

Dreams Melting

SOMMCD 0630

SONGS by Howard Ferguson · Rebecca Clarke
Elizabeth Maconchy · Gerald Finzi · Phyllis TateJames Geer *tenor* Ronald Woodley *piano***Howard Ferguson** (1908-99) *Discovery*

1	Dreams Melting	1:11
2	The Freedom of the City	1:51
3	Babylon	1:36
4	Jane Allen	0:44
5	Discovery	2:47

Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)

6	The Seal Man	5:21
7	The Cloths of Heaven	2:07
8	The Cherry-Blossom Wand	2:56
9	Infant Joy	1:09
10	Cradle Song	2:27
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Elizabeth Maconchy (1907-1994)

12	A Hymn to God the Father*	3:19
13	Have You Seen but a Bright Lily Grow?	1:38
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*First recordings

Gerald Finzi (1901-56) *Till Earth Outwears*

15	Let Me Enjoy the Earth	2:28
16	In Years Defaced	3:31
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Elizabeth Maconchy *Four Shakespeare Songs*

22	Come Away, Death	3:10
23	The Wind and the Rain	2:23
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25	King Stephen	0:57

Phyllis Tate (1911-87)

26	The Falcon*	3:12
27	Cradle Song*	1:59
28	Epitaph	2:53

Total duration: 67:59

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SONGS by

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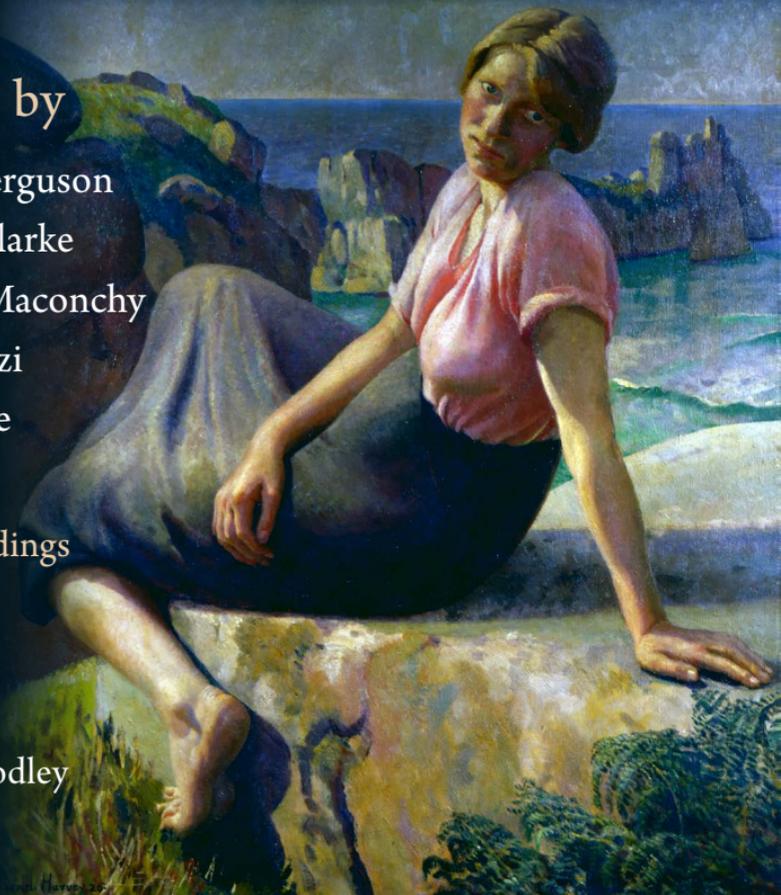
Elizabeth Maconchy

Gerald Finzi

Phyllis Tate

includes

First Recordings

James Geer
*tenor*Ronald Woodley
piano

British song in the first few decades of the 20th century, far from residing solely within the realm of parochial, rural fantasy, is becoming increasingly recognized for the sheer diversity and strength of its roots. Drawing inspiration, identity and purpose from a broad spread of continental European music, as well as the turmoils of war, its aftermath, and complex layers of native literary and folk culture, this song repertory encompasses a much wider range of musical language than is still often presumed. In the present collection we hope to show at least something of the complexities of these relationships.

A recurrent theme, too, is the inescapable pulse of time passing, memory, and one's changing sense of self across the passage of life. Such thoughts, felt especially keenly in the Finzi/Hardy cycle *Till Earth Outwears* at the centre of this recording, reach a poignant summation in Sir Walter Raleigh's poem *Even Such Is Time*, said to have been written on the eve of his execution for purported treason in 1618, and powerfully set in 1948 by Phyllis Tate as *Epitaph*, the final track of our disc.

The work of **Howard Ferguson** (1908-99) may perhaps seem an unexpected starting-point for the journey; for many, indeed, this Belfast-born musician is better known for his later editorial work on early and classical keyboard music than as a composer. Yet the five terse but intense settings of his *Discovery* cycle, dating from 1952, show within the space of less than 10 minutes the subtlety of the relationship between late romanticism, modernism and the inherited idioms of 'Britishness' that composers of Ferguson's generation inevitably grew up with.

The artist and writer Denton Welch (1915-48), whose poems from his posthumous 1951 collection of short stories and verse *A Last Sheaf* are set here, was met with

mixed critical reception, both during his short and tortured life and after. (He was badly injured in a bicycle accident at the age of 20, and suffered the physical and mental consequences for the rest of his life.) At once piercingly perceptive and deeply introspective, the poems appealed to Ferguson, as he wrote in 1988 to Christopher R. Wilson, "not because they are first-rate poetry (which they aren't), but partly because their very incompleteness makes them good for setting, and partly because HF has always been particularly interested in DW's work."

As Professor Wilson says of Welch's poems within *A Last Sheaf* as a whole, "They reflect in their themes and images the frustrations, suffering and anger of the poet's progressively inhibited existence. Many themes recur – sickness, pain, bodily disintegration, the frustration of disability, the thought of approaching death and the decay and corruption of the grave. There are poems of love remembered and broken love; poems of remembered but departed happiness; poems of disgust at the sordid and horrid in the world."

And yet, as Wilson again observes in his insightful 1989 essay on the composer's songs, Ferguson's re-ordering of the selected verse points to a more positive trajectory across the work as a whole: "The cycle opens with questions and uncertainties; it ends with an assertion and a resolve. Between the confusion and doubts of identity of the waking moments of *Dreams Melting* and the close, come the world of fever and pain and fear in *The Freedom of the City*, the still melancholy of *Babylon*, and the secret suicidal despair behind the orderly domestic routine of *Jane Allen*. The last poem [*Discovery*], though it still depicts 'this stew' of grime, smell and death, haunted by 'pest-house voices', contains a new note of defiance,

a desperate resolve for the man and for the artist that, 'O then some moment from this stew | Must be snatched out for me and you'" (from *The Music of Howard Ferguson*, ed. Alan Ridout, 1989).

Choice of text was clearly of prime importance, too, for **Rebecca Clarke** (1886-1979) in her substantial and finely curated collection of songs, from which a small selection has been made here. Recognition as a composer came slowly to Clarke. Partly this derived from the undoubtedly entrenched male attitudes of the cultural establishment of that generation, though often less so at the level of the individual, such as Clarke's main composition teacher at the Royal College of Music from 1907, Charles Villiers Stanford, or, more informally, Vaughan Williams.

It is certainly true that establishment prejudice did not do much to help her own self-confidence as a composer; she was ardent and stylistically independent-minded, but admitted that she found composition often effortful. Practicalities also played their part, since for difficult family reasons she was primarily making a living during the 1920s and '30s as one of the country's finest professional viola players on the London circuit and abroad.

The Seal Man, composed in 1922 and published four years later, is one of her most soaring flights of imagination; it is remarkable in its setting not of poetry, but a brief section of prose from the short story by John Masefield, part of his 1905 collection *The Mainsail Haul*. A dark, fantasy folk-tale set on the west coast of Ireland, it tells of a young but passionate village girl lured to her death by a strange, half-human sea creature. Clarke's chosen extract focuses closely on the girl herself, significantly cutting off at the moment of her drowning, and setting aside both the seal man's

own ghostly origins, and, at the end of the story, his unhinged wailing, then swimming off with the body, "laughing and laughing and laughing" at his loss.

Of the other songs by Clarke presented here, the setting of Blake's *The Tyger* (here titled ***Tiger, Tiger***, composed in 1929) is perhaps the closest to *The Seal Man* in its broad narrative sweep, structural control and imaginative harmonic language. But the other Blake settings, ***Cradle Song*** (1929) and ***Infant Joy*** (composed c.1913; published 1924), also show a fine ear for teasing out the subtleties of the text, and in Yeats's ***The Cloths of Heaven*** (composed c.1912; published 1920) Clarke weaves marvellously between a modal idiom clearly indebted to Vaughan Williams, and a richer, chromatic harmonic palette that shows the deep influence of her French contemporaries.

In ***The Cherry-Blossom Wand*** (1927), Clarke's ironically light textures counterpoint the fiercely feminist underpinning of her friend Anna Wickham's poem, in which the ostensibly pretty, naive image of the woman's bewitching but evanescent blossom branch stands rather for the fleeting span of a relationship entirely under her control, which will never have to risk growing 'old' or 'wise', thus avoiding the constrictions of a dull, conventional married life.

We return to the male perspective on life, love and loss with the group of seven Thomas Hardy poems set by **Gerald Finzi** (1901-56) and published posthumously in 1958 as ***Till Earth Outwears***. The group, with three other posthumous Hardy sets, was compiled by Joy and Christopher Finzi, along with Howard Ferguson, who was a lifelong close friend of the composer. (Their extensive correspondence was collected by Ferguson, with the assistance of Michael Hurd and Stephen Banfield,

and published in 2001, shortly after Ferguson's death. We learn from one letter, in fact, that Ferguson had sent Finzi ('Dave') his *Discovery* cycle for proof-reading before publication.)

Finzi's relationship with Hardy's work was extraordinarily close across his whole career: in *Till Earth Outwears* the composition of the settings extends over many years, from the late 1920s to 1956, shortly before his death. Throughout we can hear an astonishingly intimate musicalisation of Hardy's keenly articulated memories of lost happiness and the inevitability of time passing, with the general mood of melancholy still kept just illuminated by the smouldering flame of past lives and loves, and, in the final song (*Life Laughs Onward*), by a quiet acceptance of the world moving on beyond oneself.

Short booklet notes such as these, however, can do scant justice to the profundity of these settings, and rarely is it more necessary for the listener to read and internalise the poetry set, in order to appreciate the depth of expression and subtlety of the composer's responses. Contained here must surely be one of Finzi's greatest songs, *In Years Defaced* (1936), towards the end of which is the heart-stopping "magical moment of revelation", in Stephen Banfield's words, that gives the set its title. Banfield's incomparable understanding of Finzi's musical and literary sensibilities, shinningly demonstrated in his 1997 book *Gerald Finzi: An English Composer*, is essential reading for this repertory.

The seven songs of **Elizabeth Maconchy** (1907-94) recorded here, all to texts by 16th- and 17th-century poets, are presented in two parts, either side of the Finzi. Following on from Clarke's philosophically orientated *Tiger, Tiger* is Maconchy's

A Hymn to God the Father; this dates from 1959, the earliest of three solo-voice settings of John Donne of which the remaining two, *A Hymn to Christ* and *The Sun Rising* (not included here), are from 1965. The two Hymns, in fact, had already been set by her some 30 years earlier, as motets for double choir, but she revisited the texts for these three songs made for, but never commercially recorded by, Peter Pears.

As is often commented with respect to her centrally important series of string quartets, one of Maconchy's core aesthetic goals was for "impassioned argument", following the example of her much-admired Béla Bartók. A solo song does not naturally afford the same potential as the quartet for equal-voiced contrapuntal argument. But Donne's clever, passionate but tortured verse in *A Hymn to God the Father* is beautifully captured by the arching, searching vocal line, underpinned by an essentially tonal, but ever-shifting, questioning accompaniment – sometimes anticipating, sometimes nagging at the heels of the singer's confessional outpouring.

The remaining six Maconchy songs, although sharing something of their texts' historical character, divide sharply between the Ben Jonson and Robert Herrick settings, dating from the earliest days of the composer's success (***Have You Seen but a Bright Lily Grow?*** dates from 1929, and ***A Meditation for his Mistress*** from 1928), and the four Shakespeare settings from a quarter-century later. The two early songs, however, still stand somewhat apart from her already developing personal idiom at that time, since they are composed – not uncommonly for the period – in a kind of homage to the Elizabethan and Stuart lute song, transplanted to an early 20th-century tonal/modal language. It is a form that might strike the listener as conservative for its time, but the songs are nevertheless exquisitely conceived and crafted reflections of their quietly impassioned verse.

The later **Four Shakespeare Songs** (Nos.1, 2 and 4 from 1965, and No.3 from 1956) take us into a very different harmonic world: the music retains tonal or modal centres of gravity, but – not unlike Bartók – the composer expands the ways in which the harmonic fields and chord structures above and below those centres can be imagined. Here Maconchy manages to defamiliarize these well-known Shakespearean texts, while at the same time embracing the intense lyricism of *Come Away, Death and Take, O Take Those Lips Away*, and retaining the fun and vitality of the faster songs, *The Wind and the Rain* and *King Stephen*.

Phyllis Tate (1911-87) is perhaps better known for her work in the educational sphere, for schools and young people, than for her instrumental, orchestral and vocal music for the concert hall. It is probably time for a serious re-evaluation of her output, which was often received with high critical praise in the decades following the Second World War. In a small way, the three songs offered here may help to demonstrate a deeply felt compositional voice that deserves more attention today.

The Falcon is the first of two songs published in 1948 to anonymous late medieval texts, presented in a semi-modernised version of the Middle English original. Also known as the *Corpus Christi Carol*, the text circulated in a variety of forms, essentially as a pre-Reformation allegory of the Good Friday sepulchre ceremony, mingled with the legend of the Holy Grail, in which the Fisher King is the knight charged with guarding the Grail, his legs perpetually wounded and bleeding.

In this mixed allegory, though, the ‘may’ or maiden weeping by the wounded knight’s bedside can be read as Mary at Christ’s tomb after the Crucifixion. Tate’s

sparse but strangely powerful setting alternates the singer’s lilting intonation of the text with the piano’s faintly unsettling arches of ascending and descending chords a third apart, the whole gradually expanding and leading to the full-throated “Corpus Christi” peroration and final quiet reprise of the “Lully, lulley” lullaby refrain.

Tate destroyed almost all of her works composed before the Second World War, and regarded her real output as starting with the Saxophone Concerto of 1944. **Cradle Song**, published in 1935, is a rare example of a pre-war work that escaped the fire. Setting an almost identical version of the Blake text as the Rebecca Clarke on this disc, it is nevertheless a very different conception: reminiscent (again) of some of Bartók’s folksong arrangements, it has a simple, beguiling lilt (in duple rather than Clarke’s triple metre) with gently acerbic harmonic twists that infuse the slightly ambivalent text with an undercurrent of menace.

Our final track is Tate’s **Epitaph**, a setting from 1948, as mentioned already, of the powerfully moving poem that Sir Walter Raleigh is thought to have penned on the eve of his execution in 1618. As with *The Falcon*, Tate’s quietly understated writing is masterly. From its hushed, throbbing accompaniment the vocal line slowly unfolds, at first low in register, and then rising to an extraordinary climax in which the dreadful ambiguity of the final “My God shall raise me, I trust” is left ringing in the air. The following, pained chromatic wind-down of the piano leads to the concluding soft A major chords – resolved perhaps, but perhaps not. Even Such is Time.

Ronald Woodley © 2021

SONG TEXTS

Note: Square brackets [] indicate either a clarification, or a discrepancy between the accepted text and that appearing in the published edition of the song.

Howard Ferguson

Discovery

(Denton Welch, 1915-48)

1] *Dreams Melting*

What are you in the morning when you wake?
A quacking duck, a quacking drake?
A golden bear who climbs in honeyed trees?
A horde of wasps whose striped, chrome bodies tease
The liquid air which plays about their wings?
Or are you some tall peacock bird that sings
Like devil Paganini's violin
Held tight beneath his devil's pointed chin?

2] *The Freedom of the City*

"I am the fever in the head, The bitterness between the sheets, The madness that is hard and dead, The horror of the streets."	Here as I lie awake and dry It presses on me still The agony of wandering And going where you will.
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3] *Babylon*

No branch,
Nor breath to move the branch;
The hanging trees of Babylon
Are still.

No night,
Nor noon to turn to night,
The words are frozen in the mouth
They fill.

4] *Jane Allen*

Our maid, Jane Allen,
Fly-by-night,
Left the dishes
Shining white—
Took her stockings
From the horse,
Darned the heels
With stitches coarse—
Drank a cup
Of Indian tea;
Then dropped a letter
In a tree:
And this is what
The letter said
"When you get this,
I'll be dead."

5] *Discovery*

The sound's deceit
Of walking feet
On metallated street:
The river smells
And clock-tower bells:
White immortelles
On sooted graves
Where grass behaves
Like spiky waves:
So this is what the midnight keeps,
What soaks and seeps
While each one sleeps!

O then some moment from this stew
Must be snatched out for me and you,
When we wander through the blight
Of pest-house voices without fright.

Rebecca Clarke

6] *The Seal Man*

(John Masefield, 1878–1967)

And he came by her cabin to the west of the road, calling. There was a strong love came up in her at that, and she put down her sewing on the table, and “Mother”, she says, “There’s no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no door. There’s no iron, nor no stone, nor anything at all will keep me this night from the man I love.” And she went out into the moonlight to him, there by the bush where the flowers is pretty, beyond the river. And he says to her: “You are all of the beauty of the world, will you come where I go, over the waves of the sea?” And she says to him: “My treasure and my strength”, she says, “I would follow you on the frozen hills, my feet bleeding.”

Then they went down into the sea together, and the moon made a track on the sea, and they walked down it; it was like a flame before them. There was no fear at all on her; only a great love like the love of the Old Ones, that was stronger than the touch of the fool. She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like flowers, and she went down into the sea with her man, who wasn’t a man at all. She was drowned, of course. It’s like he never thought that she wouldn’t bear the sea like himself. She was drowned, drowned.

Rebecca Clarke

7] *The Cloths of Heaven*

(William Butler Yeats, 1865-1939)

Had I the heavens’ embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

Rebecca Clarke

8] *The Cherry-Blossom Wand*

(Anna Wickham, 1883-1947)

I will pluck from my tree a cherry-blossom wand,
And carry it in my merciless hand,
So I will drive you, so bewitch your eyes,
With a beautiful thing that can never grow wise.

Light are the petals that fall from the bough,
And lighter the love that I offer you now;
In a spring day shall the tale be told
Of the beautiful things that will never grow old.

The blossoms shall fall in the night-wind,
And I will leave you so, to be kind:
Eternal in beauty are short-lived flowers,
Eternal in beauty, these exquisite hours.

I will pluck from my tree a cherry-blossom wand,
And carry it in my merciless hand,
So I will drive you, so bewitch your eyes,
With a beautiful thing that shall [can] never grow wise

Rebecca Clarke

9 *Infant Joy*

(William Blake, 1757-1827)

"I have no name:
I am but two days old."
What shall I call thee?
"I happy am,
Joy is my name."
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy, but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee!

Rebecca Clarke

10 *Cradle Song*

(William Blake, 1757-1827)

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

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

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

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

Rebecca Clarke

11 *Tiger, Tiger*

(William Blake, 1757-1827)

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? What [Where] the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dared [Dare] its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Elizabeth Maconchy

12 *A Hymn to God the Father*

(John Donne, 1572-1631)

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was [is] my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin [those sins], through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?

Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've [I have] spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
[But] Swear by thyself, that at my death thy Son [Sun]
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
And, having done that, thou hast done;
I fear no more.

Elizabeth Maconchy

13 *Have You Seen but a Bright Lily Grow?*

(Ben Jonson, 1572-1637)

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver,
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar,
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she.

Elizabeth Maconchy

14 *A Meditation for his Mistress*

(Robert Herrick, 1591-1674)

You are a tulip seen today,
But, dearest, of so short a stay
That where you grew scarce man can say.

You are a lovely July flower,
Yet one rude wind or ruffling shower
Will force you hence, and in an hour.

You are a sparkling rose i' th' bud,
Yet lost ere that chaste flesh and blood
Can show where you or grew or stood.

You are a full-spread, fair-set vine,
And can with tendrils love entwine;
Yet dried ere you distil your wine.

You are like balm enclosed well
In amber, or some crystal shell,
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

You are a dainty violet,
Yet wither'd ere you can be set
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among;
But die you must, fair maid, ere long,
As he, the maker of this song.

Gerald Finzi *Till Earth Outwears*

(Thomas Hardy, 1840-1928)

15 *Let Me Enjoy the Earth*

Let me enjoy the earth no less
Because the all-enacting Might
That fashioned forth its loveliness
Had other aims than my delight.

About my path there flits a Fair,
Who throws me not a word or sign;
I'll charm me with her ignoring air,
And laud the lips not meant for mine.

From manuscripts of moving song
Inspired by scenes and dreams unknown
I'll pour out raptures that belong
To others, as they were my own.

And some day hence, toward Paradise
And all its blest – if such should be –
I will lift glad, afar-off eyes,
Though it contain no place for me.

16 *In Years Defaced [A Spot]*

In years defaced and lost,
Two sat here, transport-tossed,
Lit by a living love
The wilted world knew nothing of:
Scared momentarily
By gaingivings,
Then hoping things
That could not be....

Of love and us no trace
Abides upon the place;
The sun and shadows wheel,
Season and season sereward steal;
Foul days and fair
Here, too, prevail,
And gust and gale
As everywhere.

But lonely shepherd souls
Who bask amid these knolls
May catch a faery sound
On sleepless noontides from the ground:
"O not again
Till Earth outwears
Shall love like theirs
Suffuse this glen!"

17 *The Market-Girl (At Casterbridge Fair, IV)*

Nobody took any notice of her as she stood on the causey kerb,
All eager to sell her honey and apples and bunches of garden herb;
And if she had offered to give her wares and herself with them too that day,
I doubt if a soul would have cared to take a bargain so choice away.

But chancing to trace her sunburnt grace that morning as I passed nigh,
I went and I said "Poor maidy dear! – and will none of the people buy?"
And so it began; and soon we knew what the end of it all must be,
And I found that though no others had bid, a prize had been won by me.

18 *I Look Into My Glass*

I look into my glass,
And view my wasting skin,
And say, "Would God it came to pass
My heart had shrunk as thin!"

For then, I, undistrest
By hearts grown cold to me,
Could lonely wait my endless rest
With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve,
Part steals, lets part abide;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbbings of noontide.

19 *It Never Looks Like Summer*

"It never looks like summer here
On Beeny by the sea."
But though she saw its looks as drear,
Summer it seemed to me.

It never looks like summer now
Whatever weather's there;
But ah, it cannot anyhow,
On Beeny or elsewhere!

20 *At a Lunar Eclipse*

Thy shadow, Earth, from Pole to Central Sea,
Now steals along upon the Moon's meek shine
In even monochrome and curving line
Of imperturbable serenity.

How shall I link such sun-cast symmetry
With the torn troubled form I know as thine,
That profile, placid as a brow divine,
With continents of moil and misery?

And can immense Mortality but throw
So small a shade, and Heaven's high human scheme
Be hemmed within the coasts yon arc implies?

Is such the stellar gauge of earthly show,
Nation at war with nation, brains that teem,
Heroes, and women fairer than the skies?

21 *Life Laughs Onward*

Rambling I looked for an old abode
Where, years back, one had lived I knew;
Its site a dwelling duly showed,
But it was new.

I went where, not so long ago,
The sod had riven two breasts asunder;
Daisies throve gaily there, as though
No grave were under.

I walked along a terrace where
Loud children gambolled in the sun;
The figure that had once sat there
Was missed by none.

Life laughed and moved on unsubdued,
I saw that Old succumbed to Young:
'Twas well. My too regretful mood
Died on my tongue.

Elizabeth Maconchy *Four Shakespeare Songs*

(William Shakespeare, 1564-1616)

22 *Come Away, Death* (*Twelfth Night*, Act 2 Scene 4)

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it.
My part of death no-one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

23 *The Wind and the Rain* (*Twelfth Night*, Act 5 Scene 1)

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came [come], alas, to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

24 *Take, O Take Those Lips Away* (*Measure for Measure*, Act 4 Scene 1)

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain.

25 *King Stephen*
(*Othello*, Act 2 Scene 3)

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor loon [lown]*.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine old cloak about thee.

*Rogue, sluggard; worthless idiot

Phyllis Tate

26 *The Falcon*

Anonymous, early 16th century?

Lully, lulley! Lully, Lulley!
The falcon hath borne my make away!*

He bare him up, he bare him down,
He bare him into an orchard brown.

In the orchard there was a hall,
That was hangèd with purple and pall.

And in that hall there was a bed,
It was hangèd with gold so red.

And in that bed there li'th a knight,
His woundès bleeding day and night.

At that bed's foot there li'th a hound,
Licking the blood as it runs down.

By that bed-side there kneeleth a may†,
And she weepeth both night and day.

And at that bed's head standeth a stone,
Corpus Christi written thereon.

Lully, lulley! Lully, Lulley!
The falcon hath borne my make away!

*Mate †maiden

Phyllis Tate

27 *Cradle Song*

(William Blake, 1757-1827)

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

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

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

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

Phyllis Tate

28 *Epitaph*

(Sir Walter Raleigh, c.1552-1618)

Even such is Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, and [this] dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

JAMES GEER was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford as Academical Clerk in the College choir. He continued his training at Trinity College of Music, Guildhall School of Music and Drama, and the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama (now Royal Conservatoire of Scotland) where he was a scholar on the opera course. James is a Samling Scholar and a Britten-Pears Young Artist. He has appeared as a soloist at many major UK venues, including the Royal Festival Hall, Usher Hall, Wigmore Hall, Snape Maltings, Royal Albert Hall and St John's Smith Square. He has performed at the Edinburgh International, Aldeburgh and Three Choirs Festivals, and has sung with the London Philharmonic, Bournemouth Symphony, Royal Scottish National, BBC Scottish Symphony and Philharmonia Orchestras and the London Handel Players.

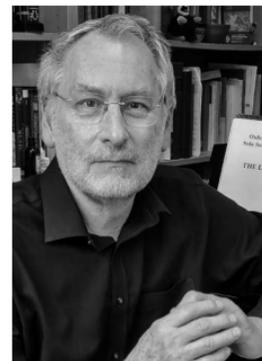


Photograph: David Myers

On the opera stage, James has performed numerous lead and comprimario roles with Silent Opera, Britten-Pears Opera, Bury Court Opera, Bampton Opera, Caledonian Opera and Haddo House Opera. He regularly covers roles for Glyndebourne, Glyndebourne on Tour, Scottish Opera and Music Theatre Wales. For 10 years James was a member of the Glyndebourne chorus; he now sings in the Extra Chorus at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. He is also a member of the Academy of Ancient Music and a regular guest performer with Capella Cracoviensis in Poland.

Together with Ronald Woodley, James has given over 40 recitals, performing works by, among others, Schubert, Schumann, Britten, Poulenc, Grieg and Sibelius. In 2019 they released a CD of songs by Holst, with première recordings of works by Joseph Holbrooke, for EM Records; and in 2020 *Façades*, including songs by William Walton and Constant Lambert, for SOMM (a *MusicWeb International* Recording of the Year). James has also recorded Britten's *Sechs Hölderlin-Fragmente* with Malcolm Martineau (Onyx).

RONALD WOODLEY enjoys a wide-ranging career as clarinettist, chamber pianist and musicologist, bringing the research experience of a distinguished academic portfolio to his varied performance projects. Appointed Professor of Music at the (now Royal) Birmingham Conservatoire in 2004, he was Director of Research there from 2010-15 and previously held academic positions at the Royal Northern College of Music, the Universities of Lancaster, Newcastle, Liverpool and Christ Church, Oxford. He is now Emeritus Professor of Music at the RBC, having retired in 2018 to concentrate on recording and research projects.



Photograph: Alex Woodley

As a performer, Ron trained as clarinettist at the RNCM before completing a doctorate in musicology at Keble College, Oxford. He is the dedicatee of many new works by Christopher Fox, Roger Marsh, Liz Johnson, Stephen Pratt, James Wishart and Steve Ingham, including an exciting series of bass clarinet duos in the 1990s in partnership with Roger Heaton. He has recorded works for bass clarinet by York Bowen and Josef Holbrooke with the Primrose Quartet (Meridian Records) and in 2017 premiered and recorded the newly commissioned *Sea-change* by Liz Johnson, for multiple clarinets and string quartet, with the Fitzwilliam Quartet (Métier).

As a musicologist he has an international reputation as a specialist in late medieval music theory, in particular the 15th-century musician Johannes Tinctoris. Other projects in 19th- and 20th-century musicology have included work on Ravel, Prokofiev, Steve Reich, George Antheil and, most recently, early recordings of Lieder and pianists in the circles of Brahms and Clara Schumann, especially Ilona Eibenschütz.

Ron enjoys long-standing partnerships with the tenor James Geer, with whom he has recorded two previous CDs of British song, and with the pianist Andrew West.