

STEPHEN DODGSON (1924-2013)

The Peasant Poet – Songs, Volume 1

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James Gilchrist *tenor*^c, Roderick Williams *baritone*^d
Christopher Glynn *piano*^e, Mark Eden *guitar*^f, Ian Wilson *recorder*^g

Four Poems of John Clare^{cf} [10:48]

- | | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|------|
| 1 | Trotty Wagtail | 2:34 |
| 2 | The Peasant Poet | 2:50 |
| 3 | Turkeys | 1:58 |
| 4 | The Fox | 3:26 |
| 5 | Mrs Hen ^{be} | 1:21 |
| 6 | Heaven-Haven ^{de} | 2:03 |
| 7 | Five Eyes ^{be} | 1:18 |
| 8 | The Monk and his Cat ^{aeg} | 3:50 |

Bush Ballads (Second Series)^{de} [17:12]

- | | | |
|----|------------------------------|------|
| 9 | Meet Me in Botany Bay | 2:57 |
| 10 | The Sick Stockrider | 3:21 |
| 11 | Holy Dan | 3:40 |
| 12 | The Style in Which It's Done | 1:13 |
| 13 | Old Harry | 3:10 |
| 14 | The Parson and the Prelate | 2:51 |

From Eight Fanciful Pieces

- | | | |
|----|------------------------------------|------|
| 15 | A Leaf in the River ^e | 2:12 |
| 16 | Shrovetide Procession ^e | 2:41 |

Irishry^{ae} [6:23]

- | | | |
|----|----------------|------|
| 17 | Tinkers | 1:42 |
| 18 | The Midwife | 1:58 |
| 19 | The Mill Girl | 1:36 |
| 20 | Rags and Bones | 1:07 |

Tideways [11:04]

- | | | |
|----|-----------------------------|------|
| 21 | Psyche ^{ae} | 3:15 |
| 22 | The Needle ^{ce} | 4:02 |
| 23 | The Gypsy ^{ce} | 1:26 |
| 24 | Δώρια (Doria) ^{ae} | 2:21 |

- | | | |
|----|--------------------------------------|------|
| 25 | Inversnaid ^{ce} | 2:06 |
| 26 | Slow, Slow Fresh Fount ^{ce} | 3:03 |

Total duration: 64:02

All First Recordings except Four Poems of John Clare

Recorded at Potton Hall, Saxmundham, on 4-7 February and 6-8 September, 2021

Recording Producer: Jeremy Hayes

Recording Engineer: Ben Connellan

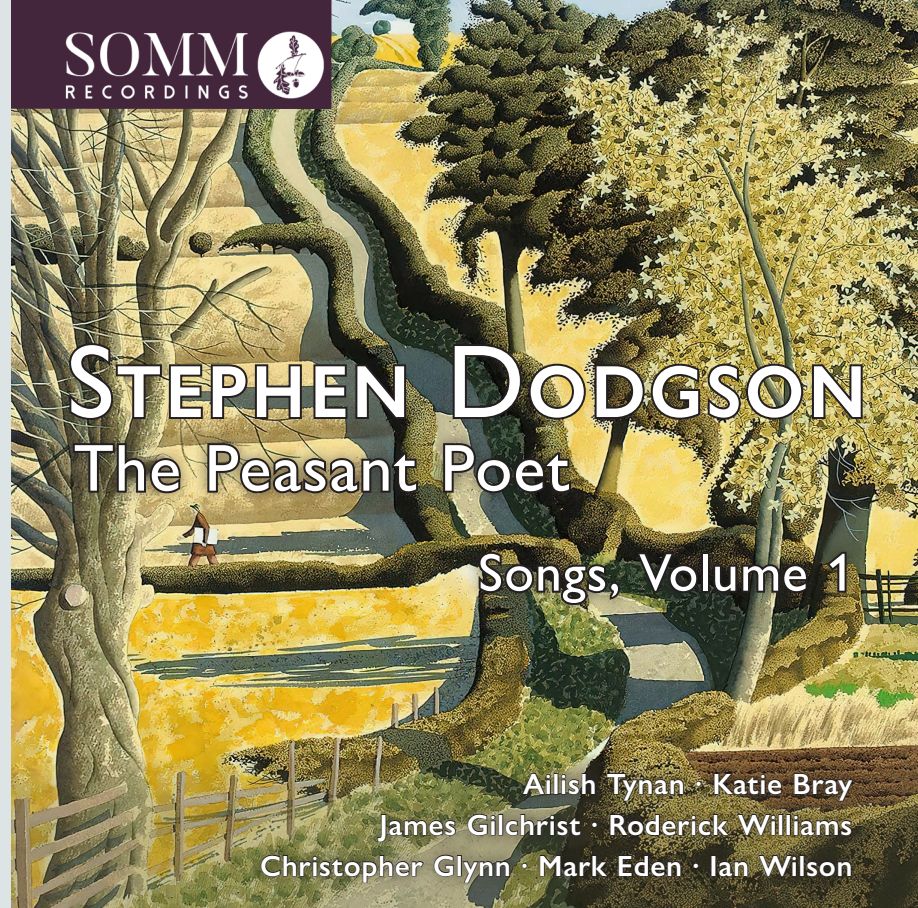
Front Cover: *Drawing Across the Ochre*. (detail) by Simon Palmer (b.1956),
silkscreen print, Portland Gallery

Design: Andrew Giles

Booklet Editor: Michael Quinn

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Songs, Volume 1

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Musically communicative art of such intrinsic quality, craftsmanship and genuine creative impetus as Stephen Dodgson's is not so often found in the output of British composers active during the latter half of the 20th century, the subtleties and genuinely original features of his civilised and inherently undemonstrative music having tended to run counter to the prevailing fashions of the time.

As John Warrack points out in his accompanying note, Stephen Dodgson is perhaps best-known for his music for guitar, particularly those works written for, and recorded by, John Williams, but Dodgson's output was far more wide-ranging than those – admittedly, greatly-significant – compositions. Dodgson wrote music for a number of less-frequently-encountered combinations, alongside three operas and much orchestral music – none, however, on a large scale or demanding unusual instrumentation, although he did compose a number of works for those colleagues and musical friends who were known for their playing of less-frequently-encountered instruments.

Perhaps it was a combination of excellent compositional craftsmanship, a tenet of, at heart, a tonal-based inspiration and a natural creative communicative desire – alongside a warm personality that was never self-assertive or ambitious – that led to much of Dodgson's work failing to get the wide recognition its essentially communicative and subtly-constructed expression deserved.

But to today's attentive listener, Dodgson's appeal goes deeper than the hectoring stance of large orchestras and non-traditional language – his occasional move to the flat-supertonic and the subtly unexpected command of what might superficially be termed anticipated harmonic colour reveal a

composer in total command of his material, and Dodgson's masterly control of pacing and structure are those of a genuine composer of occasionally superlative gifts.

It is true that Dodgson's post-Second World War discovery of the music of Leos Janáček was a liberating factor in his own music, but it never descended into imitative gestures. The freedom that the Czech master's approach gave – allied, perhaps to a concurrent, if less-ardent, admiration for the music of Martinů in its structural control – was wholly positive, lending to Dodgson's freer phraseology and harmonic subtlety, factors which are always germane to the musical argument and never applied arbitrarily.

Together with several other British composers of his generation, much of Stephen Dodgson's output remains unfairly neglected today, but music of such quality, and always so well written for the instruments for which it was created, cannot remain unknown for long. We are not so blessed today with composers of such craftsmanship and appeal as to deny ourselves the opportunity of coming into contact with such civilised and expressive musical art as his contains.

Dodgson's songs, of which John Warrack writes in his accompanying note, encapsulate – as one might expect – much of the composer's natural expressive language, but as we have implied, an equally significant – and larger – part of Dodgson's output is to be found in his orchestral, chamber and instrumental work. There surely can be little-doubt that it was Dodgson's frequent employment by the BBC and the demands of behind-the-scenes broadcasting that tended to cause his work not to take its rightful place in

public or critical estimation. Much the same can be said of the music of Dodgson's contemporary, Robert Simpson: it was Simpson's 30-year-career as a BBC Third Programme producer and television pundit that tended to detract from his concurrent serious creative compositional work – any broadcasts of both composers' music was regarded enviously, and unfairly, as 'jobs-for-the-boys': it was not, and the original output of both Simpson and Dodgson suffered thereby.

If one also takes into account the concurrent (in those days) fashion for the overthrow of accepted forms, harmonic creativity and instrumental combinations, such as were to be found in the greater influence of Continental post-war artistic restructuring, it is clear from the distance of our perspective that any inherent rejection in post-1950 British music and music-making of what one might term, in its broader sense, a traditional compositional stance, would have made the output of such composers more readily sidelined through factors which have nothing to do with the quality of expressive musical invention or inherent communicative skill.

But genuine artists can only remain true to themselves: the false adoption of a fashionable stance is ultimately self-defeating, and in the songs of Stephen Dodgson, as well as in his other instrumental and orchestral output, we encounter, for our benefit and edification, the art of a truly creative figure, a composer of rare gifts whose music continues to speak with the freshness and vitality that distinguished the output of such an artist throughout his long and productive aesthetic life.

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Stephen Dodgson, born in 1924 of parents who were both artists, had his first composition lessons from Bernard Stevens, a sensitive but firm teacher with whom he worked further when he entered the Royal College of Music in 1946. Here he encountered Stephens's own teacher, R.O. Morris, whose textbooks on 16th-century counterpoint had influenced a whole generation of English composers.

He was also given tuition by Patrick Hadley, the amiable Cambridge Professor of Music, and by Antony Hopkins, and with them developed a more lyrical idiom closer to his own nature. These influences were enhanced by the encouragement of winning two Royal Philharmonic prizes, and a travelling scholarship that took him to Italy for a spell. Back in England, he took on a teaching post at the Royal College and began composing prolifically.

Though he composed chamber music for a wide variety of instruments, a particular interest was the guitar, inspired by Julian Bream. Not a guitarist himself, Dodgson became one of the country's most significant composers for the instrument. His energy and his fluency led to a rapidly expanding list of works for many instruments often in unexpected but skilfully manipulated combinations. An interest in pre-classical techniques was further strengthened by his marriage in 1959 to the harpsichordist and Couperin scholar Jane Clark. There were works for recorders and the harpsichord, sometimes in ensemble, and much else including seven piano sonatas, nine string quartets and nine *Essays* for orchestra.

Dodgson's interest in less well-known English poetry, and in folk and popular verse ranges from songs of his native London to, notably, Australian Bush

Ballads. Apart from the evergreen *Waltzing Matilda*, which has become something of an Australian national anthem, Bush Ballads are little known outside their native land. Some have been by local poets, some are anonymous but arising from the formation and population of Australia as a nation, and at first handed down vocally. Rather than using their conventional melodies, Dodgson makes use of his own melodic style, graceful, elegant or sharply original and witty, to express their mood or background, with expressive accompaniments, sometimes simple, sometimes richly chromatic.

The setting of **Four Poems of John Clare** (1793-1864) were written at the request of the tenor, Wilfred Brown, and guitarist, John Williams. They reflect the poet's attention, sharpened by his madness, to the beauty of nature but also its cruelty and sense of loss – "a peasant in his daily cares, a poet in his joy". The conflict was something in the comic 'Trotty Wagtail' or the absurd 'Turkeys' that troubled or amused Clare and in turn reflected the loss of love that haunted him all his life.

Mrs. Hen is a nursery rhyme of the simplest kind, calling in turn for the simplest melody and harmony. But in **Heaven-Haven**, subtitled 'A nun takes the veil', by Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-89), the simplicity is intense, yearned for but not yet achieved, with a turbulence of harmony and rhythm until gently converging scales in voice and piano meet in the final peacefulness of a pair of quietly fading notes.

The many volumes by Walter de la Mare (1873-1956) include *Peacock Pie* (1913), a collection of poems for children but often with a touch of the sinister as in **Five Eyes**.

The Monk and his Cat, written for Wilfrid Mellers, a passionate cat lover, to celebrate his 90th birthday, sets a ninth-century Irish poem originally found in the margins of an Austrian manuscript, the *Reichenau Primer*, that has attracted various translations, including by W.H. Auden and Seamus Heaney and, here, by Kuno Meyer (1858-1919). The monk is pursuing a difficult study, Pangur the cat is pursuing an elusive mouse, and each in turn is content when his goal is achieved. The recorder player is required to mew, to purr, to suggest various feline leaps and bounds and finally to make a playful pounce.

The first of the six songs of the present second series of Australian **Bush Ballads**, 'Meet Me in Botany Bay' (anon.), tells of the first journey made in the 18th century by a London convict serving a seven-year transportation sentence. His crime, the theft of a watch, is punished by the hard voyage, his separation from his Polly, then his landing at Botany Bay in New South Wales, and his final warning to others.

Adam Lindsay Gordon (1833-70), author of 'The Sick Stock Rider', is honoured in Australia for his active life as a policeman, a politician and a daring rider whose writings won him respect as representing "the beginnings of a national school of Australian poetry". His publications include *Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes* (1870).

'Holy Dan' and 'The Style in Which it's Done' are anonymous ballads, variously adapted for the composer's use. 'Old Harry' is by David Campbell (1915-79), poet, editor, rugby international, and flying ace. The author of 'The Parson and the Prelate', Victor J. Daley (1858-1905), left his native Ireland to settle in Australia where he made a career as an often satirical poet.

Originally two of a set of eight *Fanciful Pieces* dating from 1956, ***A Leaf in the River*** and ***Shrovetide Procession*** are two impressionistic pieces, the former suggesting an appreciation of Debussy.

Joseph Campbell, author of ***Irishry***, who wrote in his native Gaelge as Seosamh Mac Cathmhaoil, was born in Belfast in 1879. He was a founder of the Ulster Literary Theatre in 1904, and in 1905 moved to Dublin, where his play *Judgement* was performed at the Abbey Theatre in April 1912. He played a part in the Easter Rising of 1916, and was imprisoned during 1922-23. Moving to America in 1925, he worked at Fordham University, where he founded the School of Irish Studies in 1928. He returned to Ireland in 1939, and died in 1944.

Ezra Pound (1885-1972), regarded by many as the most influential poet of the 20th century and the guiding hand of colleagues as distinguished as T.S. Eliot, originally published the four poems in *Tideways* in his third, eccentric collection of poems, eclogues, and translations under the title *Personae* in 1909.

Gerard Manley Hopkins' poem ***Inversnaid*** refers to the picturesque corner of Loch Lomond by Arklet Falls, near the cave allegedly the hideout of the legendary Rob Roy. It makes use of dialect Scottish, as with "burn" for stream, or invented words such as "beadbony" for the beautiful scarlet berries on a rowan tree, in its plea for the survival of untainted nature. ***Slow, Slow, Fresh Fount***, included by Ben Jonson (1572-1637) in his play *Cynthia's Revels* (1600), is Echo's lament for her dead lover Narcissus.

John Warrack © 2022

FOUR POEMS OF JOHN CLARE

John Clare (1793-1864)

1 Trotty Wagtail

Little Trotty Wagtail ¹, he went in the rain,
And tittering, tottering sideways he ne'er got straight again.
He stooped to get a worm, and looked up to get ² a fly,
And then he flew away before ³ his feathers they were dry.

Little Trotty Wagtail, he waddled in the mud,
He ⁴ left his little footmarks, trample where he would.
He waddled in the water-pudge, and waggle went his tail,
And chirrup up his wings to dry upon the garden rail.

Little Trotty Wagtail, you nimble all about,
And in the dimpling water-pudge you waddle in and out;
Your home is nigh at hand, and in the warm pigstye,
So, little Master Wagtail, I'll bid you a good-bye.

NB Endnotes on pages 24-25

2 The Peasant Poet

He loved the brook's soft sound,
The swallow swimming by.
He loved the daisy-covered ground,
The cloud-bedappled sky.
To him the dismal storm appeared
The very voice of God;
And when the evening rack was reared
Stood Moses with his rod.
And everything his eyes surveyed,
The insects in the brake,
Were creatures God Almighty made,
He loved them for His sake—
A silent man in life's affairs,
A thinker from a boy,
A peasant in his daily cares,
A poet in his joy.

3 Turkeys

The turkeys wade the close to catch the bees
In the old border full of maple trees
And often lay away and breed and come
And bring a brood of chelping chickens home.
The turkey gobbles loud and drops his rag
And struts and sprunts his tail and then lets drag
His wing on ground and makes a huzzing noise,
Nauntles at passer-bye and drives the boys
And bounces up and flies at passer-bye.
The old dog snaps and grins nor ventures nigh.
Gobbling loud he drives them far away⁵;
They throw their sticks and kick and run away.

4 The Fox

The shepherd on his journey heard when nigh
His dog among the bushes barking high;
The ploughman ran and gave a hearty shout,
And⁶ found a weary fox and beat him out.

The ploughman laughed and would have ploughed him in
But the old shepherd took him for the skin.
He lay upon the furrow stretched for dead,
The old dog lay and licked the wounds that bled,
The ploughman beat him till his ribs would crack,
And then the shepherd slung him at his back;
But⁷ when he rested, to his dog's surprise,
The old fox started from his dead disguise;
And while the dog lay panting in the sedge
He up and snapped⁸ and bolted through the hedge,
⁹ And scampered to the bushes far away;
The shepherd called the ploughman to the fray;
The ploughman wished he had a gun to shoot.
The old dog barked and followed the pursuit.
The shepherd threw his hook and tottered past;
The ploughman ran but none could go so fast;
The woodman threw his faggot from the way
And ceased to chop and wondered at the fray.
But when he saw the dog and heard the cry
He threw his hatchet—but the fox was bye.¹⁰
He found a badger hole and bolted in.
They tried to dig, but, safe from danger's way,
He lived to chase the hounds another day.

5 Mrs Hen

Nursery rhyme

Mrs Hen, Mrs Hen, please do lay an egg
Instead of staying on your perch and standing on one leg.
You know it's very important that you should lay us three:
One for Mummy, one for Daddy, one for little me.

Mrs Hen, Mrs Hen, why are you so slow?
We want those eggs at supper time, stop strutting to and fro.
Now if you fail us, Mrs Hen, my daddy bids me say
He'll order cook to truss you up for lunch on Saturday.

Mrs Hen, Mrs Hen, failed us sad to tell.
We plucked her feathers one by one and struck a funeral knell.
She then lay in the larder until the fated day.
When she appeared with runners beans, bread sauce and such array.

Mrs Hen, Mrs Hen, eaten to the bone,
I tearfully must here confess the fault was all our own.
For Farmer George has told me, and in his words I trust,
"A hen can only lay three eggs a day if she do bust."

6 Heaven-Haven ¹¹

Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-89)

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where storms not ¹² come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

7 Five Eyes

Walter de la Mare (1873-1956)

In Hans' old Mill his three black cats
Watch the bins for the thieving rats.
Whisker and claw, they crouch in the night,
Their five eyes smouldering green and bright:
Squeaks from the flour sacks, squeaks from where
The cold wind stirs on the empty stair,
Squeaking and scampering, everywhere.

Then down they pounce, now in, now out,
At whisking tail, and sniffing snout;
While lean old Hans he snores away
Till peep of light at break of day;
Then up he climbs to his creaking mill,
Out come his cats all grey with meal –
Jekkel, and Jessup, and one-eyed Jill.

8 The Monk and his Cat

Anon. ancient Irish adapted from a translation by Kuno Meyer

I and my white Pangur
Have each his special part:
His mind is set on hunting mice,
Mine is set upon my special craft.

He points his full shining eye
against the fence of the wall.
I point my clear though feeble eye
against the keenness of science.
He rejoices with quick leaps
When in his sharp claws stick a mouse.
I too rejoice
when I have grasped a problem
difficult and dearly loved.

We two, all alone in our house,
We two have never-ending sport.
Though we are thus at all times,
Neither one of the two ever hinders the other.

I and my white Pangur
Have each his special part.

BUSH BALLADS (Second Series)

9 Meet Me in Botany Bay ¹³

Anon. late 19th century

Farewell to old England forever
Farewell to our rum-culls as well
Farewell to the well-loved Old Bailey
Where I used for to cut such a swell

Singing too-ra-lie, too-ra-lie, addity,
Singing too-ra-lie, too-ra-lie, aye,
Singing too-ra-lie, too-ra-lie, addity,
We're sailing for Botany Bay. ¹⁴

For fourteen long years I'm transported,
For fourteen long years and a day,
Just for meeting a cove in an ¹⁵ alley,
And stealing his ticker away.

Singing too-ra-lie, too-ra-lie, addity...

Oh, had I wings of a turtle-dove
I'd soar on my pinions so high
Slap bang to the arms of my Polly-love
And in her sweet bosom I'd die

Singing too-ra-lie, too-ra-lie, addity...

Now all you young dukies and duchesses,
Take warning from what I do say,
Mind all is your own as you toucheses,
Or you'll meet us in Botany Bay.

10 The Sick Stockrider

Adam Lindsay Gordon (1833-70)

Hold hard, Ned! Lift me down once more, and lay me in the shade.
Old man, you've had your work cut out to guide
Both horses, and to hold me in the saddle when I swayed,
All through the hot, slow, sleepy, silent ¹⁶ ride. ¹⁷

I've had my share of pastime, and I've had ¹⁸ my share of toil, ¹⁹
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
For good undone and gifts misspent and resolutions vain
'Tis somewhat late to trouble.
Hold hard, Ned! Lift me down once more.

Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blossoms wave,
With never stone or rail to fence my bed;
And ²⁰ should the sturdy station children pull the blush flowers on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping overhead.

11 Holy Dan

Anon.

It was in the Queensland drought
That the bullock teams drew up.
They'd struggled on for days
To reach the stinking water-hole.²¹

Two of the drivers cursed and swore
As only drivers can.

The other one, named Daniel,
Best known as Holy Dan,
Admonished them and said it was
The Lord's all-wise decree;
And if they'd only watch and wait,
A change they'd quickly see.

'Twas strange that of Dan's bullocks
Not one had gone aloft,
But this, he said, was due to prayer
And supplication oft.
At last one died but Dan was calm,
He hardly seemed to care;
He knelt beside the bullock's corpse
And offered up a prayer.

"One bullock Thou has taken, Lord,
And so it seemeth best.
Thy will be done, but see my need
And spare to me the rest!"

A month went by. Dan's bullocks now
Were dying every day,²²

And still they camped beside the hole,
And still it never rained,
And still Dan's bullocks died and died,
Till only one remained.
Then Dan broke down – good Holy Dan –
The man who never swore.²³

"That's nineteen Thou has taken, Lord,
And now you'll plainly see
you'd better take the bloody lot,
One's no damn good to me."
The other drivers laughed so much
They shook the sky around;
The lightning flashed, the thunder roared,
And Holy Dan was drowned.

12 The Style in Which It's Done

Anon. c.1900

Friend Draper steals ten thousand pounds,
And gets three years in gaol;
While Devil Dick gets seventeen
For sticking up the mail.
One punishment is over
When the other's just begun,
Which shows how much depends upon
The style in which it's done.

13 Old Harry²⁴

David Campbell (1915-79)

I sat beside the red stock route
And chewed a blade of bitter grass
And saw in mirage on the plain
A bullock wagon pass.
Old Harry Pearce was with his team.
"The flies are bad," I said to him.

The leaders felt his whip. It did
Me good to hear Old Harry swear,
And in the heat of noon it seemed
His bullocks walked on air.
Suspended in the amber sky
They hauled the wool to Gundagai.

He walked in Time across the plain,
And old man walking on the air,
For years he wandered in my brain;
And now he lodges there²⁵.
And he may drive his cattle still
When Time with us had had his will.

14 The Parson and the Prelate

Victor J Daley (1858-1905)

I saw a Parson on a bike –
A parody on things –
His coat-tails flapped behind him like
A pair of caudal wings.

What perched him on a wheel at all,
And made him race and rip?
Had he, perchance, a sudden call
To some rich rectorship?

I saw a Prelate, plump and fine,
Who gleamed with sanctity;
He was the finest-groomed divine
That you could wish to see.

And in a carriage fine and fair
He lounged in lordly ease.

And whither went he, and what for,
With all this pomp and show?
He went to see the Governor,
And that is all I know.

But in a vision of the night,
I saw him once again.

He sat ungaitered, and undone,
A picture of dismay –
His carriage was too broad to run
Along the Narrow Way.

But, with his coat-tails flapping like
Black caudal wings in wrath,
I saw the Parson on the bike
Sprint up the Shining Path.

Tracks 15 and 16 are for solo piano

IRISHRY

Joseph Campbell (1904-87)

17 Tinkers ²⁹

Brazenly he passes gap and gate,
A pace in front of her he calls his mate.

Drunk and battered, she, with a little eye,
She hitches up her tins and totters by.

No floor has she to sweep, no clan to care,
No cloths to spread and bleach in the open air.

No yoke has he, no plough to call his own,
No lambing-fold, no barn of lime-washed stone.

No corn to lodge and rot when the rain falls:
His strolling tinker's soul is free of walls.

The hill gods are theirs, from rock and pine:
The hearth gods, the valley gods are mine.

18 The Midwife

A car will go for Essy, but it ³⁰ will not fetch her back:
And from the Cooley mountains it is a windy track.
A woman's taken in labour between the night and day:
And God is in His Heaven, but Heaven's far away.
And so the cry is, "Essy!" ³¹ "Let the midwife come!
We'll send a car for Essy, but none to take ³² her home."
She's started on her journey up through the windy air,
And to the heavy woman she brings a woman's care.
A man-child is delivered upon the stroke of two:
The caul is kept for fortune, and Essy takes her due–

A brand new two-and-sixpence, and such food as is spread:
And on the mare that's Shanks³³ she jogs back to her bed.
Boys grow to men and marry, and till their bit of ground:
And women bear them children, and so the world goes round.

[19] The Mill Girl

Gehenna's stones have ground
The redness from her cheek,
The beauty from her eye.
The hills are shut to her,
The unsullied grass,
The racing cloud;
And like an outcast thing
She passes by,
Hiding her travail
In a shawl.

[20] Rags and Bones³⁴

Rattle, rattle over the stones,
Rags and bones, rags and bones;
Blue balloons, and a dirty old man
Who never was washed since time began.

Round and round, and to and fro,
And up and down the whirligigs go;
And the blue-skinned bubbles fuss and fret
For lack of room in the ragman's net.

TIDEWAYS

Ezra Pound (1885-1972)

[21] Psyche³⁵

All night, and as the wind lieth among
The cypress trees, he lay,
Nor held me save as air that brusheth by one
Close, and as the petals of flowers in falling
Waver and seem not drawn to earth, so he
Seemed over me to hover light as leaves
And closer me than air,
And music flowing through me seemed to open
Mine eyes upon new colours.
O winds, what wind can match the weight of him!

[22] The Needle

Come, or the stellar tide will slip away.
Eastward avoid the hour of its decline,
Now! for the needle trembles in my soul!

Here we have had our vantage, the good hour.
Here we have had our day, your day and mine.
Come now, before this power
That bears us up, shall turn against the pole.

Mock not the flood of stars, the thing's to be.
O Love, come now, this land turns evil slowly.
The waves bore in, soon they bear away.

The treasure is ours, make we fast land with it.
Move we and take the tide, with its next favour,
Abide
Under some neutral force
Until this course turneth aside.

23 The Gypsy

That was the top of the walk, when he said:
"Have you seen any others, any of our lot,
"With apes or bears?"

– A brown upstanding fellow
Not like the half-castes,
up on the wet road near Clermont.
The wind came, and the rain,
And mist clotted about the trees in the valley,
And I'd the long ways behind me,
gray Arles and Biaucaire,
And he said, "Have you seen any of our lot?"

I'd seen a lot of his lot ...
ever since Rhodez,
Coming up ³⁶ from the fair
of St. John,
With caravans, but never an ape or a bear.

24 Δωρία (Doria)

Be in me as the eternal moods
of the bleak wind, and not
As transient things are –
gaiety of flowers.
Have me in the strong loneliness
of sunless cliffs
And of grey waters.
Let the gods speak softly of us
In days hereafter,
The shadowy flowers of Orcus
Remember thee.

25 Inversnade

Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-89)

This darksome burn, horseback brown,
His rollrock highroad roaring down,
In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam
Flutes and low to the lake falls home.
A windpuff-bonnet of fawn-froth
Turns and twindles over the broth
Of a pool so pitchblack, fell-frowning,
It rounds and rounds Despair to drowning.
Degged with dew, dappled with dew,
Are the groins of the braes that the brook treads through,
Wiry heathpacks, flitches of fern,
And the beadbonny ash that sits over the burn.
What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

26 Slow, Slow, Fresh Fount

Ben Jonson (1572-1637)

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keepe time with my salt teares;
Yet slower, yet, O faintly, gentle springs!
List to the heavy part the musique beares,
Woe weeps out her division, when shee sings.
Droope herbs and floweres;
Fall grieffe in showers;
Our beauties are not ours.
O, I could still
(Like melting snow upon some craggy hill)
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.

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- 1 Original poem: lower-case "Trotty Wagtail" where Dodgson makes it his 'name'
 - 2 Other editions of the poem: "catch a fly" but Dodgson's 1920 edition, which was stated as "chiefly from the manuscript", has "get a fly"
 - 3 Original poem: "ere his feathers"
 - 4 Original poem: "And left"
 - 5 Original poem: "He gobbles loud and drives the boys from play"
 - 6 Original poem: "He found"
 - 7 Original poem: "And when"
 - 8 Original poem: "snap"
 - 9 Original poem has full stop, new stanza and "He scampered" where Dodgson changes it to comma and "And" with the music continuing in one single lively action

- 10 Dodgson omits the line "The shepherd broke his hook and lost the skin;"
- 11 Original poem has the subtitle "A nun takes the veil"
- 12 Original poem: "no storms come"
- 13 Original poem title: 'Farewell to Old England'
- 14 Here Dodgson omits two verses from his source *The Penguin Book of Australian Ballads*
- 15 Original poem: "the alley"
- 16 Original poem: "slow, sleepy, silent ride"
- 17 Here Dodgson omits multiple verses from his source *The Penguin Book of Australian Ballads*
- 21 This section based loosely on lines taken across the first two stanzas of the poem in *The Penguin Book of Australian Ballads*
- 22 Dodgson omits 6 lines from original poem here
- 23 Dodgson omits 2 lines from original poem here
- 24 Original poem title 'Harry Pearce'
- 25 Dodgson changed "here" (in *The Penguin Book of Australian Ballads*) to "there", which also aligns with other sources and correctly rhymes with "air"
- 26 Dodgson omits verses 2, 4 and 6 from the original poem
- 27 Dodgson omits 2 lines here
- 28 Dodgson omits 2 lines and rewrites the last
- 29 Original poem title: 'The Tinkers'
- 30 Original poem: "but will not"
- 31 Dodgson omits "and" here
- 32 Original poem: "fetch her home"
- 33 Original poem: "Shanks's"
- 34 Original poem title: 'The Ragman'
- 35 Original poem title: 'Speech for Psyche'
- 36 Original poem: "coming down"

Irish soprano **AILISH TYNAN** won the 2003 Rosenblatt Recital Song Prize at BBC Cardiff Singer of the World. Ailish was a member of the prestigious Vilar Young Artist Programme at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden and a BBC New Generation Artist.

Ailish established herself with operatic roles including Gretel, *Hänsel und Gretel* (Royal Opera, Welsh National Opera, Scottish Opera); Madame Cortese, *Il viaggio a Reims*, Marzelline, *Fidelio* and Madame Podtoshina's Daughter, *The Nose* (Royal Opera); Vixen, *The Cunning Little Vixen* and Mimì, *La bohème* (Grange Park Opera); Tigrane, *Radamisto* (English National Opera); Papagena, *Die Zauberflöte* (Teatro alla Scala, Royal Opera); Despina, *Così fan tutte* (Garsington Opera, Théâtre du Capitole de Toulouse); Héro, *Béatrice et Bénédict* (Houston Grand Opera, Opéra Comique, Grand Théâtre de la Ville de Luxembourg); Sophie, *Der Rosenkavalier*, Nannetta, *Falstaff* and Atalanta, *Xerxes* (Royal Swedish Opera); and Miss Wordsworth, *Albert Herring* (Opéra Comique, Opéra de Rouen).

Notable concert appearances include Mahler Symphony No.8 (Dresdner Philharmonie, Frankfurt Radio Symphony Orchestra, Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, Philharmonia Orchestra); Mahler Symphony No.4 (Prague Symphony Orchestra, Hallé Orchestra); Mahler



Photograph: Benjamin Ealovega

Symphony No.2 (Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra); Britten *War Requiem* (RTÉ National Symphony Orchestra); and Handel *Messiah* (Academy of Ancient Music).

Ailish is a passionate recitalist performing internationally with pianists including Iain Burnside, James Baillieu, Graham Johnson and Simon Lepper. Her numerous recordings include *Fauré Melodies* (Opus Arte); *Nacht und Träume* (Delphian); *An Irish Songbook* (Signum); and *Airs from another Planet* (Delphian).

Winner of the Dame Joan Sutherland Audience Prize at Cardiff Singer of the World 2019, British mezzo-soprano **KATIE BRAY** has become known for her magnetic stage presence and gleaming, expressive tone.

Roles for Opera North include Hansel (*Hansel and Gretel*), Rosina (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*), Varvara (*Katya Kabanova*). She has also sung with Irish National Opera in the title role of *Griselda*; English National Opera as Daughter (*Akhmat*)



Photograph: Tim Dunk

and in *The Way Back Home*; Scottish Opera as Lucilla (*La scala di seta*); Welsh National Opera: Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*); Opera Holland Park: Mallika (*Lakmé*); English Touring Opera: Zenobia (*Radamisto*), Minerva (*Il ritorno d'Ulisse in patria*) and Satirino (*La Calisto*); Grimeborn Festival as Charlotte (*Werther*); and with Garsington Opera as Zulma (*L'italiana in Algeri*), Zaida (*Il turco in Italia*), and most recently Isolier (*Le Comte Ory*), for which she received great acclaim.

Equally at home on the concert platform, Katie has performed in prestigious venues such as Wigmore Hall, Cadogan Hall, and the Holywell Music Room. Recent highlights include a semi-staged version of Wolf's *Italienisches Liederbuch* with Christopher Glynn and Roderick Williams at Milton Court Concert Hall and Ryedale Festival.

Katie is particularly noted for baroque repertoire and has appeared with Barokksolistene and Bjarte Eike, Monteverdi Choir directed by Sir John Eliot Gardiner, La Nuova Musica directed by David Bates, and the London Handel Orchestra directed by Laurence Cummings.

Recent and future highlights include concerts at the Oxford Lieder Festival, Viardot200 Festival, with the Irish Baroque Orchestra, BBC National Orchestra of Wales/Jac van Steen, Scottish Chamber Orchestra/Peter Whelan, *Messiah* for the Hallé, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at the Barbican and a major role in Garsington Opera's 2023 Festival.

Katie graduated as a Karaviotis Scholar from the Royal Academy of Music in London, and was awarded the Principal's Prize and First Prize in the Richard Lewis Singing Competition.

Tenor **JAMES GILCHRIST** began his working life as a doctor, turning to a full-time music career in 1996. His musical interest was fired at a young age, singing in the choir of New College, Oxford and as a choral scholar at King's College, Cambridge.

His extensive concert repertoire has seen him perform in the world's major concert halls with renowned conductors including Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Sir Roger Norrington, Harry Bicket, Harry Christophers and the late Richard Hickox. Considered a master of English music, he is equally at home in Baroque repertoire – Bach's *St John* and *St Matthew Passions* feature prominently in his schedule.

Highlights have included Rev. Adams in Britten's *Peter Grimes* with Bergen Philharmonic and Edward Gardner in performances at the Edinburgh International Festival, Royal Festival Hall, Grieghallen and Den Norske Opera, as well as Haydn's *Creation* for a staged production with Garsington Opera and Ballet Rambert, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* with Gothenburg Symphony and Masaaki Suzuki, and a return to King's College, Cambridge to perform *St Matthew Passion* as part of Stephen Cleobury's final Easter week as Director of Music.

James' impressive discography includes recordings of *Albert Herring* (title role), Vaughan Williams' *Songs of Travel*, and solo disc *Solitude* with pianist and long-time collaborator Anna Tilbrook, including a new work by Jonathan Dove, all for Chandos Records. For Linn Records, *St John Passion* with the AAM, Vaughan Williams' *On Wenlock Edge*, and Britten's *Winter Words*, and his



Photograph: Patrick Allen

critically-acclaimed recordings of Schubert's song cycles for Orchid Classics. For SOMM Recordings, he has sung Hubert Parry's *English Lyrics* and songs by Penelope Thwaites.

jamesgilchrist.co.uk

 @JamesTenorGilch

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, Michael 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 Covent Garden, and productions with Cologne Opera, English National Opera and Netherlands Opera.



Photograph: Benjamin Ealovega

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

He recently completed a three-year odyssey of the Schubert song cycles culminating in performances at the Wigmore Hall and has subsequently recorded them for Chandos. Future releases include more Schubert as well as works by Vaughan Williams.

He was Artistic Director of Leeds Lieder in April 2016, is Artist in Residence for the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra from 2020/21 for two seasons and won the RPS Singer of the Year award in May 2016. He was awarded an OBE in June 2017.

grovesartists.com/artist/roderick-williams/

 @RGCWbaritone

MARK EDEN is better known as one half of the Eden-Stell Guitar Duo, formed with Chris Stell in 1989 for the sole purpose of performing Stephen Dodgson's *Promenade* for a festival celebrating Stephen's music hosted by the Royal Academy of Music. The Duo continued their partnership and their close connection to Stephen's music with performances of duos *Pastorale* (Park Lane Trust), *River Song* (RAM Festival), and the Concertino for Strings and two guitars; *Les Dentelles* (Presteigne Festival and South Bank Centre). Mark and Chris recently featured on a recording of Stephen's Chamber Works with guitar for Naxos playing the solo guitars in *The Selevan Story*.



Photograph: Gemma Klein

Mark studied at the Royal Academy of Music, graduating with DipRAM, Julian Bream Prize, and Principal's Prize for Achievement. He debuted at Wigmore Hall and the Southbank Centre in 1994, has featured on nine CDs for BGS and Naxos with the Eden-Stell Guitar Duo and VIDA Guitar Quartet. The Duo were only the second guitarists to be Editor's Choice in *Gramophone* magazine after Julian Bream with their recording of works by Stephen Dodgson.

Mark is artistic director of the Winchester Guitar Festival and the Dillington Festival. He is an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music in recognition of his performing achievements, teaches guitar at the Royal Birmingham Conservatoire, and is a D'Addario string artist.

IAN WILSON is the principal recorder professor at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama, Head of Woodwind at Eton College and is visiting recorder specialist at the North East of Scotland Music School in his hometown of Aberdeen.

He is a founder member of the recorder quartet The Flautadors, with whom he has recorded five highly acclaimed albums and, in 2021, premiered Cheryl Frances-Hoad's *Pieces of Light*, a work commissioned to celebrate the group's 20th anniversary.



Photograph: David Bebbler

In recent years he has performed as a soloist with orchestras including the Dunedin Consort, Korean Symphony Orchestra, Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, Helsinki Baroque Orchestra and Irish Baroque Orchestra, and he performs regularly with The Sixteen, English National Opera, Arcangelo and the Early Opera Company.

As a chamber musician, Ian has performed in many European festivals including the Auvergne and Innsbruck Early Music Festivals, the Edinburgh Festival, Skálholt Festival in Iceland, Oxford Lieder festival and the BBC Proms. Outside

classical music, Ian can be heard on the latest albums by singer-songwriter Vashti Bunyan and the band Paris Motel.

In 2008 he was the subject of a documentary for the Icelandic National Broadcasting Service and in 2010, Ian had the pleasure of teaching Janet Street-Porter for the Sky Arts programme *First Love*.

He is a Fellow of the Higher Education Academy and in 2016 had the title of Professor conferred upon him by the Guildhall School in recognition of his work within the institution.

CHRISTOPHER GLYNN is a Grammy award-winning pianist and accompanist, working with leading singers, instrumentalists and ensembles in concerts, broadcasts and recordings throughout the world. He is also Artistic Director of the Ryedale Festival, programming around 60 events each year in the many beautiful and historic venues of Ryedale, North Yorkshire.

Praised for his “breathtaking sensitivity” (*Gramophone*), “irrepressible energy, wit and finesse” (*The Guardian*) and “revelatory performances” (*BBC Music Magazine*), Chris has appeared in recital with singers including Sir Thomas Allen, John Mark Ainsley, Benjamin Appl, Claire Booth, Ian Bostridge, Allan Clayton, Dame Sarah Connolly, Joshua Ellicott, Bernarda Fink, Dame Emma Kirkby, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Christiane Karg, Jonas Kaufmann, Dame Felicity

Lott, Christopher Maltman, Mark Padmore, Ian Partridge, Rowan Pierce, Joan Rodgers, Kate Royal, Kathryn Rudge, Nicky Spence, Toby Spence, Bryn Terfel, Sir John Tomlinson, Robin Tritschler, Ailish Tynan, Roderick Williams and many others. He also performs with many well-known instrumentalists and chamber ensembles; with choirs including The Sixteen; and on historic pianos with artists including Rachel Podger.

Chris grew up in Leicester, read music at New College, Oxford, and studied piano with John Streets and Malcolm Martineau. He was awarded the accompaniment prize in the 2001 Kathleen Ferrier competition, the 2002 Geoffrey Parsons Award and the 2003 Gerald Moore Award. In 2021, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music.

Recent appearances include Wigmore Hall, Carnegie Hall, BBC Proms, Edinburgh, Aldeburgh, Oxford Lieder and Leeds Lieder festivals, Royal Opera House, Barbican, Southbank Centre, Concertgebouw Amsterdam and Vienna Konzerthaus. He is regularly heard on BBC Radio 3 and has made many acclaimed recordings. In 2015, he founded the *Polyhymnia* project to bring classical song to a wider audience, initially by commissioning new English translations by Jeremy Sams of song cycles by Schubert, Schumann and Wolf.



Photograph: Benjamin Ealovega