

MAUD · A SHROPSHIRE LAD

Roderick Williams *baritone* · Susie Allan *piano*

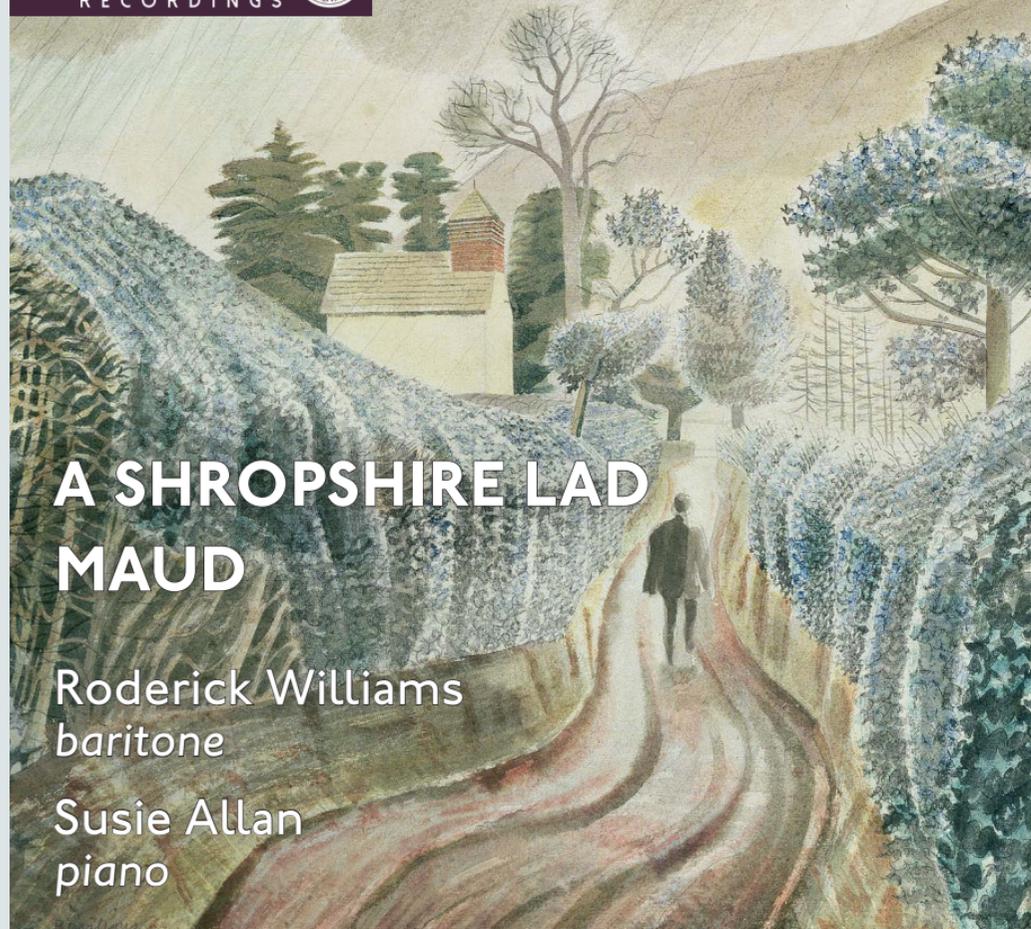
MAUD	[35:07]	A SHROPSHIRE LAD	[21:05]
1 I I hate the dreadful hollow	1:44	15 I Loveliest of Trees	1:52
2 II A voice by the cedar tree	3:59	16 II When I was one-and-twenty	1:09
3 III She came to the village church	1:24	17 III There pass the careless people	1:25
4 IV O let the solid ground	1:08	18 IV In summertime on Bredon	3:11
5 V Birds in the high Hall garden	2:40	19 V The street sounds to the soldiers' tread	2:00
6 VI Maud has a garden	1:43	20 VI On the idle hill of summer	2:23
7 VII Go not, happy day	1:35	21 VII White in the moon the long road lies	2:55
8 VIII I have led her home	2:35	22 VIII Think no more, lad, laugh, be jolly	1:43
9 IX Come into the garden, Maud	3:28	23 IX Into my heart an air that kills	1:37
10 X The fault was mine	3:40	24 X The lads in their hundreds	2:45
11 XI Dead, long dead	4:08		
12 XII O that 'twere possible	1:45	25 Shepherd's Cradle Song	2:35
13 XIII My life has crept so long	5:12		
14 A Kingdom by the Sea	3:36	Total duration:	62:24

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Made in the EUA SHROPSHIRE LAD
MAUDRoderick Williams
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piano

The youngest of six sons and nine children, Arthur Somervell was born in Applethwaite, Cumberland in 1863 to a wealthy leather merchant, Robert Miller Somervell (founder of the Somervell Brothers) and Anne Wilson. A well-to-do family, they enjoyed the success of the brand name, 'K Shoes' ('K' for nearby Kendal, where the company moved in 1845), and several of Somervell's brothers joined the firm.

After a short time at Uppingham School (which boasted a forward-looking attitude to music), Somervell entered King's College, Cambridge where he studied for a degree in history. During this time, he took composition lessons with Charles Villiers Stanford and participated in the Cambridge University Musical Society, by then an institution attracting national attention.

At the recommendation of Stanford, he went to study with Friedrich Kiel and Woldemar Bargiel in Berlin for two years (1884-85) before returning to London to study for two more years (1885-87) with Hubert Parry (again on Stanford's recommendation). During the 1890s, Somervell taught composition at the Royal College of Music; he also produced most of his major choral works for English choral festivals and worked for the recently established Associated Board of Examiners as an adjudicator.

Married to the educationist Edith Lance, he began to take an interest in this branch of music. When John Stainer, Chief Inspector of H.M. Schools and Training Colleges, died in 1901, Somervell, somewhat controversially, was appointed to the post and held it until his retirement in 1928. This time-consuming position did not

preclude composition and Somervell continued to write large-scale works such as *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* (1907), the maritime symphony *Thalassa* and the *Normandy Variations* for piano and orchestra (both 1910), a *Konzertstück* for violin and orchestra and rather lyrical Clarinet Quintet (both 1913) and a much later Violin Concerto (1932). There was also a good deal of educational music for children in the form of operettas. Although he lived in London for much of his professional life, he was buried in his beloved Lake District in Grasmere (resting place of poet William Wordsworth) after his death on May 2, 1937.

Somervell blamed the neglect of his larger works on his reputation as a songwriter. Nevertheless, such a reputation was well-earned for the sensitivity and imagination he devoted to the solo song genre. His list of songs and choice of poets revealed a receptivity to English poetry (which, one suspects, he had inherited from Parry and Stanford) and his musical education must have been immersed in the German Lieder tradition of Schubert, Schumann and Brahms. Indeed, as a composer of song cycles, Somervell justifiably earned the soubriquet "the English Schumann".

Schumann was undoubtedly a potent influence on Somervell's particular brand of lyricism and harmony, but equally influential must have been that flowering in the 1880s of English song pioneered by Parry, Stanford and Alexander Mackenzie, whose vision for a national song art was enormously innovative and much underestimated. It was through the understanding of intonation of English, its assonance, scansion, rhyme and accentuation that these men understood how the English language could generate a more national art, and the 12 volumes

of Parry's *English Lyrics* go far in enunciating the power of the English language and the legacy of both English poetry and poetry *in English* as vital ingredients of national identity.

Somervell's first cycle, ***Maud***, using poems from Alfred, Lord Tennyson's dark monodrama, was published in 1898. Although Sullivan had produced a cycle, *The Window or The Songs of the Wrens*, based on text specially written by Tennyson in 1871, and Liza Lehmann had produced settings from Tennyson's *In Memoriam* in 1896, Somervell's cycle was rather more sophisticated in the role assigned to the piano and in its concept of a narrative in the form of 13 interconnected songs. The work was also composed in the wake not only of the recently ubiquitous solo song recital (to which the public had become accustomed since the 1880s) but also as English song as a genre was beginning to attract attention through the agency of singers who had jettisoned the old 'royalty ballad' in preference for recitals of a higher artistic ambition. *Maud* was first given at the Salle Erard in London on November 2, 1899 with the baritone Lawrence Rea. It later became a favourite of the Irish baritone Harry Plunket Greene. He and his accompanists (Leonard Borwick, Samuel Liddle and Hamilton Harty) performed the cycle on several occasions.

Somervell selected his texts from Tennyson's substantial narrative construction of no less than 28 poems, a feat of some perspicacity since the task of retaining a coherent story from Tennyson's tangled verses (recounted in the first person) was a challenge in itself. So important, however, did Somervell consider the order of songs that he provided a printed programme to aid those in the audience.

The dramatic opening song in D minor (No.1: 'I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood') relates to the tragic suicide of our principal protagonist's father, ruined in a business transaction with his old friend who lives in the nearby Hall. But our protagonist has heard Maud singing in the meadow under the Hall (No.2: 'A voice by the cedar tree'). With his incipient passion aroused, his eyes meet hers in the church during the service (No.3: 'She came to the village church') where Somervell's depiction of an organ voluntary is skilfully executed. This encounter only serves to increase his excitement as portrayed in No.4 ('O let the solid ground') and No.5 ('Bird in the high Hall garden'), a particularly fine song, full of subtle modulation.

Our protagonist's infatuation continues in No.6 ('Maud has a garden', which was not added until the revised edition of 1907), the breathless phrases of No.7 ('Go not, happy day'), the desperate appoggiaturas of No.8 ('I have led her home') and what must be the most famous text of the cycle, 'Come into the garden, Maud' (No.9), made famous by Michael William Balfe's earlier setting of 1857. Somervell's dance-like, Schumannesque essay is an ambitious conception both melodically and tonally – indeed almost a mini-'scena' in its mixture of drama and changes of mood.

On arriving at the solemn, funereal aura of No.10 ('The fault was mine'), we enter a world far removed from the one of amorous turbulence in the previous eight songs. Maud and her would-be *inamorato* discovered in the garden after a ball at the Hall, our protagonist is challenged to a duel by Maud's brother (who, all along, has harboured designs on another suitor for his precious sister). On killing

Maud's brother, the protagonist, haunted by the guilt of his act, escapes abroad hoping for death and almost arrives at the point of madness (No.11: 'Dead, long dead'). Believing himself virtually dead, he desires a deep burial as exculpation of his sin. Yet, exhausted by grief, a rekindling of his morale takes place in the brief, almost transitional song in a golden B major, 'O that 'twere possible' (No.12). In the final number (No.13: 'My life has crept so long'), the protagonist's longing has transformed into one of noble resolve, for in fighting for his country, there is the possibility that death in battle might bring him into desired union with Maud, now herself dead.

After publishing his collection of 63 poems *A Shropshire Lad* in 1896, and after some slow sales, A.E. Housman became a famous poet but had no inkling that his verse would appeal to successive generations of composers. Unmusical himself, Housman was not well disposed to the idea of his poems being set to music but invariably gave permission to those who applied (with some trepidation) to him. Somervell, who appears to have been the earliest to take the opportunity to set these poems, produced his cycle of 10 songs in 1904, and soon after its publication by Boosey & Co. was sung by Plunket Greene on February 3, 1905 at the Aeolian Hall, one of the much-favoured venues for chamber music and song recitals in London. So well was the cycle received that Plunket Greene announced he would repeat it at another recital on March 9.

Somervell's 10 selected poems, like those taken from *Maud*, were ordered so as to communicate a narrative of a young man who wistfully contemplates nature, life and love at the age of 20 (No.1: 'Loveliest of Trees'), realising that, of

man's allotted lifespan, he has only 50 left to live. In No.2 ('When I was one-and-twenty'), a year older and somewhat wiser, he realises that he has given away his heart too readily, a reality which haunts him in the shorter and darker No.3 ('There pass the careless people').

His marriage, initially happy, brings premature sadness (No.4: 'In summertime on Bredon') as his wife dies (perhaps through illness or childbirth), and he is left cynical, bitter and bereft. Here the sound of pealing bells transform from happiness into anger (a shift from light to dark that Somervell manages deftly in the modulation from E flat minor to C major in the transition to the last verse). Alone and desolate, he seeks solace by joining the army and seeing the world, depicted by a song in the style of a march (No.5: 'The street sounds to the soldier's tread'), one which contrasts the sounds of battle with those of repose (No.6: 'On the idle hill of summer') and one where he steals away from home to enlist (No.7: 'White in the moon the long road lies') troubled by feelings of regret. Military life not all that he hoped for, he finds temporary consolation and escape in alcohol (No.8: 'Think no more, lad, laugh, be jolly').

Nevertheless, he is burdened by memories of his younger days, of his former rural home and the landscape (No. 9: 'Into my heart an air that kills'), recollections which find the piano becoming pointedly more articulate with a reprise of the first song against the singer's fragile monotone in the first verse. From one famous Housman text in No.9, the cycle ends with another (No.10: 'The lads in their hundreds'), a catalogue of those agrarian professions in which the poet prophetically looked forward to the carnage of the First World War as many

young men from such backgrounds “died in their glory and [would] never be old”. Somervell’s setting, metrically irregular in its 15/8 metre, is a distorted round dance, reminiscent perhaps of a rural May Day. For all its rustic merriment and simplicity, it is internally troubled, a fact symbolised by the striking modulation to E at the end of verse three (“And watch them depart on the way that they will not return”).

For his setting of ***A Kingdom by the Sea*** (published in 1901), Somervell extracted four of the six verses from Edgar Allan Poe’s last completed, posthumously published poem, *Annabel Lee* in the interests of a more concise musical structure. A tale of childhood sweethearts, the song with its simple, wistful melody, conceals a sentiment of profound sadness as the passionate lovers are parted for reasons of Annabel Lee’s higher social status.

Dedicated ‘To Mrs Henschel’, the beautiful (if Julius Rolshoven’s portrait of 1896 is to be believed) American soprano Lilian June Bailey – who was associated with Somervell in vocal recitals throughout the United States and nearly all of Europe until 1884 and died in 1901 – ***Shepherd’s Cradle Song*** was, and remains, one of Somervell’s most frequently performed songs. An enchanting lullaby, with its recurrent ‘charm’ (“Sleep, baby, sleep”), it rivals Parry’s masterly *A Welsh Lullaby* in its fusion of pastoral innocence and suppressed agitation.

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Somervell then and now a singer’s perspective

It is such a rare opportunity, nay, privilege to perform and record Somervell’s music that I wanted to explain a little about my approach, how I reconcile my 21st-century ‘post-modern’ standpoint with this music that sounded to me initially so much part of its time.

I can’t claim to be a fan of classic Victoriana, of the parlour songs that were so popular in Britain as the 19th century edged into the 20th. Perhaps I am more drawn to ‘serious’ music typified by the Austro-German school of the time, music that seeks to tackle weightier subjects with more intellectual rigour. One can see how the perception that Britain was being left behind in terms of intelligent musical argument took hold even at the time.

However, it would appear that Somervell consciously attempted to address this perception particularly in song by studying the continental template and adapting it to his own compositional language. It even feels to me as though he were trying to educate British tastes by writing specifically English song cycles.

His *Shropshire Lad* settings, for example, are elevated from being a ‘book of songs’ (such as, for example, Hubert Parry’s sets of *English Lyrics*) by setting the words of one poet, a poet of the sort of stature that might challenge the Heine or Eichendorff of Schumann. For example, the idea of a returning motif in a song

cycle introduced by Beethoven in *An die ferne Geliebte*, the very first proper song cycle, is cleverly utilised by Somervell to draw his own set of songs together into a unified whole; the melody from 'Loveliest of Trees' is quoted in the piano part to the penultimate song, 'Into my heart an air that kills', although marked to be played more slowly, as though a reminiscence.

What intrigues me, especially having sung later settings of Housman (Somervell was, after all, the first musician to set him to music) by Butterworth, Ireland and others, is how the subtext in Housman's poetry is completely absent in Somervell's music. The poetry is taken absolutely at face value. I feel that our sophisticated, dare I say 'woke', 21st-century sensibilities are more alert to the possibility of coded, ironic subtext within his tightly constructed lines. However much I might want to draw out such subtext, my instinct is that it was not part of Somervell's intention to convey any such thing. I try to be faithful to this and perform accordingly.

Maud, however, has an altogether different context. Here we are dealing with a story, one so well-known at the time that it was presumed the audience would be completely familiar with the background and every detail. Somervell's cherry-picking of verses to set, therefore, serves as a whistle-stop tour of a much lengthier narrative. However, the gaps in the story left even with these 13 songs are significant and a modern audience less familiar with the story could be totally lost.

It also strikes me that Somervell writes wonderfully lyrical music that is enjoyable to sing, to play and to listen to. This ensured the popularity of the cycle at the time

and amongst those who know of it today. However, this self-same melodious lyricism might also confuse what is actually quite a bleak, gritty tale.

The term 'mental health' has been coined in the last few years almost in such a way as one might believe the early 20th century invented the concept. A glance through the subject matter of the art song repertoire quickly reveals that this is not the case; the ever-varied expressions of personal angst in the average song recital must be a psychoanalyst's dream. What I feel has changed a little is a current willingness to accept, understand and sympathise with issues that in the past might have been ignored and suppressed, often with much social awkwardness and/or secrecy.

The protagonist of *Maud* has suffered what we would now describe as a major trauma; he has stumbled across the body of his father, who, it is presumed, took his own life, and that terrifying memory haunts and scars the individual thereafter. Nowadays we might identify this as post-traumatic stress disorder and thereby perhaps feel more comfortable empathising with the protagonist as a victim of circumstances rather than a malevolent perpetrator.

This trauma affects his behaviour, his isolation from and distrust of the rest of society, and of course his hatred and blame for those whom he sees as causing his father's (and thereby his own) demise. All this hatred he focuses on the young Maud. So, at least for the first few songs, his loathing of her is almost all-consuming. How this somehow turns to love, and then further into obsession, is the real story of the poem.

I found myself a little uncomfortable with Somervell's beautiful music initially as I couldn't square it with the disturbed state of mind of the speaker. This, I feel, is where the 21st century rubs a little uneasily against the 19th. In any case, I did not want to be seduced by the lovely vocal lines into thinking that *Maud* is full of 'conventional' love songs. Even the most famous song, 'Come into the garden, Maud', is actually full of impatience, of contempt for the dancers inside who have excluded the singer from the festivities. It is an impatience that will eventually overflow into an act of violence when Maud and her brother do finally appear in the garden (a cataclysmic event which is described only obliquely in the poem and not at all in the song cycle).

And so I have approached this cycle within the context of the whole poem and have tried to understand a protagonist who is not at all mentally healthy. Some of the greatest song cycles that I have enjoyed performing and which also happen to be named after the object of desire – Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte*, Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin*, Brahms' *Die schöne Magelone* – all share the common feature that the whole cycle is sung from the onlooker's viewpoint. The eponymous heroine is only lightly described, if at all; she rarely has a voice. *Maud* is no exception; it is an examination of turbulence, obsession, paranoia and the fear of loneliness. Personally, I find it every bit as rewarding to perform as any of the great Austro-German song cycles as it gives me the chance to explore and inhabit a rich, fascinating psyche, one outside my own. It is certainly cheaper than therapy.

Roderick Williams © 2020

Maud

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1809-92

1 I hate the dreadful hollow

I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood;
Its lips in the field above are dabbled with blood-red heath,
The red-ribb'd ledges drip with a silent horror of blood,
An Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers "Death".

2 A voice by the cedar tree

A voice by the cedar tree
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May.

Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honour that cannot die,
'Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base.

Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.
Still! I will hear you no more,

For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice
But to move to the meadow and fall before
Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice.

3 She came to the village church

She came to the village church,
And sat by a pillar alone;
An angel watching an urn
Wept over her, carved in stone;
And once, but once, she lifted her eyes,
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blush'd
To find they were met by my own.

4 O let the solid ground

O, let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet!
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me
Before I am quite quite sure
That there is one to love me!
Then let come what come may
To a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day.

5 Birds in the high Hall garden

Birds in the high Hall garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

Where was Maud? in our wood;
And who else was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.

Birds in our wood sang,
Ringing thro' the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here
In among the lilies.

I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

6 Maud has a garden

Maud has a garden of roses
And lilies fair on a lawn;
There she walks in her state
And tends upon bed and bower,
And thither I climb'd at dawn
And stood by her garden gate.

I heard no sound where I stood
But the rivulet on from the lawn
Running down to my own dark wood,
Or the voice of the long sea-wave as it swell'd
Now and then in the dim-gray dawn;
But I look'd, and round, all round the house I beheld
The death-white curtain drawn,
Felt a horror over me creep,
Prickle my skin and catch my breath,
Knew that the death-white curtain meant but sleep,
Yet I shudder'd and thought like a fool of the sleep of death.

7 Go not, happy day

Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields,
Go not happy day,
'Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.
When a happy Yes
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
Over glowing ships;
Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest,

Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the West;
'Till the red man dance
By his red cedar-tree,
And the red man's babe
Leap, beyond the sea.
Blush from West to East,
Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,
Blush it thro' the West.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.

8 I have led her home

I have led her home, my love, my only friend.
There is none like her, none.
And never yet so warmly ran my blood
And sweetly, on and on
Calming itself to the long-wish'd-for end,
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.
None like her, none,
Just now the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk
Seem'd her light foot along the garden walk,
And shook my heart to think she comes once more.
But even then I heard her close the door;
The gates of heaven are closed, and she is gone.

9 Come into the garden, Maud

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
'Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dancers are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From a passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate.
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near";
And the white rose weeps, "She is late";
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear";
And the lily whispers, "I wait".

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead,
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

10 The fault was mine

"The fault was mine, the fault was mine."
Why am I sitting here so stunn'd and still,
Plucking the harmless wild-flower on the hill?
It is this guilty hand!
And there arises ever a passionate cry
A cry for a brother's blood;
It will ring in my heart and my ears, 'till I die, till I die.

11 Dead, long dead

Dead, long dead,
Long dead!
And my heart is a handful of dust,
And the wheels go over my head,
And my bones are shaken with pain,
For into a shallow grave they are thrust,
Only a yard beneath the street,
And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat,
The hoofs of the horses beat,
Beat into my scalp and my brain,
With never an end to the stream of passing feet,
Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying,
Clamour and rumble, and ringing and clatter;
And here beneath it is all as bad,

For I thought the dead had peace, but it is not so.
To have no peace in the grave, is that not sad?
But up and down and to and fro,
Ever about me the dead men go;
And then to hear a dead man chatter
Is enough to drive one mad.
O me, why have they not buried me deep enough?
Is it kind to have made me a grave so rough,
Me, that was never a quiet sleeper?
Maybe still I am but half-dead;
Then I cannot be wholly dumb.
I will cry to the steps above my head
And somebody, surely, some kind heart will come
To bury me, bury me
Deeper, ever so little deeper.

12 O that 'twere possible

O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

13 My life has crept so long

My life has crept so long on a broken wing
Thro' cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear,
That I come to be grateful at last for a little thing.
My mood is changed, for it fell at a time of year
When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs,
That like a silent lightning under the stars
She seem'd to divide in a dream from a band of the blest,
And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars
And it was but a dream yet it yielded a dear delight
To have look'd, tho but in a dream, upon eyes so fair,
That had been in a weary world my one thing bright;
And I stood on a giant deck and mixt my breath
With a loyal people shouting a battle-cry,
'Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death.
The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.
Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind,
We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still.
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assign'd.

14 A Kingdom by the Sea

Edgar Allan Poe, 1809-49

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs in heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud,
Chilling my beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea –
My beautiful Annabel Lee,
My beautiful Annabel Lee.

But the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

A Shropshire Lad

A.E. Housman, 1859-1936

15 Loveliest of trees

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

16 When I was one-and-twenty

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free".
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a-plenty
And sold for endless rue".
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

17 There pass the careless people

There pass the careless people
That call their souls their own;
Here by the road I loiter,
How idle and alone.

His folly has not fellow
Beneath the blue of day
That gives to man or woman
His heart and soul away.

18 In summertime on Bredon

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

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

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

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

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

They tolled the one bell only,
Groom there was none to see,
The mourners followed after,
And so to church went she,
And would not wait for me.

The bells they sound on Bredon,
And still the steeples hum,
"Come all to church, good people",
Oh, noisy bells, be dumb;
I hear you, I will come.

19 The street sounds to the soldiers' tread

The street sounds to the soldiers' tread,
And out we troop to see:
A single redcoat turns his head,
He turns and looks at me.

My man, from sky to sky's so far,
We never crossed before;
Such leagues apart the world's ends are,
We're like to meet no more;

What thoughts at heart have you and I
We cannot stop to tell;
But dead or living, drunk or dry,
Soldier, I wish you well.

20 On the idle hill of summer

On the idle hill of summer,
Sleepy with the flow of streams,
Far I hear the steady drummer
Drumming like a noise in dreams.

Far and near and low and louder
On the roads of earth go by,
Dear to friends and food for powder,
Soldiers marching, all to die.

East and West on fields forgotten
Bleach the bones of comrades slain,
Lovely lads and dead and rotten;
None that go return again.

Far the calling bugles hollo,
High the screaming fife replies,
Gay the files of scarlet follow;
Woman bore me, I will rise.

21 White in the moon the long road lies

White in the moon the long road lies,
The moon stands blank above;
White in the moon the long road lies
That leads me from my love.

Still hangs the hedge without a gust,
Still, still the shadows stay:
My feet upon the moonlit dust
Pursue the ceaseless way.

The world is round, so travellers tell,
And straight though reach the track,
Trudge on, trudge on, 'twill all be well,
The way will guide one back.

But ere the circle homeward hies
Far, far must it remove:
White in the moon the long road lies
That leads me from my love.

22 Think no more, lad, laugh, be jolly

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly:
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around.
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever;
Think no more; 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground.

23 Into my heart an air that kills

Into my heart an air that kills
From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?
That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again.

24 The lads in their hundreds

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

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

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

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed-at and not be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

25 Shepherd's Cradle Song

Translated from German

Sleep, baby sleep,
Thy father guards his sheep,
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,
Down falls a little dream for thee,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are lambs I guess,
The gentle moon the shepherdess,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Away, to tend thy sheep,
Away, thou sheepdog, fierce and wild,
And do not harm my sleeping child,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Our Saviour loves his sheep,
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

RODERICK WILLIAMS is one of the most sought-after baritones of his generation. He performs a wide repertoire from baroque to contemporary music, in the opera house, on the concert platform and is in demand as a recitalist worldwide.

He enjoys relationships with all the major UK opera houses and has sung opera world premieres by David Sawer, Sally Beamish, Michel van der Aa, Robert Saxton and Alexander Knaifel. Recent and future engagements include the

title role in *Eugene Onegin* for Garsington, the title role in *Billy Budd* with Opera North, Papageno for the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden and productions with Dallas Opera, English National Opera and Netherlands Opera.

Roderick sings regularly with all the BBC orchestras and all the major UK orchestras, as well as the Berlin Philharmonic, London Philharmonic, Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin, Russian National Orchestra, Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France, Ensemble Orchestral de Paris, Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia in Rome, Cincinnati Symphony, Music of the Baroque Chicago, New York



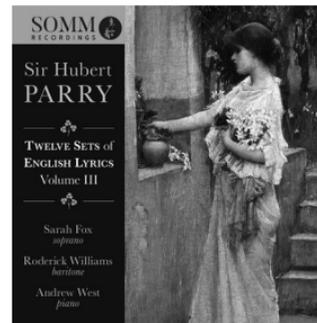
Photograph: Benjamin Ealovega

Philharmonic, London Symphony and Bach Collegium Japan amongst others. His many festival appearances include the BBC Proms (including the Last Night in 2014), Edinburgh, Cheltenham, Bath, Aldeburgh and Melbourne Festivals.

Roderick Williams has an extensive discography. He is a composer and has had works premiered at the Wigmore and Barbican Halls, the Purcell Room and live on national radio. In December 2016 he won the prize for best choral composition at the British Composer Awards.

In 2015 he started a three-year odyssey of the Schubert song cycles culminating in performances at Wigmore Hall in the 2017-18 season and is now in the process of recording them for Chandos.

He was Artistic Director of Leeds Lieder in April 2016 and won the RPS Singer of the Year award in May 2016. He was awarded an OBE in June 2017.



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SUSIE ALLAN, one of today's most perceptive accompanists, has performed with international vocal soloists including Emma Bell, Susan Gritton, Rowan Pierce, Jonathan McGovern and Mark Padmore. She has accompanied masterclasses of Sir Thomas Allen, Elly Ameling and Roger Vignoles at the Britten-Pears School, and in demand as a coach and teacher, she has held posts at the Royal College of Music and Royal Welsh College of Music and Drama. Susie recently adjudicated the Royal Birmingham Conservatoire's English Song Prize.

In a collaboration with Roderick Williams spanning over 20 years, forthcoming appearances include the Buxton, Thaxted, Leamington and Southwell 2020 festivals. This recording of songs by Arthur Somervell is their third disc together.

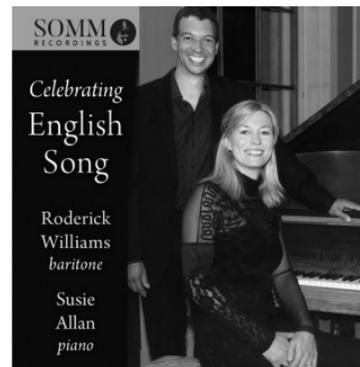


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Susie will also be appearing with soprano Sarah Fox in a recital of Strauss lieder. She is a guest of the UK's most prestigious venues and concert societies appearing at the Wigmore Hall, Purcell Room, Globe Theatre, and festivals including the Endellion, Oxford Lieder and Three Choirs. She has recorded for BBC Radio 3 and for television, including BBC Proms Extra.

A "Shropshire lass", Susie is dedicated to the music scene of her home county. She has appeared at the Ludlow Song Weekend and is Artistic Director of the Ludlow Music Society.

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