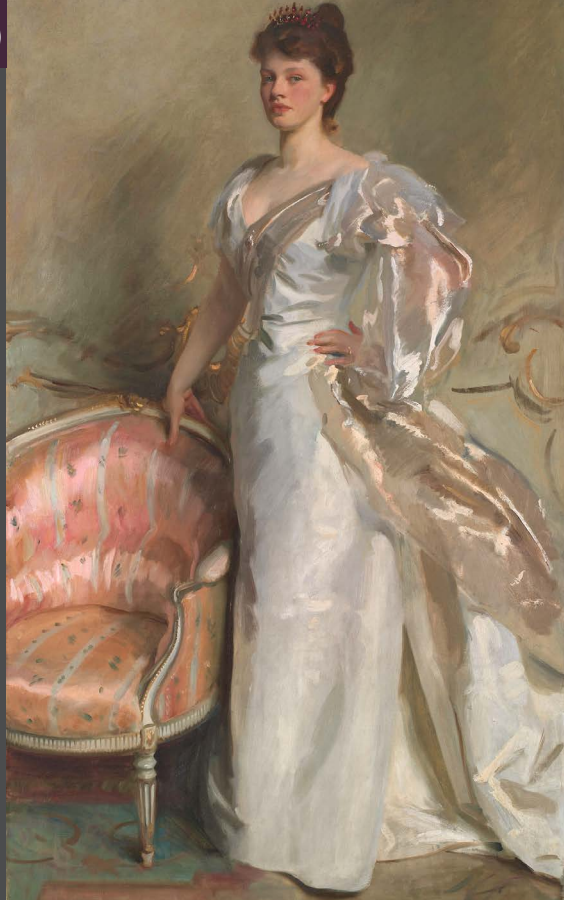


Songs by SIR HAMILTON HARTY (1879–1941)  
Kathryn Rudge *mezzo-soprano* · Christopher Glynn *piano*

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Mrs. George Swinton (Elizabeth Elsworth) 1897 (detail). Artist: John Singer Sargent, 1856–1925  
Wirt D. Walker Collection, The Art Institute of Chicago



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Includes 17  
First Recordings



# Songs by SIR HAMILTON HARTY

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Hamilton Harty is perhaps best known today as one of the most distinguished in a line of conductors of the Hallé Orchestra (which he directed between 1920 and 1933). In more recent times he has also become more respected as a composer of orchestral music, notably with his *Irish Symphony*, two evocative symphonic poems *With the Wild Geese* and *The Children of Lir*, and fine concertos—for violin and piano. Yet, before Harty forged a career as a conductor, he made his living, for almost two decades, as a pianist, and more specifically as a professional accompanist. In fact, such was his ability as a pianist that he appeared as soloist in his own piano concerto in 1922, and later, Constant Lambert asked if he would perform the concertante part of his hybrid choral work, *The Rio Grande* (1927).

Born in Hillsborough in Co. Down, Harty made his home in Dublin where he was organist at Christ Church, Bray from 1896 until 1901. Within the Irish capital's musical circles he met his mentor, Michele Esposito, through whose offices he gained his first orchestral experience (as a somewhat average viola player) in the recently founded Dublin Orchestral Society. Seeking more challenging horizons, and against his father's wishes, he moved to London where he was completely unknown in 1901. After brief employment as organist of All Saints, Norfolk Square, he began to acquire clients as a pianist, and after little more than a year had become Fritz Kreisler's accompanist.

Apart from his pianistic abilities, well known for their agility and beautifully shaped tone, Harty possessed a rare musicianship unrivalled among most accompanists: he was a brilliant sight-reader and could transpose at sight, a skill much appreciated by singers and a facility he could bring to the most complex of accompaniments. To this he also brought a unique musical insight to the role of accompanying which made him so sought-after. Disliking the word 'accompanist', which he felt had an inferior or deferential implication, he preferred 'collaborator' in that he considered his role to be equal to that of the soloist. As the celebrated accompanist Ivor Newton once remarked: "Hamilton Harty, who did more than anyone else to raise the standard of accompanying in England, told me that he devoted as much thought to preparing his share in a programme as if he were the soloist".

In London Harty began to ingratiate himself with culture-loving aristocrats in fashionable parts of the city. He continued to accompany for the Feis Ceoil, Ireland's new competitive music festival, and this led, in 1903, to his first acquaintance and collaboration with John McCormack, who won the festival's gold medal that year. Harty had arrived in London at an auspicious time, since, in 1901, the Bechstein Hall (a prestigious venue for chamber music and song recitals) was opened. This, together with the Aeolian Hall, became the preferred venues for singers and instrumentalists and Harty was often to be seen there. Gerald Moore wryly commented in his autobiography, *Am I too loud?*, that, so often did Harty appear at the Bechstein Hall, he had a bed on the premises.

As Harty's reputation grew, he met Agnes Nicholls, whose career as one of Britain's finest 20th-century sopranos was also under way. Their first encounter was at the

end of 1902. They became friends and Nicholls engaged Harty as an accompanist, coach and répétiteur. He also began to write songs for her, the first of which was **'The Song of Glen Dun'**. Soon both were in demand as a recital partnership. In July 1904, Harty and Nicholls were married in London and after their marriage both were immensely busy as performing musicians. Nicholls became famous for her role as the Virgin Mary in Elgar's *The Kingdom* and in numerous productions of Wagner's operas (especially under the baton of Hans Richter) while Harty's list of clients became more and more prestigious.

In 1905 he completed and published his arrangements of *Three Traditional Ulster Airs* to words by Seosamh Mac Cathmhaoil (Joseph Campbell). They were dedicated to Harry Plunket Greene, the well-known Irish baritone whom Harty often accompanied. Harty deftly conceived his arrangement of **'The Blue Hills of Antrim'**, an exile's lament, but even more masterly was **'My Lagan Love'** which, with its metrical freedom (Harty asks for it to be sung 'quasi senza tempo'), Mixolydian inflections (especially the distinctive flattened seventh) and challenging range, it closely recalled the art of *sean nós*, that unique Irish manner of complex vocal ornamentation which so influenced Harty's broader musical style.

In addition to the *Three Traditional Ulster Airs*, Harty also published one of his most popular songs, **'Sea Wrack'**, a setting of Moira O'Neill's verse from her *Songs of the Glens of Antrim*. Towards the end of his life Harty believed that this song dated from his teenage years at Hillsborough, but this was impossible since O'Neill's poetry was not published until 1900 (when Harty was 21). It is more likely that

the song dates from 1901 or 1902. A robust, popular ballad, strongly modal in its quasi-folksong parlance, the piece reaches its climax in the third verse with a swirling idiomatic accompaniment full of vivid imagery. This was typical of Harty's song art: always adroitly written for the piano, his accompaniments were often highly demanding and exploited the full range of the piano as well as the technical competence of the pianist.

In 1906 Harty published his *Three Flower Songs* using words by Lettice B. Hay Shaw. **'Poppies'**, a lullaby, in D flat major, with an underlying melancholy sentiment, was dedicated to Nicholls. The more substantial, through-composed setting, **'Mignonette'**, was dedicated to Elsie Swinton, who, most unusually as a lady from the upper classes, became a professional singer. Harty would later be strongly associated with her as one of the most pre-eminent recitalists in England. A third song (not included here), 'Gorse', was dedicated to the contralto, Muriel Foster who often appeared in oratorio with Nicholls. All three songs were performed by Nicholls and Harty at a Manchester Gentlemen's Concert on 10 December 1906.

**'Come, O Come, My Life's Delight'** and **'Lane o' the Thrushes'** date from 1907. Already set by William Yeates Hurlstone in 1900, the former text by Thomas Campion proved popular with song composers, among them Roger Quilter, Ivor Gurney and Rebecca Clarke. Harty's setting is notable for its elaborate accompaniment and extended sequence of seventh harmonies. An imitation of the thrush's repetitive song, Harty's accompaniment is based on a series of recurring figurations placed high in the piano's range. Nicholls often sang this

with her husband and recorded it in 1909; it was also a favourite of the soprano, Isobel Baillie who recorded the song with Gerald Moore in 1945.

A somewhat touching setting of Harold Simpson's '**Your Hand in Mine, Beloved**', published by Chappell in 1908, was probably conceived to suit the range of Nicholls and for performance at the Chappell Ballad Concerts. A more substantial collection of songs, *Six Songs of Old Ireland*, was completed in April 1908, published by Boosey, and premiered by Nicholls at the Bechstein Hall on November 3. In these songs Harty abandoned the popular ethos of the ballad for a more serious style. '**Dreaming**', dedicated to the singer Gordon Cleather, set a text by Cahir Healy which, in its dialogue of 'question and answer', darkly recounts the calamity of lost love and longing for death. Though normally a benign genre, '**A Lullaby**' (Cathal O'Byrne), couched in B flat and in the low register of the piano, seems more ominous and threatening, while '**Flame in the Skies of Sunset**' by Lizzie Twigg (otherwise known as the ardent nationalist Elís Ní Craoibhín) is characterized by its descriptions of nature at the vivid colours of nightfall.

A setting of Moira O'Neill, '**By the Sea**', a lyric relating the heartache of distant lovers, was finished in January 1909 but never published. Although simple in structure, this song is more complex rhythmically and its harmonic idiom reminiscent of Harty's orchestral music (especially in the second verse). Also unpublished were the *Three Sea Prayers from the Greek Anthology* which Harty completed in October 1909. The texts for these songs—were taken from the recently published revision of J.W. Mackail's *Select Epigrams from the Greek*

*Anthology* in 1906. Not long after Harty had finished them, he and Nicholls performed them at the Bechstein Hall on November 16 (in a programme which also featured new songs by Hubert Parry). The first, '**To the Gods of Harbour and Headland**', was taken from a text by Antiphilus. Although introspective in mood, Harty's highly chromatic musical language here suggests the influence of Richard Strauss whose music was very much in vogue. The demanding nature of the accompaniment is testimony to Harty's brilliance as a pianist, but the Wagnerian nature of the spacious vocal line also reminds us that it was written with Nicholls' capacious range and power in mind. For '**Scythe Song**', composed in January 1910, Harty took a poem by Riccardo Stephens (a Cornish physician, poet and student of the occult, who became known for his 1912 mystery novel *The Mummy*). The imaginative accompaniment, which looked to that old tradition of folk songs based on repetitive actions, simulates the back-and-forth motion of the scythe. The text tells of a girl awakening to a hazy, warm June day, the sensuousness of which is captured in her final line "'Tis sweet, sweet to live" and in Harty's deliciously evocative 'Irish' postlude.

In May 1906 Harty accompanied the mezzo-soprano Mrs George (otherwise known as 'Elsie') Swinton at the Aeolian Hall; Harty also dedicated to her 'Mignonette' from his *Three Flower Songs* published that year. Swinton's voice had special qualities and, according to Osbert Sitwell, could "cast a strange spell that served to keep even a fashionable audience quiet". Some considered her among the most talented English singers of her time. Yet, in spite of invitations to become an opera singer, she remained committed to the song recital. Harty began to work with Swinton more regularly in 1910, especially in recitals at

the Bechstein Hall and on her second tour of Holland in 1912. Earlier, in 1911, Swinton sang Harty's *Five Irish Sketches* which he had specially written for her and were styled by the composer as 'duets for voice and piano'. The texts were taken from poetry by Moira O'Neill, Emily Lawless and Padraic Colum (an author Harty later consulted on the subject of an abortive opera). '**A Cradle Song**' was one of three poems by Colum which Harty used for his collection. Its familiar words, "O men from the fields", depicting the nativity scene of the shepherds and humble stable, were also set by Harty's Irish compatriot, Herbert Hughes, by Arnold Bax (in his *Three Songs* of 1922) and by Arnold Cooke. Although uncomplicated in its stanzaic design, Harty's handling of key is subtle, especially in the use of D minor at the conclusion of each verse. It remains, however, a passing tonality, as the song concludes numinously with a plagal cadence and *tierce de Picardie* in A major. More forbidding in mood is Emily Lawless's '**A Stranger's Grave**' in which infant mortality and anonymous death form the foci of lament. Equally stern is the landscape of Inishmaan (of the remote Aran Islands) which Lawless knew well before its more public exposure by John Millington Synge.

In addition to the *Five Irish Sketches*, which Swinton sang on several occasions, she also gave performances of Harty's setting of Walt Whitman's '**By the Bivouac's Fitful Flame**'. Harty was passionate about Whitman's verse (like many British composers of the time) and this enthusiasm gave rise to three attempts at major choral works, though only *The Mystic Trumpeter*, which he completed in April 1913, came to fruition. 'By the bivouac's fitful flame' was composed in 1912-but it was not performed by Swinton until June 10, 1913.

Almost a miniature 'scena' with its sense of internalized drama, it fluctuates between declamation and lyricism and there is subtlety in the underplayed reprise ("While wind in procession thoughts") and muted conclusion. At the same concert, Swinton also sang '**Adieu, Sweet Amaryllis**', attributed to John Dowland and which Harty is supposed to have transcribed "from an old manuscript in the possession of John Broadley Esq. of Bristol". No setting of these words by Dowland exists, and the Broadley manuscript has never been traced. In truth, the song was a creation by Harty himself, perhaps in the same manner as Kreisler's pastiches of early music.

Rumours spread that Harty and Swinton were having an affair (which was probably true), a potential scandal which brought an end to their collaboration after June 10. Swinton's career was already in decline and she gave up singing in 1914.

With the outbreak of war that year, Harty's song output ceased completely and he did not return to the genre until 1920 with '**My Thoughts of You**'. Possibly a setting of his own text, this wistful song evokes the heartache of the lonely, parted lover – perhaps Harty himself, since his marriage to Nicholls had proved to be one of unhappiness. A gentle threnody, the flexible vocal line is adorned with embellished arabesques in the right hand of the piano which reach a climax as the music modulates to E major in the second verse ("Singing your name through journeyings faint dreams"). Completely absorbed by his commitment to the Hallé Orchestra after 1920, there was less time for composition and only two small collections of songs emerged during this decade, *Antrim and Donegal* (1926) and *Three Irish Folksongs* (1929). From the latter collection, '**The Lowlands**

**of Holland'** is a fine example of strophic variation where, with each verse, Harty variegates his accompaniment. The vigorous melody, thought to be Scottish in origin, was also well known in Ireland and England and often sung by troops and mariners during the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, especially during the Napoleonic Wars.

Forced to abandon conducting in the mid-1930s because of an operation for a brain tumour, Harty returned to composition towards the end of the decade. His *Five Irish Poems*, completed in 1938, were among his most elaborate songs and were first sung by the tenor Parry Jones with Harty at the piano in a BBC broadcast on April 8, 1938. They were also repeated by the same performers in Dublin on May 13 in a studio concert for Irish radio. Eliding the optimism of the resurrection and the awakening of spring, his setting of Helen Lanyon's '**At Easter**' with its broad tessitura and self-developing vocal line is an uplifting essay. By contrast, '**The Fiddler of Dooney**', to words by W.B. Yeats, is a lively jig, its lively accompaniment making considerable demands of the pianist.

The two unpublished piano works on this recording – *Idyll* and *Arlequin and Columbine* – date from early 1904 before his marriage and may have been intended as pieces to perform as interludes in vocal recitals. The tender *Idyll* lies somewhere stylistically between the sophistication of Fauré and the popular piano works of Cécile Chaminade. Based on well-known characters from *commedia dell'arte*, *Arlequin and Columbine* contrast the eccentricities of the clown in the outer sections with the more suave waltz of *Columbine* as the 'trio'.

Jeremy Dibble © 2020

## 1 Sea Wrack

Moira O'Neill (Agnes Shakespeare Higginson) (1864-1955)

The wrack was dark an' shiny where it floated in the sea,  
There was no one in the brown boat but only him an' me;  
Him to cut the sea wrack, me to mind the boat,  
An' not a word between us the hours we were afloat.  
The wet wrack,  
The sea wrack,  
The wrack was strong to cut.

We laid it on the grey rocks to wither in the sun,  
An' what should call my lad then, to sail from Cushendun?  
With a low moon, a full tide, a swell upon the deep,  
Him to sail the old boat, me to fall asleep.  
The dry wrack,  
The sea wrack,  
The wrack was dead so soon.

There a fire low upon the rocks to burn the wrack to kelp,  
There a boat gone down upon the Moyle, an' sorra one to help!  
Him beneath the salt sea, me upon the shore,  
By sunlight or moonlight we'll lift the wrack no more.  
The dark wrack,  
The sea wrack,  
The wrack may drift ashore.

## 2 Scythe Song

Riccardo Stephens (1827-1912)

She wakened in the early morn of June,  
To a soft tune  
The scythe song, made by mowers, when they pass  
Through the green grass.  
What time the dewdrops glisten on the lawn,  
In the grey dawn.  
"This is the sound," she thought, "of summer days,  
Heat and soft haze,  
Of nightingales and dreaming drowsy nights,  
And dim delights.  
Summer! So much to take, so much to give,  
'Tis sweet, sweet to live".

## 3 My Lagan Love

Seosamh MacCathmhaoil (Joseph Campbell) (1879-1944)

Where Lagan streams sings lullaby	And often when the beetle's horn
There blows a lily fair:	Hath lulled the eve to sleep,
The twilight gleam is in her eye,	I steal unto her shieling lorn,
The night is on her hair.	And thro' the dooring peep.
And like a lovesick lenanshee,	There on the cricket's singing stone
She hath my heart in thrall.	She stirs the bogwood fire,
No life I owe, nor liberty,	And hums in sad, sweet undertone,
For love is lord of all.	The song of heart's desire.

## 4 The Blue Hills of Antrim

Seosamh MacCathmhaoil (Joseph Campbell) (1879-1944)

The blue hills of Antrim I see in my dreams,  
The high hills of Antrim, the glens and the streams;  
In sunlight and shadow, in weal and in woe,  
The sweet vision haunts me wherever I go.

Slieve Trostan's in shadow, and Glanaan in tears  
Looks sorrowing up at her love thro' the years:  
That sad look at Trostan I cannot forget;  
My heart pines in darkness, my lashes are wet.

Red dawn is at breaking, and Slieve Meesh is glad  
In smiles to the green fields and fallows of Braud;  
Craigbilly is waking from night's dewy sleep,  
And Kella's young streams with my new pulses leap.

*(Repeat Verse 1)*

## 5 Arlequin and Columbine (*piano solo*)



## 6 A Cradle Song

Padraic Colum (1881-1972)

O men from the fields,  
Come gently within,  
Tread softly, softly,  
O men, coming in...

Mavourneen is going  
From me and from you  
Where Mary will fold him  
With mantle of blue

From reek of the smoke  
And cold of the floor  
And peering of things  
Across the half-door.

O men from the fields,  
Soft, softly come through;  
Mary puts round him  
Her mantle of blue.

## 7 The Song of Glen Dun

Moira O'Neill (Agnes Shakespeare Higginson) (1864-1955)

Sure this is blessed Erin an' this the same glen,  
The gold is on the whin-bush, the wather sings again,  
The Fairy Thorn's in flower – an' what ails my heart then?  
Flower o' the May,  
Flower o' the May,  
What about the Maytime, an' he far away!

Summer loves the green glen, the white bird loves the sea,  
An' the wind must kiss the heather top, an' the red bell hides a bee;  
As the bee is dear to the honey-flower, so one is dear to me.

Flower o' the rose,  
Flower o' the rose,  
A thorn pricked me one day, but nobody knows.

The bracken up the braeside has rusted in the air,  
Three birches lean together, so silver limbed an' fair,  
Och! golden leaves are flyin' fast, but the scarlet roan is rare.  
Berry o' the rowan,  
Berry o' the rowan,  
The wind sighs among the trees, but I sigh alone.

I knit beside the turf fire, I spin upon the wheel,  
Winter nights for thinkin' long, round runs the reel.  
But he never knew, he never knew that here for him I'd kneel.  
Sparkle o' the fire,  
Sparkle o' the fire,  
Mother Mary, keep my love, an' send me my desire!



## 8 Mignonette

Lettice B. Hay Shaw (1887-1904)

In the first springtide when we met,  
I mind me that in sport you set  
My garden bed with mignonette,

You left me ere the leaves were grown,  
And yet the mignonette hath blown  
Each year more fragrant, all alone.

In my heart's garden that spring day,  
You sowed love's seed and went your way,  
Nor for the blossom cared to stay.

But whether you be false or true,  
Where'er you be, what-e'er you do,  
Those flow'rs shall always bloom for you.

## 9 By the Sea

Moira O'Neill (Agnes Shakespeare Higginson) (1864-1955)

The sun is setting, a-roon and one long ray,  
Falls like a farewell smile from the dying day.  
It thrills me through like a token from Jon Machree,  
To tell me you love me still, and think of me.  
The gulls are screaming, as thore and the skies are dark  
And out on the lonely sea rides a lonely bark,  
And a dreary wind comes creeping over the hill  
Sad as my own heart, a grá, thinking of you.

## 10 The Fiddler of Dooney

W.B. Yeats (1865-1939)

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,  
Folk dance like a wave of the sea;  
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,  
My brother in Mocharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin:  
They read in their books of prayer;  
I read in my book of songs  
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time  
To Peter sitting in state,  
He will smile on the three old spirits,  
But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,  
Save by an evil chance,  
And the merry love the fiddle,  
And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,  
They will all come up to me,  
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"  
And dance like a wave of the sea.

## 11 To the Gods of Harbour and Headland

Antiphilus trans. J.W. Mackail (1859-1945)

Harbour-god, do thou, O blessed one, send with a gentle breeze  
The outward-bound sail of Archelaus down smooth water even to the sea.  
And thou who hast the point of the shore inward,  
Keep the convoy that is bound for the Pythian shrine.  
And thenceforward, if all we singers are in Phoebus' care,  
I will sail cheerily on with a fair-flowing west wind.

## 12 The Lowlands of Holland

P.W. Joyce (1827-1914)

The first night I was married, a happy, happy bride,  
The captain of the Highland men, he came to my lover's side.  
"A-rise, a-rise, new married man, a-rise and come with me  
To the Lowlands of Holland to face your enemy!"

"Holland is a pretty place most pleasing to be seen,  
The wild flow'rs grow very plenty there  
And vines hang from the trees;  
The wild flow'rs grow very plenty there  
And vines hang from the trees."

"I scare had time to look about  
When my true love was gone from me."  
Says the mother to the daughter:  
"What makes you so lament?  
Is there no man in Ireland's ground  
To please your discontent?"

"There are men enough in Ireland,  
But none at all for me,  
I never loved but one young man  
And he is gone from me."

"I ne'er will wear a collar  
Around my neck and hair,  
Nor fire bright, nor candle light  
Shall show my beauty rare;  
And I will ne'er get married  
Until the day I die  
Since the raging seas and stormy winds  
Have parted my love and I!"

## 13 By the Bivouac's Fitful Flame

Walt Whitman (1819-92)

By the bivouac's fitful flame,  
A procession winding around me, solemn and sweet and slow – but first I note,  
The tents of the sleeping army, the fields' and woods' dim outline,  
The darkness lit by spots of kindled fire, the silence,  
Like a phantom far or near an occasional figure moving,  
The shrubs and trees (as I lift my eyes they seem to be stealthily watching me)  
While wind in procession thoughts, O tender and wondrous thoughts,  
Of life and death, of home and the past and loved, and of those that are far away;  
A solemn and slow procession there as I sit on the ground,  
By the bivouac's fitful flame.

## 14 Dreaming

Cahir Healy (1877-1970)

What are you watching, man in the meadows,  
What are you seeing that I cannot see?  
"Wisps o' white dreams, ghosts o' grey shadows,  
Floating, floating, thro' the heart o' me."

What are you hearing, man by the river,  
Wild-eyed and lone in the grey of the dawn?  
"Wee weans a-crying, and wailing for ever,  
Lovers and dreamers and joys all agone."

What are you hoping, man o' the mowing,  
What are you waiting that I must not wait?  
"A white light a-coming, white feet a-going,  
Soft arms a-folding, and a Great White Gate."

### 15 The Stranger's Grave

Emily Lawless (1845-1913)

Little feet too young and soft to walk,  
Little lips too young and pure to talk,  
Little faded grass-tufts, root and stalk.

I lie alone here, utterly alone,  
Amid pure ashes my wild ashes mingle;  
A drowned man, with a name unknown,  
A drifting waif, flung by the drifting shingle.  
Oh, plotting brain and restless heart of mine,  
What strange fate brought you to so strange a shrine?

Sometimes a woman comes across the grass,  
Bare-footed, with pit-patterings scarcely heard,  
Sometimes the grazing cattle slowly pass,  
Or on my turf sings loud some mating bird.  
Oh, plotting brain and restless heart of mine,  
What strange fate brought you to so strange a shrine?

Little feet too young and soft to walk,  
Little lips too young and pure to talk,  
Little faded grass-tufts, root and stalk.

### 16 Idyll (*piano solo*)

### 17 Poppies

Lettice B. Hay Shaw (1887-1904)

Ah! Poppies, when I bid you close  
My heavy eyelids for a space,  
Give not a dreamless calm repose.  
All empty of my dear love's face.

Blot out the passion of despair,  
But leave the love that lights my soul,  
Dear poppies, weave a vision fair,  
Wherein the broken past is whole.

### 18 Flame in the Skies of Sunset

Lizzie Twigg (1882-1913)

Flame in the skies of sunset,  
Brighter than dazzle of dawn,  
Silver veil of the daisies  
Spread on an emerald lawn;  
Deep'ning gray of the twilight  
Falling on byre and bawn,  
And mists, like a ghostly garment,  
Round the quiet mountains drawn.

Here through the dusky branches  
Gleameth the rosy flush,  
Onward the river runneth,  
Lapping through reed and rush;  
Out on the stillness ringeth  
The song of a hidden thrush  
With finger on lip stands silence  
And hush! says the whole world, hush!

## 19 Lane o' the Thrushes

Cathal O'Byrne (1867-1957) & Cahir Healy (1877-1970)

Where shimm'ring shafts of light flash  
Thro' the glancing green,  
There is a whirring of wings,  
And a trail of liquid laughter that shatters  
The dark green silences and thereafter,  
Thro' deeper silence, a swift brown stream unseen,  
Sings 'neath the leafy screen.  
There is a crooning of wind  
Thro' white drifts of briar bushes,  
The drowsy humming of bees where  
The bending foxgloves gleam,  
A purple flame and a green flame  
In a heart of gold, a dream,  
And a riot of song that thrills  
Thro' the dim woodland hushes,  
In the lane of the thrushes.

## 20 A Lullaby

Cathal O'Byrne (1867-1957)

I'll set you a-swing in a purple bell,  
Of the lady finger,  
Where brown bees linger,  
And loiter long.  
I'll set you a-swing in a fairy dell,  
To the silv'ry ring of a fairy song.  
I'll put you a-float in a boat of pearl,  
On a moonlit sea,  
Where your path shall be  
Of silver and blue,  
To fairyland, childeen, sweet girl,  
To its rose-strewn strand, bath'd in glist'ning dew.  
I'll make you a nest, a soft, warm nest,  
In my heart's core,  
Alanniv asthore,  
When day is gone,  
Where cosily curl'd on mother's breast,  
My share o' the world you'll rest till dawn.

## 21 My Thoughts of You

Attrib. Hamilton Harty (1879-1941)

My thoughts of you are scattered secret flowers  
Wooed of the wind and pilgrims to the sun,  
Lending their fragrance to wayfarer's bowers  
And un-remembered when the day is done.

My thoughts of you are little secret streams,  
Lost in those vales where only travellers pass.  
Singing your name through journeyings faint dreams  
And writing it up on the wayside grass.

My thoughts of you are softly stirring trees  
Set on the solace of some lonely hill,  
Saving their secret from the carrying breeze  
And sweet with song when all besides is still.

## 22 Your Hand in Mine, Beloved

Harold Simpson

Your hand in mine, beloved, your hand in mine;  
Ah! it is good when one has drunk the wine  
Of life to the bitter end;  
When the fires of passion  
Have burnt them out and died,  
To a find a friend, still at my side,  
To feel the clasp of your hand in mine.

Your hand in mine, beloved, your hand in mine;  
I think there is something more than half divine  
In love that endures to the end;  
That from ashes of fires long cold  
In the far-off past  
New fires can lend to my life at last.  
May love keep forever your hand in mine.

### **23 At Easter**

Helen Lanyon (1882-1979)

The little church is dim and still,  
And through the windows tall  
The sunbeams wander at their will  
And on the altar fall.

Beside the Cross on either hand  
With heads bowed as in prayer,  
The starry white narcissi stand  
And perfume all the air.

Hushed is the priest's low monotone,  
A silver chalice rings,  
And in the church yard all alone  
A bird with rapture sings.

### **24 Come, O Come, My Life's Delight**

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

Come, O come, my life's delight,  
Let me not in languor pine!  
Love loves no delay; thy sight,  
The more enjoyed, the more divine:  
O come, and take from me  
The pain of being deprived of thee!

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,  
Like a little world of bliss.  
Beauty guards thy looks: the rose  
In them pure and eternal is.  
Come, then, and make thy flight  
As swift to me as heavenly light.

*(Repeat Verse 1)*

### **25 Adieu, Sweet Amaryllis**

Hamilton Harty (1879-1941)

Adieu, sweet Amaryllis  
For since to part your will is  
O heavy, heavy tiding!  
Here is for me no bidding,  
Yet once again,  
Ere that I part from you,  
Adieu, sweet Amaryllis,  
Adieu, sweet Amaryllis, Sweet adieu!

For this recording tracks **5**, **11**, **16**, **21** and **25** were edited from the manuscript  
by Jeremy Dibble.

Born in Liverpool, **KATHRYN RUDGE** studied at RNCM (2004 -11), has won numerous awards and was an ENO Young Artist, a YCAT artist and a BBC New Generation Artist (2015-17).

*The Times'* Rising Star of Classical Music 2012, Kathryn made her critically acclaimed debut as Cherubino (*Marriage of Figaro*) with ENO. Her debut recital album *Love's Old Sweet Song* was released in 2014. In 2017 she featured on *Songs by Donald Swann* (Hyperion) and in 2018 on *The Hills of Dreamland*, a recording of Elgar's Orchestral Songs (BBC Concert Orchestra, SOMM Recordings).

Previous concert engagements include the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, BBC Philharmonic and National Orchestra of Wales with conductors including Sir Karl Jenkins, Sir Andrew Davis, Paul Daniel, Yan Pascal Tortelier and John Wilson. She has given recitals at Wigmore Hall, Bridgewater Hall, Sage Gateshead, Festiv'Ards, Portaferry, the Brighton, City of London and Cheltenham Festivals.



Photograph: Sussie Ahlburg

Recent and future opera engagements include Cherubino (*Marriage of Figaro*, Glyndebourne), Annio (*La clemenza di Tito*), Hermia (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*), Sesto (*Giulio Cesare*) and Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*) for Opera North, Dorabella (*Così fan tutte*, Garsington), Rosina (*Barber of Seville*, ENO) and Nancy (*Albert Herring*, Buxton Festival).

Recent and future concert engagements include the world premiere of Michael Nyman's *Hillsborough* Symphony, Mozart's Requiem (Raymond Gubbay), Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius* (Rheingau Festival), performances of Wolf's Italian Songbook (Chiltern Arts Festival and Milton Court), concerts and recordings of Elgar's *Sea Pictures* and *The Music Makers* (RLPO/Vasily Petrenko). Kathryn made her BBC Proms debut in 2016.

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**CHRISTOPHER GLYNN** is a Grammy award-winning pianist and accompanist praised for his "breath-taking sensitivity" (*Gramophone*), "irrepressible energy, wit and finesse" (*The Guardian*), "perfect fusion of voice and piano" (*BBC Music Magazine*) and as "an inspired programmer" (*The Times*). He is also Artistic Director of the Ryedale Festival, programming around 60 events each year in beautiful and historic venues across North Yorkshire.

He appears in recital with many leading artists, including Sir Thomas Allen, John Mark Ainsley, Benjamin Appl, Mary Bevan, Sophie Bevan, Julian Bliss, Claire Booth, Ian Bostridge, Susan Bullock, Allan Clayton, Dame Sarah Connolly, Lucy Crowe, Sophie Daneman, Bernarda Fink, Steven Isserlis, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Christiane Karg, Jonas Kaufmann, Yvonne Kenny, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher



Maltman, Mark Padmore, Rowan Pierce, Rachel Podger, Joan Rodgers, Kate Royal, Kathryn Rudge, Nicky Spence, Bryn Terfel, Sir John Tomlinson, Robin Tritschler, Ailish Tynan, Roderick Williams, Elizabeth Watts and many others. He has also performed chamber music with ensembles such as the Albion, Brodsky, Elias and Heath Quartets, and with choirs including The Sixteen.

Chris grew up in Leicester and read music at New College, Oxford before studying piano with John Streets in France and Malcolm Martineau at the Royal Academy of Music, where he now teaches. His many awards include the accompaniment prize in the 2001 Kathleen Ferrier Competition and the 2003 Gerald Moore Award. A regular artist at Wigmore Hall, he also appears in major concert venues throughout Europe and North America, as well as in Japan, China, Brazil and Russia. He has made many CD recordings and is regularly heard on BBC Radio 3.



Photograph: Joanna Bergin

SOMMCD 0616

Kathryn Rudge *mezzo-soprano* · Christopher Glynn *piano*

1	Sea Wrack	3:34	13	By the Bivouac's Fitful Flame	2:59
2	Scythe Song	2:00	14	Dreaming	2:58
3	My Lagan Love	3:47	15	The Stranger's Grave	4:26
4	The Blue Hills of Antrim	3:32	16	Idyll (piano solo)	3:51
5	Arlequin and Columbine (piano solo)	4:45	17	Poppies	2:01
6	A Cradle Song	2:20	18	Flame in the Skies of Sunset	2:14
7	The Song of Glen Dun	3:13	19	Lane o' the Thrushes	2:04
8	Mignonette	2:31	20	A Lullaby	2:45
9	By the Sea	1:58	21	My Thoughts of You	2:40
10	The Fiddler of Dooney	1:53	22	Your Hand in Mine, Beloved	1:57
11	To the Gods of Harbour and Headland	2:23	23	At Easter	2:51
12	The Lowlands of Holland	2:10	24	Come, O Come, My Life's Delight	2:13
			25	Adieu, Sweet Amaryllis	4:08
					<b>Total duration</b> 71:25

Tracks 9 - 25: First Recordings

**TURNER  
SIMS** Southampton

Recorded at Turner Sims Concert Hall, Southampton on April 9-10, 2018  
Piano solos recorded at St John the Evangelist, Upper Norwood, London,  
December 7, 2019\*

**Recording Producer:** Siva Oke

**Recording Engineers:** Paul Arden-Taylor, \*Ben Connellan

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