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KULTURKUNDLICHE LAUTBÜCHEREI
IN VERBINDUNG MIT LAUTPLATTEN FÜR UNTERRICHT
UND WISSENSCHAFT
EINGERICHTET UND HERAUSGEGEBEN
VON
WILHELM DOEGEN

BAND I

AUSWAHL
ENGLISCHER PROSA
UND POESIE

MIT ANHANG
3 TAFELN ZUR INTONATION
PROBEN GRAPHISCH DARGESTELLTER
SATZMELODIEN

HERAUSGEGEBEN VON WILHELM DOEGEN

BERLIN 1925
LAUTVERLAG

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Zur Erklärung der Abkürzungen Die Sprecher der Lautplatten

Ar = Miss Lilius Armstrong, University College, London. A = Miss Cecil Arden, Lyceum Theatre, London. D = Miss Davis, Lyceum Theatre, London. G = Goodes, Lehrer der Sprechkunst an der Volksschule, London. H = Holloway, Lyceum Theatre, London. J = Daniel Jones, Prof. University College, London. Ja = Arthur Lloyd James, University, London. K = Englischer Knabe. Ka = Kanadier. L = Lawrence, Lyceum Theatre, London. Ld = Laudon, Recitator in London. M = Englisches Mädchen. St J = Stephen Jones, University College, London.

I. Vorwort

Die vorliegende englische Gedichtsammlung mit einem Anhang (Stücke aus der Umgangssprache) soll dem Lehrer, der den Sprechapparat im neusprachlichen Unterricht benutzt, die Möglichkeit bieten, den Schülern die von dem Sprechapparat gesprochenen Texte in die Hand zu geben. Die englischen Gedichte etc. wurden von bedeutenden englischen Schauspielern nach bestimmten Grundsätzen unter meiner Leitung in London gesprochen.

Die Uebertragung dieser Gedichte in eine Lautschrift, die durchaus mit den von dem Sprechapparat wiedergegebenen Sprachlauten übereinstimmt, wird in einem besonderen Heftchen für Lehrer und Studierende erscheinen.

Zehlendorf, im Juli 1910.

Wilhelm Doegen.

II. Vorwort

Die 19. allgemeine Tagung der Neuphilologen in Berlin im Oktober 1924 hat nach dem einmütigen Urteil aller Fachleute klar und überzeugend erwiesen, daß die Lautplatte dazu berufen ist, Lehrern und Schülern ein Hilfsmittel in die Hand zu geben, um die naturgetreue Sprache in ihrem fremdartigen Idiom zu studieren, zu lehren und zu lernen. Nur aus der Lautplatte kann man die charakteristischen Feinheiten der lebendigen Sprache: Tonhöhe, Tonlänge, Lautstärke, Tempo, Intonation, Sprechtakt und Sprechpausen objektiv studieren.

Um zahlreichen an mich gerichteten Wünschen entgegen zu kommen, habe ich mich entschlossen, meine bereits im Jahre 1910

herausgebrachte Auswahl englischer Gedichte zu vervollständigen und Proben von englischen Lauten, englischer Prosa und Poesie hinzuzufügen. Die vorliegende Auswahl englischer Prosa und Poesie verdankt ihre Entstehung einer Rundfrage, die ich kurz vor Ausbruch des Krieges an alle die Schulen und Universitäten richtete, die meinen Lautapparat schon damals benutzten.

Bei dem großen Interesse, das für die Intonation bei lebendigen Unterrichtssprachen in Fachkreisen vorherrscht, habe ich es nicht unterlassen können, als erste Kostprobe einige Beispiele für die Satzmelodie in graphischer Darstellung zu geben. Sie wurden lediglich gewonnen aus dem Studium der Lautplatte mit Hilfe meines Lauthalters. Ich beabsichtige, meine Erfahrungen auf diesem Gebiet in viel größerem Umfange in einem besonderen Werk herauszubringen: der Versuch einer praktischen Einführung in das lebendige Sprachstudium der Intonation und der Sprachmelodie überhaupt.

Ich gebe diesen Band heraus mit der dringenden Bitte, mir allerlei Wünsche auf Lautaufnahmen jeglicher Art zu übermitteln.

Berlin-Zehlendorf, im Mai 1925.

Wilhelm Doegen.

Rule Britannia

(James Thomson 1700–1748)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!"
2. The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
"Rule, Britannia!" &c.
3. Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
"Rule, Britannia!" &c.
4. Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.
"Rule, Britannia!" &c.
5. To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine!
"Rule Britannia!" &c.

6. The Muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
 Britons never will be slaves!"

Our Home is the Ocean

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. Our home is the Ocean,
 Our grave is the deep,
 We feel no emotion
 As on it we sleep;
 The waves are our pillow,
 Our cradle the sea,
 The rougher the billow
 The happier we.

2. Our home is the Ocean,
 A mariner's boast,
 With waves in wild motion
 We love it the most.
 And 'tis our endeavour,
 In battle and breeze,
 That England shall ever
 Be lord of the seas.

National Anthem

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. God save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King!
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King!

2. O Lord, our God, arise,
 Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall!
 Confound their politics,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks!
 On him our hopes we fix:
 God save us all!

3. Thy choicest gifts in store
 On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign!
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 With heart and voice to sing:
 God save the King!

4. O grant him long to see
 Friendship and amity
 Always increase!
 May he his sceptre sway,
 All loyal souls obey,
 Join heart and voice: Huzza!
 God save the King!

Bruce to his Men at Bannockburn

(Robert Burns 1759–1769)

1. Gesprochen von Holloway
2. Gesungen von einem Schotten

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!
2. Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower:
See approach proud Edward's pow'r —
Chains and slaverie!
3. Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
4. Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!
5. By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
6. Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

My Heart's in the Highlands

(Robert Burns 1759–1769)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer and following the roe —
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth!
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

2. Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green vallies below,
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer and following the roe —
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

To Mary in Heaven

(Robert Burns 1759 – 1796)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
2. That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace —
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!
3. Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

4. Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care.
Time but th'impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
O Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is they place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

John Barleycorn

(Robert Burns 1759 - 1796)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. There was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
And they have sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.
2. They took a plough and ploughed him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they have sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.
3. But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.
4. The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head well armed with pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.
5. The sober autumn entered mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Showed he began to fail.

6. His colour sickened more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage,
7. They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgery.
8. They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.
9. They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.
10. They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe;
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.
11. They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him 'tween two stones.
12. And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.
13. John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.
14. 'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

15. Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

Dream of Home

(Thomas Moore 1779 – 1852) Gesprochen von Prof. D a n. J o n e s

1. Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam?
Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,
To greener shores our bark may come;
But far more bright, more dear than all,
That dream of home, that dream of home.
2. Ask the sailor youth, when far
His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,
What charms him most when evening's star
Smiles o'er the wave? — to dream of home.
Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves
At that sweet hour around him come;
His heart's best joy where'er he roves,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

The Love of Country

(Thomas Moore 1779 – 1852) Gesprochen 1. von Prof. D a n. J o n e s
2. von L a w r e n c e

- I. Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd and unsung.

II. O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams are left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

Just for To-day

(Samuel Wilberforce 1805 - 1873) Gesprochen von Prof. Dan. Jones

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray;
Keep me from any stain of sin Just for to-day:
Let me both diligently work And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed Just for to-day,
Let me be slow to do my will — Prompt to obey:
Help me to sacrifice myself Just for to-day.
Let me no wrong or idle word Unthinking say —
Set Thou Thy seal upon my lips, Just for to day.
So for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray,
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord, Just for to-day.

Ye Mariners of England. A Naval Ode

(Thomas Campbell 1777 - 1844)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze —
Your glorions standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow, —
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

2. The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep.
While the stormy winds do blow, —
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

3. Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the flood below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow, —
When the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

4. The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till dangers troubled night repart
And the star of peace return.

Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow, —
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer

(Thomas Moore 1779–1852)

1. Gesprochen von Holloway
2. Gesungen

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
To give sigh for sigh.

2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

3. So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Those Evening Bells

(Thomas Moore 1779–1852)

Gesprochen von Holloway

1. Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.
2. Those joyous hours are pass'd away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.
3. And so 't will be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

The Three Fishers

(Charles Kingsley 1819–1875)

1. Gesprochen von Lawrence
2. Gesungen

1. Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour-bar be moaning.
2. Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour-bar be moaning.

3. Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town:
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner, it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

The Sands of Dee

(Charles Kingsley 1819–1875)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. "O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.
2. The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The rolling mist came up and hid the land,
And never home came she.
3. "Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair —
A tress of golden hair,
Of drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee."
4. They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

Paul Revere's Ride

(Henry Longfellow 1807 – 1882) Gesprochen von Prof. D a n. J o n e s

1. Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

2. He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea:
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

3. Then he said "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom-ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison-bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

4. Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

5. Then he climbed the tower of the old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead.

And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

6. Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

7. Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddlegirth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

8. A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark,
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
9. He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
I heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.
10. It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.
11. It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.
12. It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

13. You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.
So through the night rode Paul Revere:

14. And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Bruce and the Spider

(Bernard Barton 1784 – 1849) Gesprochen von Prof. D a n. J o n e s

1. For Scotland's and for freedom's right,
The Bruce his part had played,
In five successive fields of fight
Been conquered and dismayed:
Once more against the English host
His band he led, and once more lost
The meed for which he fought;
And now from battle, faint and worn,
The homeless fugitive forlorn
A hut's lone shelter sought.
2. And cheerless was that resting place
For him who claimed a throne:
His canopy, devoid of grace,

The rude, rough beams alone;
The heather couch his only bed —
Yet well I ween had slumber fled
From couch of eider down!
Through darksome night till dawn of day,
Absorbed in wakeful thought he lay
Of Scotland and her crown.

3. The sun rose brightly and its gleam
Fell on that hapless bed,
And tinged with light each shapeless beam
Which roofed the lowly shed;
When, looking up with wistful eye,
The Bruce beheld a spider try
His filmy thread to fling
From beam to beam of that rude cot;
And well the insect's toilsome lot
Taught Scotland's future king.

4. Six times his gossamery thread
The wary spider threw;
In vain the filmy line was sped,
For powerless or untrue
Each aim appeared, and back recoiled
The patient insect, six times foiled,
And yet unconquered still;
And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,
Saw him prepare once more to try
His courage, strength, and skill.

5. One effort more, his seventh and last!
The hero hailed the sign!
And on the wished-for beam hung fast
That slender, silken line;
Slight as it was, his spirit caught
The more than omen, for his thought
The lesson well could trace,
Which even "he who runs may read".
That Perseverance gains its meed,
And Patience wins the race.

The Arrow and the Song

(Henry Longfellow 1807 – 1882)

Gesprochen von Miss Davis

1. I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.
2. I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?
3. Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Requiescat

(Oscar Wilde 1856 – 1900)

Gesprochen von Miss Davis

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Tread lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow. | 3. Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew. |
| 2. All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust. | 4. Coffin board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast,
I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest. |
| 5. Peace, peace, she cannot hear,
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it. | |

A Psalm of Life

(Henry Longfellow 1807 – 1882)

Gesprochen von Holloway

1. Tell me not in mournful numbers:
“Life is but an empty dream!”
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
2. Life is real, life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
“Dust thou art, to dust returnest”,
Was not spoken of the soul.
3. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.
4. Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
5. In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife!
6. Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!
7. Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;
8. Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

9. Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

Excelsior

(Henry Longfellow 1807 – 1882) Gesprochen von Prof. Dan. Jones

1. The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!
2. His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!
3. In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!
4. "Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!
5. "Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!
6. "Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

7. At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!
8. A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping, in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!
9. There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

The Village Blacksmith

(Henry Longfellow 1807 - 1882)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.
2. His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.
3. Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

4. And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door;
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.
5. He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys;
 He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice,
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.
6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.
7. Toiling — rejoicing — sorrowing —
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close;
 Something attempted — something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.
8. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus at the flaming forge of Life
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought.

Break, Break, Break

(Alfred Tennyson 1809–1892)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

2. O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

3. And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

4. Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Crossing the Bar

(Alfred Tennyson 1809 - 1892)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

2. But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

3. Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

4. For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Cradle Song

(Alfred Tennyson 1809 – 1892)

1. Gesprochen von Lawrence
2. Gesungen

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon,
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep!

Home they brought her Warrior Dead

(Alfred Tennyson 1809 – 1892)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."
2. Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.
3. Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

4. Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee —
Like summer tempest came her tears —
“Sweet my child, I live for thee.”

Ulysses

(Alfred Tennyson 1809 - 1892)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known: cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all to little, and 'of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

2. This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle —
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
3. There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail,
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me —
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
 Death closes all: but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and Heaven; that which we are, we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

The Charge of the Light Brigade

(Alfred Tennyson 1809 - 1892)

Gesprochen von Holloway

1. Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

2. “Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho’ the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Their’s not to make reply,
Their’s not to reason why,
Their’s but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

3. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

4. Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro’ the line they broke;
Cossak and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

5. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley’d and thunder’d;
Storm’d at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro’ the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

6. When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder’d.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

The Erl-King

(Walter Scott 1771 - 1832)

Gesprochen von Holloway

1. Oh! who rides so fast through the woodland so wild?
It is the fond father embracing his child;
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,
To hold himself fast and to keep himself warm.

2. "O father! see yonder! see yonder!" he says.
 "My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?" —
 "Oh, 'tis the Erl-King, with his crown and his shroud!" —
 "No, my son! it is but a dark wreath from a cloud. —
3. "O, come, go with me, thou loveliest child!
 By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled;
 My mother keeps for thee full many a toy,
 And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy." —
4. "O father! my father! and did you not hear
 The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear?" —
 "Be still, my heart's darling, my child, be at ease!
 It was but the wild blast, as it sung through the trees." —
5. "O, wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?
 My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy;
 And she shall bear thee so lightly through wet and through wild,
 And caress thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child." —
6. "O father, my father! and saw you not plain
 The Erl-King's pale daughter glide fast through the rain?" —
 "O, yes, my loved treasure! I knew it full soon,
 It was the gray willow that danced to the moon." —
7. "O, come, go with me, no longer delay!
 Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away." —
 "O father! my father! now, now, keep your hold,
 The Erl-King has seized me — his grasp is so cold."
8. Sore trembled the father, he spurred through the wild,
 Claspng close to his bosom his shuddering child.
 He reached his dwelling in doubt and in dread;
 But clasped to his bosom, the infant was dead!

The Bells

(Edgar Allan Poe 1809 – 1849)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. Hear the sledges with the bells —
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!

While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

2. Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!
3. Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.

Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavour
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair!
 How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —
 Of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
 In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

4. Hear the tolling of the bells —
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people — ah, the people —
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone —
 They are neither man nor woman —

They are neither brute nor human —
 They are Ghouls:
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls
 A paeon from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the paeon of the bells
 And he dances and he yells!
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the paeon of the bells —
 Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells —
 To the sobbing of the bells —
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells —
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells —
 Bells, bells, bells —
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Mark Antony's Oration over the Body of Cæsar

Julius Cæsar, III, 2 (Shakespeare 1564–1616)

Gesprochen von
Holloway

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
 I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do lives after them;
 The good is oft interred with their bones;
 So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
 Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
 And grievously hath Caesar answered it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,

For Brutus is an honourable man;
 So are they all, all honourable men;
 Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
 But Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
 Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see that on the Lupercal
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause:
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me . . .

.
 If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle: I remember
 The first time that ever Caesar put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii.
 Look! in this face ran Cassius' dagger through;
 See what a rent the envious Casca made.
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
 And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
 Judge, O you gods! how dearly Caesar loved him!
 This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
 Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Bloody treason flourished over us.

O! What a Rogue . . .

Hamlet, II,2 (Shakespeare 1564 - 1616) Gesprochen von Lawrence

O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I:
 Is it not monstrous that this player here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his whole conceit
 That from her working all his visage wann'd,
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
 For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba
 That he should weep for her? What would he do
 Had he the motive and the cue for passion
 That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
 Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
 The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,
 A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
 Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
 And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
 Upon whose property and most dear life
 A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
 Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
 Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
 Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat
 As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
 Ha!

'S wounds! I should take it, for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O! vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain! I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

To be or not to be

Hamlet, III,1 (Shakespeare 1564 - 1616) Gesprochen von Lawrence

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end

The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep;
 To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause: there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin! who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscovered country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn away,
 And lose the name of action.

Is This a Dagger

Macbeth, II,1 (Shakespeare 1564 - 1616)

Gesprochen

1. von Holloway
 2. von Lawrence

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshallst me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
 It is the bloody business, that informs
 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain's sleep; — witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design,
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk for fear,
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. (A bell rings.)
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me,
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is aknell
 That summons thee to Heaven or to Hell.

The Seven Ages of Man

As you like it, II, 7 (Shakespeare 1564 - 1616)

Gesprochen von
Holloway

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,

Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Advice of Polonius to his son

Hamlet, I, 3 (Shakespeare 1564 - 1616) Gesprochen von Holloway

My blessing with thee!

And these few precepts in thy memory
 Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
 Bear't that the opposer may beware of thee.
 Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all: to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the nighth the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Mercy

Merchant of Venice, IV, 1
(Shakespeare 1564 - 1616)

Gesprochen von
Miss Cecil Arden

The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Henry the Fourth's Soliloquy on Sleep

King Henry IV., Second Part III, 1
(Shakespeare 1564 - 1616)

Gesprochen von
Holloway

How many thousand of my poorest subjets
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sound of sweetest melody?

O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

O God of Battles

King Henry V., IV, 1
(Shakespeare 1564-1616)

Gesprochen von
Lawrence

O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord!
O! not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor have I in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

This Day is called

King Henry V., IV, 3
(Shakespeare 1564-1616)

Gesprochen von
Lawrence

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian':
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Once more . . .

King Henry V., III, 1
(Shakespeare 1564-1616)

Gesprochen von
Lawrence

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more:
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height! On, on, you noblest English!
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof;
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
 Follow your spirit; and upon this charge
 Cry 'God for Harry! England and Saint George!'

Well, Honour . . .

Jul. Cæsar, I, 2
 (Shakespeare 1564 - 1616)

Gesprochen von
 Lawrence

Well, honour is the subject of my story
 I cannot tell what you and other men
 Think of this life; but for my single self,
 I had as lief not be as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 Think of this life; but for my single self,
 I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
 We both have fed as well; and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
 Caesar said to me, "Darest thou Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy:
 But, ere we could arrive the point proposed,
 Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius or I sink!"
 I as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Caesar, and this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
 As a sick girl. — Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestie world,
 And bear the palm alone.

Here lies Juliet . . .

Romeo and Juliet, III, 3
 (Shakespeare 1564 - 1616)

Gesprochen von
 Lawrence

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
 [Laying Paris in the tomb.]

How oft when men are at the point of death
 Have they been merry! which their keepers call
 A lightning before death: O! how may I
 Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 O! what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
 To sunder his that was thine enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin! Ah! dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
 That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again: here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chambermaids; O! here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest,
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you,
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
 Here's to my love! [Drinks.]
 O true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

Once more, Cesario . . .

Twelfth Night, II, 4
 (Shakespeare 1564–1616)

Gesprochen von
 Lawrence

Once more, Cesario,
 Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
 Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands,
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 't is that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, es perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas! their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know —

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but indeed
Our shows are more than will, for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too; and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?
Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

Sonnet on his Blindness

(John Milton 1608 – 1674)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
2. To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
Doth God exact day-labour, lighth denied?
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
3. That murmur, soon replies: God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
4. Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

Sonnet on Milton

(William Wordsworth 1770 – 1850)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
2. Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

3. Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
4. So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard

(Thomas Gray 1716 - 1771)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
2. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinglings lull the distant folds:
3. Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.
4. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
5. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
6. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

7. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
8. Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.
9. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour: —
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
10. Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
11. Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?
12. Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to extasy the living lyre:
13. But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
14. Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Ful many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
15. Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

16. Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.
17. Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;
18. The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
19. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.
20. Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
Whit uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
21. Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
22. For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?
23. On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24. For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate, —
25. Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;
26. “There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
27. “Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
28. “On morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;
29. “The next, with dirges due, in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne, —
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved an the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

The Epitaph:

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

We are Seven

(William Wordsworth 1770–1850) Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?
2. I met a little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.
3. She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
— Her beauty made me glad.
4. “Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.
5. “And where are they? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.
6. Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”
7. “You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?”
8. Then did the little maid reply,
“Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

9. "You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."
10. "Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side."
11. My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.
12. And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.
13. The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.
14. So in the churchyard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.
15. And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."
16. "How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in Heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."
17. "But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in Heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

The Solitary Reaper

(William Wordsworth 1770–1850)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.
2. No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.
3. Will no one tell me what she sings? —
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?
4. Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending; —
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

Lucy

(William Wordsworth 1770 – 1850)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:
2. A violet by mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
— Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.
3. She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

The Inchcape Rock

(Robert Southey 1774 – 1843)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.
2. Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.
3. The good old Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And louder and louder its warning rung.
4. When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

5. The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.
6. The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.
7. He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.
8. His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."
9. The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the bell from the Inchcape float.
10. Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."
11. Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.
12. So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.
13. On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is, they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

14. "Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore." —
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."
15. They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock, —
"O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"
16. Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in wild despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.
17. But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

After Blenheim

(Robert Southey 1774–1843)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.
2. She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.
3. Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,

And with a natural sigh
"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he
"Who fell in the great victory.

4. "I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out.
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."
5. "Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."
6. "It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.
7. "My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.
8. "With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And newborn baby died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.
9. "They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here

Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

10. "Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
And our good Prince Eugene;"
"Why 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine;
"Nay . . nay . . my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

11. "And every body praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin: —
"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

The Night before the Battle of Waterloo

Child Harold's Pilgrimage, III, 1
(Lord Byron 1788 - 1824)

Gesprochen
1. von Lawrence
2. von Prof. Dan. Jones

1. There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chilvalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
2. Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

3. Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

4. Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

5. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with wither lips — "The foe! They come!
they come!"

6. And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

7. And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.
8. Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in armes, — the day
 Battle's magnificently-stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse — friend, foe — in one red burial blent!

Vision of Belshazzar

(Lord Byron 1788–1824)

Gesprochen 1. von Goodes
 2. von Holloway

1. The King was on his throne,
 The Satraps thronged the hall;
 A thousand bright lamps shone
 O'er that high festival.
 A thousand cups of gold,
 In Judah deemed divine —
 Jehovah's vessels hold
 The godless Heathen's wine.

3. The monarch saw, and shook,
 And bade no more rejoice;
 And bloodless waxed his look,
 All tremulous his voice.
 "Let the men of lore appear,
 The wisest of the earth,
 And expound the words of fear,
 Which mar our royal mirth."

2. In that same hour and hall,
 The fingers of a hand
 Came forth against the wall,
 And wrote as if on sand:
 The fingers of a man; —
 A solitary hand
 Along the letters ran,
 And traced them like a wand.

4. Chaldea's seers are good,
 But here they have no skill;
 And the unknown letters stood
 Untold and awful still.
 And Babel's men of age
 Are wise and deep in lore;
 But now they were not sage,
 They saw — but knew no more.

5. A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night, —
The morrow proved it true.

6. "Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away,
He, in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy, the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!"

Harold's Song from the Rhineland

Child Harold's Pilgrimage, III, 55 Gesprochen von Prof. Dan. Jones
(Lord Byron 1788 - 1824)

1. The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert thou with me.
2. And peasant girls, with deep-blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine, —
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!
3. I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherished them as dear,

Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine!

4. The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

Tubal Cain

(Charles Mackay 1814–1889)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when Earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
2. And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
3. And he sang — “Hurra for my handiwork!
Hurra for the spear and sword!
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!”
4. To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;

5. And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
6. And they sang, "Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true!"
7. But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
8. He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
9. And he said, "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"
10. And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
11. But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
12. And he sang, "Hurra for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made":
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.
13. And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands;

14. And sang, "Hurra for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be!

15. But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword!"

Adieu, my Native Shore . . .

Child Harold's Pilgrimage, I, 13
(Lord Byron 1788 - 1824)

Gesprochen von Holloway

1. Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight:
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land — Good Night!

2. A few short hours, and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

3. "Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman,
Or shiver at the gale?" —
"Deemst thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek."

Kiss her until she be wearied out:
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand —
Come, long-sought!

3. When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sigh'd for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And the noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
An the weary Day turn'd to his rest
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sigh'd for thee.
4. Thy brother Death came, and cried
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me? — And I replied
No, not thee!
5. Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon —
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovèd Night —
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come, soon, soon!

Casabianca

(Felicia Hemans 1793 – 1835)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.
2. Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;

A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

3. The flames rolled on — he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
4. He called aloud: "Say, father, say
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.
5. "Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!
And" — but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.
6. Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair.
7. And shouted but once more aloud:
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.
8. They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.
9. There came a burst of thunder-sound, —
The boy — oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!
10. With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part, —
But the noblest thing that perished there,
Was that young faithful heart!

The Homes of England

(Felicia Hemans 1795 – 1835)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.
2. The merry homes of England —
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.
3. The blessed homes of England,
How softly on their bowers,
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church bells' chime
Floats through their woods at morn,
All other sounds in that still time
Of breeze and leaf are born.
4. The cottage homes of England
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.
5. The free fair homes of England,
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared

To guard each hallowed wail.
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

Ivry. A Song of Huguenots

(Thomas Babington,
Lord Macaulay 1800 - 1859)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land
of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurra! hurra! a single field hath turned the chance of war.
Hurra! hurra! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre.
2. Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand!
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.
3. The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the
King!"
And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,

For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

4. Hurra! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of life, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentleman of France,
Charge for the Golden Lilies — upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white
crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

5. Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned
his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven
mail;

And then, we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew" was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

6. Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France
to-day:

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide, that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought

His Church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point
of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

7. Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
 Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's
souls!
 Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
 Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the
slave,
 And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
 And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre!

The Year's at the Spring

(Robert Browning 1812 - 1889)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

The year's at the spring
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hill-side's dew-pearled
 The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn:
 God's in his heaven —
 All's right with the world!

Home-Thoughts, from abroad

(Robert Browning 1812 - 1889)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England — now!

2. And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's edge —
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
— Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna

(Charles Wolfe 1791 – 1823)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
2. We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.
3. No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
4. Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
5. We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

6. Lightly they'll tak of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him. —
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
7. But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring:
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.
8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Up-Hill

(Christina Rossetti 1850 – 1894)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.
2. But is there for the night a resting place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.
3. Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.
4. Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

Song

(Christina Rossetti 1850 – 1894)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.
2. I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

The Land of Counterpane

(Robert Stevenson 1850 – 1894)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys behind me lay
To keep me happy all the day.
2. And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;
3. And sometimes sent my ships in fleets,
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

4. I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

My Bed is a Boat

(Robert Stevenson 1850–1894)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.
2. At night, I go on board and say
Good night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away,
And see and hear no more.
3. And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do:
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.
4. All night across the dark we steer:
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

Requiem

(Robert Stevenson 1850–1894)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
2. This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

The White Man's Burden

(Rudyard Kipling, geb. 1865)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. Take up the White Man's burden —
Send forth the best ye breed —
Go bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild —
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half-devil and half-child.
2. Take up the White Man's burden —
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit,
And work another's gain.
3. Take up the White Man's burden —
The savage wars of peace —
Fill full the mouth of Famine
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
The end for others sought,
Watch Sloth and heathen Folly
Bring all your hope to nought.
4. Take up the White Man's burden —
No tawdry rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper —
The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go make them with your living,
And mark them with your dead.
5. Take up the White Man's burden —
And reap his old reward:

The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard —
The cry of hosts ye humour
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light: —
“Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?”

6. Take up the White Man's burden —
Ye dare not stoop to less —
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloak your weariness;
By all ye cry or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your Gods and you.

7. Take up the White Man's burden —
Have done with childish days —
The lightly proffered laurel,
The easy, ungrudged praise.
Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers!

Recessional

(Rudyard Kipling, geb. 1865)

Gesprochen von Lawrence

1. God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

2. The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

3. Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire!
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

4. If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in a
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

5. For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard
For frantic boast and foolish word —
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

If . . .

(Rudyard Kipling, geb. 1865)

Gesprochen von Goodes

1. If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

2. If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;
If you can think — and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

3. If you can make one heap of all your winnings
 And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
 And lose, and start again at your beginnings
 And never breathe a word about your loss;
 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
 To serve your turn long after they are gone,
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you
 Except the will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

4. If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
 Or walk with kings — nor lose the common touch,
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
 If all men count with you but none too much;
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute
 With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
 Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
 And — which is more — you'll be a Man, my son!

The Thousandth Man

(Rudyard Kipling geb. 1865)

Gesprochen von Goodes

1. One man in a thousand, Solomon says,
 Will stick more close than a brother
 And its worth while seeking him half your days
 If you find him before the other.
 Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend
 On what the world sees in you,
 But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend
 With the whole round world agin you.

2. 'Tis neither promise nor prayer nor show
 Will settle the finding for 'ee.
 Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em go
 By your looks or your acts or your glory
 But if he finds you and you find him,
 The rest of the world don't matter;
 For the Thousandth Man will sink or swim
 With you in any water.

3. You can use his purse with no more shame
 Than he uses yours for his spendings;
 And laugh and mention it just the same
 As though there had been no lendings.
 Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em call
 For silver and gold in their dealings;
 But the Thousandth Man he's worth 'em all,
 Because you can show him your feelings!
4. His wrong's your wrong, and his right's your right,
 In season or out of season.
 Stand up and back it in all man's sight —
 With that for your only reason!
 Nine hundred and ninety-nine can't bide
 The shame or mocking or laughter,
 But the Thousandth Man will stand by your side
 To the gallows-foot — and after!

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep

(Volkslied)

Gesungen

Baa, baa, black sheep,
 Have you any wool?
 Yes, master, have I three bags full.
 One for my master, an one for my dame,
 But none for the little boy that lives down the lane.

Hushaby, Baby

(Volkslied)

Gesungen

Hushaby, baby, on the tree top!
 When the wind blows, our cradle will rock;
 When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
 Down comes baby, cradle and all.

Humpty Dumpty

(Volkslied)

Gesungen

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
 All the big haughties and all the big men
 Cannot put Humpty together again.

(Volkslied)

Baby, Baby Bunting

Gesungen

Baby, baby bunting,
Daddy is gone a-hunting
To fetch a little rabbit skin,
To wrap my baby bunting in.
Baby, baby bunting,
Daddy is gone a-hunting,
Lullaby, baby bunting!
Lullaby, daddy is gone a-hunting.

(Volkslied)

Old King Cole

Gesungen

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul;
And a merry old soul was he!
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three!
Every fiddler had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he!
Tweedle dee, tweedle dee,
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

(Volkslied)

Jack and Jill

Gesungen

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Home, Sweet Home

(John Howard Payne 1792 - 1852)

Gesungen

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow all there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! Home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me these, and the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home! Home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

The Harp that once through Tara's Halls

(Thomas Moore 1779 - 1852)

Gesungen

1. The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.
2. No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells:
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

It's a long Way to Tipperary

(Enthalten in den Laut- Chorgesang, von Engländern vorgetragen
plattentexten der Laut-
abteilung)

1. Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly, O!
Saying should you not receive it, write and let me know.
If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear, said he,
Remember it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me.

Chorus:

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know.
Good-bye, Piccadilly,
Fare well, Leicester Square.
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

2. Up to mighty London came an Irish man one day,
As the streets are paved with gold, sure ev'ry one was gay.
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square
Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there.

Chorus:

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know.
Good-bye, Piccadilly,
Fare well, Leicester Square.
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

The Comrades' Song of Hope

(Enthalten in den Laut- Chorgesang, von Engländern vorgetragen
plattentexten der Laut-
abteilung)

Hark what strains of solemn gladness
Are heard filling the air.
Sweet as hope that dawns on sadness,
The gloom of doubt dispelling,

A joyful day foretelling,
 To follow the night of despair.
 Men that toil in the battle of life,
 List to strains that will sweeten the strife.
 When the kindly country that bore you,
 When broad mankind your valour needs,
 When the good and great gone before you,
 Look down to mark your noble deeds.
 For the love of father-land and freedom
 For truth and right stand in the van;
 Fling wealth and pomp to those who need them,
 Be staunch and bold and play the man.
 Truth your standard, holy your cause
 Be faithful to death for your freedom and laws.
 Your cause is right, and right is might
 Then play the man and win the fight.

My Family

Aus: Doegen, Gesprochen 1. von einem englischen Mädchen
 Englisches 2. von einem englischen Knaben
 Unterrichtswerk

I have a kind father and a kind mother. — Have you also a brother or a sister? — I have a little brother, but no sister. Formerly we had grandmother and grandfather living with us, but now they live with uncle Tom and aunt Jane. — Has your uncle no children? — Oh yes, he has a boy and a girl. The girl is still a little child, but the boy, cousin James, is of my age. He is often here with us, and then we have games together.

What the Moon says

Aus: Doegen, Gesprochen 1. von einem englischen Mädchen
 Englisches 2. von einem englischen Knaben
 Unterrichtswerk

1. The moon says: my name is moon. I shine to give you light at night, when the sun has set.

2. I am very beautiful and white like silver. You can look at me, whenever you like, for I am not so bright as to dazzle your eyes.

A Railway Excursion

Aus: Doegen,
Englisches
Unterrichtswerk

Gesprochen 1. von A. Lloyd James
2. von Lilius Armstrong

1. "What do you do with yourself on Sundays? — You must find it rather dull living here all by yourself." "Oh, when it is fine, I generally go out of town on Sunday; I take the train about ten or twelve miles out of London, and walk out to some place, where I can get a train back.

2. I remember, once I was out for the day with a lot of friends, and we missed our way somehow getting to the station — I rather think, we went to the wrong station, and so we had to go to the other one — anyhow, just as we came up to the station, the porter shut the door in our faces. He might easily have let us in, for the train did not start till two minutes after; I suppose, he meant it as a kind of practical joke. Anyhow, it was the last train, and there was no help for it, we had to walk home." — "How far was it?" — "Fourteen miles". — "Well, that was not much". — "No, but we had already walked nearly thirty miles. I did not get home till nearly one, and some of us had further to go. One young friend was completely done up, I think he had to stay in bed for a day, or two."

3. "Well, which train shall we go by to-morrow! — There is one at nine, and another at half past twelve or twelve thirty-five — I forget, which! We had better take the nine o'clock one, if it is not too early for you." — "It is rather early; but it cannot be helped, I must take a cab, if I am not up in time."

4. "Then it is settled, that we are to meet at nine a. m. to-morrow morning?" — "Yes, but, that there is no need to say morning twice over." "Twice over, what do you mean?" — "Why, you said a. m., and to-morrow morning; a. m. and morning mean exactly the same thing, except that one is Latin and the other is English." "How do you make out that a. m. is Latin? — I do not think an ancient Roman would understand you, if you said a. m., he would understand ante meridiem soon enough, but not a. m." "You are too critical." — "Well, you began it."

5. "Here you are! — How long have you been here?" — "About two minutes." — "What is the time? I am afraid, my watch is wrong." — "It is exactly eight minutes to nine." — "Then I am five minutes fast; my watch stopped at half past six this morning; I suppose, I forgot to wind it up last night, and I must have set it wrong." "Well, it is better than having it slow." "Oh, there is the ticketplace open. Shall I get your ticket too?" — „Yes, if you will." — "What class?" — "Oh, second, I suppose" — "What's the good of going second? I always go first or third, generally third." "Well then, let it be third, it is all the same to me." "I suppose, we had better not take returns; we may want to come back some other way." "Yes, better take singles." — "Two third, singles, Downford!"

6. "Here is your ticket; I suppose, this is the side for Downford." "Well, they seem to be all going over to the other side. I will ask that porter; yes, it is the other platform, we must go across the bridge. I rather like this having a carriage all to ourselves." "Holloa, where is my umbrella? — I must go and look for it." "You had better look sharp; our time is up, the train ought to have started by this time." "Here it is! I had left it in the booking-office." "Why do they call it booking-office?" "It comes from the old days, when they used to enter your name in a book." "Oh yes, and that is, why they talk of booking for a station instead of taking a ticket for it." — "Now we are off at last."

7. Is this our station?" — "No, we don't stop here, this a fast train." "How many more stations are there?" "Two, I think." — "What station is this? — "It is some new station, Fortescue Park, I think, they call it. Here we are. This is Downford." "I am glad to hear it, I shall be glad to get out, and stretch my legs a little!" — "What is the matter?" "I thought, I had lost my ticket; I had it in my hand all the time; but where is my umbrella?" "What, have you lost it again?" — "I must have left it in the train." "Shall we go back for it." "It's too late now, the train has gone on." "Well, we will make up our minds to come back here; perhaps, they will have found it in the carriage." "We might as well have taken return-tickets after all". "It does not matter, we should not have saved anything by it."

At the Seaside

Aus: Doegen,
Englisches
Unterrichtswerk

Gesprochen 1. von A. Lloyd James
2. von Lilius Armstrong

1. "Had not you better get up now? — It is getting late." Have you ordered breakfast? — "Yes, that is alright;" "I will be down in ten minutes. When we have had breakfast, we shall go out and look for lodging, I am afraid, this hotel will be rather expensive."

2. "Are you ready?" — "I shall be ready in a minute, I have only got to get my boots on." — "I wonder which is the way to the sea; this must be it, I think." "There is the sea — why, we are quite close to it! There are some boats; what do you say to a row? — Sailing-boats, too! — Let us go for a sail!" — "We have not time now, we have got to find lodgings." "We may as well have a bathe though, that won't take long." "I shan't bathe, it is too cold for me." "Well, look here, I shall bathe, and you can go and look for lodgings, you understand that kind of thing better than I do; you will find me here, when you come back".

3. "How did you like your bathe? — Was the water warm?" — "Never had a better bathe in my life; the water was rather cold, but I don't mind that", "Well, I have got some rooms for us in that little house up there on the terrace; thirty shillings a week, no extras, no other lodgers, no children, perfect quiet inside and outside the house". "You have been a long time about it?" — "Yes, I could not get away from the old woman, she talked so much; she says, we can come in whenever we like, the rooms are all ready." — "Then we shall go there this afternoon. I hope, the people are honest, I cannot stand dishonest people."

4. "I feel very lazy after my bathe and that good lunch they gave us at the hotel. I should be awfully grateful if you would go back to the hotel, and see about moving our things; and you may order tea at the same time". — "I suppose, we shall have to go in for early dinner and five o'clock or six o'clock tea; and tell Mrs. what's her name to get a pot of raspberry jam, and some prawns, please". — "Well, I promised your mother, I should look after you, and see that you did not eat anything that disagreed with you; I don't know, what she would say to raspberry jam and prawns though".

5. "Oh, here you are; I could not find you. I have settled everything at number five. Did you order tea?" — "Yes, at half past live; she says, prawns are not to be had. She will try and get some shrimps, but everything in the way of fish is generally sent up to London". "Well, I hate the place, where I cannot get anything I like, and I shall never come here again." — "Don't get in a temper about it. Come along, tea will be ready, and you will be quite satisfied".

A short Lesson in "English History"

Aus: Doegen,
Englisches
Unterrichtswerk

Gesprochen 1. von A. Lloyd James
2. von Lillas Armstrong

1. The first inhabitants of England were the ancient Britons. They were also called Celts or Kelts, and we learn from an old Greek historian, that Tyrian mariners used to visit Britain in the sixth century before Christ for the purpose of trading in tin. But apart from this information very little is known about their history till 55 B. C.

2. Then the Romans came. Julius Caesar invaded Britain and fought against the Britons to prevent them from sending any help to their kinsfolk in Brittany, for the two nations were closely related to one another. The Romans covered the land with fortified settlements. The names of these still remain, and can usually be recognised by the presence of the Latin roots *castra* and *colonia*. At the present day, remains of Roman houses are sometimes found buried under the soil, and only ten years ago, a beautiful villa was discovered in the Isle of Wight; and ruins of great public baths, which were used by the Romans as well as the Britons, have been found, too. There is an old Roman bath still to be seen in London, in Strand Lane, off the Strand.

3. The Britons, however, had become so unwarlike under the Roman rule, that they found themselves quite unable to resist the northern Picts and Scots, who often made war upon them. In their distress, they turned for assistance to the Anglo-Saxons from northern Germany, in the middle of the fifth century. The Angles readily agreed to help them. They came over in different bodies, led, as the story runs, by their two chiefs, Hengest and Horsa, and drove the Picts and Scots out of the country.

4. But finding the country of those to whom they had brought help so pleasant, the Anglo-Saxons drove out the people they had come to defend, and divided the land among themselves. In the course of time seven distinct English kingdoms were founded under the titles of Kent, Sussex, Wessex, Northumbria, Mercia, East Anglia and Essex. These formed the so-called Heptarchy.

5. But in their turn, the Angles had to suffer repeatedly from the cruel invasions of Danish pirates, who were finally subdued by King Alfred, and forced to settle quietly in the eastern part of the country, at the end of the ninth century.

6. A century later, England was once more conquered by William, duke of Normandy. He laid claim to the throne declaring that the late king, Edward the Confessor, had appointed him his only successor. After the defeat of the Saxons under their king Harold at Hastings in 1066, the country was portioned out among the Norman barons and quite normanized.

7. So the English language owes its French element to the influence of the Norman-French dialect, once spoken by the Normans.

8. The most famous among the successors of king William, called the Conqueror, are the so-called Plantagenets: Henry the Second and his two sons, Richard I., surnamed the Lionhearted, and John Lackland. In 1215 (twelve hundred and fifteen) the latter was forced by his proud barons, to grant the Great Charter, which has become the foundation stone of English liberty.

9. In 1400 (fourteen hundred), with King Henry the Fourth, began the reign of the House of Lancaster, which, in the middle of the fifteenth century, was involved in a long and bloody thirty years' war with the related house of York. From the badges or party-emblems of the champions, the war was called the War of the Roses. In the battle of Bosworth, the White Rose, the badge of the Yorkists, fell defeated by the victory of Henry Tudor, who restored peace to the country. He married a princess of Yorkish descent, and at their marriage-feast, he and his queen wore a red rose, intertwined with a white one, as a symbol of

conciliation. His family, the Tudors, of which his son Henry the Eighth and his grand-daughter Queen Elizabeth are the most conspicuous, reigned till 1603 (sixteen hundred and three).

10. In that year, the Stuart family, then reigning in Scotland, came by right of inheritance to the English throne. The Stuart kings are James I. (the First), Charles I., Charles II., James II., Mary with her husband William III. of Orange, and Queen Anne. The Hanoverian sovereigns are the four Georges, William IV., Queen Victoria, Edward VII., and George V., who became king on the seventh of May, 1910.

The King's Secret

Gesprochen von Prof. Dan. Jones

1. A certain king was once preparing to make war against an enemy, but no one knew who that enemy was. Very naturally all his subjects wondered, but none of them dared to make the inquiry.

2. One day, however, a favoured courtier, finding himself alone with the king, ventured to ask against what nation the king was intending to lead them. "Can you keep a secret?" inquired the king. "Certainly, your majesty," the man replied. "And so can I", said the king; and that is all he told him.

The Bullet-Proof Jacket

Gesprochen von Prof. Dan. Jones

1. A man once called on the Duke of Wellington, and showed him a jacket which he had invented for soldiers, and which, he said, was bullet-proof. "Oh!" said the Duke, "just put it on!" Then he rang the bell, and said to the servant, "Tell the captain of the guard to order one of his men to load with ball-cartridge and come here."

2. The inventor of the bullet-proof jacket disappeared, and the Duke was never troubled with him again.

Tiresome Visitors

Gesprochen von Prof. Dan. Jones

1. The following story is told of Prince Bismarck. A prominent English diplomatist, while calling upon the Prince one day, asked him how he managed to get rid of that class of visitors whom he could not well refuse to see but whose room he found preferable to their company. "Oh," replied the Chancellor, "I have got a very simple method. My wife knows them pretty well, and, when she sees they are with me, she generally contrives to come in and call me away on some pretext or other."

2. He had scarcely done speaking when the Princess put her head in at the door and said, "Otto, you must come and take your medicine. You ought to have had it ten minutes ago."

Blotting-Paper as an Antidote

Gesprochen von Prof. Dan. Jones

A gentleman who was ill, used to take a very black-looking medicine. One day his servant gave him some ink by mistake. When he found out what he had done, he cried out in horror, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I have given you ink instead of your medicine." "Oh, that doesn't matter," said the gentleman, "I'll eat a piece of blotting-paper to counteract it."



Fashionable Whitewash

Gesprochen von Prof. Dan. Jones

1. A missionary stationed at one of the South Sea Islands determined to give his hut a coat of whitewash. But there was no lime to make it with, so he hit upon the plan of using powder made by burning some coral. The natives watched his movements with great interest, being specially interested in what seemed the cooking of coral.

2. Next day they saw the missionary's cottage glittering pure white in the morning sun. They danced, they sang, they screamed with joy at this novel sight.

3. Whitewash now became the rage, and in a week everything from cooking utensils and war-clubs to pigs and babies had received its fashionable coating of white.

A clever Escape

Gesprochen von Prof. Dan. Jones

1. A famous writer was arrested for treason, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He was permitted to study, however, and his wife was allowed to visit him every day.

2. A large chest of linen and books for the scholar's use was allowed to pass in and out of the prison every week. Of course the contents were carefully examined by the guards; but as they found nothing wrong, and the contents of the box varied so little week by week, they grew careless in their inquiry, and presently ceased to search the box at all.

3. The devoted wife, observing this, prevailed upon her husband to place himself in the box. So holes were bored for the admission of air, and the unconscious guards carried their prisoner to his friends.

4. For some days his wife pretended that he was still in prison, but too ill to be seen. In this way he was able to leave the country before his escape was discovered.

Inside and Out

Gesprochen von Prof. Dan. Jones

There was once, in the old coaching days, a very stout gentleman who lived in Edinburgh. In order that he might have plenty of room when he travelled by coach, he used to engage two inside places. On one occasion, when he was going to Glasgow, he sent his servant to engage his seats. When the servant came back, he said, "Please, sir, there weren't two inside places left; so I have taken one inside and one out."

The little Match-Girl

Gesprochen von einem englischen Knaben

1. It was dreadfully cold; it snowed, and was getting quite dark, for it was evening — yes, the last evening of the year.

2. Amid the cold and the darkness, a little girl, with bare head and naked feet, was roaming through the streets. It is true she had on a pair of slippers when she left home; but they were not of much use, for they were very large slippers — so large, indeed, that they had hitherto been used by her mother. Besides, the little creature lost them as she hurried across the street to avoid two carriages that were driving at a fearful rate. One of the slippers was not to be found, and the other was pounced upon by a boy, who ran away with it.

3. So the child went along, her little bare feet red and blue with cold. She carried a number of matches in an old apron, and she held a bundle of them in her hand. Nobody had bought anything of her the whole livelong day, and nobody had even given her a penny.

4. She crept along, shivering with cold and hunger — a perfect picture of misery. Poor little thing! The snow-flakes covered her long flaxen hair, which hung in pretty curls around her neck; but she heeded them not. Lights were streaming from all the windows, and there was a savoury smell of roast goose, for it was New-Year's Eve. And this she did heed.

5. She now sat down, cowering in a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she felt colder than ever; yet she dared not return home, for she had not sold a match, and could not carry back a penny. Her father would certainly beat her; and it was cold enough at home, besides, for they had only the roof above them, and the wind came howling through it, though the largest holes had been stopped with rags and straw. Her hands were nearly frozen with cold.

6. Alas! a single match might do her some good, if she might only draw one out of the bundle, and rub it against the wall, and warm her fingers.

7. So at last she drew one out. Whist! how it shed sparks, and how it burned! It seemed to the little girl as if she were sitting before a large iron stove. The fire warmed her hands so nicely, that the little creature stretched out her feet to warm them likewise, when, lo! the flame expired and the stove vanished.

8. She lit another match; and she now sat under a large Christmas-tree. A thousand tapers burned on its green branches, and gay pictures seemed to be looking down upon her. The match then went out.

9. The Christmas lights, rising higher and higher, now looked like stars in the sky. One of them fell down, and left a long streak of fire. "Somebody is now dying," thought the little girl; for her old grandmother, the only person who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, it is a sign that a soul is going up to heaven.

10. She again rubbed a match upon the wall, and it was again light all around; and in the brightness stood her old grandmother, looking so mild and loving.

11. "Grandmother," cried the little one, "oh, take me with you!"

12. And the grandmother took the little girl in her arms, and both flew upwards, far, above mortal ken, where there is neither cold, nor hunger, nor care to be found.

13. In the morning the poor girl was found leaning against the wall, with smiling mouth. She sat in the stiffness of death, still holding the matches, one bundle of which was burned. Nobody dreamed of the fine things she had seen, nor in what splendour she had entered upon the joys of the New-Year.

Nelson (died in 1805)

Gesprochen von Prof. Dan. Jones

1. The warlike activity which was displayed in France in 1798, caused many people to think that an invasion of England was

intended. Therefore measures were taken to give the French a warm reception, in case they should venture to approach the English coast. The militia and the volunteers were called out and drilled, and as in the days of the Invincible Armada, the government made preparations for the kindling of beacons on hills and mountains, as soon as the enemy were in sight.

2. But Napoleon did not intend to invade England. Egypt was his destination. To conquer that country was to be the first step to the conquest of India. For it was the English who had won the East Indies in the various wars which the commercial rivalries of the different "East India Companies" had brought about. Nor had the French forgotten the many defeats they had suffered, about fifty years before, at the hands of the English, under Lord Clive, of whom Macaulay, the great English historian, has written.

3. Leaving Toulon, the French naval station in the Mediterranean, Napoleon eluded the English fleet and landed his troops at Alexandria, before Nelson, the great English hero of the sea, of whose doings every Englishman is justly proud, could overtake him.

4. When Nelson came up, night was fast coming on, and the French ships were much larger than his own and had a strong position, close to the shore. Nelson, however, resolved to begin the attack at once. He first ordered some ships to sail in close to the shore, between it and the French ships. This was very dangerous, but Nelson's sailors were not only devoted to him but were as skilful as they were brave. So they sailed in and laid their ships alongside of the French men-of-war. Then the battle began, about six o'clock in the evening.

5. It must have been terrible to hear, all the night through, the thunder of the cannon, and to see the flashes of fire that lightened up the decks of the ships. Again and again, too, as ship after ship struck, or hauled down, her flag in submission, one could hear a British cheer above all the din and roar.

6. At about ten o'clock the flagship of the French admiral, the "Orient", caught fire. The men fought on until the fire reached the store of powder, and the great Orient blew up with all her thousand men. Many of the crew who were struggling for their lives in the water, were saved by English boats.

7. One by one the French ships were taken or destroyed, and when morning came, it was found that only two had escaped. Napoleon was for a time a prisoner in Egypt, for the splendid fleet which had proudly brought him from France, was quite ruined, and he had no means of return to France. India was safe, and England, who before had been the mistress of the seas, was so still.

8. For the next seven years Napoleon was engaged in wars on the continent; chiefly against Austria and Russia. They were successful wars, and Napoleon had in the meantime been elected Emperor of the French. His ambitious object was to establish a universal empire; and now that the Continental Powers had been defeated, he turned his attention to England. He resolved to punish "perfidious Albion", to repeat the events of 1066, and to triumph at a second Hastings. At least, he hoped so, and accordingly made dreadful preparations for the attack: every harbour, from Holland to Brittany, from Rotterdam to Brest, was required to provide ships, while he himself, having neglected nothing that might contribute to his victory, waited in the encampment of Boulogne with a large army for an opportunity to cross the Channel. Could he but throw his army across the Channel, proud Albion would be at his feet. "Let us be masters of the Channel for six hours", he is reported to have said, "and we are masters of the world."

9. But whenever danger threatens, all England rises as one man—"It is better to lose one's life than to be the slave of a foreign usurper", was the thought of each of her citizens; and in all parts of the country soldiers were collected and drilled. In this hour of danger, the great admiral was once again given the command. It was he who sailed with a fleet of twenty-seven sail to attack the French before they left the Mediterranean.

10. Napoleon had persuaded the Spaniards to join him, and he hoped with their fleet and his own to be able to crush the English. But he was mistaken. Nelson met the French and Spanish fleets off Cape Trafalgar in the southwest corner of Spain, and here the great battle was fought. After he had made all his preparations, Nelson went to his cabin and prayed as follows:

11. "O Thou, Great and Almighty God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great

and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Thy keeping; may Thy blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Thee I resign myself and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Thine be the glory! Amen."

12. It was on this occasion that Nelson gave that memorable order for the battle, which no officer of his ever forgot, "England expects every man to do his duty."

13. Nelson's ship was called the "Victory" and was posted in the hottest part of the battle, attacking the French "Redoubtable", and though the latter did her much damage with her fire, the Victory reserved hers till at close quarters. Nelson was on deck wearing his admiral's coat, with all his medals and stars on it, a good mark for the enemy's riflemen to shoot at. When the battle had lasted about two hours, he was struck on the left shoulder and terribly wounded. Nelson told his friends that he knew his wound was fatal, and ordered the surgeon to attend to the other wounded men first. Though everything was done that might alleviate his suffering, he lay in great pain for about three hours.

14. Before he died, news was brought him of the great victory the English had won, and this made him very happy. "Thank God, I have done my duty!" he was heard to say, and a few moments later the brave heart had ceased to beat for ever.

15. Nelson was but 47 years of age when his life was cut off, but Robert Southey, his biographer, justly remarks: "He cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours and at the height of human fame".

16. His body was taken to England and laid to rest — not in Westminster Abbey, where most of England's mighty dead, statesman, warriors, poets, lie buried, but — in St. Paul's Cathedral. Hither also was borne many years later the great duke who, at Waterloo, by the ready help of Blucher, the intrepid Prussian hero, completed Nelson's work and saved Europe from the domination of France.

Robert Bruce and the Spider

(Tales of a Grandfather, Sir William Wallace)

(Walter Scott 1771 - 1832) Gesprochen 1. von Lawrence
2. von Prof. Dan. Jones

1. It was about this time that an incident took place, which, although it rests only on tradition in families of the name Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the times. After receiving the last displeasing intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life fighting against the Saracens; by which he thought, perhaps, he might deserve the forgiveness of Heaven for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church at Dumfries. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland, while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the infidels out of Palestine, though the superstition of his age might think otherwise.

2. While he was divided between these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward, to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavouring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation as himself, having made as many trials, and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful,

I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country more."

3. While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained any considerable or decisive check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce, so completely persuaded of the truth of this story, that they would not on any account kill a spider; because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake.

The Prodigal Son

(Nach Lucas XV, 11 ff) Gesprochen: 1. von A. Lloyd James
2. von einem Kanadier
3. von Engländern aus
andern Dialektgebieten

1. There was a man who had two sons. The younger of them said to his father: "Give me that part of your goods that belongs to me".

2. So the father gave him his share. Not many days afterwards, the young man gathered all his belongings together and went away into a far country. There he wasted all that he had.

3. When he had spent everything, a great famine came over the country, and he began to be in want.

4. Before long he had to take any work he could get and was glad, when he found a place with a man of that country. This man sent him into the fields as a swineherd. He had no place to sleep in. He saw others at their meals, but had nothing himself to eat.

5. Many a time he would have been glad to fill his belly with the husks that he fed the swine with, but even such food his master begrudged him.

6. At last, when the young man came to think over, what he had done, he said: "Ah! How many hired servants of my

father's have all the food they want and even more than they want, and here am I dying of hunger.

7. High time is it that I should go back to my father. This very day I will start for home, and I will go to my father and say to him: "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and against you. I am no longer worthy to be called your son. Make me one of your hired servants".

8. And he arose and came to his father. When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had pity, and ran to meet him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

9. And the young man said to his father: "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and against you, and I am no longer worthy to be called your son".

10. But the father said to his servants: "Bring forth the best clothes, and put them on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet.

11. And bring hither the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and be merry. For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found".

12. Now his elder son was working in the fields. And as he came to the house, he heard music and dancing. So he called one of his servants and asked him: "What do these things mean?" And the servant said to him: "Your brother has come home, and your father has killed the fatted calf, because he has got him back safe and sound.

13. Then he was angry and would not go in. So his father came out and asked him to come in.

14. And he said to his father: "These many years have I served you, and I have always done what you told me to do, but you never gave me even a kid, so that I might have a feast with my friends; but as soon as my brother comes, who has spent all his money in wild living, you have the fatted calf killed for him".

15. And the father said to him: "Dear son, you are always with me, and all that I have is yours; but this your brother was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found".

FRIDAY

(From Robinson Crusoe)

Gesprochen von Stephen Jones

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large, tall and well shaped, and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face; and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of a European in his countenance too, especially, when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The colour of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny; and yet not of an ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are, but of a bright kind of a dun olive colour, that had in it something very agreeable, though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat like the negroes'; a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set and as white as ivory. After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half an hour, he waked again, and came out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the enclosure just by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble, thankful disposition, making many antic gestures to show it.

English Vowels and Diphthongs

(Nach Jones)

Gesprochen von Prof. Dan. Jones

least queen veal; is thin village; bed get then; hat jam bad; far calm nasty; rock long sorry; law short ball door; good push look; too move goose; come shut money; bird fur journey; again China afterwards; pay cable railway; no coat road; sky kind write; how mouse thousand; boy coin moist; here fear theater; pair bear care; poor tour moor.

Voiced and Voiceless Consonants

Gesprochen von Laudon

cab	cap	hog	hock
bad	bat	dug	duck
had	hat	bark	park
mad	mat	bear	pear
sad	sat	bale	pale
made	mate	bed	pet
save	safe	beach	peach
laid	late	beer	peer
bed	bet	bit	pit
led	let	board	port
Ned	net	by	pie
wed	wet	bound	pound
feed	feet	dare	tear
heed	heat	dear	tear
need	neat	door	tore
seed	seat	down	town
leave	leaf	fine	vine
hid	hit	fault	vault
his	hiss	zeal	seal
God	got	zinc	sink
nod	knot	sing	thing
side	sight	sought	thought
bag	back	use	use
peg	peck	five	fife

Zur Erklärung der Lauttafeln

Die beigelegten drei Tafeln zum Studium der Intonation stellen einen Versuch dar, den interessierten Schüler in die Satzmelodie des lebendigen Englisch einzuführen. Die Intonationskurven sind einmal, dem Auge sichtbar, graphisch dargestellt und ergänzen, dann für das Ohr, die von der Lautplatte abgesprochene Sprachmelodie. Es werden ganz kurz die Anfänge von drei wesentlichen Bestandteilen der Lautsprache überhaupt gegeben. — Tafel 1: einige englische Laute, gesprochen von Prof. Daniel Jones, London (vgl. Lautplatte 50: English Vowels and Diphthongs, Anfang); — Tafel 2: die Sprachmelodie in der Prosa, gesprochen von Prof. Daniel Jones (vgl. Lautplatte 47: Nelson's prayer before the battle of Trafalgar, Anfang); — Tafel 3: die Sprachmelodie in der Poesie, gesprochen von Holloway (vgl. Lautplatte 4: The last rose of summer, Anfang). Jede Tafel zerfällt in vier wesentliche Teile:

1. der Text in der Schriftsprache,
2. der gleiche Text in der Lautschrift,
3. das Tempo der Sprache, das durch die Zeitmesserlinie in Sekunden ausgedrückt wird,
4. die Intonation mit den dazwischen liegenden Sprechpausen. Hier ist auf den Stimmumfang des Sprechers zu achten, der zwischen zwei Tonhöhen, die in Schwingungszahlen ausgedrückt sind, liegt. Die vokalischen und konsonantischen Laute werden durch kurze und lange, durch schwache und starke horizontale Linienformen graphisch dargestellt. Die kurzen horizontalen Linien bedeuten eine Takteinheit, die doppelt langen horizontalen Linien doppelte Einheiten, also Längen. Die fetteren Taktzeichen aber bedeuten Lautstärken (besonderer Nachdruck).

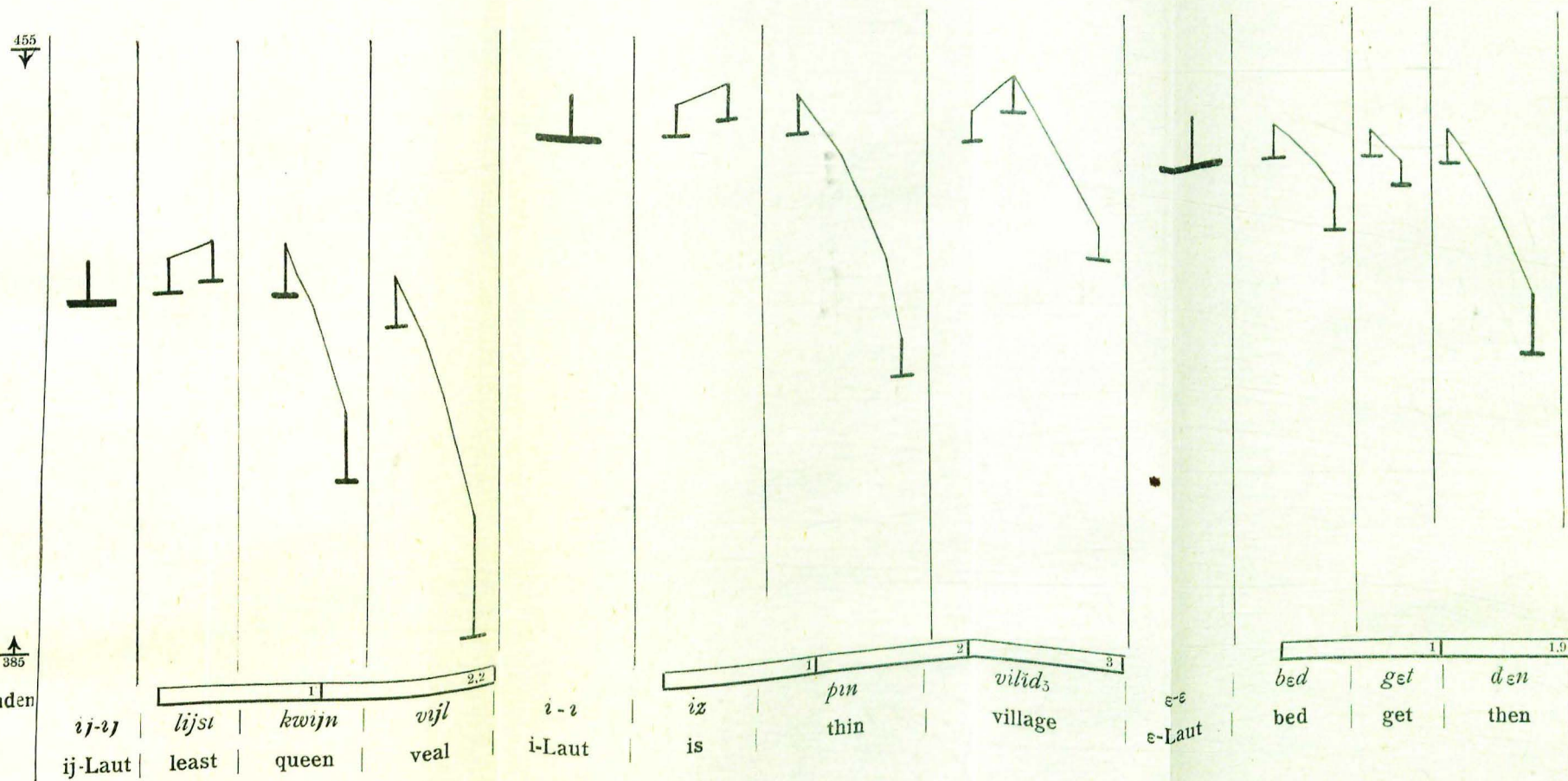
Dem nur wenig geschulten Beobachter und Hörer wird zum Bewußtsein kommen, daß die englischen Sprechakte in der Intonation dauernd fallend sind. Auf das Studium besonderer Feinheiten der Intonation und der Sprachmelodie einzugehen erübrigt sich an dieser Stelle. Es gehört in das Gebiet der Sprachforschung.

Proben englischer Intonation in Wörtern,
 als sichtbare Ergänzung zur Doegen-Lautplatte xbo 6701:
 English vowels and diphthongs, gesprochen von Prof.
 Daniel Jones, London, dargestellt von Wilhelm Doegen.

4. Intonation

Der Lauthöhen-
 umfang
 der Intonation
 liegt zwischen
 455 und 385
 Schwingungen

- 3. Zeitmesser in Sekunden
- 2. Lautschrift
- 1. Schriftsprache



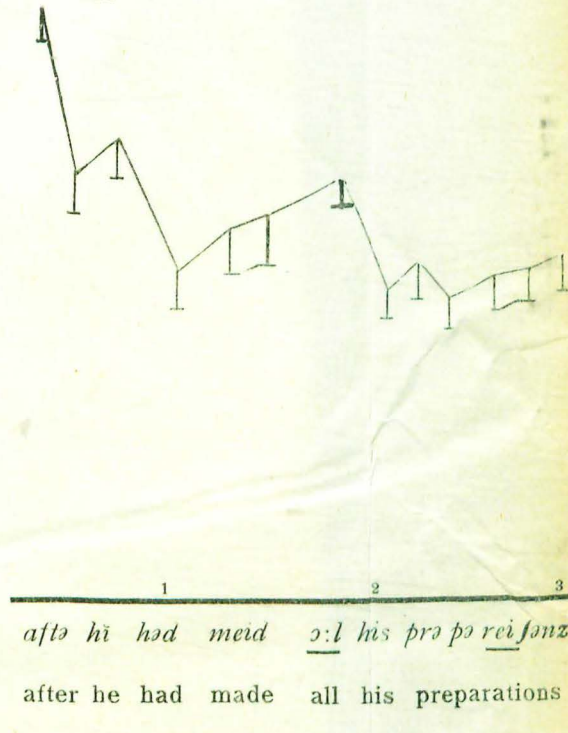
4. Intonation

Lautbewegung eines fallenden Sprechaktes, in einem Atemzuge innerhalb 3,1 Sekunden gesprochen.

Der Lauthöhenumfang der Intonation liegt zwischen 455 und 385 Schwingungen

455
↓

↑
385



3. Zeitmesser in Sekunden

2. Lautschrift

1. Schriftsprache

4. Intonation

Lautbewegung eines fallenden Sprechtaktes, in einem Atemzuge innerhalb 2,9 Sekunde, gesprochen.

Sprech-pause. Lautbewegung eines fallenden Sprech-taktes, in einem Atemzuge innerhalb 2 Sekunden gesprochen.

Sprech-pause.

Der Lauthöhen-
 umfang
 der Intonation
 liegt zwischen
 420 und 290
 Schwingungen



- 3. Zeitmesser in Sekunden
- 2. Lauttext
- 1. Schriftsprache

tɪz ðə lɑ:st roʊz
 Tis the last rose
ɒv sʌmə
 of summer,
lɛft blʊɪmɪŋ
 left blooming
ə laʊn
 alone.

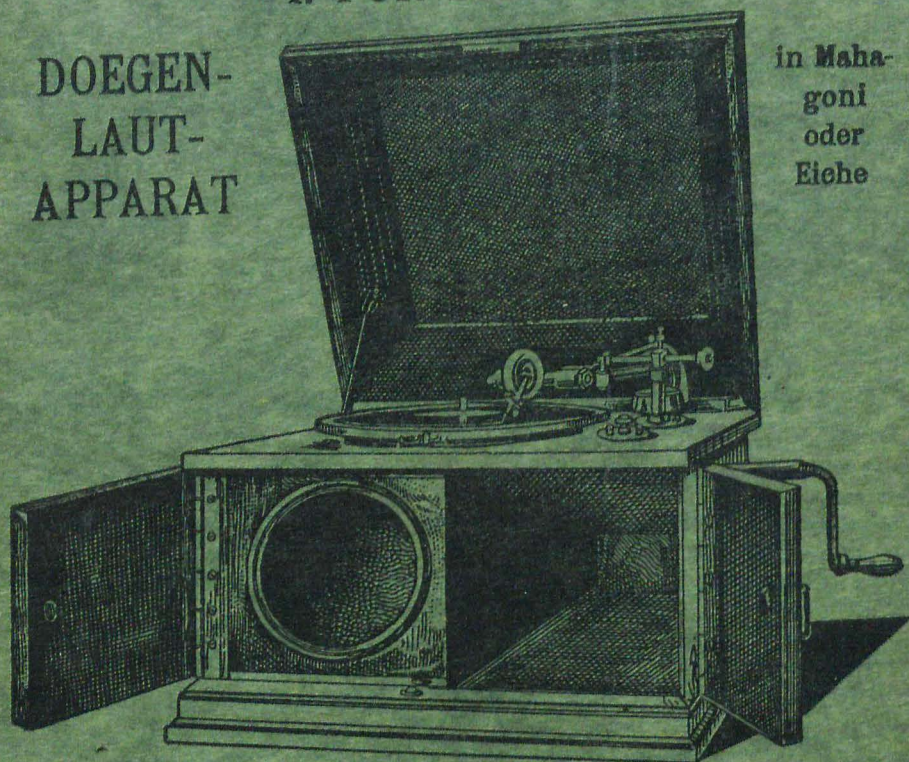
„DER LAUT“ ^{G. m.} ^{b. H.} FÜR LAUT-APPARATE
UND LAUTWESEN, BERLIN C 2

DOEGEN LAUTAPPARATE UND LAUTPLATTEN

WERDEN AN ÜBER 300 UNIVERSITÄTEN UND SCHULEN
DES IN- UND AUSLANDES ERFOLGREICH BENUTZT

1. FÜR SCHULEN

DOEGEN-
LAUT-
APPARAT



in Maha-
goni
oder
Eiche

2. DOEGEN-STUDIENAPPARAT FÜR SCHÜLER

KATALOG UND PREISLISTE
AUF LAUTAPPARATE, LAUTPLATTEN SOWIE SCHULRADIO
UND GEMEINDERUNDFUNKAPPARATE UND EINZELTEILE

VERLANGE MAN VOM

LAUTVERLAG BERLIN C 2