



ENGLISH SONG

2 CDs featuring Vaughan Williams, Walton, Holst,
Stanford, Warlock, Bax, Quilter, Britten and others

Philip Langridge ♦ Dame Felicity Lott ♦ Simon Keenleyside
Della Jones ♦ Christopher Maltman ♦ Anthony Rolfe Johnson



CD 1**Sir Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)***(from Marco Polo 8.225098)*

- 1 A Soft Day 2:48
Bernadette Greevy, mezzo-soprano • Hugh Tinney, piano
2 Irish Skies 5:13
Bernadette Greevy, mezzo-soprano • Hugh Tinney, piano

Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)*(from Naxos 8.557118)*

- 3 Cherry Ripe 2:42
Janice Watson, soprano • Stuart Bedford, piano
4 Mustard and Cress 1:52
Neal Davies, baritone • Stuart Bedford, piano
5 The Lily of a Day 2:37
Janice Watson, soprano • Stuart Bedford, piano
6 Henry King 3:21
Neal Davies, baritone • Stuart Bedford, piano

Arthur Somervell (1863-1937)*(from Naxos 8.557113)*

- 7 Fain would I change that note 3:07
Patricia Rozario, soprano • Graham Johnson, piano
8 In summer-time on Bredon 3:56
Christopher Maltman, baritone • Graham Johnson, piano
9 The lads in their hundreds 2:54
Christopher Maltman, baritone • Graham Johnson, piano
10 Among the rocks 3:30
Catherine Wyn-Rogers, mezzo-soprano • Duke Quartet
Graham Johnson, piano

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)*(from Naxos 8.557114)*

- 11 It was a lover and his lass 1:53
Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor • Simon Keenleyside,
baritone • Graham Johnson, piano
12 The Water Mill 4:02
Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor • Graham Johnson, piano
13 On Wenlock Edge 3:51
Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor • Graham Johnson, piano
14 The Call 2:17
Simon Keenleyside, baritone • Graham Johnson, piano

- 15 Silent Noon 4:38
Simon Keenleyside, baritone • Graham Johnson, piano

Gustav Holst (1874-1934)*(from Naxos 8.557117)*

- 16 Now in these fairylands 1:26
Philip Langridge, tenor • Stuart Bedford, piano
17 The dream-city 3:17
Philip Langridge, tenor • Stuart Bedford, piano
18 Margrete's Cradle Song 2:45
Susan Gritton, soprano • Stuart Bedford, piano
19 The Heart worships 3:14
Christopher Maltman, baritone • Stuart Bedford, piano

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)*(from Naxos 8.557116)*

- 20 Take, O take those lips away 1:26
Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor • Graham Johnson, piano
21 Now sleeps the crimson petal 2:26
Lisa Milne, mezzo-soprano • Graham Johnson, piano
22 Love calls through the summer night 5:30
Lisa Milne, mezzo-soprano • Anthony Rolfe Johnson,
tenor • Graham Johnson, piano
23 I will go with my father a-ploughing 2:26
Lisa Milne, mezzo-soprano • Ivan McReady, cello •
Graham Johnson, piano

Lord Berners (1883-1950)*(from Marco Polo 8.225159)*

- Three Songs
24 The Rio Grande (Capstan Shanty) 2:34
25 Theodore, or the Pirate King 0:55
26 A Long Time Ago (Hilliard's Shanty) 1:28
Ian Partridge, tenor • Len Vorster, piano

Arnold Bax (1883-1953)*(from Marco Polo 8.225098)*

- 27 Oh dear, what can the matter be? 1:36
Bernadette Greevy, mezzo-soprano • Hugh Tinney, piano

TOTAL PLAYING TIME:**77:42**

CD 2

Eric Coates (1886-1957)

(from *Marco Polo* 8.223806)

- 1 The Grenadier 3:21
Richard Edgar-Wilson, tenor • Eugene Asti, piano
2 The Young Lover 2:59
Richard Edgar-Wilson, tenor • Eugene Asti, piano
3 Betty and Johnny 2:12
Richard Edgar-Wilson, tenor • Eugene Asti, piano
4 Rise up and reach the stars 1:39
Richard Edgar-Wilson, tenor • Eugene Asti, piano

Cecil Armstrong Gibbs (1889-1960)

(from *Marco Polo* 8.223458)

- 5 The Bells 3:01
Nik Hancock-Child, baritone
Rosemary Hancock-Child, piano
6 Ann's Cradle Song 3:21
Nik Hancock-Child, baritone
Rosemary Hancock-Child, piano
7 As I Lay in the Early Sun 1:49
Nik Hancock-Child, baritone
Rosemary Hancock-Child, piano
8 The Cherry Tree 2:31
Nik Hancock-Child, baritone
Rosemary Hancock-Child, piano
9 Dusk 1:31
Nik Hancock-Child, baritone
Rosemary Hancock-Child, piano

Peter Warlock (1894-1930)

(from *Naxos* 8.557115)

- 10 Peter Warlock's Fancy 2:12
Christopher Maltman, baritone • John Constable, piano
11 The frostbound wood 3:05
Christopher Maltman, baritone • John Constable, piano
Peterisms, 1st set
12 Chopcherry 1:04
13 A Sad Song 2:09

- 14 Rutterkin 1:08
Adrian Thompson, tenor • John Constable, piano
15 Bethlehem Down 4:36
Christopher Maltman, baritone • John Constable, piano

William Walton (1902-1983)

(from *Naxos* 8.557112)

- 16 Wapping Old Stairs 2:23
Felicity Lott, soprano • Graham Johnson, piano
Three Façade Settings
17 Long Steel Grass 2:31
18 Tango – Pasodoble 2:09
19 Popular Song 2:14
Martyn Hill, tenor • Graham Johnson, piano
20 Beatriz's Song 2:51
Felicity Lott, soprano • Graham Johnson, piano

Lennox Berkeley (1903-1989)

(from *Naxos* 8.557204)

- 21 Lay your sleeping head, my love 5:34
Philip Langridge, tenor • Stuart Bedford, piano

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

- 22 Early One Morning 3:23
Felicity Lott, soprano • Stuart Bedford, piano
23 The foggy, foggy dew 2:38
Philip Langridge, tenor • Stuart Bedford, piano
24 Now the leaves are falling fast 2:00
Philip Langridge, tenor • Stuart Bedford, piano
(from *Naxos* 8.557204)
25 Tell me the truth about love 5:41
Della Jones, mezzo-soprano • Stuart Bedford, piano
(from *Naxos* 8.557204)
26 The Choirmaster's Burial 4:05
Philip Langridge, tenor • Stuart Bedford, piano
(from *Naxos* 8.557201)

TOTAL PLAYING TIME: 72:05

Stanford (8.225098)
Producer: Chris Craker
Engineer: Colm O'Rourke

Lehmann (8.557118)
Producer: John H. West
Engineer: Mike Hatch (Floating Earth)
First issued on Collins Classics in 1997

Somervell (8.557113)
Producer: Mark Brown
Engineer: Anthony Howell
First issued on Collins Classics in 1998

Vaughan Williams (8.557114)
Producer: Mark Brown
Engineer: Anthony Howell
First issued on Collins Classics in 1996

Holst (8.557117)
Producer: John H West
Engineer: Mike Hatch (Floating Earth)
First issued on Collins Classics in 1997
Publishers: Stainer & Bell Ltd. (16, 17, 19); Bosworth
(Chester) (19)

Quilter (8.557116)
Producer: Mark Brown
Engineer: Anthony Howell
First issued on Collins Classics in 1998
Publishers: Boosey & Co. Ltd. (20, 21); Warner
Chappell Music Ltd. (22); Hawkes & Son (London)
Ltd. (23)

Berners (8.225159)
Producer: Michael Atkinson
Engineer: Jim Atkins

Bax (8.225098)
Producer: Chris Craker
Engineer: Colm O'Rourke

Coates (8.223806)
Producer: Michael Ponder
Engineer: Philip Stokes
Publishers: Chappell

Armstrong Gibbs (8.223458)
Engineer: Cliff Bradbury

Warlock (8.557115)
Producer: Mark Brown
Engineer: Anthony Howell
First issued on Collins Classics in 1997

Walton (8.557115)
Producer: Mark Brown
Engineer: Anthony Howell
First issued on Collins Classics in 1997

Berkeley (8.557204)
Producer: John H. West
Engineers: Mike Hatch, Geoff Miles
First issued on Collins Classics in 1998

Britten (8.557201)
Producer: John H. West
Engineers: Mike Hatch, Geoff Miles
First issued on Collins Classics in 1996
Publishers: Boosey & Hawkes

An Anthology of English Song

Song, the combination of words and music, has taken highly characteristic forms in the various countries of the world, with the music shaped by the sounds of words, the particular linguistic patterns of vowels and consonants, and of grammar. The Lieder of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Wolf have as distinct an identity as the chansons of French vocal tradition. English too boasts a long and distinctive tradition of song, of which the present anthology offers a recent conspectus, ranging from Stanford to Britten.

Charles Villiers Stanford was born in Dublin in 1852, but made his very successful career in England. Educated at Cambridge, he became professor of composition at the Royal College of Music in London when it was established in 1883 and four years later was able to combine this position with that of professor of music at Cambridge. He exercised considerable influence as a composer and as a conductor, and, not least, as a teacher. The two songs by Stanford here included are settings of poems by the Irish writer Winifred Letts, Stanford's exact contemporary, who later settled in England. The second of the two, *Irish Skies*, compares England with Ireland, to the former's disadvantage. Stanford's settings date from 1914.

Liza Lehmann was the eldest daughter of the painter Rudolf Lehmann and his wife Amelia, daughter of the Edinburgh publisher and writer Robert Chambers. Rudolf Lehmann, who later settled with his family in England, was born in Hamburg and was himself the son of a German painter and his Italian wife. Christened Elisabetha Nina Mary Frederica, Liza Lehmann was born in London, to ensure British nationality if the child had been a boy, although the Lehmanns were living at the time in Rome. Rudolf Lehmann was distinguished in the artists' colony there, his friends including Liszt. On settling in London the family continued to move in established social and artistic circles, with Rudolf Lehmann enjoying a very considerable reputation as a portrait painter. Liza Lehmann was encouraged in her obvious musical interests by her mother, and was able to

benefit as a singer from the help of Jenny Lind, while acquiring some ability as a pianist. She had lessons in composition in Rome, in Germany and, later, in London. She enjoyed a considerable reputation as a singer before her marriage, later concentrating on composition. Her arrangement of Charles Edward Horn's popular *Cherry Ripe* is followed by *Mustard and Cress* from a light-hearted cycle of songs, *The Daisy-Chain*. The poignant *Lily of a Day*, a setting of a poem by Ben Jonson, is dedicated to the memory of her eldest son, who died in the war of 1914-1918. The mood is lightened by the mock-serious setting of one of Hilaire Belloc's *Cautionary Tales* recounting the sad fate of Henry King.

The English composer Arthur Somervell was knighted in 1929, in recognition of his services as Inspector of Music to the Board of Education. His interest in education had, by then, distracted his attention from composition, for which he had shown considerable early ability. Born at Windermere in 1863, he studied at King's College, Cambridge, where he was a pupil of Stanford, and subsequently in Berlin, before entering the Royal College in London, where he was later a pupil of Hubert Parry. From 1894 he taught at the College. For his songs Somervell chose a wide variety of texts, with settings of poems from Shakespeare to Browning and Housman. The anonymous poem *Fain would I change that note* was published in 1935. It is followed by two songs from his cycle drawn from A.E.Housman's *A Shropshire Lad*, perhaps *Somervell's most successful work*. From Robert Browning's *James Lee's Wife* comes *Among the Rocks*, in which the woman proclaims her sad message that *If you loved only what were worth your love, / Love were clear gain*. The five poems set by Somervell originally had orchestral accompaniment, but were later arranged for the accompaniment of a piano quintet.

Ralph Vaughan Williams was born in the Gloucestershire village of Down Ampney in 1872, the son of a clergyman. His ancestry on both his father's

and mother's side was of some intellectual distinction. His father was descended from a family eminent in the law, while his maternal grandfather was a Wedgwood and his grandmother a Darwin. On the death of his father in 1875 the family moved to live with his mother's father at Leith Hill Place in Surrey. As a child Vaughan Williams learned the piano and the violin and received a conventional education at Charterhouse, after which he delayed entry to Cambridge, preferring instead to study at the Royal College of Music, where his teachers included Hubert Parry and Walter Parratt, later Master of the Queen's Musick, both soon to be knighted. In 1892 he took up his place at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he read history, but took composition lessons from Charles Wood. After graduation in both history and music, he returned to the Royal College, where he studied composition with Stanford, and, perhaps more significant, became a friend of a fellow-student, Gustav Holst. The friendship with Holst was to prove of great importance in frank exchanges of views on one another's compositions in the years that followed. He studied briefly with Max Bruch in Berlin, and later with Ravel. In England, however, he turned his attention to the collection of folk-music in various regions of the country, an interest that materially influenced the shape of his musical language. After war service Vaughan Williams returned to the Royal College of Music, now as a professor of composition, a position he retained until 1938. In these years he came to occupy a commanding position in the musical life of the country, with a series of compositions that seemed essentially English, the apparent successor of Elgar, although his musical language was markedly different. The maturer songs of Vaughan Williams span a period from the 1890s until the end of his life. His setting of *It was a lover and his lass* from Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, with its running accompaniment, was written in 1922 and is for two voices, as in the play itself, where it is sung by two of the banished duke's pages.

The Watermill, with its mill-wheel turning in the piano accompaniment, is one of four settings of poems

by Fredegond Shove, one of Adeline's bridesmaids at her wedding. The songs were written in 1922 and first performed three years later. The song-cycle *On Wenlock Edge* was completed in 1909, a setting of six poems by A. E. Housman for tenor, piano, and string quartet. The cycle was later arranged for tenor and orchestra. The work was first performed in London at the Aeolian Hall in November, with the tenor Gervase Elwes. The first of the set is included here. Although Vaughan Williams, in spite of his early family background, was an agnostic, this did not prevent his effective settings of verse of overt religious inspiration. His *Five Mystical Songs*, settings of poems by George Herbert, were written in 1911, and first heard in that year at the Three Choirs Festival in Worcester. As elsewhere, the composer responds to the words, evoking their devotional spirit in holy simplicity and with an inner understanding, a foretaste of work to come. The group of songs by Vaughan Williams ends with *Silent Noon*, written in 1903 and included in the 1904 cycle of six settings of poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Among the most effective of his songs, *Silent Noon* evokes countryside in summer.

The English composer Gustav Holst was the son of a musician and descended from a family of mixed Scandinavian, German and Russian origin that had settled in England in the early nineteenth century. His childhood was spent in Cheltenham, where his father supervised his study of the piano. A later period at the Royal College of Music in London brought a lasting friendship with Ralph Vaughan Williams, an association that was to the advantage of both in their free criticism and discussion of one another's compositions. It was in part a weakness in health, as well as financial necessity, that prompted Holst for a time to earn his living as a trombonist, touring with the Carl Rosa Opera Company and playing with the Scottish Orchestra. Eventually he decided to devote himself, as far as possible, to composition. Teaching positions, and particularly his long association with St Paul's Girls' School in Hammersmith, and his work as director of music for the enthusiastic amateurs at Morley College, allowed him

some time, at least in the summer holidays, but the relatively even tenor of his life, which suited his diffident character, was considerably disturbed by the great popular success of *The Planets*, which had its first complete public performance in 1920. His later music never achieved such a lasting triumph with the public.

In 1929, after a winter holiday of three months in Italy that did something to restore his strength and spirits, Holst set a group of twelve poems by Humbert Wolfe, whose work he had discovered two years earlier. A meeting with the poet brought friendship, as they shared a number of interests, including a love of the peace that parts of London can bring. The first performance of the songs was given in Paris by Dorothy Silk in a private concert at the house of Louise Dyer, the founder of Editions de l'Oiseau Lyre. In February 1930 Dorothy Silk sang them at the Wigmore Hall in London. The songs came after a gap of twelve years in such compositions and were the last Holst wrote. *Now in these fairylands* is marked by a descending melody, while *The dream-city* reflects the poet's and composer's shared love of the serenity to be found in London squares, away from the crowd, in the changing seasons. The gently lyrical *Margrete's Cradle Song*, a setting of a translation of Ibsen, was written in 1896 and is one of a set of four songs. It was composed at a time when Holst had found a particular enthusiasm for the plays of Ibsen. *The heart worships* was written in 1907, its vocal melody accompanied by a series of repeated chords and breathing an air of utter tranquillity and peace.

Roger Quilter was born in Hove in 1877 into comfortable family circumstances. His father was Sir Cuthbert Quilter, who in 1881 founded the National Telephone Company and was for twenty years Liberal-Unionist Member of Parliament for the Suffolk constituency of Sudbury. His early years were spent largely at the family's country house, Bawdsey Manor, near the Suffolk town of Felixstowe. Quilter, who later seemed slightly embarrassed by his background, had his education at a private school in Farnborough and then at Eton. In 1893, having decided to become a musician, he began a period of four and a half years at the Hoch

Conservatory in Frankfurt, where he was a pupil of Iwan Knorr and the piano teacher Ernst Engesser. It was perhaps the latter, with his interest in French song, who influenced the future direction of Quilter's talents as a composer. His contemporaries in Frankfurt included Cyril Scott, Percy Grainger, Balfour Gardiner and Norman O'Neill, and the Frankfurt Five formed a group of friends both there and in later life. Returning to England in 1898, Quilter quickly became known to the London public for his songs, which were taken up by leading performers of the day. *Take, O take those lips away*, taken from *Measure for Measure*, is one of a set of five Shakespeare settings published in 1921. The 1904 setting of Tennyson's *Now sleeps the crimson petal* takes verses from a song in the poet's *The Princess*. *Love calls through the summer night* sets words by the writer Rodney Bennett, father of the composer Richard Rodney Bennett, a writer whose name was once often heard, not least in his writing for children. Bennett collaborated with Quilter in assembling texts for *The Arnold Book of Old Songs* and in the 1936 light opera, first staged at Covent Garden as *Julia*, for which he provided the lyrics. Quilter's *Three Pastoral Songs* set verses by a contemporary Irish poet, Joseph Campbell. This dates from 1921 and was designed originally for low voice and piano trio. It includes *I will go with my father a-ploughing*, also set by Ivor Gurney.

Known equally for his eccentricity as for his diverse artistic abilities, Lord Berners, as a composer, even won the respect of Stravinsky, who claimed him as the most interesting English composer of the time, perhaps with a glance towards more formidable English rivals. Berners was also a writer and a painter. He wrote *The Triumph of Neptune* for Dyagilev's Ballets Russes, *Luna Park* for a C.B.Cochran revue and *A Wedding Bouquet* for Sadler's Wells, while his first direct involvement with the theatre had come in 1924 with his light-hearted operatic version of Prosper Mérimée's *Le carrosse du Saint Sacrement*. His writing included two volumes of witty autobiography and novels, *romans à clé*, that provoked accusations of libel. His 1921 group of *Three*

Songs, two sea shanties and a setting of a poem by John Masfield, all with their own characteristic twists of harmony.

The English composer Arnold Bax found himself, early in his career, drawn to Ireland and things Irish, even adopting an Irish pseudonym for his writings. The son of cultured and well-to-do English parents, he was born in Streatham but spent much of his childhood in Hampstead, where the family later settled, taught at home by a private tutor and strongly influenced by the cultured and comfortable environment in which he found himself. His early interest in music persuaded his father to allow him to enter the Royal Academy of Music in London at the age of seventeen. The 1920s seem to have brought Bax his period of greatest success. He was prolific in his creativity and his works were widely performed and in the following decade there were public honours and finally appointment as Master of the King's Musick, although his gifts did not lend themselves easily to the composition of the occasional celebratory works that the position seemed to demand. His arrangement of the traditional song *Oh dear, what can the matter be?* was made in 1918.

Eric Coates won an outstanding reputation as a composer of light music. Born in Nottinghamshire, he entered the Royal Academy of Music in London at the age of twenty, studying the viola with Lionel Tertis and composition with Frederick Corder. His early career was as a viola-player, a member of the Hambourg Quartet, and then of Sir Thomas Beecham's orchestra, before becoming leader of the viola section in Henry Wood's Queens Hall Orchestra. From 1919 he devoted his attentions to composition, at first with a series of songs, a prelude to orchestral compositions that became and remain familiar to British audiences, works such as *Knightsbridge* from his *London Suite*, *A Sleepy Lagoon* and his *Dam Busters March*. *The Grenadier*, written in 1913, is a character song, as is the little romance *Betty and Johnny*, both with words by Fred E. Weatherly. *The Young Lover*, with words by Royden Barrie, dates from 1930, and the energetic setting of Winifred May's *Rise up and reach the stars* from 1933.

A product of Winchester and Cambridge, Cecil Armstrong Gibbs avoided involvement with the family soap firm to become a schoolmaster, before turning to composition, an art he studied under Vaughan Williams at the Royal College in London, where he later taught. His compositions include a large number of songs and choral works. The first includes *The Bells*, a 1918 setting of a poem by Walter de la Mare, with whom he was to collaborate the following year in a school production of *Crossings*, from which the song *Ahn's Cradle Song* is taken. *As I lay in the early sun*, written in 1920, is one of a group of three settings of poems by E.Shanks. *The Cherry Tree* of 1949 sets a poem by M.Rose and *Dusk* dates from 1938.

In a letter of 1919 to Bernard van Dieren, a composer whom he greatly admired, Philip Heseltine explained how he had submitted a group of songs to the publisher Winthrop Rogers under the pseudonym of Peter Warlock, having failed to find a publisher under his own name. The ruse was soon revealed, but not before distinguished singers of the time had started to take an interest in them. Born in London in 1894, Heseltine had been encouraged in his musical enthusiasms during his time at school, latterly at Eton. There followed an introduction to Delius, who continued to show an interest in his work, and after study in Germany and a year at Oxford reading Classics, he turned his attention to the study of earlier English music, although himself without formal musical training. As a pacifist, in any case medically unfit for military service, he spent the war years in Cornwall and then in Ireland, before returning to London, the centre of his later activities, broken by a period with his mother in Wales and a time in Kent. A certain instability of character, evident, perhaps, in the dual Heseltine/Warlock identities, has been attributed in part to the early death of his father in 1896. Peter Warlock died in December 1930 of gas poisoning, whether by accident or suicide. *Peter Warlock's Fancy*, written in 1924, is a drinking-song, and *The frostbound wood*, a setting of words by Warlock's friend Bruce Blunt, was written in 1929 for issue with *The Radio Times*.

Two sets of so-called *Peterisms* were written in 1922. The three songs of the first group are settings of verses by George Peele, John Fletcher and possibly by John Skelton. The lively first song, *Chopcherry*, a reference to the game of catching in the mouth a hanging cherry, in the manner of bob-apple, is in great contrast with *A Sad Song from The Maid's Tragedy*, the mood broken by the vigorous popular sixteenth-century *Rutterkin*.

Bethlehem Down, with words again by Blunt, appeared first as a part-song, a Christmas supplement to the *Daily Telegraph* in 1927, reworked as a solo song in 1930.

William Walton occupies his own position in English music of the twentieth century, chronologically between the generation of Gustav Holst and Vaughan Williams and that of Benjamin Britten. Born in Oldham in 1902, the son of a local singing teacher and choirmaster, he became a chorister at Christ Church, Oxford, and followed this with admission to the university at the early age of sixteen, with support from the college. His Oxford career brought success in music but failure in the necessary academic tests to allow him a degree. At the same time his friendship with Sacheverell Sitwell led to his adoption by the three Sitwell children, Osbert, Edith and Sacheverell, as an honorary brother. The practical help of the Sitwells and the musical and cultural influences of their circle allowed him to devote his attention to composition in the years after he left Oxford, followed by increasing independence, as he won a wider reputation for himself. In the years after 1945 he was to some extent eclipsed by Britten, whose facility he lacked and whose contemporary achievement now seemed to go beyond Walton's successes of the 1930s. Christopher Hassall chose the six poems used in *A Song for the Lord Mayor's Table*, commissioned for the 1962 City of London Music Festival. The third song of the cycle, *Wapping Old Stairs*, is a lilting setting of an anonymous protestation of faithfulness in spite of everything. In the years between the wars Walton won a *succès de scandale* with *Façade*, a collaboration with Edith

Sitwell that amused the cognoscenti and shocked wider audiences, before winning an assured if minor position in twentieth century repertoire in its final form, whether as a ballet or in the concert-hall. *Façade*, the poems by Edith Sitwell recited with a musical accompaniment, was first heard in a private concert in the drawing-room of the Sitwells' London house in January 1922 and created something of a sensation at its public airing at the Aeolian Hall the following year. The work grew and changed, as items were removed and added, reaching a final revision in the 1940s, for eventual publication in 1951. Christopher Palmer transcribed three of the items for singer and piano, the original declamation replaced by a vocal line derived from the instrumental score. *Long steel grass (Noche espagnola)*, which for a time became *Trio for Two Cats and a Trombone*, is followed by the *Tango-Pasodoble*, with its transformation of *I do like to be beside the seaside*. The well known *Popular Song* ends the group. *Beatriz's Song* was written in 1942 as part of the incidental music for Louis MacNeice's radio play *Christopher Columbus*, scored for voice and strings, the accompaniment later arranged for piano by Christopher Palmer. The song has a particular charm, so that it is difficult to understand the composer's reluctance to have it published, as it eventually was in 1974.

Lennox Berkeley was encouraged by Ravel to become a pupil of Nadia Boulanger in Paris, and French influence, in part inherited from his mother's family, remained strong. His meeting in Barcelona in 1936 with Benjamin Britten, ten years his junior, led to a joint composition and a lasting friendship. Both composers represented a wider musical perspective than many of their older contemporaries in England. Berkeley was influential as a teacher, and his association with the Aldeburgh Festival and the English Opera Group proved fruitful. His compositions include operas, orchestral and choral works, chamber music and a series of songs. His setting of *Lay your sleeping head, my love*, a poem dedicated to Britten by W.H.Auden, a contemporary of Berkeleys's at Oxford, is also dedicated to Britten and dates from 1939-40.

Benjamin Britten has occupied an unrivalled position in English music of the twentieth century, and a place of great importance in the wider musical world. Avoiding the trap offered by musical nationalism and the insular debt to folk-music of older contemporaries, he profited from that tradition in a more comprehensive European context, following a path in part mapped out by Mahler. He had a special gift for word-setting and vocal writing, a facility that Purcell had shown and that was the foundation of a remarkable series of operas that brought English opera for the first time into standard international operatic repertoire. Tonal in his musical language, he knew well how to use inventively, imaginatively and, above all, musically, techniques that in the hands of some others often appeared arid. He owed much to the friendship and constant companionship of the tenor Peter Pears, for whom Britten wrote many of his principal operatic rôles and songs. In adolescence a pupil of Frank Bridge, after a brief period in the United States, Britten settled again in his native East Anglia, his home for the rest of his life.

Early One Morning and *The foggy, foggy dew* are folk-song arrangements, followed here by *Now the leaves are falling fast* is included in the collection of Auden settings *On This Island*, Britten's first published group of songs with piano, written in 1937. He had met Auden when they collaborated in documentaries for the G.P.O. Film Unit in 1935. Auden's influence remained strong, with various collaborations, but much reduced after Britten's return to England in 1942. *Tell me the truth about love*, again a setting of Auden, continued the association when both of them were in North America in 1938. It was published posthumously in 1980 as the first of *Four Cabaret Songs*. The eight settings of Thomas Hardy, *Winter Words, Op.52*, were written in 1953. Among the most effective of the cycle is *The Choirmaster's Burial*, with the old man's request denied by a modernising vicar, but his favourite hymn transformed in conclusion.

Keith Anderson

CD 1

[1] A Soft Day (from *A Sheaf of Songs from Leinster*) *Poem by W.M. Letts; Music: Charles Villiers Stanford*

A soft day, thank God!
A wind from the south
With a honey'd mouth;
A scent of drenching leaves,
Briar and beech and lime,
White elder-flower and thyme
And the soaking grass smells sweet,
Crushed by my two bare feet,
While the rain drips, drips,
drips, drips from the leaves.

A soft day, thank God,
The hills wear a shroud
of silver cloud:
The web the spider weaves
is a glitt-'ring net;
The wood-land path is wet,
And the soaking earth smells sweet,
Under my two bare feet,
And the rain drips, drips, drips drips, from the leaves.

[2] Irish Skies (from *A Sheaf of Songs from Leinster*) *Poem by W.M. Letts; Music: Charles Villiers Stanford*

In London here the streets are grey,
And grey the sky above;
I wish I were in Ireland
To see the skies I love,
Pearl cloud, buff cloud,
The colour of a dove.
All day I travel English streets,
But in my dreams I thread
The far Glencullen road and see
The soft sky overhead,
Grey clouds, white clouds,
The wind has shepherded.

At night the London lamps shine bright,
But what are they to me?
I've seen the moonlight in Glen-anu,
The stars above Glenchree
The lamps of Heav'n
Give light enough for me.
The city in the winter time
Put on a shroud of smoke,
But the sky above the
Three rock was blue as Mary's cloak,
ruffled like doves' wings
When the wind awoke.

I dream I see the Wicklow hills
By evening sun light kissed,
An' ev'ry glen and valley
There brimful of radiant mist.
The jewelled sky topaz and amethyst.
I woke to see the London streets,
The sombre sky above,
God's blessing on
The far-off roads
And on the skies I love,
pearl feather, grey feather,
Wings of a dove.

[3] Cherry Ripe (from *Useful Teaching Songs*) *Poem by Herrick; Music: C.E. Horn* *Arranged by Liza Lehmann*

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe I cry!
Full and fair ones, come and buy!
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer, there
Where my lover's lips do smile,
There's the land, or cherry isle.
Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe I cry!
Full and fair ones, come and buy!
Where my lover's lips do smile,
There's the land, or cherry isle,
There plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe I cry!
Full and fair ones, come and buy!

[4] Mustard and Cress (*from The Daisy Chain*)
Poem by Norman Gale from 'Songs for the Little People'
Music: Liza Lehmann

Elizabeth, my cousin, is the sweetest little girl,
From her eyes, like dark blue pansies, to her tiniest
golden curl:
I do not use her great long name, but simply call her
'Bess',
And yesterday I planted her in Mustard and in Cress.

My garden is so narrow that there's very little room,
But I'd rather have her name than get a hollyhock to
bloom;
And before she comes to visit us with Charlie and with
Tess,
She'll pop up green and bonny out of Mustard and of
Cress.

[5] The Lily of a Day
Poem by Ben Jonson
Music: Liza Lehmann

It is not growing like a tree in bulk,
Doth make man better be,
Nor standing like an oak
Three hundred year,
To fall at last a log,
Dry, bald and sere.

The lily of a day,
Were fairer far in May,
Although it droop and die that night,
It was the plant and flow'r of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see
And in short measures life may perfect be.

[6] Henry King
(Who chewed little bits of string and was early
cut off in dreadful agonies)
(*from Four Cautionary Tales and a Moral*)
Poem by Hilaire Belloc

The chief defect of Henry King,
Was chewing little bits of string.
At last he swallowed some which tied
Itself in ugly knots inside.
Physicians of the utmost fame
Were called at once: but when they came,
They answered, as they took their fees,
'There is no cure for this disease,
Henry will very soon be dead.'
His parents stood about his bed
Lamenting his untimely death,
When Henry, with his latest breath,
Cried 'Oh, my friends, be warned by me
That breakfast, dinner, lunch and tea,
Are all the human frame requires...'
With that, the wretched child expires.

[7] Fain would I change that note
Anonymous, 17th century
Music: Arthur Somervell

Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:
Yet when this thought doth come
Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight, I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,

Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

[8] In summer-time on Bredon (from *A Shropshire Lad*)

Poem by A.E. Housman
Music: Arthur Somervell

In summer-time on Bredon
The bells they sound so clear;
Round both the shires they ring them,
In steeples far and near,
A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning
My love and I would lie,
And see the coloured counties,
And hear the larks so high
About us in the sky.

The bells would ring to call her
In valleys miles away,
'Come all to church, good people;
Good people, come and pray.
But here my love would stay.

And I would turn and answer
Among the springing thyme,
'O peal upon our wedding,
And we will hear the chime,
And come to church in time.'

But when the snows at Christmas
On Bredon top were strown,
My love rose up so early
And stole out unbeknown,
And went to church alone.

They toll'd the one bell only,
Groom there was none to see,

The mourners follow'd after,
And so to church went she,
And would not wait for me.
The bells they sound on Bredon,
And still the steeples hum.
'Come all to church, good people,'
Oh, noisy bells, be dumb;
I hear you, I will come.

[9] The lads in their hundreds (from *A Shropshire Lad*)

Poem by A.E. Housman
Music: Arthur Somervell

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in to the
fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill
and the fold,
The lads for the girls, and the lads for the liquor are
there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till
and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the
brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of
heart;
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the
grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens
to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk to them friendly and wish them
farewell,
And watch them depart on the way that they will not
return.

But now you may stare as you like but there's nothing
to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed at and not to be
told

They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of
man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

10 Among the rocks (from *James Lee's Wife*)
Poem by Robert Browning
Music: Arthur Somervell

Oh good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,
This Autumn morning! How he sets his bones
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knee and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth;
List'n'ing the while, where on a heap of stones
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

That is doctrine, simple, ancient, true;
Such is life's trial, as old earth smiles and knows
If you loved only what were worth your love
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you:
Make the low nature better by your throes!
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!

11 It was a Lover and his Lass
William Shakespeare
(from *As You Like It, Act V, Scene 3*)
Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

8.557559-60

For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When the birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring

12 The Water Mill
Poem by Fredegond Shove
Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams

There is a mill, an ancient one,
Brown with rain, and dry with sun,
The miller's house is joined with it
And in July the swallows flit
To and from, in and out,
Round the windows, all about.

The mill wheel whirrs and the waters roar
Out of the dark arch by the door,
The willows toss their silver heads,
And the phloxes in the garden beds
Turn red, turn grey, with the time of day,
And smell sweet in the rain, then die away.

The miller's cat is a tabby, she
Is as lean as a healthy cat can be,
She plays in the loft, where the sunbeams stroke
The sacks' fat backs, and beetles choke in the floury dust.
The wheel goes round
And the miller's wife sleeps fast and sound.

There is a clock inside the house,
Very tall and very bright,
It strikes the hour when shadows drowse
Or showers make the windows white;
Loud and sweet, in rain and sun,
The clock strikes, and the work is done.

The miller's wife and his eldest girl
Clean and cook while the mill wheels whirl.
The children take their meat to school,
And at dusk they play by the twilight pool;
Barefoot, barehead, till the day is dead,
And their mother calls them in to bed.

The supper stands on the clean-scrubbed board,
And the miller drinks like a thirst lord;
The young men come for his daughter's sake,
But she never knows which one to take:
She drives her needle and pins her stuff,
While the moon shines gold, and the lamp shines buff.

13 On Wenlock Edge (from *On Wenlock Edge*)

Poem by A.E. Housman

Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams

On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble;
His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves;
The gale, it plies the saplings double,
And thick on Severn snow the leaves.

'Twould blow like this through bolt and hanger
When Uricon the city stood;
'Tis the old wind in the old anger,
But then it threshed another wood.

Then, 'twas before my time, the Roman
At yonder heaving hill would stare:
The blood that warms an English yeoman,
The thoughts that hurt him, they were there.

There, like the wind through woods in riot,
Through him the gale of life blew high;
The tree of man was never quiet:
Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I.

The gale, it plies the saplings double,
It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone:
Today the Roman and his trouble
Are ashes under Uricon.

14 IV. The Call (from *Five Mystical Songs*)

Poem by George Herbert

Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:

Such a Truth, as ends all strife:
Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a Light, as shows a feast:
Such as Feast, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

15 Silent Noon

Poem by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
The finger points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All around our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge,
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorne hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.
Deep in the sun-search'd growths the dragonfly
Hangs like a blue thread loosen'd from the sky:
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companion'd inarticulate hour,
When twofold silence was the song of love.

16 Now in these fairylands

(from *12 Humbert Wolfe Songs*)

Music: Gustav Holst

Now in these fairylands
Gather your weary hands
Close to your breast,
And be at rest.

Now in these silences
Lean to the cadences,
Moulding their grace
To the line of your face.

Now at the end of all,
Loveliest friend of all,
All things are yours
In this peace that endures.

17 The dream-city (from *12 Humbert Wolfe Songs*)
Music: Gustav Holst

On a dream-hill we'll build our city,
And we'll build gates that have two key
Love to let in the vanquished, and pity
To close the locks that shelter these.

There will be quiet open spaces,
And shady towers sweet with bells,
And quiet folks with quiet faces,
Walking among these miracles.

There'll be a London Square in Maytime
With London lilacs, whose brave light
Startles with coloured lamps the daytime,
With sudden scented wings the night.

A silent Square could but a lonely
Thrush on the lilacs bear to cease
His song, and no sound else save only
The traffic of the heart at peace.

And we will have a river painted
With the dawn's wistful stratagems
Of dusted gold, and night acquainted
With the long purples of the Thames.

And we will have, oh yes! the gardens
Kensington, Richmond Hill and Kew,
And Hampton, where winter scolds, and pardons
The first white crocus breaking through.

And where the great their greatness squander,
And while the wise their wisdom lose,
Squirrels will leap, and deer will wander,
Gracefully, down the avenues.

18 Margrete's Cradle Song
Poem by William Blake
Music: Gustav Holst

Sweet dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head;
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams.

Sweet sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown.
Sweet sleep, Angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles, in the night
Hover over my delight;
Sweet smiles, Mother's smile,
All the live long night beguile.

Sweet moans, dove-like sighs,
Chase not slumber from thine eyes.
Sweet moans, sweeter smile,
All the dove-like moans beguile.

19 The heart worships
Music: Gustav Holst

Silence in Heav'n,
Silence on Earth
Silence within!
Thy hush, O Lord,
O'er all the world covers the din.
I do not fear to speak of thee in mortal kind
And yet to all thy namelessness I am not blind.
Only I need and kneel again
Thy touch to win;
Silence in Heav'n

Silence on Earth
Silence within!

20 Take, O take those lips away
William Shakespeare (1564-1616)
(from Measure for Measure)
Music: Roger Quilter

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Light that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

21 Now sleeps the crimson petal
Poem by Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Music: Roger Quilter

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porph'ry font:
The firefly wakens: waken thou with me.
Now folds the lily all her sweetness up
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

22 Love calls through the summer night
Poem by Rodney Bennett (1890-1948)
Music: Roger Quilter

Far in the darkness a nightingale is singing,
Singing his love and sorrow to the moon;
Ling in the branches, the night wind, winging,
Wakens the leaves to a low sweet tune.

Offt have I heard them, nights unending,
Heard them and loved them and gone my way;
Now with their passion a new note is blending,
Born of their beauty but more than they.

Love calls through the summer night,
Love sings with a strange delight,
Calls our young hearts to find his way,
Let him lead us where'er he may.

Dear heart, shall he call in vain
When ne'er he may ask again?
Ah! Love, wherever you lead us,
We follow the road of dreams tonight.

Swift to the dawn the enchanted hours are flying,
Bringing the time of waking all too soon,
Songs will be hushed, and the lovelight, dying,
Pass with the stars and the waning noon.

Come as it may with tears or laughter,
Bring as it will either rose or rue,
Why should we care for what may come after?
Still for a while, only dreams are true.

Love calls through the summer night,
Love sings with a strange delight,
Calls our young hearts to find his way,
Let him lead us where'er he may.

Dear heart, shall he call in vain,
When ne'er he may ask again?
Ah! Love, together wherever you lead us,
We take the wonderful road, the roadway of dreams.
Follow, come follow, love of my heart, tonight.

© 1940 Ascherberg Hopwood & Crew Ltd, London W6
*Reproduced by permission of International Music
Publications Ltd. All Rights Reserved.*

23 I will go with my father a-ploughing
Poem by Joseph Campbell
Music: Roger Quilter

I will go with my father a-ploughing
To the green field by the sea,
And the rooks and the crows and the sea-gulls
Will come flocking after me.

I will sing to the patient horses
With the lark in the shine of the air,
And my father will sing the plough-song
That blesses the cleaving share.

I will go with my father a-sowing
To the red field by the sea
And the rooks and the gulls and the starlings
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the striding sowers
With the finch on the flow'ring sloc,
And my father will sing the seed-song
That only the wise men know.

I will go with my father a-reaping
To the brown field by the sea,
And the geese and the crows and the children
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the weary reapers
With the wren in the heat of the sun,
And my father will sing the scythe song
That joys for the harvest done.

24-26 Three Songs

Music: Lord Berners

24 The Rio Grande (Capstan Shanty)

Where are you going to, my pretty maid?
O away Rio;
We are bound to the Rio Grande.
O away Rio.
And may I go with you my pretty maid?
O away Rio;
Have you a sweetheart my pretty maid?
O away Rio;
I'm afraid you're a bad one, kind sir, she replied
O away Rio.

25 Theodore, or The Pirate King

Poem by John Masefield

They sacked the ships of London Town,
They burned the ships of Rye and Cadiz,
A bloody trade a pirate's trade is.
But Theodore,
Though dripping gore,
was always courteous to the Ladies.

26 A Long Time Ago (Hilliard's Shanty)

A long, long time, and a long time ago,
To me way hay, yoho;
A long, long, time, and a long time ago,
A long time ago.

A smart Yankee packet lay out in the bay,
To me way hay, yoho;
A waiting for a fair wind to get under way,
A long time ago.
With all her poor sailors all sick and sore,
To me way hay, yoho;
For they'd drunk all their lime-juice,
and could get no more,
A long time ago.

With all her poor sailors all sick and sad,
To me way hay, yoho;
for they'd drunk all their lime-juice,
and could get no more,
A long time ago.

She was waiting for a fair wind to get under way,
To me way hay, yoho;
If she hasn't had a fair wind she's waiting there still,
A long, time ago.

27 O dear! What can the matter be?

*Words: Traditional
Arranged by Arnold Bax*

O dear! What can the matter be
O dear! What can the matter be
O dear! what can the matter be
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised to buy me a fairing should please me,
And then for a kiss, O! he vowed he would tease me,
He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair

And it's O dear! what can the matter be?
O dear! what can the matter be?
O dear! what can the matter be
Johnny's so long at the fair

He promised to bring me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons,
That tie up my bonny brown hair

And it's O dear! what can the matter be.

CD 2

1 The Grenadier

*Poem by Fred E. Weatherly
Music: Eric Coates*

When I'm on guard at the Admiralty,
Where I've got no right to be,
I can't see the Fleet sail down the street,
'Cause there ain't no fleet to see!
It's up and down with my bearskin on,
My arms straight down my side,
When I want to be free like a Tar at sea,
Out on the rolling tide.
Six paces to the front, six paces to the rear,
That's the way I earn the pay of a British Grenadier,

But cheer up, my hearty, (Says I to myself) Don't fear!
Stay where you are, for you can't be a Tar
as well as a Grenadier.

When I'm on guard at the Barrack Yard,
And the troops go marching by,
It makes me queer when the drums I hear
And see the colours fly!
But it's up and down with my bearskin on,
As straight as a prim old maid,
When they've got the route and I want to be out
With the lads of my old brigade.
Six paces to the front, six paces to the rear,
That's the way I pass the day of a British Grenadier,
But cheer up, my hearty, (Says I to myself) Don't fear!
When it comes to a fight you'll be there all right,
you'll be there, my Grenadier.

But you'll admit that the hardest bit
Is when the girls go by,
And I can only look at them
From the corner of my eye;
For I've got to keep my eyes to the front,
My arms straight down my side,
Oh, it's mighty hard to be on guard
And for them to be denied.
Six paces to the front, six paces to the rear,
That's the way you earn the pay of a British Grenadier,
But, cheer up, my pretties, come along,
little girls, come here;
Tow-row-row-row, I'm off guard now,
you can kiss your Grenadier!

2 The Young Lover

*Poem by Royden Barrie
Music: Eric Coates*

The leaves laid a snare for the moon,
But they could not catch her;
The lake had a moon of its own,
But it could not match her;
A shining ship of the sea,
The moon sailed on - with me.

I sang to the moon on my way,
And my song besought her
To hold to her course and to stay
Till to you I'd brought her;
And there she is glimmering still
On the brow of the hill.

I'd like to bring silver and gold
And of diamonds many,
But, love, as I'm not very old,
And I have not any,
Oh, love! I've brought you the moon for a star
And the song of my heart.

[3] Betty and Johnny

Poem by Fred E. Weatherly

Music: Eric Coates

Said Johnny to Betty "I love 'ee, I do!
I'd like to come up in the orchard wi' you!"
Said Betty to Johnny "Go on with 'ee do!
I hant got no time to be talking to you!"
But fa la la lido, fa la la la lido,
She open'd the wicket and let him go through!

Said Johnny to Betty "They apples be fine!"
Said Betty to Johnny "They apples be mine!"
Said Johnny to Betty "I'd like one" he said,
Said she "They be sour 'uns!" and shook her sweet head.
But fa la la lido, fa la la la lido,
She let him take two little kisses instead!

But Johnny was greedy and wanted to taste,
So he picked off the biggest and eat it in haste,
But soon he felt sorry he'd tried such a plan,
For it gave him a pain! Where his waistcoat began!
Fa la la la lido, fa la la la lido,
It's not the first apple that's done for a man.

[4] Rise up and reach the stars

Poem by Winifred May

Music: Eric Coates

Wake up, shy flow'rs,
The Spring shall give you birth;
Unfold your buds
Upon the dreaming earth.
Wake up, grey birds,
And flood the sky with song;
Wing through the blue
And sing the whole day long.

Rise up, good trees,
Your banners green unfurled;
Lift up your arms
Above the weeping world.
Wake up, my heart,
And break your prison bars;
Love waits for you,
Rise up, and reach the stars!

[5] The Bells

Poem by Walter de la Mare

Music: Cecil Armstrong Gibbs

Shadow and light both strove to be
The eight bell-ringers' company,
As with his gliding rope in hand,
Counting his changes each did stand;
While rang and trembled every stone,
To music by the bell-mouths blown:
Till the bright clouds that towered on high
Seemed to re-echo cry with cry.
Still swang the clappers to and fro,
When, in the far-spread fields below,
I saw a ploughman with his team
Lift to the bells and fix on them
His distant eyes, as if he would
Drink in the utmost sound he could;
While near him sat his children three,
And in the green grass placidly

Played undistracted on: as if
What music earthly bells might give
Could only faintly stir their dream,
And stillness make more lovely seem.
Soon night hid horses, children, all,
In sleep deep and ambrosial.
Yet, yet, it seemed, from star to star,
Welling now near, now faint and far,
Those echoing bells rang on in dream,
And stillness made even lovelier seem.

[6] Ann's Cradle Song (*from Crossings*)

Now silent falls the clacking mill;
Sweet - sweeter smells the briar;
The dew wells big on bud and twig;
The glow-worm's wrapt in fire.

Then sing, lully, lullay, with me,
And softly, lill-lall-lo, love,
'Tis high time, and wild time,
And no time, no, love!

Cries in the brake, bells in the sea:
The moon o'er moor and mountain
Cruddles her light from height to height,
Bedazzles pool and fountain.

Leap, fox; hoot, owl; wail, warbler sweet:
'Tis midnight now's a-brewing;
The fairy mob is all abroad,
And witches at their wooing -

Then sing, lully, lullay, with me,
And softly, lill-lall-lo, love,
'Tis high time, and wild time,
And no time, no, love.

[7] As I Lay in the Early Sun

Poem by E.R. Shanks

Music: Cecil Armstrong Gibbs

As I lay in the early sun,
Stretched in the grass, I thought upon
My true love, my dear love,
Who has my heart forever
Who is my happiness when we meet,
My sorrow when we sever.
She is all fire when I do burn,
Gentle when I moody turn,
Brave when I am sad and heavy
And all laughter when I am merry.
And so I lay and dreamed and dreamed,
And so the day wheeled on,
While all the birds with thoughts like mine
Were singing to the sun.

[10] Peter Warlock's Fancy

Poem by Anon. 16th century

Music: Peter Warlock

Bring us in no beef, sir, for that is full of bones,
But bring home good ale enough, for that my love alone is:
Bring us home good ale, sir, bring us home good ale,
And for our dear lady, lady love bring us some good ale.

Bring us home no wheaten bread, for that he full of bran;
Neither of no rye bread, for that is of that same,
But bring us home good ale, sir, bring us home good ale,
And for our dear lady, lady love bring us some good ale.

Bring us home no pork, sir, for that is very fat;
Neither no barley bread, for neither love I that,
But bring us home good ale, sir, bring us home good ale,
And for our dear lady, lady love bring us some good ale.

Bring us in no mutton, sir, for that is tough and lean,
Neither no tripes, sir, for they be seldom clean,
But bring us home good ale, sir, bring us home good ale,
And for our dear lady, lady love bring us some good ale.

Bring us home no veal, sir, that do I not desire,
But bring us home good ale enough to drink by the fire:
But bring us home good ale, sir, bring us home good ale,
And for our dear lady, lady love bring us some good ale.

[11] The frostbound wood

*Poem by Bruce Blunt
Music: Peter Warlock*

Mary that was the Child's mother
Met me in the frost-bound wood:
Her face was lovely and care-laden
Under a white hood.

She who once was heaven's chosen
Moved in loneliness to me,
With a slow grace and weary beauty
Pitiful to see.

Bethlehem could hear sweet singing,
'Peace on earth, a Saviour's come'.
Here the trees were dark, the heavens
Without stars, and dumb.

Past she went with no word spoken,
Past the grave of Him I slew,
Myself the sower of the woodland
And my heart the yew.

Mary that was the Child's mother
Met me in the frost-bound wood:
Her face was lovely and care-laden
Under a white hood.

[12]-[14] Peterisms, 1st Set

[12] Chopcherry

*Poem by George Peele
(from *The Old Wives Tale*, 1595, Act I, Scene 1)
Music: Peter Warlock*

Whenas the rye reach to the chin,
And chopcherry, chopcherry ripe within
Strawberries swimming in the cream,
And schoolboys playing in the stream;

Then, O then, O then my true love said,
Till that time come again
She could not live a maid.

[13] A Sad Song

*Poem by John Fletcher
(from *The Maid's Tragedy*, 1622, Act II, Scene 1)
Music: Peter Warlock*

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear,
Say I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth.

[14] Rutterkin

*Poem by Anon. 16th century
(attributed to John Skelton)
Music: Peter Warlock*

Rutterkin is come unto our town
In a cloak without coat or gown
Save ragged hood to cover his crown
Like a Rutterkin,
Hoyda, hoyda, jolly Rutterkin!
Hoyda, hoyda, hoyda!
Like a Rutterkin, hoyda!

Rutterkin can speak no English,
His tongue runneth all on buttered fish,
Besmeared with grease about his dish,
Hoyda, hoyda, jolly Rutterkin!
Hoyda, hoyda, hoyda!
Like a Rutterkin, hoyda!
Rutterkin shall bring you all good luck,
A stoup of beer up at a pluck,
Till his brain be as wise as a duck,
Hoyda, hoyda, jolly Rutterkin!
Hoyda, hoyda, hoyda!
Like a Rutterkin, hoyda!

[15] Bethlehem Down

Poem by Bruce Blunt

Music: Peter Warlock

'When He is King we will give Him the Kings' gifts,
Myrrh for its sweetness, and gold for a crown,
Beautiful robes,' said the young girl to Joseph,
Fair with her first-born on Bethlehem Down.

Bethlehem Down is full of the starlight,
Winds for the spices, and stars for the gold,
Mary for sleep, and for lullaby music
Songs of a shepherd by Bethlehem fold.

When He is King, they will clothe Him in grave-sheets,
Myrrh for embalming, and wood for a crown,
He that lies now in the white arms of Mary
Sleeping so lightly on Bethlehem Down.

Here He has peace and a short while for dreaming,
Close huddled oxen to keep Him from cold,
Mary for love, and for lullaby music
Songs of a shepherd by Bethlehem fold.

[16] Wapping Old Stairs

(from A Song for the Lord Mayor's Table)

Anon.

Music: William Walton

Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs,
When I swore that I still would continue the same,
And gave you the 'bacco box, marked with your name.

When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks with you,
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of the crew?
To be useful and kind, with my Thomas I stay'd,
For his trousers I wash'd, and his grog too I made.

Though you threaten'd, last Sunday, to walk in the Mall
With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal,
In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom, with a tear.

Why should Sal, or should Susan, than me be more priz'd?
For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er by despis'd;
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,
Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make.

[17]-[19] Three Façade settings

Poems by Edith Sitwell (1887-1964)

Music: William Walton

Transcribed for piano by Christopher Palmer

[17] Long, Steel Grass (Noche Espagnola)

Long steel grass -
The white soldiers pass -
The light is braying like an ass.
See
The tall Spanish jade
With hair black as night-shade
Worn as a cockade!
Flee
Her eyes' gasconade
And her gown's parade
(As stiff as a brigade!)
Tee-hee!
The hard and braying light
Is zebra'd black and white
It will take away the slight

And free
Tinge of the mouth organ sound,
(Oyster-stall notes) oozing round
Her flounces as they sweep the ground.
The trumpet and the drum
And the martial cornet come
To make the people dumb -
But we
Won't wait for sly-foot night
(Moonlight, watered milk-white, bright)
To make clear the declaration
Of our Paphian vocation
Beside the castanetted sea,
Where stalks Il Capitaneo
Swaggart braggadocio
Sword and moustachio
He
Is green as a cassada
And his hair is an armada.
To the jade: 'Come kiss me harder'
He called across the battlements as she
Heard our voices thin and shrill
As the steely grasses' thrill,
Or the sound of the onycha
When the phoca has the pica
In the palace of the Queen Chinee!

18 Tango - Pasodoble

When
Don
Pasquito arrived at the seaside
Where the donkey's hide tide
brayed, he
Saw the banditto Jo in a black cape
Whose slack shape waved like the sea –
Thetis wrote a treatise noting wheat
is silver like the sea;
The lovely cheat is sweet as foam;
Erotis notices that she
Will
Steal

The
Wheat-king's luggage, like Babel
Before the League of Nations grew -
So Jo put the luggage and the label
In the pocket of Flo the Kangaroo.
Through trees like rich hotels that bode
Of dreamless ease fled she,
Carrying the load and goading the road
Through the marine scene to the sea.
'Don Pasquito, the road is eloping
With your luggage though heavy and large
You must follow and leave your moping
Bride to my guidance and charge!'
When
Don
Pasquito returned
from the road's end,
Where vanilla coloured ladies ride
From Sevilla, his mantilla'd bride
and young friend
Were forgetting
their mentor and guide.
For the lady and her friend
from Le Touquet
In the very shady trees on the sand
Were plucking a white satin bouquet
Of foam, while the sand's brassy band
Blared in the wind.
Don Pasquito
Hid where the leaves drip with
sweet...
But a word stung him like a
mosquito...
For what they hear, they repeat!

19 Popular Song

Lily O'Grady,
Silly and shady,
Longing to be
A lazy lady,
Walked by the cupolas gables in the

Lakes Georgian stables,
In a fairy tale like the heat intense,
And the mist in the woods when
across the fence
The children gathering strawberries
Are changed by the heat into
Negresses,
Though their fair hair
Shines there
Like gold-haired planets, Calliope, Io,
Pomona, Antiope, Echo and Clio.
Then Lily O'Grady,
Silly and shady,
Sauntered along like a
Lazy lady.
Beside the waves' haycocks her
gown with tucks
Was of satin the colour of shining green ducks,
And her fol-de-rol
Parasol
Was a great gold sun o'er the
haycocks shining,
But she was a Negress black as the shade
That time on the brightest lady laid.
Then a satyr, dog-haired as
trunks of trees,
Began to flatter, began to tease
And she ran like the nymphs with
golden foot
That trampled the strawberry,
buttercup root,
In the thick cold dew as bright as
the mesh
Of dead Panope's golden flesh,
Made from the music whence were born
Memphis and Thebes in the first
hot morn,
- And ran, to wake
In the lake,
Where the water-ripples seem hay to rake.
And Charlottine,
Adeline,

Round rose-bubbling Victorine,
And the other fish
Express a wish
For mastic mantles and gowns with
a swish;
And bright and slight as the posies
Of buttercups and of roses,
And buds of the wild wood-lilies
They chase her, as frisky as fillies.
The red retriever-haired satyr
Can whine and tease her and flatter
But Lily O'Grady,
Silly and shady,
In the deep shade is a lazy lady;
Now Pompey's dead, Homer's read,
Heliogabalus lost his head,
And shade is on the brightest wing,
And dust forbids the bird to sing.

20 Beatriz's Song

Poem by Louis MacNeice (1907-1963)

Music: William Walton

Arranged by Christopher Palmer

When will he return?
Only to depart.
Harrowed by the omen
Of his restless heart;
Bondsman of the voice,
Rival to the Sun,
Viceroy of the sunset
Till his task be done.
Though he is my love
He is not for me;
What he loves lies over
Loveless miles of sea.
Haunted by the West,
Eating out his heart,
When will he return?
Only to depart.

21 Lay your sleeping head, my love*Poem by W.H. Auden**Music: Lennox Berkeley*

Lay your sleeping head, my love,
 Human on my faithless arm;
 Time and fevers burn away
 Individual beauty from
 Thoughtful children, and the grave
 Proves the child ephemeral:
 But in my arms till break of day
 Let the living creature lie,
 Mortal, guilty, but to me
 The entirely beautiful.

Soul and body have no bounds:
 To lovers as they lie upon
 Her tolerant enchanted slope
 In their ordinary swoon,
 Grave the vision
 Venus sends
 Of supernatural sympathy,
 Universal love and hope;
 While an abstract insight wakes
 Among the glaciers and the rocks
 The hermit's sensual ecstasy.

Certainty, fidelity
 On the stroke of midnight pass
 Like vibrations of a bell,
 And fashionable madmen raise
 Their pedantic boring cry:
 Ey'ry farthing, of the cost,
 All the dreaded cards foretell,
 Shall be paid, but from this night,
 Not a whisper, not a thought,
 Not a kiss nor look be lost.

Beauty, midnight, vision dies:
 Let the winds of dawn that blow
 Softly round your dreaming head
 Such a day of sweetness show
 Eye and knocking heart may bless,

Find the mortal world enough
 Noons of dryness see you fed
 By the involuntary powers,
 Nights of insult let you pass
 Watched by ev'ry human love.

22 Early One Morning*Trad.**Arranged by Benjamin Britten*

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
 I heard a maid sing in the valley below;
 'O don't deceive me, O never leave me!
 How could you use a poor maiden so?'

'O gay is the garland, fresh are the roses
 I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow.
 O don't deceive me, O do not leave me!
 How could you use a poor maiden so?'

Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
 Remember the bow'r where you vow'd to be true;
 O don't deceive me, O do not leave me!
 How could you use a poor maiden so?'

Thus sung the poor maiden, her sorrow bewailing,
 Thus sung the poor maid in the valley below;
 'O don't deceive me, O do not leave me!
 How could you use a poor maiden so?'

23 The foggy, foggy dew*Trad. from Suffolk**Arranged by Benjamin Britten*

When I was a bachelor I lived all alone, and worked at
 the weaver's trade
 And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong, was to
 woo a fair young maid.
 I wooed her in the winter-time, and in the summer too.
 And the only, only thing I did that was wrong,
 was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside when I lay fast
asleep.
She laid her head upon my bed and she began to weep.
She sighed, she cried, she damn' near died, she said:
'What shall I do?'

So I hauled her into bed and I covered up
her head, just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.
Oh I am a bachelor and I live with my son, and we
work at the weaver's trade.
And ev'ry single time that I look into his eyes, he
reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the wintertime, and of the summer too,
And of the many, many times that I held
her in my arms, just to keep her from the foggy,
foggy dew.

24 Now the leaves are falling fast

Poem by W.H. Auden
Music: Benjamin Britten

Now the leaves are falling fast,
Nurse's flowers will not last;
Nurses to the graves are gone,
And the prams go rolling on.

Whisp'ring neighbours, left and right,
Pluck us from the real delight;
And the active hands must freeze
Lonely on the sep'rate knees.

Dead in hundreds at the back
Follow wooden in our track,
Arms raised stiffly to reprove
In false attitudes of love.

Starving t'rough the leafless wood
Trolls run scolding for their food;
And the nightingale is dumb,
And the angel will not come.

Cold, impossible, ahead
Lifts the mountain's lovely head

Whose white waterfall could bless
Travellers in their last distress,

25 Tell me the truth about love

Poem by W.H. Auden
Music: Benjamin Britten

(Spoken) Liebe Pamour amor amoris
Some say that Love's a little boy
And some say it's a bird,
Some say it makes the world go round
And some say that's absurd:
But when I asked the man next door
Who looked as if he knew,
His wife was very cross indeed
And said it wouldn't do.

Does it look like a pair of pyjamas
or the ham in a temp'rance hotel,
O tell me the truth about love.
Does its odour remind one of llamas
Or has it a comforting smell?
O tell me the truth about love.
Is it prickly to touch as a hedge is or soft as eiderdown
fluff,
is it sharp or quite smooth at the edges
O tell me the truth about love.

I looked inside the summerhouse,
It wasn't ever there,
I've tried the Thames at Maidenhead
And Brighton's bracing air;
I don't know what the blackbird sang or what the roses
said,
But it wasn't in the chicken run
Or underneath the bed.

Can it pull extraordin'ry faces,
Is it usually sick on a swing,
O tell me the truth about love.
Does it spend all its time at the races
Or fiddling with pieces of string,

O tell me the truth about love.
Has it views of its own about money,
Does it think Patriotism enough,
Are its stories vulgar but funny?
O tell me the truth about love.

Your feelings when you meet it, I
Am told you can't forget,
I've sought it since I was a child
But haven't found it yet;
I'm getting on for thirty-five,
And still I do not know
What kind of creature it can be
That bothers people so,

When it comes, will it come without warning,
just as I'm picking my nose,
O tell me the truth about love.
Will it knock on my door in the mornin'
Or tread in the bus on my toes,
O tell me the truth about love.
Will it come like a change in the weathe
Will its greeting lie courteous or bluff,
Will it alter my life altogether?
O tell me the truth about love.

26 The Choirmaster's Burial

*Poem by Thomas Hardy
(from Winter Words)
Music: Benjamin Britten*

He often would ask us
That, when he died,
After playing so many
To their last rest,
If out of us any
Should here abide,
And it would not task us,
We would with our lutes
Play over him
By his grave-brim
The psalm he liked best -

The one whose sense suits
'Mount Ephraim' -
And perhaps we should seem,
To him, in Death's dream,
Like the seraphim.

As soon as I knew
That his spirit was gone
I thought this his due,
And spoke thereupon.
'I think,' said the vicar,
'A read service quicker
Than viols out-of-doors
In these frosts and hoars.
That old-fashioned way
Requires a fine day,
And it seems to me
It had better not be.'

Hence, that afternoon,
Though never knew he
That his wish could not be,
To get through it faster
They buried the master
Without any tune.
But 'twas said that, when
At the dead of next night
The vicar looked out,
There struck on his ken
Thronged roundabout,
Where the frost was graying
The headstoned grass,
A band all in white
Like the saints in church-glass,
Singing and playing
The ancient stave
By the choirmaster's grave.

Such the tenor man told
When he had grown old.

ENGLISH SONG

CD 1	77:42	CD 2	72:05
Charles Villiers STANFORD (1852-1924)		Eric COATES (1886-1957)	
1 A Soft Day	2:48	1 The Grenadier	3:21
2 Irish Skies	5:13	2 The Young Lover	2:59
Liza LEHMANN (1862-1918)		3 Betty and Johnny	2:12
3 Cherry Ripe	2:42	4 Rise up and reach the stars	1:39
4 Mustard and Cress	1:52	Cecil Armstrong GIBBS (1889-1960)	
5 The Lily of a Day	2:37	5 The Bells	3:01
6 Henry King	3:21	6 Ann's Cradle Song	3:21
Arthur SOMERVELL (1863-1937)		7 As I Lay in the Early Sun	1:49
7 Fain would I change that note	3:07	8 The Cherry Tree	2:31
8 In summer-time on Bredon	3:56	9 Dusk	1:31
9 The lads in their hundreds	2:54	Peter WARLOCK (1894-1930)	
10 Among the rocks	3:30	10 Peter Warlock's Fancy	2:12
Ralph VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872-1958)		11 The frostbound wood	3:05
11 It was a lover and his lass	1:53	12 Chopcherry	1:04
12 The Water Mill	4:02	13 A Sad Song	2:09
13 On Wenlock Edge	3:51	14 Rutterkin	1:08
14 The Call	2:17	15 Bethlehem Down	4:36
15 Silent Noon	4:38	William WALTON (1902-1983)	
Gustav HOLST (1874-1934)		16 Wapping Old Stairs	2:23
16 Now in these fairylands	1:26	17 Long Steel Grass	2:31
17 The dream-city	3:17	18 Tango – Pasodoble	2:09
18 Margrete's Cradle Song	2:45	19 Popular Song	2:14
19 The Heart Workshops	3:14	20 Beatriz's Song	2:51
Roger QUILTER (1877-1953)		Lennox BERKELEY (1903-1989)	
20 Take, O take those lips away	1:26	21 Lay your sleeping head, my love	5:34
21 Now sleeps the crimson petal	2:26	Benjamin BRITTEN (1913-1976)	
22 Love calls through the summer night	5:30	22 Early One Morning	3:23
23 I will go with my father a-ploughing	2:26	23 The foggy, foggy dew	2:38
Lord BERNERS (1883-1950)		24 Now the leaves are falling fast	2:00
24 The Rio Grande (Capstan Shanty)	2:34	25 Tell me the truth about love	5:41
25 Theodore, or the Pirate King	0:55	26 The Choirmaster's Burial	4:05
26 A Long Time Ago (Hilliard's Shanty)	1:28		
Arnold BAX (1883-1953)			
27 Oh dear, what can the matter be?	1:36		

A full track list and recording details
can be found in the booklet

NAXOS

DDD

8.557559-60

Total
Playing Time
2:29:47



www.naxos.com

© 1993-2004 & © 2005
Naxos Rights International Ltd.
Booklet notes in English
Song texts included
Made in Canada