



NOTES EN FRANÇAIS

SOMMCD 0119



DDD

Partsongs by  
Frederick Delius (1862 – 1934)  
& John Ireland (1879 – 1962)

BIRMINGHAM CONSERVATOIRE CHAMBER CHOIR · PAUL SPICER, Director

## FREDERICK DELIUS

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- 4 Her ute skal 2:20
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## Two songs to be sung of a summer night on the water

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\*Edward Harrisson

## JOHN IRELAND

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PARTSONGS by  
JOHN IRELAND and  
FREDERICK DELIUS



Birmingham Conservatoire Chamber Choir  
PAUL SPICER director

## Partsongs by John Ireland and Frederick Delius

As one would expect of someone with such a cosmopolitan background, Frederick Delius's literary tastes were remarkably diverse. Born in Bradford in January 1862 to German parents, he was expected by his father to join the family wool business rather than pursue the career in music he so desired. He was sent to work in Saxony and undertook business trips to Scandinavia, where he learned more of the arts than of business, before persuading his father to send him to America in 1883 to work as an orange grower. Here, as he had hoped, he was able to begin composing as well as teaching music. In 1886 he determined to study composition at the Leipzig Conservatorium, where, from the autumn of that year he studied for eighteen months. His timing was fortunate, for towards the end of his time in Leipzig Edvard Grieg arrived in the city, and they established a firm friendship. It is therefore unsurprising that in his seeking texts for musical setting, we find a diverse range of German, Scandinavian, American and English poets amongst his output.

Amongst the earliest of Delius's extant works are a set of five part-songs written during his time in Leipzig. Although all are set in German, two of the poems - *Sonnenscheinlied* and *Frühlingsanbruch* - are translations from the Norwegian and Danish respectively. In these five part-songs Delius has yet to find his distinctive musical voice, being in thrall to Mendelssohn and Grieg, but they are not without interest. In *Durch den Wald* the use of imitation particularly between soprano and tenor, depicts the recalled 'echo serene / Through the woods'; *Ave Maria* (a text set by Clara Schumann also) is a particularly beautiful work; while in the fourth song, *Sonnenscheinlied* Delius exhibits some humour in telling us just how little romantic reverie was in fact possible, the poet trying briefly to settle to some serious musing but very quickly snapping and turning his attention to the bothersome gnats.

After his brief period of formal musical study in Germany, Delius moved to Paris where he embarked on a full-time career, eventually settling in nearby Grez-sur-Loing, where,

except during the First World War, he and his wife Jelka lived for the rest of their lives. He continued to mix in Scandinavian circles and in 1891 composed *Her ute skal gildet staa* for the 'studio-warming' of the Swedish sculptor Christian Eriksson, setting words (in their original Norwegian) from Ibsen's early play *Gildet paa Solhoug* ('The Feast at Solhaug'). The difference between these early works and the first part-song of Delius's maturity, *On Craig Ddu* (1907) is striking. The rich chromaticism of this song, subtitled 'An Impression of Nature', gives rise to some particularly exquisite and original moments (such as at 'the sound of the water') — indeed, this part-song is perhaps Delius's finest contribution to the repertoire. Remarkable also are Delius's two wordless *Songs to be sung on a summer night on the water*, composed in 1917 and extending to complete works the idea of the untexted central section of the madrigal, *Midsummer Song*, composed in 1908, from which year the aptly male-voiced *Wanderer's Song* also dates. Delius's last part-song, *The Splendour falls* (1923), similarly employs a wordless chorus to great effect, the lower voices being called upon to imitate the sound of the 'horns [...] faintly blowing'.

Born into a literary household, where Emerson and others were frequent visitors, John Ireland took himself off to audition at the Royal College of Music at the age of 14, following which he began studies in piano and organ. By 1896 Ireland had persuaded Stanford to take him on as a composition scholar, and it is at around this time that Ireland composed his first part-song, *The Peaceful Western Wind* – one of Ireland's earliest extant works. This setting of Campion echoes both the madrigalian origins of the part-song genre and also a growing interest in the works of the Elizabethans amongst composers and writers of the early twentieth century, through the rediscovery of which they sought to renew the English arts. The interest in the Elizabethan, although not generally prevalent in Ireland's works, is evident in two part-songs dating from 1906: an unpublished setting of Dowland's *Weep you no more, sad fountains*, and a playful setting of Nashe's *Spring, the sweet spring*, full of bird-song, in which we hear the first glimpses of Ireland's emerging interest in harmonic colour that would come to define his mature style.

Between 1910 and 1913 Ireland made a number of settings of poems by the English visionary William Blake, including two light madrigalian works, *Laughing Song* and *Cupid*, and the touchingly innocent *A Cradle Song*, with its soothing, quasi-ostinato accompaniment in the lower voice parts. The subject of innocence, as depicted in this latter Blake setting, is one that – as with many artists – became a prominent feature of Ireland's work. Since the turn of the century Ireland had worked with boy choristers in his positions of organist at churches in Chelsea, most notably at St. Luke's, some of whom provided inspiration for his works. One such piece is *The Holy Boy*, for piano, composed on Christmas Day 1913. The popularity of this work encouraged its arrangement for various instrumental ensembles, and in 1938 the family solicitor, Herbert Brown, supplied words for the melody, giving rise to both solo and part-song versions. This apparently simple work derives its effectiveness from its distinctive modality, which modality was similarly employed in the carol *Adam lay ybounden*, composed in 1956. These two works are framed on this disc by two further carols: a 1927 strophic setting, *New Prince, New Pomp*, and *A New Year Carol*, written in 1941.

While Ireland was composing increasing numbers of solo songs from 1916, there are very few part-songs dating from the 1920s and after. However, those few works that date from this time are significant contributions to the genre. Two further Elizabethan songs were written in 1920 and 1921 – *When May is in his prime*, with its lovely harmonic twist in the more reflective coda to each verse, and *Fain would I change that note*. The following year, 1922, brought one of Ireland's most significant contributions to the part-song: *Twilight Night*. Telling of the loss of love or friendship, a parting of company, which is deeply regretted, but which it is hoped might be renewed, 'If we should meet one day', the part-song is imbued with deeply melancholic harmonies, which rarely settle, the subtly shifting colours being typical of Ireland's most distinctive work. The 1924 setting for mens' voices of William Cory's translation of Callimachus's *Heraclitus* continues this manner to great effect. The melody and modality of the closing lines of each verse of *Heraclitus* are notable, used here and elsewhere as an apparent leitmotif for the tears and disconsolation of loss.

The last two secular part-songs composed by Ireland, set ten years apart in 1942 and 1953, are remarkable for their sheer tonal beauty, even if they hark back to the works of Ireland's teacher, Sir Charles Stanford, in their manner. The later of the two, *The Hills*, was written for a collection brought together to mark the occasion of the coronation: *A Garland for the Queen*. Each song was written to newly commissioned words, in Ireland's case setting a poem by James Kirkup in which he likens the constant, imperturbable hills – 'earth's enduring thrones' – to the constancy and imperturbability of the monarchy upon which the nation is built. Constancy is also the watchword in *Immortality*, written in 1942 for the BBC Chorus. Henry P. Compton's poem speaks of the impermanence of human life and all that we undertake during our lives. However, although our nameless forebears and their works have vanished, 'like some ancient winter's snow', some part of them, in their virtues and traditions, lives on through us.

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**Paul Spicer** was a chorister at New College, Oxford. He studied with Herbert Howells and Richard Popplewell (organ) at the Royal College of Music.

Paul is best known as a choral conductor, partly through the many CDs he made with the Finzi Singers for Chandos records. He conducted Bach Choirs in Chester and Leicester before moving to conduct the Bach Choir in Birmingham in 1992. He also conducts the Whitehall Choir in London. He taught at the Royal College of Music in London between 1995 and 2008. He now teaches choral conducting at the Birmingham Conservatoire, where he also directs the chamber choir which has an increasing reputation through its regular recordings of British music, and at Oxford University.

Until July 2001 Paul Spicer was Artistic Director of the Lichfield International Arts Festival and the Abbotsholme Arts Society, posts he relinquished in order to pursue a

freelance musical career. He was Senior Producer for BBC Radio 3 in the Midlands until 1990 and today is in considerable demand as a composer. He has also been a much sought-after recording producer.

Paul Spicer's highly acclaimed biography of his composition teacher, Herbert Howells, was published in August 1998 and has been reprinted twice. He has recently completed a large-scale biography of Sir George Dyson. His *English Pastoral Partsongs* volume for OUP is widely used. As a writer he has written countless articles for many periodicals and is a contributor to the *Dictionary of National Biography*. He was recently commissioned by the Britten-Pears Foundation and Boosey & Hawkes to write the first practical guide to all Benjamin Britten's choral music for the Britten centenary in 2013, something he has continued to do for James MacMillan.

His new large-scale commission is a choral symphony *Unfinished Remembering* to a text by Euan Tait commemorating the centenary of the First World War to be premiered in Symphony Hall, Birmingham in September 2014.

Paul Spicer is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, an Honorary Research Fellow of Birmingham University, an Honorary Fellow of Birmingham Conservatoire, a Trustee of the Finzi Trust, Vice-President of the Herbert Howells Society, and Advisor to the Sir George Dyson Trust.

## Les chœurs polyphoniques de Frederick Delius et John Ireland

Comme on pourrait s'y attendre de la part d'une personne riche d'un parcours aussi cosmopolite, les goûts littéraires de Frederick Delius étaient très éclectiques. Né à Bradford en janvier 1862 de parents germaniques, il était destiné, par son père, à prendre sa succession au sein de l'entreprise familiale de production de coton, plutôt qu'à la carrière musicale à laquelle il aspirait. On l'envoya travailler en Saxe et fit plusieurs voyages d'affaires en Scandinavie, lors desquels il étudia davantage les arts que le commerce, avant de persuader son père de l'envoyer en Amérique pour travailler comme exploitant d'une orangerie. Là-bas, comme il l'avait espéré, il pu commencer à composer et enseigner la musique. En 1886, il décida d'étudier la composition au Conservatoire de Leipzig où il demeura durant huit mois à partir de l'automne de cette année-là. Sa bonne fortune voulut que vers la fin de son séjour à Leipzig, Edvard Grieg arriva dans cette ville, et ils nouèrent une solide amitié. On ne sera donc pas surpris de trouver dans son choix de textes pour ses mélodies un large éventail de poètes allemands, scandinaves, américains et anglais.

Parmi les premières œuvres importantes de Delius, on citera un cycle de cinq chœurs polyphoniques écrit à l'époque de son séjour à Leipzig. Bien que tous les poèmes soient en allemand, deux d'entre eux – *Sonnenscheinlied* et *Fruhlingsanbruch* – sont traduits, respectivement, du norvégien et du danois. Dans ce recueil, Delius n'a pas encore trouvé son propre idiome musical, et on le sent encore sous l'influence de Mendelssohn et Grieg, mais la partition n'en est pas moins intéressante. Dans *Durch den Wald*, l'utilisation d'une écriture en imitation, en particulier entre les parties de soprano et ténor, évoque « l'écho serein / À travers les bois » ; l'*Ave Maria* (que Clara Schumann a également mis en musique) est une pièce tout particulièrement belle ; dans la quatrième mélodie, *Sonnenscheinlied*, Delius fait preuve d'humour en nous racontant combien peu romantique se révèle la rêverie du poète qui essaie tout d'abord d'entrer dans une profonde méditation, avant d'en être distract par un moucheron agaçant.

Après sa brève période d'apprentissage académique en Allemagne, Delius s'installa à Paris où il s'engagea dans une carrière à plein temps. Il établit domicile près de Grez-sur-Loing où, à l'exception de la Première Guerre Mondiale, il vécut avec sa femme Jelka le reste de sa vie. Il continua de fréquenter les cercles scandinaves et en 1881, il composa *Her ute skal gildet staa* pour la pendaison de crêmaillère du sculpteur suédois Christian Eriksson, sur un texte (en norvégien) extrait de la pièce *Gildet paa Solhoug* (« Le Festin de Solhaug ») de Ibsen. La différence entre les œuvres de jeunesse de Delius et la première polyphonie de sa maturité, *On Craig Ddu* (1907), est frappante. Le riche chromatisme de cette mélodie, sous-titrée « Impression de la Nature », produit des effets particulièrement raffinés et originaux (par exemple dans « le son de l'eau »), et il s'agit sans doute de la plus belle contribution de Delius à ce répertoire. Les deux *Mélodies à chanter au bord de l'eau par une nuit d'été*, sans paroles et composées en 1917, sont également remarquables : elles mettent en application, à l'échelle de pièces complètes, l'idée de la partie centrale sans paroles du madrigal *Midsummer Song* composé en 1908, la même année que le *Wanderer's Song* si remarquablement écrit pour voix d'homme. La dernière polyphonie de Delius, *The Splendour falls* (1923), fait également usage d'un chœur sans paroles, avec le même bel effet ; à noter que les voix graves sont invitées à imiter le son « des cors résonnant au loin ».

Né dans une famille littéraire, dont Emerson et d'autres étaient fréquemment les hôtes, John Ireland, de sa propre initiative, est parti auditionner au Royal College of Music à l'âge de 14 ans, ce qui l'amena à entamer des études de piano et d'orgue. En 1896, Ireland parvint à persuader Stanford de le prendre dans sa classe de composition, et c'est à peu près à cette époque qu'Ireland composa sa première polyphonie, *The Peaceful Western Wind* – une de ses premières œuvres d'envergure. Cette adaptation du texte de Campion évoque le madrigal, qui est à l'origine du genre de la polyphonie, tout en faisant écho à l'intérêt grandissant des compositeurs et des écrivains du début du XX<sup>e</sup> siècle pour la littérature élisabéthaine dont la redécouverte devait nourrir le renouveau des Arts en Angleterre. Bien qu'elle ne soit pas prépondérante dans l'œuvre de Ireland, cette influence élisabéthaine est flagrante dans deux polyphonies datant de 1906 : une adaptation non publiée du *Weep*

*you no more, sad fountains* de Dowland, et une joyeuse adaptation du *Spring, the sweet spring* de Nashe, remplie de chants d'oiseaux, dans laquelle on peut entendre pour la première fois les couleurs harmoniques qui caractériseront le style de sa maturité.

Entre 1910 et 1913, il mit en musique plusieurs poèmes du visionnaire William Blake, notamment de œuvres légères dans le style du madrigal, *Laughing Song* et *Cupid*, et le touchant et innocent *A Cradle Song*, avec son accompagnement apaisant et quasi ostinato confié aux parties graves. Le thème de l'innocence, tel qu'il apparaît dans ce dernier poème, est un de ceux qui occupa une place centrale dans l'œuvre de Ireland, comme chez tant d'artistes. Depuis le début du nouveau siècle, Ireland avait travaillé avec des sopranistes dans le cadre de ses fonctions d'organistes dans les églises de Chelsea, notamment à Saint Luke, et certains d'entre eux lui inspirèrent quelques-unes de ses œuvres. L'une d'entre elles est *The Holy Boy*, pour piano, composée le Jour de Noël 1913. La popularité de cette pièce inspira des arrangements pour plusieurs combinaisons instrumentales, et en 1938, le notaire de famille Herbert Brown écrivit des paroles pour la mélodie que l'on put désormais se procurer en deux versions, solo ou chœur polyphonique. L'efficacité de cette œuvre simple en apparence, réside dans sa modalité caractéristique, laquelle fut utilisée de la même manière dans le chant de Noël *Adam lay ybounden*, composé en 1956. Ces deux pièces sont entourées, sur ce CD, par deux autres chants de Noëls : une adaptation strophique de *New Prince, New Pomp* (1927), et *A New Year Carol* (1941).

À partir de 1916, Ireland composa de plus en plus de mélodies pour voix solo, et il n'existe que peu de chœurs polyphoniques datant des années 1920 et après. Néanmoins, ces quelques œuvres constituent des contributions significatives au genre. Deux autres mélodies élisabéthaines virent le jour en 1920 et 1921 – *When May is in his prime*, avec charmante modulation dans la coda méditative qui conclut chaque couplet, et *Fain would I change that note*. L'année suivante, 1922, vit apparaître un des chœurs polyphoniques les plus notables de Ireland : *Twilight Night*. Il y est question de la perte d'un amour ou d'une amitié, d'une séparation douloureuse, mais dont l'espoir demeure qu'elle débouchera sur

une renaissance, « si nous nous rencontrons un jour » ; avec ses harmonies mélancoliques, qui trouvent rarement le repos, et ses couleurs changeantes, cette partition est typique des œuvres les plus caractéristiques de Ireland. Dans la même lignée, et de façon aussi réussie, on citera également le cycle pour voix d'hommes sur une traduction de William Cory du *Heraclitus* de Callimachus. La mélodie et la modalité des phrases conclusives de chaque couplet y sont remarquables, et leur présence ici et ailleurs dans cette partition les désigne comme des leitmotivs associés aux larmes et à l'impossibilité de se consoler de la perte.

Les deux dernières polyphonies profanes, composées par Ireland à dix années d'intervalle en 1942 et 1953, se distinguent par la pure beauté tonale, même si, dans leur manière, elles évoquent les œuvres de Sir Charles Stanford, le professeur de Ireland. La deuxième d'entre elles, *The Hills*, fut composée pour un recueil compilé à l'occasion du couronnement, et intitulé : *A Garland for the Queen*. Chaque mélodie fut composée sur un texte également écrit pour la même occasion ; dans le cas de Ireland, il s'agit d'un poème de James Kirkup dans lequel il compare les immuables et imperturbables collines – « éternels trônes de terre » - à la stabilité infrangible de la monarchie sur laquelle est fondée la nation. La constance est également le maître mot de *Immortality*, écrit en 1942 pour le chœur de la BBC. Le poème de Henry P. Compton parle de la fugacité de la vie et des entreprises humaines. Néanmoins, bien que nos ancêtres anonymes et leurs œuvres aient disparu, « comme quelqu'ancienne neige d'hiver », quelques parcelles de leurs vertus et de leurs traditions survivent à travers nous.

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**Paul Spicer** fut soprano au New College d'Oxford. Il étudia avec Herbert Howells et Richard Popplewell (orgue) au Royal College of Music.

Paul est surtout connu comme chef de chœur, en partie grâce aux nombreux CD qu'il a enregistrés pour Chandos avec les Finzi Singers. Il a dirigé des chœurs Bach à Chester et Leicester avant de diriger celui de Birmingham en 1992. Il a également dirigé le Whitehall

Choir de Londres. Il a enseigné au Royal College of Music de Londres de 1995 à 2008. Il enseigne à présent la direction de chœur à l'Université d'Oxford, ainsi qu'au Conservatoire de Birmingham, où il dirige également le chœur de chambre dont la réputation ne cesse de croître grâce à ses enregistrements de musique anglaise.

Jusqu'à juillet 2001, Paul Spicer était le Directeur Artistique du Festival International de Lichfield et de la Société des Arts Abbotsholme, postes qu'il a quitté pour se consacrer à sa carrière de musicien indépendant. Il a été producteur pour la BBC Radio 3 dans les Midlands jusqu'en 1990, et ses talents de compositeur sont désormais très recherchés. Il a également été sollicité à de nombreuses reprises en qualité de producteur d'enregistrement.

Saluée par la critique, la biographie qu'il a consacrée à son professeur de composition, Herbert Howells, a été publiée en 1998 et réimprimée deux fois. Il a récemment achevé une vaste biographie de Sir George Dyson. Le recueil de ses *English Pastoral Partsongs* publiés par les Presses Universitaires d'Oxford est très largement diffusé. En tant que musicographe, il est l'auteur d'innombrables articles pour plusieurs périodiques et a œuvré comme contributeur pour le *Dictionary of National Biography*. La Fondation Britten-Pears et Boosey & Hawkes l'ont récemment sollicité pour rédiger le premier guide pratique de toute la musique chorale de Benjamin Britten à l'occasion du centenaire Britten en 2013, projet qu'il a poursuivi avec l'œuvre de James MacMillan.

Sa nouvelle commande d'envergure est une symphonie chorale, *Unfinished Remembering*, sur un texte d'Euan Tait qui commémore le centenaire de la Première Guerre Mondiale, et qui sera créée au Symphony Hall de Birmingham en septembre 2014.

Paul Spicer est Membre de la Royal Society of Arts, Chercheur Honoraire de l'Université de Birmingham, Membre Honoraire du Conservatoire de Birmingham, Membre du Bureau du Finzi Trust, Vice-Président de la Société Herbert Howells, et Conseiller auprès du Sir George Dyson Trust.

*Traduction: Baudime Jam*

FREDERICK DELIUS:

① Durch den Wald

Words: von Schreck

Durch den Wald wie schimmert es sonnig im Grün,  
Durch den Wald wie jubelt der Vogelschall!  
Und des Jagdhorns Ruf und der Widerhall  
Sie rufen und ziehen, ich weiss schon wohin.  
Durch den Wald kommt die eine bald  
Des freut sich mein Herz und der fröhliche Wald.

In dem Wald wie wird es so dunkel und still.  
Kaum weiss ich ob draussen die Sonne noch tagt.  
Und des Baches Rauschen als ob er klagt  
Und alles um sie die night kommen will!  
Durch den Wald, ach käm' sie doc bald  
Des freut sich mein Herz und der fröhliche Wald.

Horch! ein Klang von Gesang und wie hallt es so nah.  
Durch die Sträucher was schimmert so bunt dort, so hell!  
So singt kein Vogel, so blinkt nicht der Quell,  
Das war ihre Stimme, sie kommt, sie ist da.  
Und ein Jubel erschallt aller Vögel im Wald  
Und es jauchzet mein Herz und der fröhliche Wald.

Through the woods

(translation: Lionel Carley)

Through the woods a glimmering of sunlight in green,  
Through the woods the joyful sound of bird song at dawn;  
And the echoing call of the hunting horn  
Now calling, recalling an echo serene  
Through the woods, O my love, should I hear your voice,  
My heart and the woods could embrace and rejoice.

In the woods how dark it grows, my heart is numb;  
I hardly know nor hardly care where daylight went.  
And the rustling stream sounding a lament,  
A murmured lament: Why will you not come?  
Through the woods could I hear your voice,  
My heart and the woods could embrace and rejoice.

Still! Did I hear there a sound of song? It all seemed so near  
Through the trees something shimmers, so radiant and light,  
No bird can sing so, no stream can gleam so bright;  
That can be but her voice; she comes, she is here!  
And there breaks out a jubilant noise; through the woods all the birds now give voice  
And my heart and the woods now embrace and rejoice!

### **[2] Sonnenscheinlied**

Words: Bjørnsjøerne Bjørnson (1832-1910)

*Es war so ein heller Sonntag  
 Nichts hielt mich in dumpfigen Räumen,  
 Ich schlender' ins Holz unter duftigem Dach  
 Da lag ich zu sinnen und träumen.  
 Da kroch die Ameis' und stach die Mück'  
 Und Bremse und Wespe mir störten mein Glück.*

### **[3] Frühlingsanbruch**

Words: Carl Andersen (1828-83)

*Was dämmert im Ost in den purpurnen Höhn?  
 Vielleicht schon der Früling mit Grüßen so schön?  
 Ich hör' eine Stimme belebend sie ruft.  
 Es weht um die Wange mir mildere Luft!  
 Die Lerchen schon singen: 'hier hast du uns, Freund!  
 Wir kommen mit Hoffnung für den, der du weint'  
 Der Zephyr singt küssend den Pflanzen ins Ohr:  
 'Ihr Blüten wo seid ihr, hervor! hervor!'  
 O Gott, wie es rieselt und duftet und klingt!  
 Was fesselt und drückt es zerreisst und zerspringt.  
 Die Buche belaubt sich mit grünende Pracht,  
 Die Welt ist zur seligsten Freude erwacht!*

### **Song of Sunshine**

Translation: Lionel Carley

*It was such a bright and sunny day;  
 Out there I could see the world gleaming,  
 I slipped through the forest and there far away  
 I lay 'neath the trees idly dreaming.  
 Then out came the gnats and midges to bite  
 And gadfly and hornet to end my delight.*

### **The Coming of Spring**

Translation: Lionel Carley

*There's a glow in the East in the purple hills.  
 Is it springtime, the spring that my heart's wish fulfils?  
 I hear a voice calling, so cheerful and clear  
 And the breeze on my cheek says mild springtime is here.  
 Already the lark sings 'Well, here we are, friend!  
 We come bringing hope, all your weeping to end.'  
 The Zephyr sings, kissing all flowers in doubt:  
 'Come on now, you blossoms, break out!'  
 O God, there's a fragrance and rippling and sound,  
 And a bursting and breaking of all that was bound.  
 The green of the leaves comes to every beech tree,  
 The world has awoken, is joyful and free!*

#### 4 Her ute skal gildet staa

Words: Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906)

*Her ute, her ute skal gildet staa  
alt mens de fugle blunde,  
hvor lystig aa leke mellem blomster smaa  
i birkelunde.*

*Her ute, her ute skal lyst og skjent  
lyde fra alle mune,  
all kvide maa ende naar felen er stemt  
i birkelunde.*

#### Here we shall feast

Translation: Lionel Carley

Yes, here we shall feast as the sun goes down,  
the birds on their branches asleep.  
We'll play 'midst the flowers and we'll dance all around  
in woodland deep.

Yes, here we'll make merry and gaily rejoice,  
happiness ours to keep.  
All sorrow shall end when the fiddle gives voice  
in woodland deep.

#### 5 An den Sonnenschein

Words: Robert Reinick (1805-52)

*O Sonnenschein! o Sonnenschein!  
Wie scheinst du mir ins Herz hinein,  
Weckst drinnen lauter Liebeslust,  
Daß mir so enge wird die Brust!*

*Und enge wird mir Stub' und Haus,  
Und wenn ich lauf' zum Thor hinaus,  
Da lockst du gar ins frische Grün  
Die allerschönsten Mädchen hin!*

#### O shining, golden sun

Translation: Lionel Carley

O shining, shining, golden sun,  
into my heart your course is run.  
You touch me with your warmth above  
and kindle the thoughts of love, of love.

Well, why then should I stay confined?  
For if my house I leave behind,  
you lure into the fields so green  
the sweetest girls you've ever seen.

#### 6 Ave Maria

Words: Emanuel von Giebel (1815-84)  
(*Abendfeier in Venedig*)

*Ave Maria, Meer und Himmel ruh'n.  
Von allen Türmen hallt der Glocken Ton.  
Ave Maria, lasst von ird'schen Tun!  
Zur Jungfrau betet, zu der Jungfrau Sohn!*

*Des Himmels Scharen selber knien nun,  
mit Lilien stehen vor des Vaters Thron  
und durch die Rosenwolken wehn die Lieder  
der sel'gen Geister feierlich hernieder.*

#### Hail Mary

Translation: Lionel Carley

Ave Maria, peace reigns beneath God's sun.  
From every tower shall the bells be rung,  
Ave Maria, may His will be done.  
We pray to the Virgin and the Virgin's Son.

The hosts of heaven themselves are

kneeling down  
and lilies, white lilies adorn the Father's throne,  
and through the rose-red clouds the singing  
comes so near,  
and the words of faith ring clear.

#### 7 On Craig Ddu

Words: Arthur Symons (1865-1945)

The sky through the leaves of the bracken,  
Tenderly, pallidly blue,  
Nothing but sky as I lie on the mountain-top.  
Hark! for the wind as it blew.

Rustling the tufts of my bracken above me,  
Brought from below  
Into the silence the sound of the water.  
Hark! for the oxen low,

Sheep are bleating, a dog  
Barks at a farm in the vale:  
Blue, through the bracken softly enveloping,  
Silence, a veil.

[8] & [9]

Two Songs to be sung of a summer night on the water  
[Wordless]

[10] **The splendour falls on castle walls**

Words: Alfred Tennyson (1809-92)

The splendour falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story:  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory:  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river:  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul  
And grow for ever and for ever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

[11] **Midsummer Song**

On midsummer day we'll dance and we'll play  
And we'll wander and stray through the woods.

We'll dance and we'll kiss whilst it's youth, love and bliss  
And the night is not far away.

[12] **Wanderer's Song**

Words: Arthur Symons

I have had enough of women, and enough of love,  
But the land waits, and the sea waits, and day and night is enough;  
Give me a long white road, and the grey wide path of the sea,  
And the wind's will and the bird's will, and the heart-ache still in me.

Why should I seek out sorrow, and give gold for strife?  
I have loved much and wept much, but tears and love are not life:  
The grass calls to my heart, and the foam to my blood cries up,  
And the sun shines and the road shines, and the wine's in the cup.

I have had enough of wisdom, and enough of mirth,  
For the way's one and the end's one, and it's soon to the ends of the earth;  
And it's then goodnight and to bed, and if heels or heart ache,  
Well, it's sound sleep and long sleep, and sleep too deep to wake.

JOHN IRELAND:

**[13] Heraclitus**

Words: William Cory (1823-92), after Callimachus

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,  
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.  
I wept as I remembered how often you and I  
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,  
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,  
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;  
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

**[14] Weep you no more, sad fountains**

Words: John Dowland (1563-1626)

Weep you no more, sad fountains;  
What need you flow so fast?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!  
But my sun's heavenly eyes  
View not your weeping,  
That now lies sleeping,  
Softly now, softly lies  
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,  
A rest that peace begets;  
Doth not the sun rise smiling  
When fair at e'en he sets?  
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!  
Melt not in weeping,  
While she lies sleeping,  
Softly now, softly lies  
Sleeping.

**[15] Fain would I change that note**

Words: Tobias Hume (c.1569-1645)

Fain I would 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!

**[16] When May is in his prime**

Words: Richard Edwardes (?1523-66)

When May is in his prime, then may each heart rejoice;  
When May bedecks each branch with green, each bird strains forth his voice,  
The lively sap creeps up into the blooming thorn,  
The flow'rs, which cold in prison kept, now laugh the frost to scorn.  
All nature's imps triumph, while joyful May doth last;  
When May is gone, of all the year the pleasant time is past.

May makes the cheerful hue, May breeds and brings new blood,  
May marcheth throughout every limb, May makes the merry mood.  
May pricketh tender hearts, their warbling notes to tune,  
Full strange it is, yet some, we see, do make their May in June.  
Thus things are strangely wrought, while joyful May doth last;  
Take May in time, when May is gone the pleasant time is past.

All ye that live on earth, and have your May at will,  
Rejoice in May, as I do now, and use your May with skill.  
Use May while that you may, for May hath but his time;  
When all the fruit is gone, it is too late the tree to climb,  
Your liking and your lust is fresh while May doth last;  
When May is gone, of all the year the pleasant time is past

#### **[17] New Prince, New Pomp**

Words: Robert Southwell (1561-95)  
(Prelude trad.)

*Nowell, nowell, sing we with mirth!  
Christ is come well, with us to dwell,  
By his most noble birth.*

Behold a simple tender babe,  
In freezing winter night,  
In homely manger trembling lies:  
Alas! a piteous sight.

The Inns are full; no man will yield  
This little pilgrim bed;  
But forced he is with simple beasts  
In crib to shroud his head.

Despise him not for lying there;  
First what he is enquire:  
An orient pearl is often found  
In depth of dirty mire.

Weigh not His crib, His wooden dish,  
Nor beasts that by Him feed;  
Weigh not His Mother's poor attire,  
Nor Joseph's simple weed.

This stable is a Prince's Court,  
The crib His chair of state,  
The beasts are parcel on His pomp,  
The wooden dish His plate;

#### **[18] Adam lay ybounden**

Words: 15th century carol

Adam lay ybounden,  
Bounden in a bond;  
Four thousand winter,  
Thought he not too long.

And all was for an apple,  
An apple that he took,  
As clerkès finden  
Written in their book.

The persons in that poor attire  
His royal liveries wear;  
The Prince Himself is come from heaven,  
This pomp is prized there.

With joy approach, O Christian soul,  
Do homage to thy King;  
And highly praise His humble pomp,  
Which He from heaven doth bring.

Ne had the apple taken been,  
The apple taken been,  
Ne had never our lady  
Abeen Heavenè queen.

Blessèd be the time  
That apple taken was,  
Therefore we moun singen.  
Deo gracias!

**[19] The Holy Boy**

Words: Herbert Brown

Lowly, laid in a manger,  
With oxen brooding nigh,  
The Heav'ny Babe is lying  
His Maiden Mother by.

Lo! The way-faring sages,  
Who journey'd far through the wild,  
Now worship, silent adoring,  
The Boy, The Heav'ny Child –  
The Heav'ny Child.

Leave your work and your playtime,  
And kneel in homage and prayer,  
The Prince of Love is smiling  
Asleep in his cradle there!

Bend your hearts to the wonder,  
The Birth, the Mystery mild,  
And worship, silent adoring,  
The Boy, the Heav'ny Child –  
The Heav'ny Child!

Dim the light of the lantern,  
And bare the mean abode,  
Yet gold and myrrh and incense  
Proclaim the Son of God.

Lowly laid in a manger  
By Virgin undefiled,  
Come worship, silent, adoring,  
The Boy, The Heav'ny Child.  
The Heav'ny Child!

**[20] A New Year Carol**

Words: traditional

Here we bring new water from the well so clear,  
For to worship God with this happy New Year.  
*Sing levy dew, sing levy dew, the water and the wine;*  
*The seven bright gold wires and the bugles that do shine.*

Sing reign of Fair Maid, with gold upon her toe,  
Open you the West door, and turn the Old Year go.  
Sing reign of Fair Maid, with gold upon her chin,  
Open you the East door, and let the New Year in.  
*Sing levy dew...*

**[21] Twilight night**

Words: Christina Rossetti (1830-94)

We met, hand to hand,  
We clasped hands close and fast,  
As close as oak and ivy stand;  
But it is past:  
Come day, come night, day comes at last.

We loosed hand from hand,  
We parted face from face;  
Each went his way to his own land.  
At his own pace,  
Each went to fill his separate place.

If we should meet one day,  
If both should not forget,  
We shall clasp hands the accustomed way,  
As when we met  
So long ago, as I remember yet.

**[22] The Peaceful Western Wind**

Words: Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

The peaceful western wind  
The winter storms hath tamed,  
And nature in each kind  
The kind heart hath inflamed  
The forward buds so sweetly breathe  
Out of their earthly bow'rs  
That heav'n which views their pomp beneath  
Would fain be deck'd with flow'rs.

See how the morning smiles  
On her bright eastern hill,  
And with soft steps beguiles  
Them that lie slumb'ring still!  
The music-loving birds are come  
From cliffs and rocks unknown,  
To see the trees and briars bloom  
That late were overflown.

What Saturn did destroy  
Love's Queen revives again;  
And now her naked boy  
Doth in the fields remain,  
Where he such pleasing change doth view  
In ev'ry living thing,  
As if the world were born anew  
To gratify the Spring.

**[23] A Laughing Song**

Words: William Blake (1757-1827)

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,  
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;  
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,  
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,  
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;  
When Mary and Susan and Emily  
With their sweet round mouths sing "Ha ha he!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,  
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread:  
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,  
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha ha he!"

**[24] Spring, the sweet spring**

Words: Thomas Nashe (1567-c.1601)

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing —  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay —  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet —  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!  
Spring, the sweet Spring!

**25 Cupid**

Words: William Blake

Why was Cupid a boy,  
And why a boy was he ?  
He should have been a girl,  
For aught that I can see.

For he shoots with his bow,  
And a girl shoots with her eye;  
And they both are merry and glad  
And laugh when we do cry.

And to make Cupid a boy  
Was surely a woman's plan,  
For a boy never learns to mock  
Till he has become a man :

And then he is so plex'd with cares,  
And wounded with arrowy smarts,  
That the whole business of his life  
Is to pick out the heads of the darts.

**26 A Cradle Song**

Words: William Blake

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,  
Dreaming o'er the joys of night;  
Sleep, sleep, in thy sleep  
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet Babe, in thy face  
Soft desires I can trace,  
Secret joys and secret smiles,  
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,  
Smiles as of the morning steal  
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast  
Where thy little heart does rest.

O! the cunning wiles that creep  
In thy little heart asleep.  
When thy little heart does wake  
Then the dreadful lightnings break,

**27 Immortality.**

Words: Henry Compton

These fields, which now lie smiling in the sun,  
Were tamed and schooled to harvest long ago  
By men whose lives, whose names, we cannot know,  
Who went in silence when their work was done.  
Their furrows, slowly traced, their crops, hard-won,  
Have vanished like some ancient winter's snow,  
Their hearts, dispersed in dust, have ceased to glow.

Mere random bones declare their race is run.  
And yet within the fields there lie in wait  
Strange virtues which to them, not us, belong,  
And as we plod behind the plough, which bares  
The gracious earth they wooed, we know the strong  
Compulsion laid by them on all their heirs,  
And cannot choose but plough our furrows straight.

From thy cheek and from thy eye,  
O'er the youthful harvests nigh.  
Infant wiles and infant smiles  
Heaven and Earth of peace beguiles.

**[28] The Hills**

Words: James Kirkup (1918-2009)

How calm, how constant are the hills,  
How green and white and golden in the summer light.  
Their lakes, their leaping wells are bright  
With flower, leaf and rain.  
And their profounder rivers run from rocks  
That are the altars of the sun.

How calm, how constant are the hills.  
Our time's dark gale of ice and fire  
Thunders around them but removes them never.  
No tempest overthrows their strong humility  
They are both god and temple  
And their stones are holy, the earth's enduring thrones.

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