



NOTES EN FRANÇAIS

SOMMCD 0128



DDD

Partsongs by  
Sir Charles Villiers Stanford  
(1852-1924)

Birmingham Conservatoire Chamber Choir · PAUL SPICER director

1 On Time	5:40	14 The haven	3:24
2 Heraclitus	2:42	15 A lover's ditty	2:24
3 To Chloris	4:22	16 God and the Universe	4:44
4 Corydon, arise!	2:32	17 Peace, come away	3:17
5 The swallow	1:39	18 A dirge	4:09
6 Praised be Diana	2:36	19 Out in the windy West	4:50
7 Like desert woods	3:36	20 The witch	3:23
8 To his flocks	2:34	21 Farewell, my joy	2:33
9 On a hill there grows a flower	2:33	22 The train	1:43
10 The blue bird	3:19	23 The inkbottle	2:19
11 Shall we go dance?	1:22	24 Chillingham	1:50
12 When Mary thro' the garden went	3:15	25 My heart in thine	2:25
13 Diaphenia	2:07	<b>Total duration:</b>	<b>75:30</b>

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Recording Producer: Siva Oke Recording Engineer: Paul Arden-Taylor

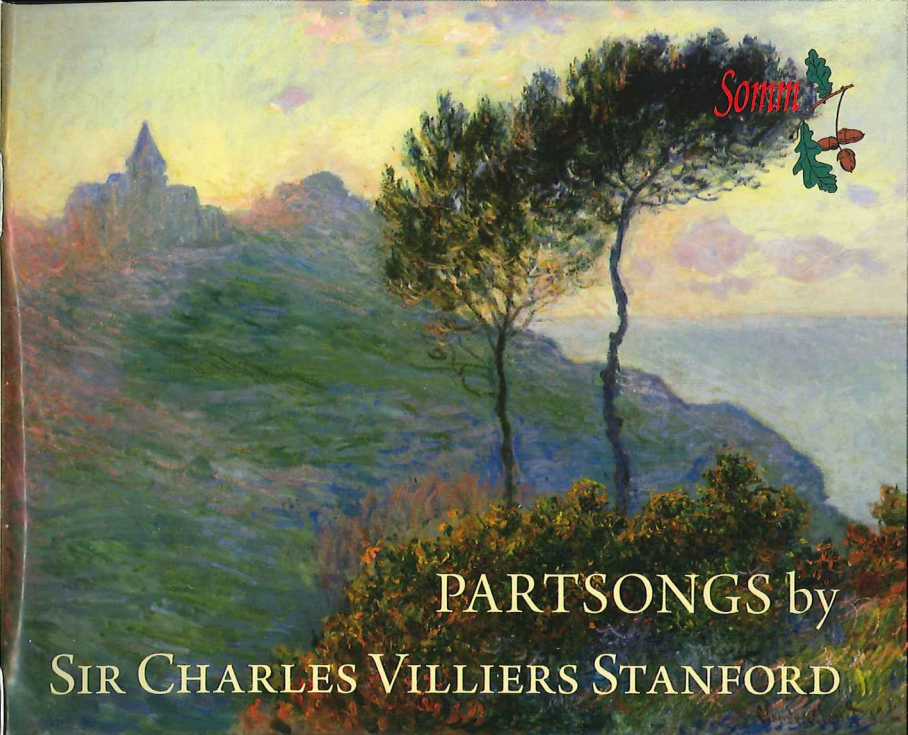
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Barber Institute of Fine Arts, University of Birmingham

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PARTSONGS by  
SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD

Birmingham Conservatoire Chamber Choir  
PAUL SPICER director

## Partsongs by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford (1852 – 1924)

Charles Villiers Stanford was no stranger to the secular idiom of the English partsong, nor to that other important connection with England's vocal past, the madrigal. His earliest surviving setting, of the text 'How beautiful is night', dates from January 1870, written before he left his native Dublin for Cambridge University. His first published effort, however, was a madrigal to Edmund Waller's *To Chloris*, probably completed in 1873. Even in this early canvas, simple in its two-stanza structure, Stanford shows a sensitivity for the handling of voices, and an understanding of how choral texture, harmony, assonance, polyphony and vocal contour can accentuate the meaning of a text. The work was first heard in King's College Hall on 27 November 1873 as part of a concert given by the Cambridge University Musical Society, an organisation of which Stanford had recently become principal conductor.

Towards the end of the 1880s, Stanford turned to partsongs again with a set of six in his Op. 33 set (now missing), and another four, Op. 45, published by Novello in 1892. Novello, one of the most prolific publishers of English vocal music, sensed a fertile market for partsong, and with the emergence of the 'Magpie Minstrels' under the direction of Lionel Benson in 1886, a large mixed choir devoted both to the performance of sixteenth-century choral music and the promotion of modern English partsongs, the socio-musical environment was ready for an explosion of partsong music. Stanford's Op. 45 set was dedicated to Benson and his choir, and the three sets of *Six Elizabethan Pastorals* Opp. 49, 53 and 67, combining the modern choral idiom with sixteenth-century poetry, were almost certainly conceived with the Magpie Minstrels and their regular London concerts in mind. The Op. 49 set

was completed in August 1892 and dedicated to his RCM colleague, Sir Walter Parratt, himself a conductor of the Eton and Windsor Choral Society. *To his flocks* invokes John Dowland's solemn setting from his *First Booke of Songs and Ayres* of 1597. The spritely *Corydon, arise!* (from *England's Helicon* of 1600), in keeping with 'Phyllida's love-call to her Corydon, and his replying' features a dialogue of duets between the two upper and lower voices in something of a 'canzonetta' style. For *Diaphenia*, 'Damelus' song to his Diaphenia' (also in *England's Helicon*) and set by Francis Pilkington in his *First Booke of Songs and Ayres* of 1605, Stanford retained the sense of lightness. The Op. 53 set of *Six Elizabethan Pastorals* followed in October 1893 dedicated to Charles Harford Lloyd. Featured here are Nicholas Breton's cheerful *On a hill there grows a flower*, Thomas Lodge's more elegiac *Like desert woods* and Sir Watler Raleigh's *Praised be Diana's fair and harmless light* full of interest with its strophic variation. From the Op. 67 set, finished in July 1897, and dedicated to Benson and the renamed Magpie Madrigal Society, Breton's *Shall we go dance?* on the additional character of an English ballett with its 'fa la la' refrains.

Stanford's friendship and devotion to Tennyson, whom he knew well at Trinity College, Cambridge, can be measured by the extensive reference he made to the bard's poetry, not only in his vocal works but also in symphonic music and incidental music for the theatre (notably *Queen Mary* and *Becket*). On Tennyson's death on 6 October 1892, Stanford composed a short, lyrical choral threnody *Peace, come away* using the 57th canto from *In Memoriam* which he completed five days later, inscribed 'to his dear memory'. In 1897 as Set I of his six *Songs of Faith* Op. 97 he selected Tennyson's late poem *God and the Universe* (from *The Death of Cenone, and Other Poems* of 1892) which he later chose to recast for double choir in 1906. In this choral version its spacious, questioning sentiment is both moving and magical.



In 1899, to celebrate the 80th birthday of Queen Victoria, Parratt and A. C. Benson compiled *Choral Songs in Honour of Her Majesty Queen Victoria*, a group of madrigals and partsongs by contemporary English composers and poets which emulated the *Triumphs of Oriana* compiled by Thomas Morley in 1601 for Elizabeth I. Stanford's contribution, *Out in the windy west* (composed in May 1898), for six-part choir was first performed at Windsor Castle on 21 December 1899. An elaborate setting of a poem by Benson, its description 'madrigale senza alcune licenze' intimated the composer's admiration for the sixteenth-century madrigal tradition, though, for all its mimicking of Tudor polyphony, the work firmly reveals a flair for contemporary harmony and rich choral texture.

It was not until around 1908 that Stanford returned to the idiom of the partsong, but this time he did so with a renewed vigour of invention and imagination. *Three Part-Songs* Op. 111 were published by Curwen (in 1908) and were based on poems by May Byron, famous for her abridgements of J. M. Barrie's *Peter Pan*. For the first of the set, *A lover's ditty*, stylistic archaisms combine subtly with modern harmonies. Three of the *Four Part-Songs* Op. 110, published by Stainer & Bell in 1910, featured settings of verse from W. J. Cory's *Ionica*, the third edition of which had been published in 1905. The contemplative *A dirge* is beautifully characterised not only by its skilful strophic variations, but most of all by its yearning refrains. A similar, touching melancholy is also conveyed in *Heraclitus*, a wonderful translation from Callimachus, in which the passing of a dear friend is movingly enshrined. The *Eight Part-Songs* Op. 119, recorded here in their entirety, were also completed in 1910. Taken exclusively from *Poems* by Mary Coleridge, daughter of his lifelong friend, Arthur Coleridge, the set undoubtedly represents Stanford's most original utterances in the idiom. The focus of many of the poems is of lost

love, death, and of the hereafter, abundantly evident in *The witch*, the heartrending *Farewell, my joy!*, the rhythmically unsettling *The Train*, the pastoral landscape of *Chillingham* and the romantically poised *Thy hand in mine*. There is also room for fleeting reflection in *Low-flying swallow* and wry amusement in *The inkbottle*, but Stanford reserved his most affecting music for the deeply eschatological *The blue bird*, whose enchanting homophony and recitative, strophic variation, textual assonance and harmonic distinctiveness (notably the use of the piercing E flat for 'blue' and the all-pervading supertonic seventh) combine to produce a miniature canvas, masterly in its simple structure and perfect in its sense of balance and structural symmetry.

Although completed in 1910, a further *Eight Part-Songs* Op. 127, also from Mary Coleridge's *Poems*, were not published by Stainer & Bell until 1912. *When Mary thro' the garden went*, often used as a sacred anthem, narrates the response of nature to her grief. In *The haven*, by contrast, Stanford paints a vivid, exploratory picture of a barren, unforgiving landscape, relieved only by 'the blue we know the little harebell by.' This extraordinary choral essay – another of Stanford's masterpieces – anticipated yet another ambitious canvas, a setting of Milton's *On Time* Op. 142, for the Bristol Madrigal Society in May 1914. Written for double choir, the work has the severity and pathos more associated with the motet, and, in many ways, rivals the last of Parry's *Songs of Farewell* 'Lord, let me know mine end' (of 1915) as well as Stanford's own double-choir *Magnificat* Op. 164 (composed in September 1918 and dedicated to Parry) in its outstanding handling of eight-part textures and tonal fluency.

**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 and Durham Universities.

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 to be published in 2014. 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 continues to do for all James MacMillan's growing choral output.

As a composer his *Easter Oratorio* was hailed as 'the best of its kind to have appeared... since Howells's *Hymnus Paradisi*.' It was also chosen as an Editor's Choice in the same magazine. 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. It will be premiered and recorded 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.



**Birmingham Conservatoire Chamber Choir** is a group of twenty-four auditioned student singers who form an expert and flexible group. They perform with sensitivity, energy and panache and are gathering an enviable reputation for their musicianship partly through their increasing recording presence which reflects their conductor's specialist interest in 20th and 21st century British music. Their first CD called *To Music* was an Anthology of English 20th century choral music and was released on the Regent label. It was CD Review recording of the month (MusicWeb International) and the review commented: "...this is one of the finest discs to have come my way in some time". Their disc of music by Kenneth Leighton and James MacMillan has had five star reviews and MacMillan (who attended the sessions) wrote: *I am delighted to be the focus of this new disc by this exceptional young choir*

from the Birmingham Conservatoire. I was present at some of the recording sessions and was astounded at how high the performance standards were.'

Their disc of music by Ireland and Delius released on the Somm label gathered fine reviews, The Gramophone praising them for their 'admirable tuning and ensemble' and their 'surprisingly mature sound'.

## BIRMINGHAM CONSERVATOIRE CHAMBER CHOIR

### SOPRANOS

Alexandra Bickerton  
Jennifer Bianco  
Rosie Walker  
Natalie Hyde (soloist in *The blue bird*)  
Sarah Richards  
Naomi Berry  
Helen Briggs  
Rachel Crisp

### ALTOS

Victoria Aindow  
Davina Brownrigg  
Joe Waggott  
Darrel Chan  
Angharad Anwyl

### TENORS

Ed Harrisson  
Duncan Appleby  
Robert Jenkins  
Christopher Fitzgerald Lombard  
Robert Tilson

### BASSES

Andrew Hopper  
David Wynne  
Philip Mizen  
Richard Paterson  
Joe Cooper

## Les Chœurs polyphoniques de Sir Charles Villiers Stanford

Charles Villiers Stanford connaissait bien le genre profane des chœurs polyphoniques anglais, ainsi que cet autre trésor du répertoire vocal anglais qu'est le madrigal. Sa plus ancienne œuvre vocale, « How beautiful is the night » (« Comme la nuit est belle ») date de janvier 1870, c'est-à-dire avant qu'il ne quitte son Dublin natal pour l'Université de Cambridge. Mais sa première œuvre vocale publiée fut un madrigal sur le poème « To Chloris » (« À Chloris ») d'Edmund Waller, probablement achevé en 1873. Dans ce premier essai, caractérisé par la simplicité de sa structure en deux strophes, Stanford fait preuve de sensibilité dans sa manière d'utiliser la voix, et d'intuition quant à la manière de mettre la texture du chœur, l'harmonie, les assonances, la polyphonie et les contours mélodiques au service du texte. La pièce fut créée au King's College Hall le 27 novembre 1873 dans le cadre d'un programme interprété par la Société Musicale de l'Université de Cambridge, dont Stanford était récemment devenu le chef en titre.

Vers la fin des années 1880, Stanford revint à nouveau au chœur polyphonique : les six de l'Opus 33 (aujourd'hui perdu), et les quatre de l'Opus 45, paru chez Novello en 1892. Novello, un des éditeurs de musique vocale anglaise les plus prolifiques, comprit que la demande de chœurs polyphoniques allait exploser, notamment grâce à l'émergence des « Magpie Minstrels », un grand chœur à voix mixtes qui, sous la direction de Lionel Benson, se consacrait du répertoire choral du 16<sup>e</sup> siècle, mais aussi à la promotion des chœurs polyphoniques anglais modernes. L'Opus 45 de Stanford est dédié à Benson et à son chœur, et les trois recueils de *Pastorales Elisabethaines*, Opus 49, 53 et 67, qui font une synthèse entre l'idiome contemporain et la poésie de la Renaissance, furent certainement conçus à l'attention des Magpie



Minstrels et de leurs fréquents concerts à Londres. L'Opus 49 fut achevé en août 1892 ; il est dédié à son collègue du Royal College of Music, Sir Walter Parratt, lui-même chef de la Société Chorale d'Eton et Windsor. « To his Flocks » évoque la version solennelle de John Dowland qui parut dans le *First Booke of Songs and Ayres* de 1597. Le folâtre « Corydon, arise ! » (extrait du *England's Helicon* de 1600), à l'image du « Phyllida's love-call to her Corydon, and his replying », présente un dialogue de duos entre les deux voix du haut et du bas, un peu dans le style de la « canzonetta ». Pour « Diaphenia – Le Chant de Damelus à sa Diaphenia », que l'on retrouve également l'*England's Helicon* et qui a été mis en musique par Francis Pilkington dans son *First Booke of Songs and Ayres* de 1605, Stanford a privilégié la luminosité et la délicatesse. Le recueil Opus 53 de *Six Pastorales Elisabethaines*, dédié à Charles Harford Lloyd, suivit en 1893. On trouve ici le joyeux « On a hill there grows a flower » de Nicholas Breton, l'élégiaque « Like desert woods » de Thomas Lodge, et le « Praised be Diana's fair and harmless light » de Sir Walter Raleigh dont les variations strophiques sont fort intéressantes. Extrait de l'Opus 67, achevé en juillet 1897 et dédié à Benson et à la Société de madrigal récemment rebaptisée Magpie, « Shall we go dance ? », de Breton, évoque le caractère d'un madrigal anglais avec ses refrains sur « fa la la ».

L'amitié et l'immense admiration de Stanford pour Tennyson, dont il fit amplement connaissance au Trinity College de Cambridge, se retrouve dans les nombreuses références à la poésie du barde, pas seulement dans ses œuvres vocales, mais également dans ses pièces symphoniques et ses musiques de scène, notamment *Queen Mary* et *Becket*). À la mort de Tennyson, le 6 octobre 1892, Stanford composa une brève threne lyrique, « Peace, come away » sur la 57<sup>e</sup> strophe du *In Memoriam*, et il l'acheva cinq jours plus tard en la dédiant « à sa chère mémoire ». En 1897, il

choisit un des derniers poèmes de Tennyson, « God and the Universe » (extrait de *La Mort d'Oenone, et autres poèmes* de 1892), pour ouvrir son recueil des six *Songs of Faith* Opus 97 ; plus tard, en 1906, il l'arrangea pour double chœur. Dans cette version chorale, le sentiment d'espace et le ton interrogatif sont en même temps émouvants et magiques.

En 1899, à l'occasion du 80<sup>e</sup> anniversaire de la Reine Victoria, Parratt et A. C. Benson formèrent, sous le titre de *Chants chorals en l'honneur de Sa Majesté la Reine Victoria*, un recueil de madrigaux et de chœurs polyphoniques de la plume de compositeurs et de poètes anglais, sur le modèle des *Triumphes d'Oriana* publiés par Thomas Morley en 1601 pour Elisabeth I<sup>ère</sup>. Stanford contribua à cette anthologie avec « Out in the windy west », composé en mai 1898 pour un chœur à six voix, qui fut créé le 21 décembre 1899 au château de Windsor. L'adaptation de ce poème de Benson est très élaborée : le sous-titre, « madrigale senza alcuna licenze », atteste de l'admiration du compositeur pour la tradition du madrigal du 16<sup>e</sup> siècle, mais en dépit de cet hommage à la polyphonie du temps des Tudor, cette œuvre révèle un réel sens artistique pour l'harmonie contemporaine et les riches textures chorales.

Ce n'est que vers 1908 que Stanford revint au chœur polyphonique, mais cette fois avec une inspiration et une invention renouvelées. Les *Trois Chœurs polyphoniques* Opus 111 parurent chez Curwen en 1908, et sont écrits sur des poèmes de May Byron, célèbre pour sa version abrégée du *Peter Pan* de J. M. Barrie. Pour la première pièce du recueil, « A lover's ditty », les archaïsmes stylistiques sont subtilement combinés avec des harmonies modernes. Trois des *Quatre chœurs polyphoniques* Opus 110, publié par Stainer & Bell en 1910, sont des adaptations d'extraits du *Ionica* de W. J. Cory dont la troisième édition était parue en 1905. Le contemplatif « A

dirge » se caractérise non seulement par ces très belles variations strophiques, mais surtout par le désir ardent qui s'exprime dans son refrain. On retrouve cette même mélancolie émouvante dans « Heraclitus », une superbe traduction de Callimachus, où le souvenir d'un ami disparu est précieusement préservé. Les *Huit chœurs polyphoniques* Opus 119, enregistrés ici en intégralité, furent également achevés en 1910. Puisant exclusivement dans les *Poèmes* de Mary Coleridge, la fille de son ami de toujours, Arthur Coleridge, ce recueil représente sans aucun doute sa contribution la plus originale au genre. La plupart des textes évoquent l'amour perdu, la mort, et l'au-delà, notamment dans « The witch », le déchirant « Farewell, my joy ! », « The train » avec son rythme perturbant, le paysage pastoral de « Chillingham », et le romantique et serein « Thy hand in mine ». On trouve également un bref moment d'introspection dans « Low-flying swallow » et une touche d'humour narquois dans « The inkbottle », mais Stanford réserve son inspiration la plus émouvante pour « The blue bird », une pièce profondément eschatologique dont la charmante homophonie, le récitatif, les variations strophiques, les assonances et les traits distinctifs de l'harmonie (notamment l'utilisation saillante du mi bémol pour le mot « blue » et l'omniprésence de la septième sustonique) se combinent pour tisser le canevas d'une miniature, magistrale par l'élémentarité de sa structure et parfaite au sens de l'équilibre et de la symétrie des proportions.

Bien qu'ils aient été achevés en 1910, les *Huit chœurs polyphoniques* Opus 127, à nouveau sur des poèmes de Mary Coleridge, ne furent publiés par Stainer & Bell qu'en 1912. « When Mary thro' the garden went », souvent utilisé comme hymne sacré, décrit la façon dont la nature accueille la jeune femme et sa douleur. Dans « The Haven », par contraste, Stanford brosse le tableau saisissant d'un paysage aride et impitoyable, que seul « le bleu des petites campanules » vient adoucir. Cette superbe

contribution au genre du chœur polyphonique, qui fait partie des chefs-d'œuvre de Stanford, précède une autre œuvre ambitieuse : l'adaptation, réalisée en mai 1914, du « On Time » de Milton (Opus 142) pour la Société Chorale de Bristol. Écrit pour double chœur, la pièce se distingue par une sévérité et un pathos qui la rapproche du motet, et, à bien des égards, rivalise avec le dernier des *Songs of farewell* de Parry (« Lord, let me know mine end » – 1915), ainsi qu'avec son propre *Magnificat* Opus 164 pour double chœur, composé en septembre 1918 et dédié à Parry, en ce qui concerne l'exceptionnelle maîtrise des textures à huit voix et des tonalités.



Sir Charles Villiers Stanford

Photograph by kind permission of the Royal Irish Academy of Music.

### 1 On Time

Fly envious Time  
Till thou run out thy race;  
Call on the lazy leaden stepping Hours,  
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;  
And glut thyself, with what thy womb devours,  
Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
And merely mortal dross;  
So little is thy gain;

For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,  
And, last of all, thy greedy self consumed,  
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
With an individual kiss,  
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood;

When everything that is sincerely good  
And perfectly divine,  
With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine  
About the supreme throne of Him,  
T'whose happy-making sight alone  
When once our heav'nly guided soul shall climb,  
Then, then, all this earthly grossness quit,  
Attired with stars we shall for ever sit,  
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O Time!

*John Milton (1608 – 1674)*

### 2 Heraclitus

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.

*William Cory (1823-1892)*

### 4 Corydon, arise!

Corydon arise, my Corydon!  
Titan shineth clear,  
Who is it that calleth Corydon?  
Who is it that I hear?  
Phyllida, thy true love, calleth thee,  
Who? Phillida, my true love, is it she?  
Arise then; arise and keep thy flock with me.

### 3 To Chloris

While I listen to thy voice, Chloris!  
I feel my life decay;  
That pow'rful noise calls my fainting soul away;  
Oh! suppress that magic sound,  
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace Chloris peace, or singing die,  
That together you and I to hev'n may go;  
For all we know of what the blessed do above  
Is that they sing and that they love.

*Edmund Waller (1606 – 1687)*



Here are cherries ripe, for my Corydon;  
eat them for my sake.

Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,  
Sport for thee to make,

Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk,  
to knit thee a pair of stockings white as milk.

Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,  
to make thee a bonnet to withstand the heat.

When my Corydon sits on a hill making melody,  
When my lovely one goes to her wheel, singing cheerily,  
Sure methinks my true love doth excel for sweetness,  
our Pan, that old Arcadian knight,  
And methinks my true love bears the bell for clearness,  
beyond the nymphs that be so bright,

Yonder comes my mother, Corydon,  
whither shall I fly?

Under yonder beech, my lovely one,  
while she passeth by.

Say to her thy true love was not here;  
Doubt me not my true love, do not fear;  
Remember, tomorrow is another day,  
farewell then,

Heav'n keep our loves always.

*Anon Elizabethan*

## 5 The swallow

Low-flying swallow, tho' the sky be fair,  
The sunshine soft,  
Thou sleekest not with love the upper air,  
Soaring aloft;  
Thy sharp and gleamy wing goes flashing by me.  
Thy dusky white and blue thou'lt not deny me!

Thy nest's a bit of mine, thy little home  
Set in the eaves.

When roses leave the wall,  
Where wilt thou roam  
When summer leaves?

Not lightly, flying friend can I forgo thee,  
The longest day is all too short to know thee!

*Mary Coleridge (1861-1907)*

## 6 Praised be Diana

Praised be Diana's fair and harmless light,  
Praised be the dews wherewith she moistens the ground,  
Praised be her beams, the glory of the night,  
Praised be her power, by which all powers abound.

Praised be her nymphs, with whom she decks the woods.  
Praise be her knight, in whom true honour lives  
Praised be that force by which she moves the floods;  
Let that Diana shine which all these gives!

In heaven queen she is among the spheres,  
She mistress-like makes all things to be pure;  
Eternity in her oft change she bears;  
She beauty is, by her the fair endure.

Time wears her not, she doth his chariot guide;  
Mortality below her orb is placed;  
By her the virtue of the stars downslide,  
In her is virtue's perfect image cast.

A knowledge pure it is her worth to know;  
With Circes let them dwell that think not so.

*Anon Elizabethan*

### 7 Like desert woods

Like desert woods, with darksome shades obscurèd,  
Where dreadful beasts, where hateful horror reigneth,  
Such is my wounded heart, whom sorrow paineth.  
The trees are fatal shafts, to death inurèd,  
That cruel love within my heart maintaineth,  
To whet my grief when as my sorrow waneth.

My thoughts in cares assurèd,  
Whilst heart no succour gaineth,  
With false suspect and fear that still remaineth,  
The horrors, burning sighs, my cares procured,  
Which forth I send whilst weeping eye complaineth,  
To cool the heat the helpless heart containeth.

But shafts, but cares, sighs, horrors unrecurèd  
Were nought esteemed, if, for their pains awarded,  
Your shepherd's love might be by you regarded.

*Anon Elizabethan*

### 8 To his flocks

Burst forth, my tears, assist my forward grief,  
And show what pain imperious love provokes!  
Kind tender lambs, lament love's scant relief,  
And pine, since pensive care my freedom yokes.  
Oh, pine to see me pine, my tender flocks!

Sad pining care, that never may have peace,  
At beauty's gate in hope of pity knocks;  
But mercy sleeps, while deep disdains increase,  
And beauty hope in her fair bosom locks...  
Oh, grieve to hear my grief, my tender flocks!

Like to the winds my sighs have wingèd been,  
Yet are my sighs and suits repaid with mocks;  
I plead, yet she repineth at my teen,  
Oh, ruthless rigour, harder than the rocks,  
That both the shepherd kills, and his poor flocks.

*Anon Elizabethan*

### 9 On a hill

On a hill there grows a flower,  
Fair befall the dainty sweet!  
By that flower there is a bower,  
Where the heav'nly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,  
Fringèd all about with gold;  
Where doth sit the fairest fair,  
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis fair and bright,  
She that is the shepherd's joy;  
She that Venus did despite,  
And did blind her little boy.

Who would not this face admire?  
Who would not this saint adore?  
Who would not this sight admire,  
Tho' he thought to see no more?

Oh fair eyes! Yet let me see  
One good look, and I am gone;  
Look on me, for I am he,  
Thy poor silly Corydon.

Thou that art the shepherd's queen,  
Look upon thy silly swain;  
By thy comfort have been seen  
Dead men brought to life again.

*Anon Elizabethan*

10 The blue bird

The lake lay blue below the hill,  
O'er it, as I looked, there flew  
Across the waters, cold and still,  
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,  
The sky beneath me blue in blue,  
A moment, ere the bird had passed,  
It caught his image as he flew.

*Mary Coleridge*

11 Shall we go dance?

Shall we go dance the hay?  
Never pipe could ever play  
Better shepherd's roundelay,  
*fa la la la la la la!*

Shall we go sing the song?  
Never love did ever wrong, fair maids,  
Hold hands all along,  
*fa la la la la la la!*

Shall we learn to woo?  
Never thought came better too,  
Better deed could ever do.  
*fa la la la la la la!*

Shall we go learn to kiss?  
Never heart could ever miss  
Comfort where true meaning is.  
*fa la la la la la la!*

Thus at base they run,  
When the sport was scarce begun;  
But wak'd, and all was done,  
*Fa la la la la la la!*

*Anon Elizabethan*

12 When Mary thro' the garden went

When Mary thro' the garden went,  
There was no sound of any bird,  
And yet, because the night was spent,  
The little grasses lightly stirred,  
The flowers awoke, the lilies heard.

When Mary thro' the garden went,  
The dew lay still on flower and grass,  
The waving palms above her sent  
Their fragrance out as she did pass.  
No light upon their branches was.

When Mary thro' the garden went,  
Her eyes, for weeping long, were dim.  
The grass beneath her footsteps bent,  
The solemn lilies, white and slim,  
These also stood and wept for Him.

When Mary thro' the garden went,  
She sought, within the garden ground,  
One for whom her heart was rent,  
One Who for her sake was bound,  
One Who sought and she was found.

*Mary Coleridge*

13 Diaphenia

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,  
white as the sun, fair as the lily,  
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!

I do love thee as my lambs  
Are belovèd of their dams:  
How blest were I if thou would'st prove me.

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,  
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,  
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!

I do love thee as each flower  
loves the sun's life-giving power;  
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessèd,  
when all thy praises are expressèd,  
Dear joy, how I do love thee!

As the birds do love the spring,  
or the bees their careful king, --  
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

*Anon Elizabethan*



14 The haven

Where the gray bushes by the gray sea grow,  
Where the gray islands lie,  
Naked and bare to all the winds that blow,  
Under the dim gray sky.

The very flow'rs are gray,  
And dare not show the blue  
We know the harebell by.  
Gray bushes by the gray sea grow.

Mary Coleridge

15 A lover's ditty

I had a love passing fair was she,  
As it were the whole world's jewel,  
White as a dove,  
Say, how could it be,  
She could have a heart so cruel?

Suing her, wooing her,  
Still with sighs pursuing her  
All I might gain for guerdon  
A word unkind, a doleful mind  
And a frown,  
And a song, with a heavy burden,  
Down a-down, and a-down a-down,  
Hey down a-down a'.

I had a love passing fair was she,  
Yet her heart set nothing by me.  
Shall I not prove,  
if some maid there be,  
Who will never thus deny me?

Suing her, wooing her,  
Still with sighs pursuing her  
She will give more for guerdon  
Than a word unkind, a doleful mind  
And a frown,  
And a song with a heavy burden.  
Down a-down, and a-down a-down,  
Hey down a-down, a'.

May Byron (1861 - 1936)

16 God and the Universe

Will my tiny spark of being wholly vanish,  
in your deeps and heights?  
Must my day be dark  
by reason of your boundless nights,  
Rush of Suns, and roll of systems,  
and your fiery clash of meteorites?

Will my tiny spark of being vanish,  
in your deeps and heights?  
Spirit, nearing yon dark portal  
at the limit of thy human state,

Fear not though the hidden purpose of that Pow'r,  
which alone is great,  
Nor the myriad world, His shadow,  
nor the silent Opener of the Gate.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809 - 1892)

17 Peace, come away

Peace; come away: the song of woe  
Is after all an earthly song:  
Peace; come away: we do him wrong  
To sing so wildly: let us go.

Come; let us go: your cheeks are pale;  
But half my life I leave behind:  
Me-thinks my friend is richly shrined;  
But I shall pass: my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,  
One set slow bell will seem to toll.  
The passing of the sweetest soul  
That ever look'd with human eyes..

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,  
Eternal greetings to the dead;  
And "Ave", said,  
"Adieu" for ever more.

From 57th canto "In Memoriam A.H.H."  
by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

18 A dirge

Naiad, hid beneath the bank  
By the willowy riverside.  
Where Narcissus gently sank,  
Where unmarried Echo died,  
Unto thy serene repose  
Waft the stricken Anterôs.

Where the tranquil swan is borne,  
Imaged in a watery glass,  
Where the sprays of fresh pink thorn  
Stoop to catch the boats that pass,  
Where the earliest orchis grows,  
Bury thou fair Anterôs.

Glide we by, with prow and oar:  
Ripple shadows off the wave,  
And reflected on the shore  
Happy play about the grave.  
Folds of summer light enclose  
All that once was Anterôs.

On a flickering wave we gaze,  
Not upon his answering eyes:  
Flower and bird we scarce can praise,  
Having lost his sweet replies:  
Cold and mute the river flows  
With our tears for Anterôs.

*William Cory*

19 Out in the windy West

Out in the windy West,  
Amid the swelling flood,  
Rose the sweet silvern isles  
Arose and proudly stood.

Green grows the meadow grass  
about the pleasant isle,  
Grey are the towers, far seen  
o'er many a woodland mile.

There, in the gracious fullness  
of the latter days  
Reigns the great Queen,  
Whose name the Orient Oceans praise.

What merry breezes would not crack  
their cheeks to laud her?  
What gallant Captains would not give  
their lives to guard her?

Throned in the silvern isles,  
Amid the swelling sea,  
Reigns the great Queen,  
Whose very name, is Victory.

Reign on, Victoria, reign on,  
Reign on, Victoria, Reign!

*Arthur C. Benson (1862 – 1925)*

20 The witch

I have walked a great while over the snow,  
And I am not tall nor strong.  
My clothes are wet, and my teeth are set,  
And the way was hard and long.  
I have wandered over the fruitful earth,  
But I never came here before.  
Oh, lift me over the threshold,  
and let me in at the door!

The cutting wind is a cruel foe.  
I dare not stand in the blast.  
My hands are stone, and my voice a groan,  
And the worst of death is past.  
I am but a little maiden still,  
My little white feet are sore.  
Oh, lift me over the threshold,  
and let me in at the door!

Her voice was the voice that women have,  
Who plead for their heart's desire.  
She came – she came – and the quivering flame  
Sank and died in the fire.  
It never was lit again on my hearth  
Since I hurried across the floor,  
To lift her over the threshold,  
and let her in at the door.

*Mary Coleridge*

21 Farewell, my joy!

Farewell, my joy!  
For other hearts the Spring,  
For other eyes the roses;  
But for me the iron gate,  
The shadowy Cypress tree.  
The solemn dirge that cloistered voices sing.

Farewell, my joy!  
Alas, I loved thee well!  
For no light matter had I let thee go.  
I cherished thee in rain, and wind, and snow,  
I bound thee to my breast with many a spell.

Hail and farewell, my joy!  
If I might give  
To one sweet friend the rapture that I miss,  
Read in her eyes the ecstasy of bliss,  
Tho' death were in my own, I yet should live.

*Mary Coleridge*

## 22 The train

A green eye – and a red – in the dark.  
Thunder – smoke – and a spark.  
It is there – it is here – flashed by.  
Whither will the wild thing fly?  
It is rushing, tearing thro' the night,  
Rending her gloom in its flight.  
It shatters her silence with shrieks.  
What is it the wild thing seeks?  
Alas! for it hurries away  
Them that are fain to stay.

Hurrah! for it carries home  
Lovers and friends that roam.  
Where are you, Time and Space?  
The world is a little place,  
Your reign is over and done,  
You are one.

*Mary Coleridge*

## 23 The inkbottle

Well of blackness, all defiling,  
Full of flattery and reviling,  
Ah, what mischief hast thou wrought  
Out of what was airy thought.  
What beginnings and what ends,  
Making and dividing friends!

Colours of the rainbow lie  
In thy tint of ebony;  
Many a fancy have I found  
Bright upon that sombre ground;  
Cupid plays along the edge,  
Skimming o'er it like a midge;  
Niobe in turn appears  
Thinning it with crystal tears.

False abuse and falser praise,  
Falsest lays and roundelays!  
One thing, one alone I think,  
Never yet was found in ink;  
Truth lies not, The truth to tell,  
At the bottom of this well!

*Mary Coleridge*

## 24 Chillingham

O the high valley, the little low hill,  
And the cornfield over the sea,  
The wind that rages then lies still,  
And the clouds that rest and flee!

O the gray island in the rainbow haze,  
And the long thin spits of land,  
The roughening pastures and the stony ways,  
And the golden flash of the sand,

O the red heather on the moss-wrought rock,  
And the fir tree stiff and straight  
The shaggy old sheepdog barking at the flock,  
And the rotten old five-barred gate!

O the brown bracken, the blackberry bough  
The scent of the gorse in the air!  
I shall love them ever as I love them now,  
I shall weary in Heav'n to be there.

*Mary Coleridge*

## 25 My heart in thine

Thy hand in mine, thy hand in mine,  
And thro' the world we two will go,  
With love before us for a sign,  
Our faces set to ev'ry foe.

Thy hand in mine, thy hand in mine.  
My heart in thine, my heart in thine,  
Thro' life, thro' happy death the same,  
We two will kneel before the shrine,  
And keep alight the sacred flame.  
My heart in thine, my heart in thine.

*Mary Coleridge*



## The Stanford Society

The Stanford Society is pleased to provide financial support for this recording which is the first compact disc to be devoted exclusively to Stanford's part songs. It contains many works which are appearing for the first time on CD. We dedicate this recording to the memory of two of the Society's

founding members, Martyn Ibbotson and Malcom Smith and also to the memory of Adrian Jolliffe, a former Conductor of the De Merc Chamber Choir, who was a tireless champion of this music.

The Stanford Society was formed in 2007 to promote greater interest in Stanford's life and music and to encourage and support an increased number of performances and recordings of his music. The Society holds an annual Stanford Festival Weekend in a UK cathedral city which includes performances and talks on music by both Stanford and his students and contemporaries.

Further information on the Society may be obtained at the website [www.thestanfordsociety.com](http://www.thestanfordsociety.com) and by writing to John Covell, the Society's chairman, at [cvstanfordsociety@msn.com](mailto:cvstanfordsociety@msn.com).