA** made her international solo debut at The Cultural Center of the Philippines in Manila, where she was described as "remarkably passionate . . . vividly enchanting," [The Daily Tribune] and praised for "tonal beauty and clarity," "a graceful, effortless manner," and a "vibrant, . . . spirited and movingly expressive" performance. [The Philippine STAR]

An active soloist and chamber musician, her collaborations include performances with musicians of orchestras and institutions around the world, including recitals with members of the Cincinnati, San Francisco, Detroit, Nashville, Charlotte, and Virginia Symphony Orchestras. Her CD recording of the piano works of composer Kent Holliday, a project in collaboration with pianist Nicholas Ross, was released by Centaur Records in 2009. Upcoming appearances include recitals in Virginia, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Mississippi, Missouri, and California.

Chua earned the Bachelor of Arts degree in Music with minors in mathematics and dance from Florida State University. She earned both the Master of Music and Doctor of Musical Arts degrees in Piano Performance from the College-Conservatory of Music, University of Cincinnati. Dr. Chua is Department Chair and Professor of Music at Randolph College, where she has taught since 2002.



## Notes on the Program

### Purcell Realizations

These songs are arrangements only in the sense that Purcell provided the vocal part and a bass line, figured to indicate the harmony, leaving it to the continuo player to 'realize' the rest of the accompaniment—which is what Britten does. Obviously, this leaves plenty of scope for imagination on the part of the 'realizer' and Britten takes full advantage of this freedom, providing accompaniments that are distinctive, although always within the harmonic confines of the originals. As Britten wrote in the foreword to each publication of the songs, calling them performing editions 'for contemporary conditions': 'It is clear that the figured basses in Purcell's day were realized in a manner personal to the player. In these songs, the basses have also, inevitably, been realized in a personal way. But it has been the constant endeavor of the arranger to apply to these realizations something of that mixture of clarity, brilliance, tenderness and strangeness which shines out in all Purcell's music.'

Britten is always sensitive to the mood and musical character of each individual song. Above all, it is the essentially melodic nature of the realizations that most impresses; the way in which Britten constructs figures which take their cue from a Purcell motif and which form a delicious counterpoint to the vocal line, or the way in which he cheekily imitates vocal figures or highlights harmonic quirks. These songs demonstrate not just Britten's inventiveness but also his delight and sheer joy in the task of realizing such exquisite gems.

### Hark the Ech'ing air

Hark! Hark the echoing air a triumph sings.  
And all around pleas'd Cupids clap their wings

### I'll Sail Upon the Dog Star

I'll sail upon the Dog Star,  
And then pursue the morning,  
I'll chase the moon 'till it be noon,  
But I'll make her leave her horning.

I'll climb the frosty mountain,  
And there I'll coin the weather;  
I'll tear the rainbow from the sky,  
And tie both ends together.

The stars pluck from their orbs, too,  
And crowd them in my budget!

### Music For a While

Music for a while  
Shall all your cares beguile:  
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd  
And disdaining to be pleas'd  
Till Alecto free the dead  
From their eternal bands,  
Till the snakes drop from her head,  
And the whip from out her hands.

### Sweeter Than Roses

Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze  
On a warm flowery shore, was the dear kiss,  
First trembling made me freeze,  
Then shot like fire all o'er.  
What magic has victorious love!  
For all I touch or see since that dear kiss,  
I hourly prove, all is love to me.

### 2. Ditty

Beneath a knap where flown  
Nestlings play,  
Within walls of weathered stone,  
Far away  
From the files of formal houses,  
By the bough the firstling browses,  
Lives a Sweet: no merchants meet,  
No man barbers, no man sells  
Where she dwells.

Upon that fabric fair  
"Here is she!"  
Seems written everywhere  
Unto me.  
But to friends and nodding neighbours,  
Fellow wights in lot and labours,  
Who descry the times as I,  
No such lucid legend tells  
Where she dwells.

Should I lapse to what I was  
Ere we met;  
(Such will not be, but because  
Some forget  
Let me feign it) - none would notice  
That where she I know by rote is  
Spread a strange and withering change,  
Like a drying of the wells  
Where she dwells.

To feel I might have kissed -  
Loved as true -  
Otherwhere, nor Mine have missed  
My life through,  
Had I never wandered near her,  
Is a smart severe - severer  
In the thought that she is nought,  
Even as I, beyond the dells  
Where she dwells.

And Devotion droops her glance  
To recall  
What bond-servants of Chance  
We are all.  
I but found her in that, going  
On my errant path unknowing,  
I did not out-skirt the spot  
That no spot on earth excels -  
Where she dwells!

### 3. Budmouth Dears

When we lay where Budmouth Beach is,  
O, the girls were fresh as peaches,  
With their tall and tossing figures and  
their eyes of blue and brown!  
And our hearts would ache with longing  
As we paced from our sing-singing,  
With a smart Clink! Clink! up the  
Esplanade and down.

They distracted and delayed us  
By the pleasant pranks they played us,  
And what marvel, then, if troopers, even  
of regiments of renown,  
On whom flashed those eyes divine, O,  
Should forget the countersign, O,  
As we tore Clink! Clink! back to camp  
above the town.

Do they miss us much, I wonder,  
Now that war has swept us sunder,  
And we roam from where the faces smile  
to where the faces frown?  
And no more behold the features  
Of the fair fantastic creatures,  
And no more Clink! Clink! past the  
parlours of the town?

Shall we once again there meet them?  
Falter fond attempts to greet them?  
Will the gay sling-jacket glow again  
beside the muslin gown?  
Will they archly quiz and con us  
With a sideway glance upon us,  
While our spurs Clink! Clink! up the  
Esplanade and down?

### 4. Her Temple

Dear, think not that they will forget you:  
- If craftsmanly art should be mine  
I will build up a temple, and set you  
Therein as its shrine.

They may say: "Why a woman such  
honour?"  
- Be told, "O so sweet was her fame,  
That a man heaped this splendour upon  
her;  
None now knows his name."



## A Young Man's Exhortation

Song-writing is at the heart of Finzi's output and he made a significant contribution to British twentieth-century music in this genre, especially the settings of Thomas Hardy, his favorite poet, whom he set more than any other. His volume of Hardy's Collected Poems was a treasured possession; as he wrote to a friend: 'If I had to be cut off from everything that would be the one book I should choose'. He felt an empathy with Hardy's bleak fatalism, his sense of transience, and his anger at the suffering that mankind afflicts on mankind. About Hardy he wrote tellingly: 'I have always loved him so much and from earliest days responded, not so much to an influence, as to a kinship with him.'

A Young Man's Exhortation was written between 1926-29 and was published in 1933 as opus 14 for tenor and piano. The song set is Finzi's only true song cycle, although he didn't call it a cycle. Finzi divided the set in to two halves of five songs each and included a subtitle for each half. Part I uses Psalm 89 the Vulgate: "Mane floreat, et transeat." The King James translation found in Psalm 90 for verse 6a says: "In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up." Part II of the set is subtitled: "Vespere decidat, induret et arescat" also from the Vulgate, Psalm 89. The King James translation found once again in Psalm 90 verse 6b says: "in the evening it is cut down, and withereth." The subtitles describe the content of the ten songs in that the first five represent youthful vigor whereas the second five represent memories and introspection.

### 1. A Young Man's exhortation

Call off your eyes from care  
By some determined deftness; put forth joys  
Dear as excess without the core that cloy,  
And charm Life's lourings fair.

Exalt and crown the hour  
That girdles us, and fill it with glee,  
Blind glee, excelling aught could ever be,  
Were heedfulness in power.

Send up such touching strains  
That limitless recruits from Fancy's pack  
Shall rush upon your tongue, and tender back  
All that your soul contains.

For what do we know best?  
That a fresh love-leaf crumpled soon will dry,  
And that men moment after moment die,  
Of all scope dispossess.

If I have seen one thing  
It is the passing preciousness of dreams;  
That aspects are within us; and who seems  
Most kingly is the King.

## Wolf Songs

Hugo Wolf's career burned brightly for only a decade, from 1887 to 1897. Burning primarily in only one musical genre: lieder. But within that small realm, Wolf was a giant, considered by many to be the greatest exponent of the German song tradition after Schubert. By 1897, his genius flickered out in madness—the tragic denouement of a case of syphilis (Schubert's scourge as well) contracted years earlier. Wolf's passion for literature ultimately determined the direction in which his talent would flow.

Many musicians would rank Hugo Wolf as the greatest lieder composer after Franz Schubert. Prone to severe depression throughout his short life, he composed at white-heat speed during his more stable periods, producing songs at the rate of up to three per day. Responding to poetry with subtlety and insight, he molded his flexible vocal lines to the emotional nuances of the words rather than packaging them in standard strophic forms.

Great as he was in the intimate song world, Wolf longed to be something more. Writing to his friend Oskar Grohe in 1891, he cried out: "I really and truly shudder at the thought of my songs. The flattering recognition as 'songwriter' disturbs me down to the depths of my soul. What does it signify but the reproach that songs are all I ever write, that I am master of what is only a small-scale genre?" Wolf tried to break out with a large orchestral tone poem Penthesilea, but the work never made it past a disastrous rehearsal by the Vienna Philharmonic in 1885. His only completed opera, Der Corregidor, was dropped after its first performances in Mannheim in 1896.

### Auf ein altes Bild (Mörike)

In grüner Landschaft Sommerflor,  
Bei kühlem Wasser, Schilf, und Rohr,  
Schau, wie das Knäblein Sündelos  
Frei spielet auf der Jungfrau Schoß!  
Und dort im Walde wonnesam,  
Ach, grünet schon des Kreuzes Stamm!

### Der Musikant (Eichendorff)

Wandern lieb' ich für mein Leben,  
Lebe eben wie ich kann,  
Wollt ich mir auch Mühe geben,  
Paßt es mir doch gar nicht an.

Schöne alte Lieder weiß ich;  
In der Kälte, ohne Schuh,  
Draußen in die Saiten reiße ich,  
Weiß nicht, wo ich abends ruh!

Manche Schöne macht wohl Augen,  
Meinet, ich gefiel ihr sehr,  
Wenn ich nur was wollte taugen,  
So ein armer Lump nicht wär. --

Mag dir Gott ein'n Mann bescheren,  
Wohl mit Haus und Hof versehn!  
Wenn wir zwei zusammen wären,  
Möcht mein Singen mir vergehn.

### To an Old Picture

In the green landscape of a blossoming  
summer,  
Beside cool water, reeds, and canes,  
Behold, how the sinless child  
Plays freely on the virgin's knee.  
And there, in the woods, blissfully,  
Alas, growing already is the stem that will  
become the cross.

### The Musician

I love the wandering life:  
I live how I can.  
If I were to trouble myself about  
anything,  
it would not suit me at all.

I know lovely old songs;  
in the cold, without shoes,  
I pluck my strings out there  
and do not know where I'll sleep in the  
evening!

Many a lovely girl makes eyes at me,  
as if to say she would like me well  
if I only made something of myself  
and were not such a poor beggar.

May God provide you with a husband,  
and a house and yard!  
If we two were together,  
my singing would die.



### Verschiedene liebe (Eichendorff)

Über Wipfel und Saaten  
In den Glanz hinein -  
Wer mag sie erraten,  
Wer holte sie ein?  
Gedanken sich wiegen,  
Die Nacht ist verschwiegen,  
Gedanken sind frei.

Errät es nur eine,  
Wer an sie gedacht  
Beim Rauschen der Haine,  
Wenn niemand mehr wacht  
Als die Wolken, die fliegen -  
Mein Lieb ist verschwiegen  
Und schön wie die Nacht.

### Verborgenheit (Mörrike)

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Laßt dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiß ich nicht,  
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;  
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe  
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewußt,  
Und die helle Freude zücket  
Durch die Schwere, [die] mich drücket,  
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Laßt dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

### Secret Love

Over treetops and corn  
and into the splendor -  
who may guess them,  
who may catch up with them?  
Thoughts sway,  
the night is mute;  
thoughts run free.

Only one guesses,  
one who has thought of her  
by the rustling of the grove,  
when no one was watching any longer  
except the clouds that flew by -  
my love is silent  
and as fair as the night.

### Seclusion

Oh, world, let me be!  
Entice me not with gifts of love.  
Let this heart in solitude have  
Your bliss, your pain!

What I mourn, I know not.  
It is an unknown pain;  
Forever through tears shall I see  
The sun's love-light.

Often, I am scarcely conscious  
And the bright joys break  
Through the pain, thus pressing  
Delightfully into my breast.

Oh, world, let me be!  
Entice me not with gifts of love.  
Let this heart in solitude have  
Your bliss, your pain!

### Der Feuerreiter (Mörrike)

Sehet ihr am Fensterlein  
Dort die rote Muetze wieder?  
Nicht geheuer muss es sein,  
Denn er geht schon auf und nieder.  
Und auf einmal welch Gewuehle  
Bei der Bruecke, nach dem Feld!  
Horch! das Feuergloeklein gellt:  
Hinterm Berg,  
Hinterm Berg  
Brennt es in der Muehle!

Schaut! da sprengt er wuetend schier  
Durch das Tor, der Feuerreiter,  
Auf dem rippenduerrn Tier,  
Als auf einer Feuerleiter!  
Querfeldein! Durch Qualm und Schwuele  
Rennt er schon, und ist am Ort!  
Drueben schallt es fort und fort:  
Hinterm Berg,  
Hinterm Berg  
Brennt es in der Muehle!

Der so oft den roten Hahn  
Meilenweit von fern gerochen,  
Mit des heiligen Kreuzes Span  
Freventlich die Glut besprochen—  
Weh! dir grinst vom Dachgestuehle  
Dort der Feind im Hoellenschein.  
Gnade Gott der Seele dein!  
Hinterm Berg,  
Hinterm Berg  
Ras't er in der Muehle!

Keine Stunde hielt es an,  
Bis die Muehle borst in Truemmer;  
Doch den kecken Reitersmann  
Sah man von der Stunde nimmer.  
Volk und Wagen im Gewuehle  
Kehren heim von all dem Graus;  
Auch das Gloeklein klinget aus.  
Hinterm Berg,  
Hinterm Berg  
Brennts! —

Nach der Zeit ein Mueller fand  
Ein Gerippe samt der Muetzen  
Aufrecht an der Kellerwand  
Auf der beinern Maehre sitzen:  
Feuerreiter, wie so kuehle  
Reitest du in deinem Grab!  
Husch! da faellts in Asche ab.  
Ruhe wohl,  
Ruhe wohl  
Drunten in der Muehle!

### The Fire Rider

There at the window  
See that red cap again?  
Something strange is going on,  
See how it bobs up and down.  
And suddenly what a tumult  
At the bridge, where the field ends!  
Listen! The fire bell clanging:  
Behind the hill,  
Behind the hill  
There's fire in the mill!

Look! He gallops stark mad  
Through the gate, the Fire Rider,  
On the scrawny-ribbed horse  
Like on a fireman's ladder!  
Cross-field! Through smoke and stuffy air  
He rides on, reaches the spot!  
While over there the bell keeps clanging:  
Behind the hill,  
Behind the hill  
There's fire in the mill!

He who so often sniffed  
The red hen from miles around,  
With the holy cross's beam  
Blaspheming addressed the fire—  
Woe! From the timber frame  
The fiend grins to you in hell's red glow.  
God have mercy on your soul!  
Behind the hill,  
Behind the hill  
He is raging in the mill!

It lasted but an hour  
The mill collapsed in rubble;  
But the brash horseman  
Was never seen again.  
Villagers and wagons in a flurry  
Head for home, away from horror;  
Even the bell's clang fades away.  
Behind the hill,  
Behind the hill  
'Tis on fire! —

Not long after a miller found  
A skeleton with a cap  
Upright at the cellar wall  
Sitting on the bony mare:  
Fire Rider, with what calmness  
You ride in your grave!  
Whoosh! Down it falls in ashes.  
Rest you well,  
Rest you well  
Down there in the mill!