



signum  
CLASSICS

# Edward Elgar

*Go, song of mine*  
*Part-Songs and Choral Works*

The Rodolfus Choir  
Ralph Allwood *director*

**GO, SONG OF MINE**  
CHORAL WORKS AND PART-SONGS BY  
EDWARD ELGAR (1857-1934)

- |    |                                                                                       |        |
|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| 1  | <b>Go, song of mine, Op. 57</b>                                                       | [4.23] |
| 2  | <b>As torrents in summer</b><br><i>from Scenes from the Saga of King Olaf, Op. 30</i> | [2.04] |
| 3  | <b>O salutaris hostia</b>                                                             | [2.31] |
| 4  | <b>My love dwelt in a northern land, Op. 18, No. 3</b>                                | [4.11] |
| 5  | <b>Ave, verum corpus, Op. 2, No. 1</b>                                                | [2.50] |
| 6  | <b>I sing the birth</b><br>soloist: Sam Jenkins <i>tenor</i>                          | [3.51] |
| 7  | <b>Love, Op. 18, No. 2</b>                                                            | [2.23] |
| 8  | <b>The Prince of Sleep</b>                                                            | [4.37] |
|    | <b>Four Choral Songs, Op. 53</b>                                                      |        |
| 9  | i. There is sweet music                                                               | [4.04] |
| 10 | ii. Deep in my soul                                                                   | [4.43] |
| 11 | iii. O wild west wind                                                                 | [3.10] |
| 12 | iv. Owls, an Epitaph                                                                  | [3.00] |

13	<b>O Hearken Thou, Op. 64</b>	[3.51]
14	<b>Ave Maria, Op. 2, No. 2</b>	[2.31]
15	<b>Ave maris stella, Op. 2, No. 3</b>	[3.59]
<b>Five Part Songs</b>		
16	i. The Shower, Op. 71, No. 1	[2.29]
17	ii. The Fountain, Op. 71, No. 2	[3.38]
18	iii. Death on the Hills, Op. 72	[3.55]
19	iv. Love's Tempest, Op. 73, No. 1	[3.02]
20	v. Serenade, Op. 73, No. 2	[2.03]
21	<b>Give unto the Lord, Op. 74</b>	[8.30]
	Total timings:	[75.47]

RODOLFUS CHOIR  
RALPH ALLWOOD DIRECTOR

Novello published its very first composition (Op. 18, No. 3) by Elgar in 1890, the year in which the 30-year-old German, August J. Jaeger from Düsseldorf joined the firm. Seven years into the job, Jaeger wrote: “I am conceited enough to think that I can appreciate a good thing, and see genius in musicians that are *not* yet dead ...”. The two began a formal correspondence, and Elgar soon realised that he had found a friend and ally in Jaeger, who could read and completely understand his music, whose opinion he could trust, who knew when to criticise and when to encourage in order to keep his volatile charge on an even keel.

A year before Jaeger’s (‘Nimrod’) untimely death, Elgar posted an unusually long letter (September 1908). It was addressed to ‘My Dearest Nimrod’ who was currently engaged in compiling an article about the part-songs that Elgar had composed so far: “It seems odd to think of anything of mine worth writing about – I mean I remember my first part-song (Op. 18, No. 3) ... *My love dwelt in a northern land!* Now a stock piece for superior *poetic* choirs; then it was said to be crude, ill-written, ... laid out without knowledge of the capabilities of the human voice etc!! How funny it all is!”

Indeed the 20 years which separate Op. 2 from Op. 35 (1887-1907) saw Elgar fighting his way through an endless, often seemingly pointless period of musical self-education – dashing up to the Crystal Palace (from Worcester!) to hear works both in rehearsal and in concert – playing his violin in local orchestras – giving music lessons, all in an attempt to earn a living, and composing whatever he felt he had a hope of making it pay, which often it did not. It is well known that during this period, around the turn of the century, with the first performances of *Enigma Variations* Op. 36 and *The Dream of Gerontius* Op. 38 Elgar emerged from relative obscurity into the glare of intense publicity, becoming an established celebrity in a matter of months.

About 30 years later, he wrote an essay entitled ‘HMV’, discovered unpublished amongst his papers after his death, in which he explains why he considered the gramophone to be such an important educational tool, enabling the modern generation (1930?) of aspiring composers to become acquainted with a whole range of music in a few months, that had taken him years to discover: “My thoughts go back to the days when ... the means of gaining knowledge were few and difficult. If London in

1877-9 was scantily supplied with orchestral concerts, the provinces were in a worse plight. The Crystal Palace concerts, under the direction of August Manns, were undoubtedly the best.”

Nonetheless, Elgar remained proud of those youthful efforts from the beginning of that long educational climb, of which seven may be found in this compilation. *O salutaris hostia* (one of five settings) and the three Latin anthems which comprise Op. 2 (1887) are the writings of a late Victorian, providing performable material for exceedingly amateur, mainly local Roman Catholic choirs, while the slightly later two part-songs from Op. 18 (1889) are aimed to please the rather more advanced members of local glee clubs, and are typical of the many in print and available at that time. It is pleasing for us now, with hindsight, that we can already discern in all of these pieces aspects of the mature Elgar, whom we all know and love.

Another vital event – his marriage was soon to take place (1890). Caroline Alice Roberts was seven years his senior, and had answered an advertisement in the local press, offering private piano lessons in 1886. He gained access to her grand house by means of the tradesman's entrance. Their courtship clearly flourished

despite her family's disapproval of her ever increasing involvement with a man 'in trade', inevitably deemed unsuitable for marriage. It was famously her need to prove that she had become hitched to a genius that provided the pressure he ultimately needed to grow as a composer.

Within a few years the young couple had managed to travel sufficiently for Elgar, to attend most of Wagner's operas, as well as to conduct his *Overture Froissart* Op. 19 in a decent concert in Worcester (1890). The score is headed by a quotation from Keats: “When Chivalry lifted up her Head on High.” Thus began Elgar's period of lengthy ‘Sagas’. These took the form of Oratorio/Cantatae, settings of tales of knights of old, bolstered by liberal helpings of ‘leitmotivs’ to enable the music to assist in the telling of a story. Like Wagner before him, the fine music came rather more easily to Elgar than the delineation of the characters. In *King Olaf* (1896) there is much music that could be by none other than the composer of *The Dream of Gerontius* (1899), and throughout the Edwardian period the work remained extremely popular. But, as the cracks began to seem ever more obvious, only a fragment of the final chorus *As torrents in summer* seemed

to stick with the public, reinventing itself as an unaccompanied part-song. Perhaps it was Elgar's original hope that these few moments of choral singing, with the orchestra silent, might do for *King Olaf* what a similar passage (*Requiem*) does for the finale of Verdi's masterpiece, set for unaccompanied choir and soprano soloist.

Returning to his letter to Jaeger of September 1908, Elgar explains why the part-songs of Op. 53 are so much more demanding. "I wish you could have heard the Morecambe Choir under Howson four or five years ago: you would then fully appreciate what I had tried to do." He is referring to time taken out from the composition of *The Apostles* in 1903 to adjudicate at a festival, which had become a grand event since being founded by Canon C.V. Gorton in 1891. He was the Musical Director at St Lawrence Church, and had engaged a fine choir trainer and conductor in R. G. H. Howson. The Canon soon proved to be a very useful new friend and expert advisor in theological matters pertaining to Elgar's ongoing work in *The Apostles*. The couple stayed with Gorton throughout the festival, for which Elgar had contributed yet another part-song, *Weary Wind of the West*. Howson, who was very much taken

with the piece, must have trained and conducted a pretty sensational choir to have inspired such adventurous, not to say difficult music for the performers to be composed some four years later.

Trips abroad by now usually meant Italy, and had become useful periods of rest for recharging the batteries of his creative spirit between masterpieces. Thus *In the South (Alassio)* Op. 50 had appeared in 1904 between *The Apostles* Op. 49 and *The Kingdom* Op. 51. Over the winter, in Rome (1907-8) Elgar produced four part-songs, Op. 53. The poem of the first of these is by Tennyson, and he dedicated it to Canon Gorton. It is nothing if not experimental! Since the great Symphony in A flat was already in gestation, it must surely be that this song in eight parts represents a preliminary exploration for what was to become one of the composer's greatest and most popular works. In the song, the top four parts (ladies) have a key signature of A flat, while the lower four parts (gentlemen) have just one sharp! The Symphony is also in A flat, but at least half of both its outer movements are loosely in D minor (with the entire slow movement in D major). Two more diverse keys (A flat – D) can hardly be imagined.

Further on, in that same letter, Elgar explains: “As to the Symphony, the general key is A flat – the signature of one flat means nothing, it is convenient for the players ... You will find many subtle *enharmonic* relationships I think, and the widest looking divergences are often the closest relationships ...” He finishes with a sardonic: “... after all, I am only an amateur composer – if that means I compose for the love of it – I certainly *am* an amateur letter-writer, for I only write for the love of Nimrod, Whose I am ever E.E.”

Byron and Shelley both bring out Elgar's darker, more passionate side. *Deep in my soul* seems almost orchestral, with its shorter, broken phrases inviting the attention of horns and woodwind, the longer, stretchier lines seem to call for the strings. Shelley's *O wild west wind* is equally instrumental in feel, tremendously energetic, almost fierce, not unlike the atmosphere of the wildest moments in the D minor section of the A flat symphony's first movement.

The fourth and last piece *Owls* is a scary, sinister nightmare. Elgar wrote the text himself, and an explanation too in his letter: “As to *Owls* – it is only a fantasy, and means

nothing. It is in wood (sic) at night evidently, and the recurring ‘Nothing’ is only an ‘owlish’ sound.” By comparison *Go, song of mine*, though heart-felt, is more conventional in style. Op. 57 was also composed in Rome during May 1909. Jaeger had resigned his position at Novello the previous year so Elgar was well aware of his declining health, and he died on May 18th. We do not know for certain whether Op. 57 was composed before or after that date, but it must surely have been the first of Elgar's compositions in almost ten years not to have been scrutinised and ‘passed’ by Jaeger.

In the preface to the Coronation Service Book of 22nd June 1901, Walter G. Alcock wrote: “*O Harken Thou*, exhibits in every line that spirited intensity so characteristic of the composer ... the impression given by the work is so exactly what it ought to be – a reverent supplication.” As the offertory, after the Coronation itself and before the Communion Service, it forms a prayerful interlude, although then of only half its current length. In 1911, it stopped at the words ‘I make my prayer’.

Elgar's *Give unto the Lord* Op. 74, a setting of Psalm 29, gains its power and strength from its quasi sonata-form structure. The occasion

was a service in St Paul's Cathedral on 30th April 1914 for the 'Festival for the Sons of the Clergy'. Its central 'development' section (Allegro moderato) takes care of verses three to eight. Curiously, the Psalm's first verse is rejected, so that the exposition and recapitulation correspond to verses two and the last verse respectively, with a beautiful coda over an E flat tonic pedal to round things off.

He was already working on the five part-songs Opp. 71, 72 and 73 during the spring of that year when the troubles in Ireland concerned him greatly, but there is little evidence to suggest that the catastrophe of a world war declared in August was yet an issue. The two poems by Henry Vaughan (Op. 71) *The Shower* and *The Fountain* are untroubled and gentle. As Elgar only set the final stanza of *The Shower*, the first word had to be altered from 'Yet' to 'Cloud' in order for the verse to make independent sense. Were it not for a charming coda (Meno mosso) reserved for the last four lines of *The Fountain*, with a hint of those 'orchestral' effects leading up to 'The music of her tears', one might have felt tempted to ignore Op. 71!

The remaining three part-songs comprising Opp. 72 and 73 are settings of poems by Apollon Maikov in translations by Rosa Newmarch. These Russian texts draw from Elgar's darker and more dramatic 'orchestral' effects, reminding us rather more of Op. 53. *Death on the Hills* is marked 'Quasi alla marcia' – quite clearly a dead march. In a letter to his friend, the organist of Worcester Cathedral, Ivor Atkins, he quips: "It is, I declare, courageous of you to frighten your people into singing *Death on the Hills!*" *Love's Tempest* (Op. 73, No. 1) alternates between 'Adagio' and 'Allegro con Fuoco'. For a brief moment or two we might be revisiting Shelley's *O Wild West Wind*. Indeed, we might just as well be in a wood – evidently at night – in Op. 73, No. 2 *Serenade*, but there are no 'owls' this time, rather "just bare trees, which toss their arms and weep"; as they do, some three years later so evocatively in the slow movement of the piano quintet (1917).

The Great War did not entirely silence Elgar. As well as the chamber music, there was still the sublime 'cello concerto to come. It was the decline and death of Alice in 1918 that silenced him. However, not completely! The end of the whole story can be read in a publication of the



year 2000 by Kevin Allen, “Elgar in Love: Vera Hockman and the Third Symphony”. But all that came too late for the final two pieces in this compilation.

*The Prince of Sleep* with text by Walter de la Mere (1925) is a sad little part-song, which clearly suggests the stuffing had gone out of him. He probably chose it for its last line: “He wandered through a valley steep, lovely – in a lonely place.”

The most recent composition presented here is a carol *I sing the birth* dated 1928 with words by Ben Johnson, in which Elgar demonstrates that he is quite capable of keeping up with the times. Much of it is sung by voices in unison, or if preferred, solo voices, frequently intercepted by ‘Alleluia’ in three voice parts, leaving very little for the full choir to contribute. Yet it would make a suitable companion for Holst’s *Lullay my liking* (1919), or even *Jesus Christ the Apple Tree* (1967) by Elizabeth Poston.

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## TEXTS

### 1 Go, song of mine

Dishevell’d and in tears, go, song of mine,  
To break the hardness of the heart of man:  
Say how his life began  
From dust, and in that dust doth sink supine:  
Yet, say, the unerring spirit of grief  
shall guide his soul, being purified,  
To seek its Maker at the heav’nly shrine.

Text: Guido Calvacanti (1250-1301),  
translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)

### 2 As torrents in summer

As torrents in summer  
Half dried in their channels,  
Suddenly rise, tho’ the  
Sky is still cloudless  
For rain has been falling  
Far off at their fountains;

So hearts that are fainting  
Grow full to o’erflowing,  
And they that behold it,  
Marvel, and know not,

That God at their fountains  
Far off, has been raining!

Text: From *The Saga of King Olaf*  
by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882),  
adapted by Harry Arbuthnot Acworth (1849-1943)

**3 O salutaris hostia**

O salutaris hostia  
Quae cœli pandis ostium:  
Bella premunt hostilia,  
Da robur, fer auxilium.

Uni trinoque Domino  
Sit sempiterna gloria,  
Qui vitam sine termino  
Nobis donet in patria. Amen.

*O saving victim  
who opens the gate of heaven:  
oppressive war threatens,  
give strength, bring help.*

*To the Lord, three and one,  
be eternal glory,  
who shall give to us life  
without end in his land. Amen.*

**4 My love dwelt in a northern land**

My love dwelt in a Northern land.  
A dim tower in a forest green  
Was his, and far away the sand  
And gray wash of the waves were seen  
The woven forest-boughs between:  
And through the Northern summer night  
The sunset slowly died away,  
And herds of strange deer, silver-white,  
Came gleaming through the forest gray,  
And fled like ghosts before the day.

And oft, that month, we watch'd the moon  
Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn,  
And wane, with waning of the June,  
Till, like a brand for battle drawn,  
She fell and flamed in a wild dawn.

I know not if the forest green  
Still girdles round that castle gray,  
I know not if the boughs between  
The white deer vanish ere the day:  
The grass above my love is green,  
His heart is colder than the clay.

Text: Andrew Lang (1844-1912)

5 **Ave, verum corpus**

Ave, verum corpus,  
natum Ex Maria Virgine,  
Vere passum, immolatum  
In cruce pro homine.

Cujus latus perforatum  
Vero fluxit sanguine;  
Esto nobis prægustatum,  
Mortis in examine.

O Clemens, O pie,  
O dulcis Jesu, Fili Mariæ.

*Jesu, Word of God incarnate,  
Of the Virgin Mary born,  
On the Cross Thy sacred Body  
For us men with nails was torn.*

*Cleanse us, by the blood and water  
Streaming from Thy pierced Side;  
Feed us with Thy Body broken,  
No, and in death's agony.*

*Oh gentle, Oh pious  
Oh sweet Jesus, Son of Mary.*

6 **I sing the birth**

Allelujah!  
I sing the birth was born to-night,  
The author both of life and light;  
The angels so did sound it,

And, like the ravished shepherds said,  
Who saw the light, and were afraid,  
Yet search'd, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th'eternal King,  
That did us all salvation bring,  
And freed the soul from danger,

He whom the whole world could not take,  
The Word, which heav'n and earth did make,  
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom willed it so,  
The Son's obedience knew no No;  
Both wills were in one stature,

And, as that wisdom had decreed,  
The Word was now made flesh indeed  
And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,  
Who made Himself the price of sin,  
To make us heirs of glory!

To see this Babe, all innocence,  
A martyr born in our defence,  
Can man forget this story? Alleluia!

Text: Ben Johnson

## 7 Love

Like the rosy northern glow  
Flushing on a moonless night  
Where the world is level snow,  
So thy light.

In my time of outer gloom  
Thou didst come, a tender lure;  
Thou, when life was but a tomb,  
Beamedst pure.

Thus I looked to heav'n again,  
Yearning up with eager eyes,  
As sunflow'rs after dreary rain  
Drink the skies.

Oh glow on and brighter glow,  
Let me ever gaze on thee,  
Lest I lose warm hope and so  
Cease to be.

Text: Arthur Maquarie

## 8 The Prince of Sleep

I met at eve the Prince of Sleep,  
His was a still and lovely face;  
He wander'd through a valley steep,  
Lovely in a lonely place.

His garb was grey of lavender,  
About his head a poppy wreath  
Burned like dim coals, and everywhere  
The air was sweeter for his breath.

His twilight feet no sandals wore,  
His eyes shone faint in their own flame,  
Fair moths that gloomed his steps before  
Seemed letters of his lovely name.

His house is in the mountain ways,  
A phantom house of misty walls,  
Whose golden flocks at evening graze,  
And witch the moon with muffled calls.

Upwelling from his shadowy springs  
Sweet waters shake a trembling sound,  
There flit the hoot-owl's silent wings,  
There hath his web the silkworm wound.

Dark in his pools clear visions lurk,  
And rosy, as with morning buds,

Along his dales of broom and birk\*  
Dreams haunt his solitary woods.

\* birk = birch

Text: Walter de la Mare

### 9 There is sweet music

There is sweet music here that softer falls  
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,  
Or night-dews on still waters between walls  
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;  
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,  
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;  
Music that brings sweet sleep  
Down from the blissful skies.  
Here are cool mosses deep,  
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,  
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,  
And from the craggy ledgethe poppy hangs in sleep.

Text: Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-92)

### 10 Deep in my soul

Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,  
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,  
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,  
Then trembles into silence as before.

There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp  
Burns the slow flame, eternal – but unseen;  
Which not the darkness of Despair can damp,  
Though vain its ray as it had never been.

Text: Lord Byron (1788-1824)

### 11 O wild west wind!

O wild West Wind!  
Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies  
Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,  
Sweet tho' in sadness.  
Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!  
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!  
And, by the incantation of this verse,  
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth  
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Text: Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

**12 Owls, an Epitaph**

What is that? ... Nothing;  
The leaves must fall, and falling, rustle;  
That is all;  
They are dead  
As they fall, –  
Dead at the foot of the tree;  
All that can be is said.  
What is it? ... Nothing .

What is that? ... Nothing;  
A wild thing hurt but mourns in the night,  
And it cries  
In its dread,  
Till it lies  
Dead at the foot of the tree;  
All that can be is said.  
What is it? ... Nothing.

What is that? ... Ah!  
A marching slow of unseen feet,  
That is all:  
But a bier, spread  
With a pall,  
Is now at the foot of the tree;  
All that could be is said;  
Is it – what? ... Nothing.

Text: Edward Elgar

**13 O hearken Thou**

O hearken Thou unto the voice of my calling,  
my King, and my God: for unto Thee will I make  
my prayer.

My voice shalt Thou hear betimes, O Lord:  
early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto  
Thee, and will look up.

Text: Psalm 5

**14 Ave Maria**

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum;  
benedicta tu in mulieribus,  
et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.  
Sancta Maria, Mater Dei,  
ora pro nobis peccatoribus,  
nunc et in horn mortis nostræ. Amen.

*Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee;  
blessed art thou among women,  
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.  
Holy Mary, Mother of God,  
pray for us sinners,  
now and at the hour of our death. Amen.*

15 **Ave maris stella**

Ave maris stella,  
Dei Mater alma,  
Atque semper Virgo,  
Felix cæli porta.

Sumens illud Ave,  
Gabrielis ore,  
Funda nos in pace,  
Mutans Hevæ nomen.

Solve vincla reis,  
Profer lumen cæcis,  
Mala nostra pelle,  
Bona cuncta posce.

Monstra te esse matrem,  
Sumat per te preces,  
Qui pro nobis natus,  
Tulit esse tuus.

Virgo singularis,  
Inter omnes mitis,  
Nos culpis solutos,  
Mites fac et castos.

Vitam præsta puram,  
Iter para tutum,

Ut videntes Jesum,  
Semper collætémur.

Sit laus Deo Patri,  
Summo Christo decus,  
Spiritui Sancto,  
Tribus honor unus. Amen.

*Hail, star of the sea,  
life-giving mother of God  
and perpetual virgin,  
happy gate of heaven.*

*Receiving that 'ave'  
from the mouth of Gabriel,  
keep us in peace,  
reversing the name 'Eva'.*

*Loosen the chains from the guilty,  
bring forth light to the blind,  
drive out our ills,  
ask for all that is good.*

*Show yourself to be his mother:  
may he receive through you our prayers  
who, born for us,  
deigned to be yours.*

*Peerless virgin,  
gentle above all others,  
when we are pardoned for our sins,  
make us gentle and pure.*

*Grant us a pure life,  
prepare a safe road,  
so that seeing Jesus  
we may rejoice for ever.*

*Praise be to God the Father,  
glory to Christ most high,  
and to the Holy Spirit,  
triple honour in one. Amen.*

#### **16 The Shower**

Cloud, if as thou dost melt, and with thy train  
Of drops make soft the Earth, my eyes could weep  
O'er my hard heart, that's bound up and asleep;  
Perhaps at last, Some such showers past,  
My God would give a sunshine after rain.

Text: Henry Vaughan (1622-95)

#### **17 The Fountain,**

The unthrift sun shot vital gold,  
A thousand, thousand pieces;  
And heav'n its azure did unfold  
Chequer'd with snowy fleeces;  
The air was all in spice,  
And ev'ry bush A garland wore:  
Thus fed my eyes,  
But all the earth lay hush.  
Only a little fountain lent  
Some use for ears,  
And on the dumb shades language spent  
The music of her tears.

Text: Henry Vaughan (1622-95)

#### **18 Death on the Hills**

Why o'er the dark'ning hill-slopes  
Do dusky shadows creep?  
Because the wind blows keenly there,  
Or rainstorms lash and leap?

No wind blows chill upon them,  
Nor are they lash'd by rain:  
'Tis Death who rides across the hills  
With all his shadowy train.



The old bring up the cortège,  
In front the young folk ride,  
And on Death's saddle in a row  
The babes sit side by side.

The young folk lift their voices,  
The old folk plead with Death:  
"O let us take the village-road,  
Or by the brook draw breath.  
There let the old drink water,  
There let the young folk play,  
And let the little children  
Run and pluck the blossoms gay".

"I must not pass the village  
Nor halt beside the rill,  
For there the wives and mothers all  
Their buckets take to fill.

The wife might see her husband,  
The mother see her son;  
So close they'd cling – their claspings  
Could never be undone".

Text: Rosa Newmarch, adapted from a Russian text by Apollon  
Nikolayevich Maikov

### 19 Love's Tempest

Silent lay the sapphire ocean,  
Till a tempest came to wake  
All its roaring, seething billows  
That upon earth's ramparts break.

Quiet was my heart within me,  
Till your image, suddenly  
Rising there, awoke a tumult,  
Wilder than the storm at sea.

Text: Rosa Newmarch, adapted from a Russian text by Apollon  
Nikolayevich Maikov

### 20 Serenade

Dreams all too brief,  
Dreams without grief,  
Once they are broken, come not again.

Across the sky the dark clouds sweep,  
And all is dark and drear above;  
The bare trees toss their arms and weep,  
Rest on, and do not wake, dear Love.  
Since glad dreams haunt your slumbers deep,  
Why should you scatter them in vain?

Happy is he, when Autumn falls,  
Who feels the dream-kiss of the Spring;  
And happy he in prison walls  
Who dreams of freedom's rescuing;  
But woe to him who vainly calls  
Through sleepless nights for ease from pain!

Text: Rosa Newmarch, adapted from a Russian text by Apollon Nikolayevich Maikov

**21 Give unto the Lord**

Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty,  
Give unto the Lord glory and strength

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name;  
Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,

The voice of the Lord is upon the waters:  
The God of glory thundereth,  
It is the Lord that ruleth the seas,

The voice of the Lord is mighty in operation:  
The voice of the Lord is full of majesty;

The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars.  
Yea, the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars of  
Lebanon

Yea, the voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire;  
Yea, the voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness,  
And Strippeth the forests bare,

In His temple doth ev'ryone speak of His glory  
Worship the Lord in the beauty of his holiness

The Lord sitteth above the water-flood:  
And the Lord remaineth a King forever;

The Lord shall give strength unto His people;  
The Lord shall give the blessing of peace.

Text: Psalm 29

## RODOLFUS CHOIR



© Simon Tottman

### **Soprano**

Ellie Carnegie Brown  
Sam Cobb  
Francesca Goddard  
Sarah Godlee  
Emily Hall  
Cat Hart  
Georgie Lyon  
Charley Mason  
Imogen Sebba  
Lucy Taylor  
Charlotte Walters

### **Altos**

Lucy Curzon  
Pat Dunachie  
Emily Hunter  
Rosalind Isaacs  
Hamish McLaren  
Rosie Parker  
Lara Rebekah Harvey  
Julia Savage  
Tom Scott-Cowell  
Angela Waters

### **Tenor**

Phil Barrett  
Kieran Brunt  
Sam Jenkins  
Max Laverack  
Chris Loyn  
Toby Miller  
Alexander Peter  
James Walsh

### **Bass**

Quintin Beer  
Nick Crawford  
Charlie Dalton  
Chris Dollins  
Peter Lidbetter  
Alex Moore  
Jonathan Pacey  
George Parris  
Jonny Stewart

The Rodolfus Choir is made up of young singers who have been chosen from those who have been on Eton Choral Courses. Around 400 attend the courses each year, and a small proportion of these are chosen for Rodolfus. Many members of the Choir are choral scholars, some are at Music College, and many hope to make a career in music. Each singer is chosen because he or she has an unusually high degree of vocal ability and musicianship. Since its foundation in 1984 by Ralph Allwood MBE, the Choir have toured extensively in the UK, Europe and most recently the East Coast of the United States in April 2012. The Rodolfus Choir is a regular contributor to BBC Radio 3's *Choral Evensong*, is often on Classic FM, as well as appearing on BBC TV's *Songs of Praise* and recently in the Channel 4 documentary *Alex: A Passion For Life* which followed preparations for the choir's performance of Bach's *St Matthew Passion* at Cadogan Hall in April 2009 conducted by Alex Stobbs.

Recent recordings include Howells, the Monteverdi Vespers and the Bach B minor Mass (nominated for a BBC Music Magazine award).

The Rodolfus Choir is excited to be commissioning a major new work from the Welsh composer,

Paul Mealor. This work *Praise* is to be a companion piece to Benjamin Britten's *Rejoice in the Lamb* at a series of performances scheduled for the centenary year of Britten's birth in 2013.

## RALPH ALLWOOD

Ralph left Eton College in 2011, where he had been Precentor and Director of Music for 26 years, to become freelance and to co-found Inner Voices, a choir for forty young people from ten Inner London state schools.

He featured in the Channel 4 documentary 'A Boy called Alex', has made 35 live broadcasts on Radio 3 and in Autumn 2012 appeared in BBC Two's 'The Choir: Sing While You Work' as a choral consultant and judge. His commercial choral music for adverts, films and documentaries has been played worldwide and he has made 26 choral recordings.

He leads choral courses and workshops all over the world. In November 2012 he will conduct Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius* in Peterborough Cathedral and in December, Handel's *Messiah* with the English Chamber Orchestra and Rodolfus Choir in the Cadogan Hall.



© Tom Allwood

Ralph is a judge for the Llangollen International Eisteddfod and the Cork International Choral Festival and is a regular visitor to several Welsh choirs, including the National Youth Choir of Wales, which he conducted this year. As a Choral Consultant he regularly visits Durham University, Queens' College, Cambridge, Trinity College, Oxford, the Malcolm Arnold Academy and Wellington College.

He founded the Eton Choral Courses (of which he is Director) and the Rodolfus Choir, and co-founded The Junior Choral Course. The 120th Eton Choral Course took place this summer: around 7000 singers have attended courses since he founded them in 1980.

In 2002 he was made Honorary Fellow of the Royal School of Church Music, in 2003 an Honorary Associate of the Royal Academy of Music and an MBE in the 2012 New Years' Honours. Recently, Ralph has been awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Music by the University of Aberdeen. He is a Fellow Commoner at Queens' College, Cambridge and an Honorary Fellow at University College, Oxford. In August 2012 he took up his post of Director of Chapel Music in the Old Royal Naval College Chapel in Greenwich.



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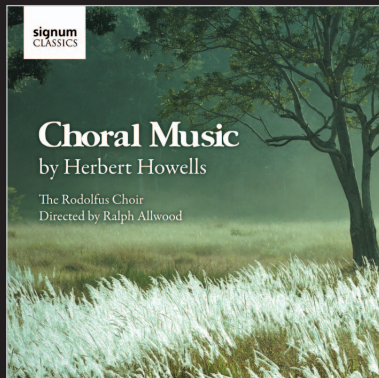
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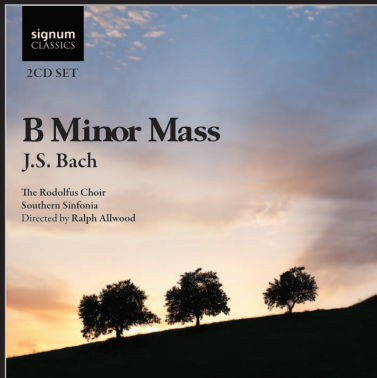
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1	<b>Go, song of mine, Op. 57</b>		[4.23]
2	<b>As torrents in summer</b>		[2.04]
3	<b>O salutaris hostia</b>		[2.31]
4	<b>My love dwelt in a northern land, Op. 18, No. 3</b>		[4.11]
5	<b>Ave, verum corpus, Op. 2, No. 1</b>		[2.50]
6	<b>I sing the birth</b>		[3.51]
7	<b>Love, Op. 18, No. 2</b>		[2.23]
8	<b>The Prince of Sleep</b>		[4.37]

**Four Choral Songs, Op. 53**

9	i. There is sweet music	[4.04]	10	ii. Deep in my soul	[4.43]
11	iii. O wild west wind	[3.10]	12	iv. Owls an Epitaph	[3.00]

13	<b>O Hearken Thou, Op. 64</b>		[3.51]
14	<b>Ave Maria, Op. 2, No. 2</b>		[2.31]
15	<b>Ave maris stella, Op.2, No. 3</b>		[3.59]

**Five Part Songs, Opp. 71-73**

16	i. The Shower, Op. 71, No. 1	[2.29]	17	ii. The Fountain, Op. 71, No. 2	[3.38]
18	iii. Death on the Hills, Op. 72	[3.55]	19	iv. Love's Tempest, Op. 73, No. 1	[3.02]
20	v. Serenade, Op. 73, No. 2				[2.03]

21	<b>Give unto the Lord, Op. 74</b>		[8.30]
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Total timings: [75.47]

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