EARTH’S CALL
Songs for soprano & piano by John Ireland
April Fredrick soprano • Mark Bebbington piano

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<th>Number</th>
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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Earth’s Call</td>
<td>5:14</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>When I am Dead, My Dearest</td>
<td>1:43</td>
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<td></td>
<td><strong>Mother and Child</strong></td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>Newborn</td>
<td>1:21</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>The Only Child</td>
<td>1:41</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>Hope</td>
<td>0:47</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>Skylark and Nightingale</td>
<td>0:56</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>The Blind Boy</td>
<td>1:11</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>Baby</td>
<td>1:05</td>
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<td>9</td>
<td>Death-parting</td>
<td>1:10</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>The Garland</td>
<td>1:12</td>
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<td><strong>Two Songs</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>The Trellis</td>
<td>2:49</td>
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<td>12</td>
<td>My True Love Hath My Heart</td>
<td>1:44</td>
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<td><strong>Three Songs</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Love and Friendship</td>
<td>1:54</td>
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<td>14</td>
<td>Friendship in Misfortune</td>
<td>2:07</td>
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<td>15</td>
<td>The One Hope</td>
<td>4:20</td>
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<td>16</td>
<td>The Sacred Flame</td>
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<td><strong>Two Songs</strong></td>
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<td>Tryst</td>
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<td>18</td>
<td>During Music</td>
<td>2:30</td>
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<td>19</td>
<td>Tutto è Sciolto</td>
<td>1:58</td>
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<td>20</td>
<td>The Three Ravens</td>
<td>3:42</td>
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<td></td>
<td><strong>Songs Sacred and Profane</strong></td>
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<td>21</td>
<td>The Advent</td>
<td>3:34</td>
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<td>22</td>
<td>Hymn for a Child</td>
<td>1:48</td>
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<td>23</td>
<td>My Fair</td>
<td>3:10</td>
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<td>24</td>
<td>The Salley Gardens</td>
<td>1:00</td>
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<td>25</td>
<td>The Soldier’s Return</td>
<td>1:04</td>
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<td>26</td>
<td>The Scapegoat</td>
<td>1:22</td>
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Three Songs to Poems by Thomas Hardy

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<td>27</td>
<td>Summer Schemes</td>
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<td>28</td>
<td>Her Song</td>
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<td>29</td>
<td>Weathers</td>
<td>1:57</td>
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<td>30</td>
<td>Love is a Sickness</td>
<td>2:15</td>
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<td>31</td>
<td>Variations sur Cadet Rousselle</td>
<td>6:10</td>
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<td>32</td>
<td>J’ai douze bœufs</td>
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Two Songs

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<td>33</td>
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<td>36</td>
<td>During Music</td>
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Total duration: 74:26

Recorded at Symphony Hall, Birmingham on 28 & 29 August 2012 with financial assistance from the John Ireland Trust
Recording Producer: Siva Oke Recording Engineer: Paul Arden-Taylor
Front Cover: Watercolour painting by Edwin Harris (1968) believed to be of Amberley Mount on the road from Bury Hill, West Sussex. Courtesy of Horsham Museum & Art Gallery/Horsham District Council
Design & Layout: Andrew Giles

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The songs of John Ireland form a major contribution to vocal music during the first half of the 20th century and encompass a wide variety of styles and moods, from the ebullience of Hope the Hornblower to the profound stillness of When I am dead, my dearest. Ireland was born into a literary household, and throughout his life a deep love of poetry played an important part in his artistic development. His word settings are matched by his skill at providing piano parts that are not only effective as accompaniments but often have a distinctive character of their own. This collection of songs is designed to show Ireland’s range, including some that are popular and others, such as Mother and Child, that are rarely performed. Most previous recordings have been made by male singers, and several of the songs presented here are receiving their first recording by a soprano.

Earth’s Call, which provides this album with its title, is one of Ireland’s most striking songs. Written in February 1918 and subtitled A Sylvan Rhapsody, it is an evocative setting of a sonnet by Harold Monro, the proprietor of the Poetry Bookshop in London. The song is ternary in structure, with an elaborate piano part that plays a role equal to the voice, and it has been likened to a scena, anticipating similar works by Tippett and Britten, though Monro himself disliked it: ‘I wrote a poem, but you have turned it into an opera!’ The outer sections skilfully evoke the woodland atmosphere described in the words, with the cuckoo’s call clearly heard towards the end, and these are separated by a powerful interlude for the piano alone.

Christina Rossetti’s When I am Dead, My Dearest is one of her most haunting creations. It clearly struck a deep emotional chord in Ireland, who was much drawn to her poems, and his quietly restrained setting is a perfect counterpart to the beauty of the words. The tempo marking, ‘At speaking pace’, suggests that the song should be sung as naturally and simply as possible, without affectation or exaggeration. The adage ‘less is more’ is a perfect description of this setting, and it is difficult to imagine the words being more movingly associated with music. The song was completed on 16 July 1924 and is dedicated to Arthur Miller, a former chorister at St Luke’s, Chelsea, where Ireland was organist and choirmaster, and the inspiration behind several of his works.

Mother and Child is a setting of eight poems from Christina Rossetti’s Sing Song: A Nursery Rhyme Book and was first published in 1918 with a dedication to Ireland’s youngest sister, Ethel, who had recently given birth to her first child. Befitting their nature, each song is short (two printed pages only) and has a simple accompaniment. In Newborn the mother sings a lullaby to her son ‘Born within an hour’, while in The Only Child she comforts the crying baby on her shoulder as she tramps ‘through the winter night dreary’. In Hope the narrator compares the eternal barrenness of sand with the temporary covering of snow, which will melt and allow the flowers to grow again. Skylark and Nightingale likewise compares two kinds of bird: both bring heavenly joy, but only the skylark, associated with ‘the sunlit summer morn’, brings knowledge of the fruitful earth. The Blind Boy himself, sightless since birth, sings his own song, lamenting that he cannot see the flowers; but cheered by the singing lark, he looks forward one day to seeing both them and the ‘birds in bow’rs’. The lullaby Baby is the gentlest of these eight songs, with a simple ostinato accompaniment, while Death-parting is the darkest, reflecting on the inevitability of death. In The Garland its constituent flowers are listed with their attributes, such as roses for delight and honeysuckle for love; but the song cycle ends grimly as we are reminded that the ‘violets of fragrant breath’ are for death.
The Two Songs of 1920 are settings of words by Aldous Huxley and the 16th-century Sir Philip Sydney. Huxley, better known for novels such as *Crome Yellow*, *Antic Hay* and *Brave New World* than as a poet, published *The Trellis* in 1918, while still an undergraduate at Balliol College, Oxford. Ireland's song is among his most attractive, depicting the two lovers who hide from 'prying eyes' behind the trellis with evident sympathy and warmth of erotic feeling. Sydney's poem *My true love hath my heart first* appeared in 1580 and inspired Ireland to one of his most impassioned settings, its heart worn brazenly on its sleeve.

The Three Songs, first published in 1928, are settings of Emily Brontë, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and the immensely prolific Anon. The first, *Love and Friendship* (Brontë), is the only one to bear a dedication and a date: 'To AGM for 22 February 1926,' a birthday gift for his friend Arthur Miller. It compares the two related abstractions 'love' and 'friendship' with the 'wild rose-briar' and the 'holly-tree' respectively. The author of the poem *Friendship in Misfortune* is unknown, and Ireland's would appear to be the only musical setting, with friendship this time likened to ivy clinging to a ruin. In *The One Hope*, Rossetti wonders whether death will finally bring him the peace that has so far eluded him in life.

Mary Coleridge's poem *The Sacred Flame* was published posthumously by Henry Newbolt in 1907, and Ireland's setting first appeared in 1918. The title refers to the eternal power of love, as two people make their way together through life and then 'through happy death the same'. The song contains echoes of Ireland's orchestral prelude *The Forgotten Rite*, written after an extended visit to Jersey. Coleridge's other poems include *The Blue Bird*, memorably set as a part-song by Stanford, and *Love went a-riding*, familiar from Frank Bridge's well-known setting.

The Two Songs entitled *Tryst* and *During Music* date from April 1928. The first is a setting of words by the poet, critic and editor Arthur Symons, associated with the Symbolist Movement, who was one of Ireland's favourites. It depicts a drowsy June afternoon, characterised by a four-note quaver ostinato in the piano part. *During Music*, with words by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, is about the effect of music on the poet: he has no technical knowledge of the art ('dark to me, as hieroglyph') but is deeply moved by it.

*Tutto è sciolto* was Ireland's contribution to *The Joyce Book*, a collection of songs by thirteen composers published in 1933 in a limited edition of 500 copies. The others were Antheil, Bax, Bliss, Carducci, van Dieren, Goossens, Howells, Hughes, Moeran, C. W. Orr, Roussel and Sessions. (Holst, Milhaud and Walton declined to contribute.) Arthur Bliss and the editor, Irish composer Herbert Hughes, planned the book as a tribute to James Joyce, and each of the contributors provided his services free so that the royalties might go to the writer, though he later complained that he had received 'netissimo, that is a net nothing.' Hughes allotted the poems to their respective composers, Ireland being given *Tutto è sciolto* ('All is lost'), the title of a tenor aria in Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, an opera alluded to in *Ulysses*, reminding us that Joyce himself was not only a writer but also a tenor, pianist and composer.

Ireland's arrangement of the traditional English folk ballad *The Three Ravens* was published in 1920. The words and melody first appear in Thomas Ravenscroft's *Melismata* of 1611, but they certainly go back much further in time and have a variant in *The twa corbies* from Scotland.

The cycle of *Songs Sacred and Profane* has words by Alice Meynell, Sylvia Townsend Warner and W. B. Yeats and was first performed, by George Parker and
Norman Franklin, on 13 March 1933. *The Advent* is a meditation on the birth of Christ, while *Hymn for a Child* concerns the episode in St Luke’s Gospel in which the twelve-year-old Jesus is found in the temple debating with the elders. *My Fair* is a love-song reflecting on human mortality, and Ireland regarded it as one of his most important songs. *The Salley Gardens*, which derives its name either from the English *sallow* or its Irish cognate, *saileach*, meaning *willow*, is a straightforward setting of Yeats’s re-creation of a traditional love-poem. In *The Soldier’s Return* it takes a while before we realise that the ‘soldier-laddie’ in question is dead and has returned as a ghost, while in *The Scapegoat* the animal used in ancient Jewish ritual is depicted dancing off into the wilderness, to the great relief of the people who have burdened it with their own sins.

The Three Songs to Poems by Thomas Hardy bear witness to Ireland’s high regard for this distinguished novelist and poet. In *Summer Schemes* the poet refers to the birds as ‘fifers’ preparing to ‘flood the plain with quavers, minims, shakes and trills’. The hauntingly beautiful *Her Song* sets a poem which, it has been suggested, is a soliloquy by the ghost of Hardy’s first wife, Emma. *Weathers*, in contrast, is an Allegretto pastorale comparing good weather with bad.

As its title might suggest, *Love is a sickness full of woes*, with words by Samuel Daniels, is a meditation on the downside of love. Strophic in form and with alternating bars of 3/4 and 2/4, it highlights the negative aspects of this affliction—‘barren with best using;’ ‘a torment of the mind;’ and so forth; but these are interspersed with a vocal shrug of the shoulders (‘heigh ho! heigh ho!’). The American pianist and composer Robert Helps composed a beautiful transcription of this song (recorded by Mark Bebbington on SOMMCD 088).

The title page of the *Variations sur ‘Cadet Rousselle’* states that they were ‘Harmonisées par Arnold Bax, Frank Bridge, Eugène Goossens, John Ireland’; and their origin is explained by the dedication: ‘To our good friend, Edwin Evans [the music critic], who suggested this collaboration.’ *Cadet Rousselle* was a popular French song satirising an eccentric bailiff called Guillaume Rousselle. The words were written by Gaspard de Chenu in 1792 and set to the tune of a song by the 15th-century composer Jean de Nivelle, who is mentioned in verse 5; Tchaikovsky quotes from the tune in *The Nutcracker*. The first complete performance was given by the lyric soprano Raymonde Collignon, accompanied by Harriet Cohen, on 6 June 1919, though a truncated version had been given the previous year with Evans himself at the piano. A critic in *The Times* wrote: ‘A joint composition by four Englishmen—like the game of “scandal”, in which each improves upon the libel started by the first player—was happy’. Each composer arranged three verses, with their initials printed in the score (identified herein on pages 22 – 24). In 1930 Goossens made an orchestral arrangement of the piece (without voice), which is now better known than the original song.

Ireland published two versions of *I have twelve oxen*, one with the original 16th-century English words alone, the other with a French translation by Lilian Fearn as *J’ai douze bœufs*. The source is a manuscript in Balliol College, Oxford (‘Memorandum-book of Richard Hill, citizen and grocer of London’), and the setting is dated ‘Chelsea, July 1918’. With its memorable melodic line, open-air harmonies, and jolly little coda, it remains one of Ireland’s most popular songs.

Graham Parlett
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Earth’s Call

The fresh air moves like water round a boat.
The white clouds wander. Let us wander too.
The whining, wavering plover flap and float.
That crow is flying after that cuckoo.
Look! Look! They’re gone. What are the great trees calling?
Just come a little farther, by that edge
Of green, to where the stormy ploughland, falling
Wave upon wave, is lapping to the hedge.
Oh, what a lovely bank! Give me your hand.
Lie down and press your heart against the ground.
Let us both listen till we understand
Each through the other, every natural sound . . .

I can’t hear anything today, can you,
But, far and near: “Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!”

Harold Monro (1879-1932)

Newborn

Your brother has a falcon,
Your sister has a flower.
But what is left for mannikin,
Born within an hour?

I’ll nurse you on my knee, my knee,
My own little son;
I’ll rock you, rock you, in my arms,
My least little one.

Mother and Child

Crying, my little one, footsore and weary?
Fall asleep, pretty one, warm on my shoulder:
I must tramp on through the winter night dreary,
While the snow falls on me, colder and colder.

You are my one, and I have not another;
Sleep soft, my darling, my trouble and treasure;
Sleep warm and soft, in the arms of your mother,
Dreaming of pretty things, dreaming of pleasure.

The Only Child

I dug and dug amongst the snow,
And thought the flow’rs would never grow;
I dug and dug amongst the sand,
And still no green thing came to hand.

Melt, O snow! the warm winds blow
To thaw the flow’rs and melt the snow;
But all the winds from ev’ry land
Will rear no blossom from the sand.

Hope

When I am dead, my dearest
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With show’rs and dewdrops wet:
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Skylark and Nightingale

When a mounting skylark sings
In the sunlit summer morn,
I know that heaven is up on high,
And on earth are fields of corn.

But when a nightingale sings,
In the moonlit summer even,
I know not if earth is merely earth,
Only that heaven is heaven.
The Blind Boy

Blind from my birth,  
Where flowers are springing  
I sit on earth  
All dark.  
Hark! hark!  
A lark is singing,  
His notes are all for me.  
For me his mirth:  
Till some day I shall see  
Beautiful flowers  
And birds in bowers  
Where all joy-bells are ringing.

Death-parting

"Goodbye in fear, goodbye in sorrow,  
Goodbye, and all in vain,  
Never to meet again, my dear" –  
"Never to part again."  

"Goodbye today, goodbye tomorrow,  
Goodbye till earth shall wane,  
Never to meet again, my dear" –  
"Never to part again."

The Garland

Roses blushing red and white,  
For delight;  
Honeysuckle wreaths above,  
For love:  
Dim sweet-scented heliotrope,  
For hope:  
Shining lilies tall and straight,  
For royal state;  
Dusky pansies, let them be  
For memory;  
With violets of fragrant breath,  
For death.

Christina Rossetti (1830-94), from Sing-Song: A Nursery Rhyme Book, published 1872

Baby

Love me, – I love you,  
Love me, my baby;  
Sing it high, sing it low,  
Sing it as may be.  

Mother's arms under you,  
Her eyes above you;  
Sing it high, sing it low,  
Love me, – I love you.

Two Songs

The Trellis

Thick-flowered is the trellis  
That hides our joys  
From prying eyes of malice  
And all annoys,  
And we lie rosily bowered.

Through the long afternoons  
And evenings endlessly  
Drawn out, when summer swoons  
In perfume windlessly,  
Sounds our light laughter.

With whispered words between  
And silent kisses.  
None but the flowers have seen  
Our white caresses –  
Flowers and the bright-eyed birds.

Aldous Huxley (1894-1963)

My true love hath my heart

My true love hath my heart and I have his.  
By just exchange, one for another giv'n:  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;  
There never was a better bargain driv'n:
My true love hath my heart and I have his.  
His heart in me keeps him and me in one;  
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:  
He loves my heart, for once it was his own;  
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart and I have his.

Sir Philip Sidney (1554-86), from Arcadia
Three Songs

Love and Friendship

Love is like the wild rose-briar,  The wild rose-briar is sweet in spring,
Friendship like the holly-tree.  Its summer blossoms scent the air;
The holly is dark when the rose-briar blooms,  Yet wait till winter comes again
But which will bloom most constantly?  And who will call the wild-briar fair?

Then, scorn the silly rose-wreath now,  Emily Brontë (1818–48)
And deck thee with the holly’s sheen,
That, when December blights thy brow,
He still may leave thy garland green.

Friendship in Misfortune

Give me the depth of love that springs  Give me that fond confiding love
From friendship in misfortune grown,  That nought but death itself can blight;
As ivy to the ruin clings  A flame that slander cannot move,
When every other hope has flown.  But burns in darkness doubly bright.

The One Hope

When vain desire at last and vain regret
Go hand in hand to death, and all is vain,
What shall assuage the unforgotten pain
And teach the unforgetful to forget?
Shall Peace be still a sunk stream long unmet,
Or may the soul at once in a green plain
Stoop through the spray of some sweet life-fountain
And cull the dew-drenched flowering amulet?

Ah! when the wan soul in that golden air
Between the scriptured petals softly blown
Peers breathless for the gift of grace unknown,
Ah! let none other alien spell soe’er
But only the one Hope’s one name be there,
Not less nor more, but even that word alone.

The Sacred Flame

Thy hand in mine, thy hand in mine,
And through 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,
Through life, through 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.

Anonymous

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-82),
from Poems, published 1870

Mary Coleridge (1861-1907),
Song from Poems, no. 202, published 1907
Two Songs

[17] **Tryst**

The fountain murmuring of sleep,  
A drowsy tune;  
The flickering green of leaves that keep  
The light of June.  
Peace, through a slumbering afternoon,  
The peace of June,  
A waiting ghost, in the blue sky,  
The white curved moon;  
June, hushed and breathless, waits, and I  
Wait too, with June.  
Come, through the lingering afternoon,  
Soon, love, come soon.

Arthur Symons (1865-1945),  
*In Fountain Court* from *Silhouettes*,  
published 1892

[18] **During Music**

O cool unto the sense of pain  
That last night's sleep could not destroy;  
O warm unto the sense of joy,  
That dreams its life within the brain.

What though I lean o'er thee to scan  
The written music cramped and stiff;  
'Tis dark to me, as hieroglyph  
On those weird bulks Egyptian.

But as from those, dumb now and strange,  
A glory wanders on the earth,  
Even so thy tones can call a birth  
From these, to shake my soul with change.

O swift, as in melodious haste  
Float o'er the keys thy fingers small;  
O soft, as is the rise and fall  
Which stirs that shade within thy breast.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-82),  
from *The Collected Works*, vol. I, published 1886

[19] **Tutto è sciolto**

A birdless heaven, sea dusk, one lone star  
Piercing the west,  
As thou, fond heart, love's time, so faint, so far,  
Rememberest.

The clear young eyes' soft look, the candid brow,  
The fragrant hair,  
Falling as through the silence falleth now  
Dusk of the air.

Why then, remembering those shy  
Sweet lures, repine  
When the dear love she yielded with a sigh  
Was all but thine?

James Joyce (1882-1941), from *Pomes Penyeach*, no. 5

[20] **The Three Ravens**

There were three ravens sat on a tree,  
Down a-downe, hey downe, hey downe,  
They were as black as they might be,  
With a downe.  
The one of them said to his make [mate],  
"Where shall we our breakfast take?"  
With a down,  
derrie, derrie, derrie downe, downe.

"Down in yonder greenè field,  
Down a-downe, hey downe, hey downe,  
There lies a knight slain under his shield,  
With a downe.  
"His hounds they lie down at his feet,  
So well they their master keep;  
With a down,  
derrie, derrie, derrie downe, downe.
His hawks they fly so eagerly,  
Down a-downe, hey downe, hey downe.  
There’s no fowle dare him come nigh.  
With a downe.  
“Down there comes a fallow doe,  
As great with young as she might goe.  
With a down,  
derrie, derrie, derrie downe, downe.  

“She lift up his bloody head,  
Down a-downe, hey downe, hey downe.  
And kist his wounds that were so red.  
With a downe.  
“She got him upon her back  
And carried him to earthen lake.  
With a down,  
derrie, derrie, derrie downe, downe.  

“She buried him before the prime*,  
Down a-downe, hey downe, hey downe.  
She was dead herself ere evensong time.  
With a downe.  
“God send every gentleman  
Such hounds, such hawks, and such a leman‡.  
With a down,  
derrie, derrie, derrie downe, downe.  

* first hour of daylight  
‡ lover

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Traditional English folk-ballad

Songs Sacred and Profane

The Advent

No sudden thing of glory and fear  
Was the Lord’s coming; but the dear  
Slow Nature’s days followed each other  
To form the Saviour from his Mother  
One of the children of the year.

The earth, the rain, received the trust,  
The sun and dews, to frame the Just.  
He drew his daily life from these.  
According to his own decrees  
Who makes man from the fertile dust.

Sweet summer and the winter wild,  
These brought him forth, the Undefiled.  
The happy Springs renewed again  
The food and raiment of the Child.

Alice Meynell, née Thompson (1847-1922),  
Meditation from Preludes, pub. 1875, rev. 1913

Hymn for a Child

Flocking to the Temple  
See the priests assemble  
Where a child expounds  
What the wise confounds.

All the scribes and sages  
 Quit their dog’s-eared pages;  
Spellbound by his sense  
And his eloquence.

Speaking without bias,  
He reviewed Elias;  
Said the dogs did well,  
Eating Jezebel.

Just as he disposes  
Of the Law and Moses,  
Mary came in haste —  
Caught him to her breast:

“We have sought thee" saying –  
Chid him for delaying.  
Then without demur  
He went back with her.

Those he was amazing  
Straightway broke out praising;  
Calling him a mild  
Nicely brought-up child.

Teach me, gentle Saviour,  
Such discreet behaviour  
That my elders be  
Always pleased with me.

Sylvia Townsend Warner (1893-1978),  
from The Espalier, published 1925
My Fair

My Fair, no beauty of thine will last
Save in my love's eternity.
Thy smiles, that light thee fitfully,
Are lost for ever – their moment past –
Except the few thou givest to me.
Thy sweet words vanish day by day,
As all breath of mortality.
Thy laughter, done, must cease to be,
And all the dear tones pass away,
Except the few that sing to me.

Hide then within my heart, oh, hide
All thou are loth should go from thee.
Be kinder to thyself and me.
My cupful from this river's tide
Shall never reach the long sad sea.

Alice Meynell, née Thompson (1847-1922),
Song from Preludes, published 1875, rev. 1913

The Salley Gardens

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

William Butler Yeats (1865-1939), An old song re-sung
from The Wanderings of Oisin and Other Poems, published 1889

The Scapegoat

See the scapegoat, happy beast,
From every personal sin released,
And in the desert hidden apart,
Dancing with a careless heart.

“In lightly weigh the sins of others”. See him skip! “Am I my brother’s Keeper? O never, no, no, no! Lightly come and lightly go!”

Sylvia Townsend Warner (1893-1978), from The Espalier, published 1925

The Soldier’s Return

Jump through the hedge, lass!
Run down the lane!
Here’s your soldier-laddie
Come back again.

Coming over the hills
With the sunset at his back –
Never be feared, lass,
Though he look black;

Sylvia Townsend Warner (1893-1978), from The Espalier, published 1925
Three Songs to Poems
by Thomas Hardy

Summer schemes
When friendly summer calls again,
Calls again
Her little fifers to these hills,
We’ll go – we two – to that arched fane
Of leafage where they prime their bills
Before they start to flood the plain
With quavers, minims, shakes, and trills.
“– We’ll go”, I sing; but who shall say
What may not chance before that day!

And we shall see the waters spring,
Waters spring
From chinks the scrubby copses crown;
And we shall trace their oncreeping
To where the cascade tumbles down
And sends the bobbing growths aswing,
And ferns not quite but almost drown.
“– We shall”, I say; but who may sing
Of what another moon will bring!

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928), from Late Lyrics and Earlier with Many Other Verses, published 1922.

Her song
I sang that song on Sunday,
To witch an idle while,
I sang that song on Monday,
As fittest to beguile:
I sang it as the year outwore,
And the new slid in;
I thought not what might shape before
Another would begin.

I sang that song in summer,
All unforeknowingly,
To him as a new-comer
From regions strange to me:
I sang it when in afteryears
The shades stretched out,
And paths were faint; and flocking fears
Brought cup-eyed care and doubt.

Sings he that song on Sundays
In some dim land afar,
On Saturdays, or Mondays,
As when the evening star
Glimpsed in upon his bending face,
And my hanging hair,
And time untouched me with a trace
Of soul-smart or despair?

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928), from Late Lyrics and Earlier with Many Other Verses, published 1922.

Weathers
This is the weather the cuckoo likes,
And so do I;
When show’re betumble the chestnut spikes,
And nestlings fly:
And the little brown nightingale bills his best,
And they sit outside at “The Travellers’ Rest”;
And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,
And citizens dream of the south and west,
And so do I.

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928), first published in Good Housekeeping, May 1922.

Love is a sickness full of woes
Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using,
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy’d, it sighing cries
Heigh ho! Heigh ho!

Samuel Daniel (1562-1619)
Variations sur Cadet Rousselle

Verse 1: FRANK BRIDGE
Cadet Rousselle a trois maisons (bis)
Qui n'ont ni poutres ni chevrons; (bis)
C'est pour loger les hirondelles;
Que direz-vous d'Cadet Rousselle?
Ah! Ah! Ah! oui, vraiment,
Cadet Rousselle est bon enfant!

Verse 2: ARNOLD BAX
Cadet Rousselle a trois beaux yeux,
L'un r'garde à Caen, l'autre à Bayeux,
Comm' il n'a pas la vue bien nette,
Le troisième, c'est sa lorgnette.
Ah! Ah! Ah! oui, vraiment, etc.

Verse 3: FRANK BRIDGE
Cadet Rousselle a trois cheveux,
Deux pour la face, un pour la queue;
Et quand il sort, avec adresse
Il les met, tous les trois, en tresse.
Ah! Ah! Ah! oui, vraiment, etc.

Verse 4: JOHN IRELAND
Cadet Rousselle a trois garçons:
L'un est voleur, l'autre est fripon,
Le troisième est un peu ficelle;
Il ressemble à Cadet Rousselle!
Ah! Ah! Ah! oui, vraiment, etc.

Verse 5: ARNOLD BAX
Cadet Rousselle a trois gros chiens:
L'un court au lièvre; l'autre au lapin;
L' troisième s'enfuit quand on l'appelle
Comm' le chien de Jean de Nivelle.
Ah! Ah! Ah! oui, vraiment, etc.

Verse 6: FRANK BRIDGE
Cadet Rousselle a trois deniers,
C'est pour payer ses créanciers;
Quand il a montré ses ressources,
Il les remet dedans sa bourse.
Ah! Ah! Ah! oui, vraiment, etc.

Verse 7: EUGENE GOOSSENS
Cadet Rousselle s'est fait acteur,
Comme Chenier s'est fait auteur;
Au café, quand il joue son rôle,
Les aveugles le trouvent drôle.
Ah! Ah! Ah! oui, vraiment, etc.

Verse 8: JOHN IRELAND
Cadet Rousselle a trois chapeaux,
deux ronds, qui ne sont pas très beaux,
Et le troisième est à deux cornes:
De sa tête, il a pris la forme.
Ah! Ah! Ah! oui, vraiment, etc.
Verse 9: JOHN IRELAND
Cadet Rousselle a trois habits:
Deux jaunes, l’autre en papier gris;
Il met celui-là quand il gèle,
Ou quand il pleut, ou quand il grêle.
Ah! Ah! Ah! oui, vraiment, etc.

Verse 10: EUGENE GOOSSENS
Cadet Rousselle a trois souliers,
Il en met deux à ses deux pieds,
Le troisième n’a pas de semelle,
Il s’en sert pour chausser sa belle.
Ah! Ah! Ah! oui, vraiment, etc.

Verse 11: EUGENE GOOSSENS
Cadet Rousselle a marié,
Ses trois filles dans trois quartiers;
Les deux premières ne sont pas belles,
La troisième n’a pas de cervelle.
Ah! Ah! Ah! oui, vraiment, etc.

Verse 12: ARNOLD BAX
Cadet Rousselle ne mourra pas,
Car avant de sauter le pas,
On dit qu’il apprend l’orthographe
Pour faire lui-même son epitaphe.
Ah! Ah! Ah! oui, vraiment, etc.

Cadet Rousselle has three outfits,
Two in yellow, the other of grey paper.
He wears it when it’s freezing,
Or when it rains or when it hails.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Yes, indeed, etc.

Cadet Rousselle has three shoes.
He puts two on his two feet,
The third does not tread the ground.
He uses it to fit his beautiful . . .
Ah! Ah! Ah! Yes, indeed, etc.

Cadet Rousselle has married,
His three girls in three districts.
The first two are less than beautiful,
The third has no brains.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Yes, indeed, etc.

Cadet Rousselle cannot die,
Because, before he walks no more,
They say he has to learn his letters,
So he can make himself his epitaph.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Yes, indeed, etc.

J’ai douze bœufs
J’ai douze beaux bœufs,
douze bœufs tout bruns,
Qui vont pâturer auprès du moulin.
Eia, eio, eia, eio!
L’as tu vu mon troupeau, Joli pastoureau?

J’ai douze bœufs,
douze bœufs tout blancs,
Qui vont pâturer auprès de l’étang.
Eia, eio, eio, eio!
L’as tu vu mon troupeau, Joli pastoureau?

J’ai douze bœufs,
douze bœufs tout noirs,
Qui vont pâturer auprès du manoir.
Eia, eio, eio, eio!
L’as tu vu mon troupeau, Joli pastoureau?

J’ai douze bœufs,
douze bœufs tout roux,
Qui vont pâturer auprès de la tour.
Eia, eio, eio, eio!
L’as tu vu mon troupeau, Joli pastoureau?

J’as tu vu mon gai troupeau, Joli pastoureau?

English original
I have twelve oxen
that be fair and brown,
And they go a-grazing down by the town.
With hey! with ho! with hey! with ho!
Sawest not you mine oxen, you little pretty boy?

I have twelve oxen,
they be fair and white,
And they go a-grazing down by the dyke.
With hey! with ho! with hey! with ho!
Sawest not you mine oxen, you little pretty boy?

I have twelve oxen,
and they be fair and black,
And they go a-grazing down by the lake.
With hey! with ho! with hey! with ho!
Sawest not you mine oxen, you little pretty boy?

I have twelve oxen,
and they be fair and red,
And they go a-grazing down by the mead.
With hey! with ho! with hey! with ho!
Sawest not you mine oxen, you little pretty boy?

16th-century English words translated into French by Lilian Fearn

Gaspard de Chenu, 1792
APRIL FREDRICK grew up in rural Wisconsin and began her vocal studies with Catherine McCord-Larsen at Northwestern College in Minnesota, where she studied English and Spanish in addition to music. She went on to gain an MMus in Vocal Performance and a PhD on the late songs of Ivor Gurney at the Royal Academy of Music, studying with Jane Highfield and Dominic Wheeler. While there, she was a semi-finalist in both the Kathleen Ferrier Awards and Wigmore Hall International Song Competition and featured in Young Songmakers Almanac concerts with Graham Johnson. She now studies with Jacqueline Straubinger-Bremar.

April has performed widely as a soloist in recital and oratorio venues in the UK, including St. John’s Smith Square and Queen Elizabeth Hall in London and the Holywell Music Room in Oxford. Recent performances include Britten’s Les Illuminations and Shostakovich Symphony 14 with the Orchestra of the Swan, Carl Rütti’s Requiem with the Southern Sinfonia, and a site-specific immersive theatre performance of music for voice and violin with contemporary ensemble Multiplicity, of which she is a founding member. Opera credits include Medea in Teseo, Fido in Paul Bunyan, and Zora in Gloria Coates’ chamber opera Stolen Identity. Future performances include the Countess in Opera de Baugé’s Marriage of Figaro, the Queen of the Night in Woodhouse Opera Festival’s Magic Flute, Mahler Symphony 4 with the Wrexham Symphony Orchestra, and the world première of a new song cycle by David le Page with the Harborough Collective.

MARK BEBBINGTON is fast gaining a reputation as one of today’s most strikingly individual British pianists. His discs of British music for SOMM have met with unanimous critical acclaim and notably, his cycles of Frank Bridge and John Ireland, have attracted seven consecutive sets of 5***** in BBC Music Magazine.

Over recent seasons Mark has toured extensively throughout Central and Northern Europe, the Far East and North Africa and has performed at major UK venues with the London Philharmonic, Philharmonia, Royal Philharmonic and London Mozart Players. As a recitalist, he makes regular appearances at major UK and International Festivals.

Mark makes his Carnegie Hall début in October 2014 with Leon Botstein and the American Symphony Orchestra.
EARTH’S CALL
Songs for soprano & piano by John Ireland
April Fredrick soprano • Mark Bebbington piano

Earth's Call 5:14
When I am Dead, My Dearest 1:43

Mother and Child
Newborn 1:21
The Only Child 1:41
Hope 0:47
Skylark and Nightingale 0:56
The Blind Boy 1:11
Baby 1:05
Death-parting 1:10
The Garland 1:12

Two Songs
The Trellis 2:49
My True Love Hath My Heart 1:44

Three Songs
Love and Friendship 1:54
Friendship in Misfortune 2:07
The One Hope 4:20
The Sacred Flame 2:05

Two Songs
Tryst 3:53
During Music 2:30
Tutto è Scioltò 1:58
The Three Ravens 3:42

Songs Sacred and Profane
The Advent 3:34
Hymn for a Child 1:48

My Fair 3:10
The Salley Gardens 2:00
The Soldier’s Return 1:04
The Scapegoat 1:22

Three Songs to Poems by Thomas Hardy
Summer Schemes 2:07
Her Song 2:48
Weathers 1:57
Love is a Sickness 2:15
Variations sur Cadet Roussel 6:10
J’ai douze bœufs 2:32

Total duration: 74:26

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