

SOMM
RECORDINGS



Folk Songs

OF THE BRITISH ISLES

Includes *The Last Rose of Summer*,
Down by the Salley Gardens and
The Foggy, Foggy Dew



Folk Songs of the British Isles

This selection of folksongs has been conceived as a circular tour of the British Isles, beginning in Ireland, moving across to Scotland, progressing down through Northumbria into East Anglia, and crossing England into Wales. From there we come back into the heart of England and Shakespeare country, former home of Simon Rattle's Principal Viola with the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Gwyn Williams, in whose memory a Bursary to assist young string players has been founded, and to which proceeds from this disc will be donated.

The very nature of folksong implies the possibility of variants in text, spelling of transcribers' names from far in the mists of time, and even musical detail. This diversity exemplifies the living, breathing heritage of folksong down the ages.

She Moved Through the Fair

The words for this traditional Irish song were first set down in 1909, but the tale is timeless. A young man admires his love as she sways through the crowds, and looks forward to taking her hand in marriage. The marriage never happens; she has vanished from his life.

The Lark in the Clear Air

There is some confusion as to the origin of this beautiful melody. Some sources trace it back to an air entitled *The Taylor*, while others attribute it to *Cathleen Nowlan*, an 18th-century rebel song. Whatever the music's provenance, it became a firm favourite after the Belfast writer Samuel Ferguson (1810-86) added words. Ferguson was a barrister in his day-job. For all his contribution, the music is equally as beautiful without the words.

The Short Cut to the Rosses

Norah Hopper Chesson (1871-1906) set these verses to an old Donegal air. The words tell of enchantment and ensnarement, and warn other young men not to become so bewitched. Offspring of an Irish father and Welsh mother, her poetry breathed a Celtic quality which caught the attention of W.B. Yeats.

Sí Bheag Sí Mor

In *Gaeilge*, Irish Gaelic, the title means “small fairy mound, big fairy mound”, and the song tells of a mythical battle between two sets of fairies. Mistranslations, not least into American, have heaped confusion upon understanding of the song.

Give Me Your hand

There are so many apocryphal stories attached to this tune, but they all seem to involve blind Irish harpists and Scottish aristocracy. Perhaps the most persuasive is the account of how the blind harpist Ruaidrí Dáil Ó Catháin (Rory Dall O’Cahan), whose existence recent research has disputed, found himself in 1603 at Eglinton Castle in Ayrshire, and took offence at Lady Eglinton’s peremptory manner towards him. She later apologised, and this composition was the result.

The Last Rose of Summer

This is one of the great Irish poet Thomas Moore’s best-loved poems, written in 1805 at Jenkinstown Castle in County Kilkenny after being inspired by seeing a specimen there of Rosa ‘Old Blush’. It was set to a traditional tune, *The Young Man’s Dream*, transcribed in 1792.

Down by the Salley Gardens

The words are by William Butler Yeats, published in *The Wanderings of Oisín and other Poems* in 1889. He indicated that it was “an attempt to reconstruct an old song from three lines imperfectly remembered by an old peasant woman in the village of Ballisodare, Sligo, who often sings them to herself”. This may have been the ballad *The Rambling Boys of Pleasure*.

The Salley Gardens probably refer to the banks of the river at Ballysadare, near Sligo, where the residents cultivated roof-thatching materials. The Irish name for the *Salix* (Willow) is *saileach*. Benjamin Britten made this arrangement in 1943.

O Can Ye Sew Cushions

This Scottish children's song was included in *The Songs of Scotland*, collected by P. Ross, printed in 1893. An English variant was published in *Country Life* magazine in 1905. The arrangement here is another one made by Benjamin Britten.

My Love is Like a Red, Red rose

Robert Burns wrote this world-famous poem in 1794, and it was soon set to music by a variety of Scottish composers, including Peter Urbani (1797) and the renowned violinist Niel Gow (1799). It was not, however, until it was set to the ancient Scottish tune *Low Down in the Broom* in 1821 that it achieved international fame. Burns may already have nurtured this melody in his mind when writing the poem, for in 1793 he had written to the Edinburgh publisher George Thomson, "Low down in the broom, in my opinion, deserves more properly a place among your lively and humorous Songs".

Skye Boat Song

The origins of this folksong are far less murky than most, as its provenance is comparatively recent, dating from the late 19th century. It recalls the journey made, with the aid of Flora MacDonald, by Prince Charles Edward Stuart ('Bonnie Prince Charlie') from Benbecula to the Isle of Skye as he evaded capture by government troops after his defeat at the Battle of Culloden in 1746. He eventually made it to exile in France.

The Baronet, Sir Harold Boulton, composed the lyrics to an air collected by Anne Campbell MacLeod in the 1870s. In 1885, judging the Jacobite airs to be "unworthy", Robert Louis Stevenson attempted a new set of verses "more in harmony with the plaintive tune".

Ye Banks and Braes

With words again by Robert Burns, written in 1791, the song, also known as *The Banks O' Doon*, tells the story of Margaret (Peggy) Kennedy (1766-95), who was seduced and then abandoned by Andrew McDouall, son of a wealthy family and sometime Member of Parliament for Wigtonshire. This was Burns' third attempt at the lyrics, which he set to the air *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight*. Burns had actually met Peggy when she was 18, after which he wrote the poem *Young Peggy Blooms*.

The Rowan Tree

Set to an unidentified tune, the lyrics were written by Perthshire-born Carolina Oliphant, Lady Nairne (1766-1845), a songwriter and collector of Scottish songs, some of which have been attributed to Robert Burns or Walter Scott. *The Rowan Tree* appeared in R.A. Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, published in 1822.

Dance te Thi Daddy

Alternatively known as *When the Boat Comes In* (the title of a popular BBC television series in the 1970s which used it as its title-music), this is a song which has become firmly associated with the North East of England and Newcastle upon Tyne in particular. An early source for the lyrics, Joseph Robson's *Songs of the Bards of the Tyne*, published in 1849, states that they were written by William Watson around 1826.

Blaydon Races

Another song closely associated with Geordie-land, this quasi-folksong was written in 1862 by the Music Hall performer Geordie Ridley, and is a travelogue of the journey to Blaydon in Gateshead, a distance of about four miles from Newcastle upon Tyne. The annual races took place on the Stella Haugh, a meadow a mile west of Blaydon. The song has become an anthem for Newcastle United Football Club and Durham County Cricket Club. On this recording Kevin Whately sings along with himself in the choruses.

Blow the Wind Southerly

The words of this traditional folksong from Northumberland speak for themselves, telling of a woman desperately hoping for a favourable wind to blow her seafaring lover back home to her. Its first appearance was in the 1834 publication *The Bishoprick Garland* by Cuthbert Sharp. A new arrangement was published in the 1882 *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, and yet another in *Songs and Ballads of Northern England* a decade later.

Sweet Polly Oliver

First traced to 1840, and set to an anonymous melody, this broadside ballad (a crude form of journalism narrating actual events) is one of several telling of girls dressing themselves up in military gear to sign up and serve alongside their lovers. A gruesome variant to this song is *The Cruel Ship's Carpenter*, in which the lover murders and buries his pregnant girlfriend and runs away to sea – where her ghost haunts the ship. The arrangement here is another of Benjamin Britten's, with the hands chasing each other in imitation on the piano.

Oliver Cromwell

MP for Huntingdon, Oliver Cromwell became Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England after the execution of King Charles I brought the Civil War to an end. This satirical song came into existence after his demise, the failure of his son Richard's short spell in power, and the Restoration of the Monarchy. Britten's deft arrangement picks up the cheekiness of the concluding line.

English Folk Song

Though not an authentic folk song, these verses by the comic and visionary Spike Milligan do convey all the sentiment and structure of its role models. He wrote the words for his friend Duncan Lamont, jazz saxophonist and band-leader, to set.

Can yr Arad Goch

This *Song of the Red Plough* was written by John Ceiriog Hughes, “the Robert Burns of Wales” (1832-87) as a tribute to his mentor, Alun Mahon, the embodiment of all that was fine in Welsh rural life. It was set to music by Idris Lewis (1889-1952) who played an important part in the musical activities of BBC Wales.

Myfanwy

This emotional song tells of the poet’s bidding farewell to his childhood sweetheart who no longer returns his love; the name itself is derived from the Welsh “annwyl” (“beloved”). It was composed by Joseph Parry to words by Richard Davies and published in 1875. Some sources say Parry had his own childhood sweetheart, Myfanwy Llywellyn, in mind. The arrangement on this recording is by John Quirk, currently active as a conductor, composer and arranger for stage, concert-hall and television, chiefly in Wales.

The Foggy, Foggy Dew

Though there is nothing specifically Welsh about this well-loved song, the events it retells could happen anywhere, and there are indeed several regional variants all over the United Kingdom. Earlier versions sing of the weaver protecting his loved one from the “bugaboo” (bogey-man), which became transmuted into the “foggy dew”. This is another of Benjamin Britten’s resourceful arrangements.

Bugail Aberdyfi

The Shepherd of Aberdovey is one of many songs written about this picturesque, tiny port on Cardigan Bay. Another is *The Bells of Aberdovey*, referring to the imagined sounds of submerged bells tolling in a legendary sunken kingdom nearby. *Bugail Aberdyfi*, is another of John Ceiriog Hughes’ poems which has attracted the attention of more than one anonymous composer over time.

My Little Welsh Home

This much-recorded song was written by William Sydney Gwynn Williams (1896-1978), a musician and composer, also lecturer, author, editor and broadcaster. He was prominent in the foundation of the International Eisteddfod at Llangollen in Wales in 1947 and became its first musical director. From 1933 onwards Williams was heavily involved in the Welsh Folk Song Society.

Sosban Fach

Given here in another of John Quirk's arrangements, this song about a "little saucepan" is one of the best-known and most often sung songs in the Welsh language. It derives from a verse written by Mynyddog in 1873 as part of his song *Rheolau yr Aelwyd* ('Rules of the Home'), and was added to by Talog Williams, an accountant from Dowlais. The song catalogues the troubles of a harassed housewife.

We make no link between such a concept and the fact that *Sosban Fach* (the variant spelling proving the point of my opening remarks) is closely associated with Llanelli Rugby Football Club, and more recently, the Scarlets RFC. Llanelli's tin-plating industry led to Scarlet saucepans adorning the goalposts, and the utensils have been transferred to the clubs' new ground, Parc y Scarlets. Their official magazine is titled *Sosban*.

Drink to Me Only

Ben Jonson's poem *To Celia*, published in 1616, has been characterised as a synthesis of elements of classical poetry going back a millennium and a half. It has had a chequered history in its melodic settings; the first, now forgotten, was composed in 1756 by Elizabeth Turner; the tune to which it is now sung was composed by John Wall Callcott in or around 1790 as a glee for two trebles and bass, and subsequently arranged as a song by a Colonel Mellish (1777-1817).

The Oak and the Ash

An alternative title for this 17th-century ballad is *The North Country Maid*, telling as it does of the pull of the bright lights for naïve young creatures. The oak and ash were emblematic trees in the Druidic religion, and they cast an influence down the centuries. The song is identified as Northumbrian in Sir Walter Scott's novel *Rob Roy*.

Song for Gwyn

Though by no means a folksong, there is a pastoral quality to this song which sets the context for the entire reason lying behind this disc's existence.

Stephannie (co-Executive Producer of this disc) and Gwyn were both students at the Trinity College of Music in London, and these words tell of their first date, in Richmond Park, by the end of which they knew they were deeply, irrevocably in love. Despite an element of parental opposition, they were soon married, and lived happily together for 53 years before Gwyn succumbed to cancer.

My words tell of their love, and John Wilson's music conjures a magical, evocative atmosphere to recreate that special day.

Christopher Morley © 2023

acknowledgments

All the performers on this disc were friends of Gwyn Williams, and have given their services free in aid of the Bursary in his name.

Tracks 1, 3 and 6 with Caroline McCausland were recorded at The Old Smithy Studios, Worcs, and taken from her LP, *Songs for Gaia*, released on Happy Face Music, MMLP 1022, © 1984.

Texts

[1] **She Moved Through the Fair**

(Padraic Colum, 1881-1972)

My young love said to me, "My mother won't
mind,
And my father won't slight you for your lack of
kind".
And she stepped away from me and this she
did say:
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding day".

She stepped away from me and she moved
through the fair,
And fondly I watched her move here and
move there.
And then she went homeward with one star
awake,
And the swan in the evening moved over the
lake.
Last night she came to me, she came softly,
So softly she came that her feet made no din.
She laid her hand on me and this she did say:
"It will not be long, love, 'til our wedding day".

[3] **By the Short Cut to the Rosses**

(Nora Hopper Chesson, 1871-1906)

By the short cut to the Rosses a fairy girl I met,
I was taken by her beauty as a fish is in a net.
The fern uncurled to look at her, so very fair
was she,
Her hair as bright as the seaweed that blows in
from the sea.
By the short cut to the Rosses ('twas in the
month of May)
I heard the fairies piping, and they piped my
heart away;
They piped till I was mad with joy, but when I
was alone
I found my heart was piped away and in my
breast a stone.

By the short cut to the Rosses 'tis I'll go never
more,
Lest she should also steal my soul who stole
my heart before,
Lest she take my soul and crush it like a dead
leaf in her hand,
For the short cut to the Rosses is the road to
Fairyland.

[6] **The Last Rose of Summer**

(Thomas Moore, 1779-1852)

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming all alone,
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.
No flower of her kindred,
No rose bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem.
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep now with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.
So soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown
Oh! Who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

[7] **Down by the Salley Gardens**

(W.B. Yeats, 1865-1939)

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

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

[8] **O Can Ye Sew Cushions?**

(Scottish Trad.)

O can ye sew cushions? And can ye sew sheets?
And can ye sing ballulow when the bairn
greet's?
And hie and haw, birdie, and hie and haw lamb;
And hee and haw, birdie, my bonnie wee lamb!

Chorus:

Hieo, wiewo, what will I do wi' ye?
Black's the life that I lead wi' ye;
Many o' ye, little for to gi' ye.
Hieo, wiewo, what will I do wi' ye?

I placed my cradle on yon hilly top,
And aye as the wind blew, my cradle did rock.
Oh hush a-by baby, O baw lily loo,
And hee and baw, birdie, my bonnie wee doo.

Chorus

Hieo, wiewo, what will I do wi' ye?
Black's the life that I lead wi' ye;
Many o' ye, little for to gi' ye.
Hieo, wiewo, what will I do wi' ye?

[9] **My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose**

(Robert Burns, 1759-96)

O my love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my love is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry;
I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life still run.

And fare thee weel, my only love!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my love,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

[10] **Skye Boat Song**

(Sir Harold Edwin Boulton, 1859-1935)

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward! the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.
Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunderclaps rend the air;
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,
Follow they will not dare.

Chorus

*Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward! the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.*

[11] **Ye Banks and Braes**

(Robert Burns, 1759-96)

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care.
Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling birds
That wanton through the flowery thorn,
Ye mind me o' departed joys,

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed.

Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

Repeat Chorus

Many's the lad, fought on that day
Well the claymore who wield;
When the night came, silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.

Repeat Chorus

Burned are their homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.

Repeat Chorus

Departed, never to return.
Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree
But my fause lover stole my rose,
And Ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

[12] **The Rowan Tree**

(Carolina Oliphant, Lady Nairne, 1766-1845)

Oh rowan tree, oh rowan tree
Thou'lt aye be dear to me
Entwined thou art wi' many ties
O' hame and infancy
Thy leaves were aye the first of spring
Thy flowers the summer's pride
There was nae sic a bonnie tree
In a' the country side
Oh rowan tree!

How fair wert thou in summer time
Wi' a'thy clusters white
How rich and gay thy autumn dress,
Wi' berries red and bright!
On thy fair stem were mony names
Which now nae mair I see
But they're engraven on my heart,
Forgot they ne'er can be!
Oh rowan tree!

We sat aneath thy spreadin' shade
The bairnies round thee ran
They pu'd thy bonnie berries red,
And necklaces they strang
My mither, Oh! I see her still,
She smil'd our sports to see
Wi' little Jeannie on her lap,
And Jamie at her knee
Oh rowan tree!

Oh there arose my father's pray'r
In holy ev'ning's calm
How sweet was then my mother's voice,
In the martyrs' psalm
Now a' are gane!
We meet nae mair aneath the rowan tree
But hallow'd thoughts around thee twine
O' hame and infancy
Oh rowan tree!

[13] **Dance te thi Daddy**

(English Trad.)

O yummy little Jacky
Now Ah've smoked me backy
Let's have a bit of cracky
Till the boat comes in

Chorus:

*Dance te thi daddy, sing te thi mammy,
Dance te thi daddy, te thi mammy sing;
Dance te thi Daddy, my little laddie,
Dance te thi Daddy, my little man.
Thou shalt hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shalt hev a fishy when the boat comes in.*

Here's thy mutha hummin',
Like a canny woman;
Yonder comes thy fatha,
Drunk – he cannut stand.

Chorus:

*Dance te thi Daddy, sing te thi mammy,
Dance te thi Daddy, te thi Mammy sing.
Dance te thi Daddy, my little laddie,
Dance te thi Daddy, my little man.
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a haddock when the boat comes in*

Wor Tommy's aa'ways fuddling,
He's si fond of ale,
But he's kind te me,
I hope he'll nivor fail.

Chorus:

*Dance te thi Daddy, sing te thi mammy,
Dance te thi Daddy, te thi Mammy sing.
Dance te thi Daddy, my little laddie,
Dance te thi Daddy, my little man.
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a mackerel when the boat comes in.*

Ah like a drop mesel,
when Ah can get it sly,
And thou, me bonny bairn,
will like't as well as I

Chorus:

*Dance te thi Daddy, sing te thi mammy,
Dance te thi Daddy, te thi Mammy sing.
Dance te thi daddy, my little laddie.
Dance te thi Daddy, my little man.
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a bloater when the boat comes in.*

May we get a drop oft'
As we stand in need
And weel may the keel row
Brings the bairns their bread.

Chorus:
Dance te thi Daddy, sing te thi mammy,
Dance te thi Daddy, te thi Mammy sing.
Dance te thi daddy, my little laddie,
Dance te thi Daddy, my little man.
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a salmon, thou shall hev a haddock
Thou shall hev a mackerel, thou shall hev a bloater.
When, Hinny?
When the boat comes in.

[14] **Blaydon Races**

(George 'Geordie' Ridley, 1835-64)

Aa went to Blaydon Races, 'twas on the ninth of Joon,
Eiteen hundred an' sixty-two, on a summer's afternoon;
Aa tyuk the bus frae Balmbrá's, an' she wis heavy laden,
Away we went 'lang Collin'wood Street, that's on the road to Blaydon.

Chorus:
Oh! me lads, ye shud a' seen w'us gannin,
Passin' the folks along the road just as they were stannin'.
There were lots of lads and lasses there, aal wi' smiling faces,
Gannin' along the Scotswood Road to see the Blaydon Races.

We flew past Airmstrang's factory, and up to the 'Robin Adair',
Just gannin' doon te the railway bridge, the bus wheel flew off there.
The lassies lost their crinolines an' the veils that hide their faces,
An' aw got two black eyes an' a broken nose gannin' te Blaydon Races.

Repeat Chorus

When we gat the wheel put on away we went agyen,
But them as had their noses broke, they cam back ower hyem;
Sum went to the Dispensary an' uthers to Doctor Gibbs,
An' sum sought to the Infirmary to mend their broken ribs.

Repeat Chorus

When we gat to Paradise thor wes bonny gam begun;
Thor was fower-an-twenty on the bus, man, hoo they danced an' sung;
They called on me to sing a song, and sung them 'Paddy Fagan',
Aa danced a jig an' swung my twig that day aa went to Blaydon.

Repeat Chorus

We flew across the Chain Bridge reet into Blaydon toon,
The bellman he was callin' there, they call him Jackie Broom;
Aa saw him talkin' to sum cheps, an' them he was persuadin'
To gan an' see Geordie Ridley's show in the Mechanics' Hall at Blaydon.

Repeat Chorus

The rain it poor'd aall the day an' mayed the groond quite muddy,
Coffy Johnny had a white hat on –
They war shootin' "Whe stole the cuddy".
There wis spice stalls an' munkey shows an' aud wives selling ciders,
An' a chep wiv a hapenny roond aboot, shootin' "Noo, me lads, for riders".

Repeat Chorus.

[15] **Blow the Wind Southerly**

(English Trad.)

Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly
Blow the wind south o'er the bonnie blue sea
Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly
Blow bonnie breeze, my lover to me.

They told me last night there were ships in the offing
And I hurried down to the deep rolling sea
But my eye could not see it, wherever might be it,
The bark* that is bearing my lover to me.

Blow the wind southerly, southerly southerly
Blow the wind south that my lover may come;
Blow the wind southerly southerly southerly,
Blow, bonnie breeze, and bring him safe home.

I stood by the lighthouse the last time we parted,
The darkness came down o'er the deep rolling sea!
And no longer I saw the bright bark of my lover
Blow, bonnie breeze, and bring him to me.

Blow the wind southerly, southerly southerly
Blow bonnie breeze south o'er the bonnie blue sea
Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly
Blow bonnie breeze, my lover to me.

Is it not sweet to hear the breeze singing
As lightly it comes from the deep rolling sea
But sweeter and dearer by far when 'tis bringing
The bark of my true love in safety to me.

**A sailing barque*

[16] **Sweet Polly Oliver**

(English Broadside Ballad, c.1840)

As pretty Polly Oliver lay musing in bed,
A sudden strange fancy came into her head:
"Nor father nor mother shall make me false prove;
I'll 'list as a soldier and follow my love".

So early next morning she softly arose,
And dressed herself up in her dead brother's clothes.
She cut her hair close, and she stained her face brown,
And went for a soldier to fair London Town.

Then up spoke the sargeant one day at his drill.
"Now who's good for nursing? A captain, he's ill."
"I'm ready," said Polly. To nurse him she's gone,
And finds it's her true love all wasted and wan.

The first week the doctor kept shaking his head,
"No nursing, young fellow, can save him", he said.
But when Polly Oliver had nursed him back to life
He cried, "You have cherished him as if you were his wife".

O then Polly Oliver, she burst into tears
And told the good doctor her hopes and her fears.
And very shortly after, for better or for worse,
The Captain took joyfully his pretty soldier nurse.

From Bath came, that morning, the Earl riding by
And he sprang from his stirrup when he heard Polly's cry;
Her story she told when he said "On my life,
O pretty Polly Oliver, I'll make you my wife!"

[17] **Oliver Cromwell**

(Anon.)

Oliver Cromwell lay buried and dead,
Hee-haw, buried and dead,
There grew an old apple-tree over his head,
Hee-haw, over his head.
The apples were ripe and ready to fall,
Hee-haw, ready to fall,
There came an old woman to gather them all,
Hee-haw, gather them all.
Oliver rose and gave her a drop,
Hee-haw, gave her a drop,
Which made the old woman go hippety hop,
Hee-haw, hippety hop.
The saddle and bridle, they lie on the shelf,
Hee-haw, lie on the shelf,
If you want any more you can sing it yourself,
Hee-haw, sing it yourself.

[18] **English Folksong**

(Spike Milligan, 1918-2002)

My love and I went strolling
All in the month of May
We stopped as we heard
The sound of a bird
In a cornfield where we lay.

We heard a lark ascending
That shimmering summer morn
A silver song
That hung upon a field of barley corn.

Down along by Pevensey
To watch the grayling sea
The wash of waves
Like water's slaves
Then butter'd toast and tea
And when the moon had risen
And passion spent and gone
We slept on hay
'Till break of day
Was Christened by the dawn

And then he went to the factory
And I went to the mill
With the song we made
Still being played by the wind
On Gralley hill.

[19] **Cân yr Arad Goch**

(Idris Lewis, 1889-1952)

Os hoffech wybod sut
Mae dyn fel fi yn byw,
Mi ddysgais gan fy nhad
Grefft gyntaf dynol ryw;
Mi ddysgais wneyd y gors
Yn weirglodd ffrwythlon ir,
I godi daear las
Ar wyneb anial dir.

'Rwy'n gorwedd efo'r hwyr,
Ac yn codi efo'r wawr,
I ddilyn yr og,
ar ochr y Glog,
A chanlyn yr arad goch
Ar ben y mynydd mawr.

Cyn boddio ar eich byd,
Pa grefftwyr bynnag foch,
Chwi ddylech ddod am dro
Rhwnig cyn yr arad goch;

A pheidiwch meddwl fod
Pob pleser a mwynhad
Yn aros byth heb ddod
I fryniau ucha'r wlad.

'Rwy'n gorwedd efo'r hwyr, &c.

Song of the Red Plough

If you want to know
How a man like me lives,
I learned from my father
The earliest human craft;
I learned to make the bog
In a meadow fertile,
To raise the ground green
On the surface of desert land.

I lie down in the evening,
And rise with the dawn,
To follow the harrow
On the side of the hilltop,
And follow the red plough
Over the large mountain.

Before choosing your world,
Whatever craftsmen you are
You should come for a walk
Between the reins of the red plough;

And don't think that
All pleasures and enjoyment
Can't be found on
Our country's highest slopes.

I lie down in the evening, etc.

[20] **Myfanwy**

(Joseph Parry, 1841-1903)

Paham mae dicter, O Myfanwy,
Yn llenw'th lygaid duon di?
A'th ruddiau tirion, O Myfanwy,
Heb wrido wrth fy ngweled i?
Pa le mae'r wên oedd ar dy wefus
Fu'n cynnau 'nghhariad ffyddlon ffôl?
Pa le mae sain dy eiriau melys,
Fu'n denu'n nghalon ar dy ôl?

Pa beth a wneuthum, O Myfanwy
I haeddu gwg dy ddwyrudd hardd?
Ai chwarae oedd it, O Myfanwy
Â thanau euraidd serch dy fardd?
Wyt eiddo im drwy gywir amod
Ai gormod cadw'th air i mi?
Ni cheisïaf fyth mo'th law, Myfanwy,
Heb gael dy galon gyda hi.

Myfanwy boed yr holl o'th fywyd
Dan heulwen ddisglair canol dydd.
A boed i rosyn gwridog iechyd
I ddawnsio ganmlwydd ar dy rudd.
Anghofia'r oll o'th addewidion
A wneist i rywun, 'ngeneth ddel,
A dyro'th law, Myfanwy dirion
I ddim ond dweud y gair "Ffarwél".

Myfanwy

Why so the anger, Oh Myfanwy,
That fill your dark eyes?
Your gentle cheeks, Oh Myfanwy,
No longer blush beholding me?
Where now the smile upon your lips
That lit my foolish faithful love?
Where now the sound of your sweet words,
That drew my heart to follow you?

What was it that I did, Oh Myfanwy,
To deserve the frown of your beautiful cheeks?
Was it a game for you, Oh Myfanwy,
This poet's golden flame of love?
You belong to me, through true promise,
Too much to keep your word to me?
I'll never seek your hand, Myfanwy,
Unless I have your heart with it.

Myfanwy, may your life entirely be
Beneath the midday sun's bright glow,
And may a blushing rose of health
Dance on your cheek a hundred years.
I forget all your words of promise
You made to someone, my pretty girl
So give me your hand, my sweet Myfanwy,
For no more but to say "farewell".

[21] **The Foggy, Foggy Dew**
(*English Trad.*)

When I was a bachelor I lived all alone
And worked at the weaver's trade.
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the winter time, and in the summer too...
And the only, only thing I did that was wrong
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside when I lay fast asleep,
She laid her head upon my bed and she began to weep.
She sighed, she cried, she damn'd near died, she said: "What shall I do?"
So I hauled her into bed and I covered up her head,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Oh, I am a bachelor and I live with my son,
And we work at the weaver's trade.
And ev'ry single time that I look into his eyes,
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the winter time, and of the summer too,
And of the many, many times that I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

[22] **Bugail Aberdyfi**

(John Ceiriog Hughes, 1832-87)

Mi geisïaf eto ganu cân
l'th gael di'n ôl, fy ngeneth lan
l'r gadair siglo ger y tân
Ar fynydd Aberdyfi
Paham, fy ngeneth hoff, paham
Gadewaist fi a'th plant dinam
Mae Arthur bach yn galw'i fam
Ei galon bron a thorri
Mae dau oer lliwaeth yn y llwyn
A'r plant yn chwarae efo'r wyn
O tyrd yn ôl, fy ngeneth fwyn
I fynydd Aberdyfi.

Nosweithiau hirion, niwlog, ddu
Sydd ar fy mlaen, fy ngeneth gu
O agor eto drws y ty
Ar fynydd Aberdyfi
O na chael glywed gweddi dlos
Dy Arthur bach, cyn cysgi nos
Ei rhyddiau bychan fel y rhos
Yn wylo am ei fami.
Gormesaist lawer arnaf, Men;
Gormesais innau, dyna'r ben.
O tyrd yn ôl, fy ngeneth wen
I fynydd Aberdyfi.

Fel hyn y geisïaf ganu cân
l'th gael di'n ôl, fy ngeneth lan
I leistedd eto ger y tân
Ar fynydd Aberdyfi.
Rwy'n cofio'th lais yn canu'n iach
Ond fedri di, na neb o'th ach
Ddiystyru gweddi plentyn bach
Sydd eisiau gweld eu fami.
Rhyw chwarae plant oedd dweud ffarwel;
Cydhaddau wnawn, a dyna ddel.
Tyrd ithau'n ôl, fy ngeneth fel,
I fynydd Aberdyfi.

Shepherd of Aberdyfi

I'll try again to sing a song
To get you back, my fair girl,
To the rocking chair by the fire
On Aberdyfi mountain
Why, my beloved girl, why did
You leave me and your blameless child?
Little Arthur calls out to his mother,
His heart almost broken;
There are two lambs in the bush
And the child is playing with them;
O come back, my sweet girl,
To the mountain of Aberdyfi.

Long, foggy, black nights
Lie ahead of me, my old girl:
O! open the door of the house again
On the mountain of Aberdyfi;
O! not to hear the sweet prayer
Of little Arthur before he sleeps at night
And his little cheeks like the moor
As he cries for his mother.
You oppressed me a lot, Men;
I oppressed myself too, that's the reality.
O come back, my little girl,
To the mountain of Aberdyfi.

This is how I try to sing a song
To get you back, my fair girl,
To sit again by the fire
On Aberdyfi mountain.
I remember your voice singing well
But neither you, nor anyone else,
Can disregard the prayer of a small child
Who wants to see his mother.
Saying goodbye was child's play;
We forgive, and that's good.
Come back, my beautiful girl,
To the mountain of Aberdyfi.

[23] **My Little Welsh Home**
(*W.S. Gwynn Williams, 1896-1943*)

I am dreaming of the mountains of my home,
Of the mountains where in childhood I
 would roam;
I have dwelt neath Southern skies,
Where the summer never dies,
But my heart is in the mountains of my home.

I can see the little homestead on the hill,
I can hear the magic music of the rill;
There is nothing to compare
With the love that once was there,
In that lonely little homestead on the hill.

I can see the quiet churchyard down below;
Where the mountain breezes wander to
 and fro;
And when God my soul will keep,
It is there I want to sleep,
With those dear old folks that loved me
 long ago.

[24] **Sosban Fach**

(Welsh Trad.)

Mae bys Meri-Ann wedi brifo,
A Dafydd y gwas ddim yn iach.
Mae'r baban yn y crud yn crio,
A'r gath wedi sgramo Joni bach.
Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tân,
Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr,
A'r gath wedi sgramo Joni bach.

Dai bach y soldiwr,
Dai bach y soldiwr,
Dai bach y soldiwr,
A chwt ei grys e mas.
Mae bys Meri-Ann wedi gwella,
A Dafydd y gwas yn ei fedd;
Mae'r baban yn y crud wedi tyfu,
A'r gath wedi huno mewn hedd.
Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tân
Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr
A'r gath wedi huno mewn hedd.
Dai bach y sowldiwr,
Dai bach y sowldiwr,
Dai bach y sowldiwr,
A chwt ei grys e mas.

Aeth hen Fari Jones i Ffair y Caerau
I brynu set o lestri de;
Ond mynd i'r ffos aeth Mari gyda'i llestri
Trwy yfed gormod lawer iawn o 'de'
Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tân
Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr
A'r gath wedi huno mewn hedd.

The Small Saucepan

Mary-Ann has hurt her finger,
And David the servant is not well.
The baby in the cradle is crying,
And the cat has scratched little Johnny.
A little saucepan is boiling on the fire,
A big saucepan is boiling on the floor,
And the cat has scratched little Johnny.

Little Dai the soldier,
Little Dai the soldier,
Little Dai the soldier,
And his shirt tail is hanging out.
Mary-Ann's finger has got better,
And David the servant is in his grave;
The baby in the cradle has grown up,
And the cat is asleep in peace.
A little saucepan is boiling on the fire,
A big saucepan is boiling on the floor,

And the cat is asleep in peace.
Little Dai the soldier,
Little Dai the soldier,
Little Dai the soldier,
And his shirt tail is hanging out.

Old Mary Jones went to the fair in Caerau,
To buy a tea set;
But Mary and her teacups ended up in a ditch,
By drinking rather too much 'tea'.

A little saucepan is boiling on the fire,
A big saucepan is boiling on the floor,
And the cat is asleep in peace.

[25] **Drink to me Only**
(Ben Jonson, 1572-1637)

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee!

[26] **O the Oak and the Ash**

(English Trad.)

A north country maid up to London has strayed
Although with her nature it did not agree.
She wept and she sighed and she bitterly cried,
I wish once again in the north I could be.

For the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree
They all grow green in the north country.

While sadly I roam I regret my dear home,
Where the lads and young lasses are making
the hay.

Where the birds sweetly sing, and the merry
bells do ring

And the maidens and meadows are pleasant
and gay.

For the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree
They all flourish at home in my own country.

No doubt if I please, I could marry with ease,
Where maidens are fair, many lovers will come.
But he whom I wed must be north country bred
And carry me back to my own country.

For the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree
They all flourish at home in my North Country
home.

[27] **Song for Gwyn**

(Christopher Morley)

Lying here on the grass so green,
Every year I come and view this scene.
Here we lay, hand in hand,
Here we lay in the sunshine,
Here we lay and we knew that I was yours and
you were mine.
Ah...

Young were we as we loved in the sunshine
smiling upon us there.
We held the world, and the stars in the heavens
shone down with their blessings.
We were as one with the meadows,
We were as one with the breezes,
Never did we ever know...

Now I lie where we once were two.
You smile down on me from above,
Your heartbeats still match mine,

Lying here on the grass so green,
Every year I come and view this scene.

Your smile will never leave me.
Here in this meadow you and I are as one,
We are as one.
You...
Me...
We are as one in this meadow.

Biographies

ELAINE DELMAR has long been considered one of Britain's finest singers with a voice and personality that have won audiences the world over. Having appeared on radio, television, concert halls, jazz clubs and theatres both in London's West End and Broadway, Elaine's experience is wide and diverse.

She featured in the Ken Russell film *Mahler* and the National Theatre production of David Hare's play *Map of the World*.

Elaine is renowned for her classic interpretations of the Great American Songbook and writers such as George Gershwin, Cole Porter, Jerome Kern and Rodgers and Hart. There are few singers who understand the repertoire as well or express it with such dynamic simplicity.

Equally at home in concert halls or an intimate cabaret setting, Elaine continues to set the standard for sophisticated rich-toned interpretations. She builds each performance with surefooted musicianship always imbued with the 'Spirit of jazz'

She is proud to have received the prestigious 2013 All Parliamentary Special Award for Jazz, and great acclaim for her appearance at her BBC Proms concert in 2015.

MARK LLEWELYN EVANS Welsh opera singer, author and creative entrepreneur Mark Llewelyn Evans trained at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama and the National Opera Studio, London. For over 25 years Mark has worked alongside many famous artists including Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, David Blaine and Sir Bryn Terfel, and has sung title roles in *Don Giovanni* and *Eugene Onegin* to name but a few.

His singing career stretches from international opera houses to films and singing in front of the crowds at Six Nations rugby matches. Mark was awarded the Amati Guildhall Creative Entrepreneurs award in 2019, 2021 and 2022 for his inspirational education project *ABC of Opera* that delivered invaluable life lessons to children through the foibles of the great composers. Mark has also written two children's books – *Academy of Barmy Composers Baroque* and *Classical* – with more to follow. He is also a senior lecturer at the University of Wales Trinity St. David.

WYNNE EVANS BEM regularly sings to millions for the TV advertising campaign for Go Compare insurance that has made him a household name as the spoof opera star Gio Compario. Wynne is a professionally trained opera singer with over 25 years' experience, whose debut album, *A Song in My Heart*, reached Number 1 in the classical charts.

Wynne was awarded the Order of St John by HM Queen Elizabeth II in 2008 and the BEM in the Platinum Jubilee Honours List. A regular presenter on BBC Radio Wales, he has also presented on BBC Radio 3 and Classic FM, and starred in his very own TV series, *Wynne at the Deep End*. He was honoured by the National Eisteddfod with the title of Gorsedd of the Bards and last year performed for King Charles III and Queen Consort Camilla at their Welsh home.

Born in Wales, Wynne studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and National Opera Studio, London. He has worked at the Royal Opera House and the Metropolitan Opera, New York. He sang the role of Piangi in the 25th anniversary performance of *The Phantom of the Opera*, broadcast live from the Royal Albert Hall to cinemas worldwide.

As a principal tenor with Welsh National Opera, his roles included Duca (*Rigoletto*), Rodolpho (*La bohème*), Alfredo (*La traviata*), and Tamino (*The Magic Flute*). He has appeared throughout the UK with Opera North, English National Opera, Scottish Opera and Grange Park Opera. His recordings include *Salome*, *Ariadne Auf Naxos* and *Les Martyrs*.

He is a Trustee of Grange Park Opera, and Patron of Ty Cymorth and Tenovus Cancer Care.

YVONNE HOWARD Born in Stafford, since graduating from the RNCM Yvonne Howard has performed in opera, oratorio and recital throughout the UK and Europe and around the world, including the USA, Japan, China, Middle East, Argentina and Brazil.

The diversity of her operatic career has led to her singing the title role of *Fidelio* for the Royal Opera, Covent Garden and Opera Holland Park, Aunt Nettie in *Carousel* with Opera North, various Walküre, both Fricka and Sieglinde, in *Die Walküre* on stage and recordings, and more recently several Gilbert & Sullivan roles. She was nominated for a Best Actress award for Channel 4's film of John Adams' *The Death of Klinghoffer*, for which she was acclaimed as "surely the finest singing actor of her generation".

Yvonne has a passion for oratorio and recital work, and has received much praise for her Angel in Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*, Verdi's Requiem, Berlioz's *Les nuits d'été* and the song cycles of Mahler. Performing Brahms' Songs for Viola, Mezzo and Piano with Gwyn Williams was always a regular highlight of her recital programmes.

She has always enjoyed working with young singers in Masterclasses and collaborative projects alongside her performing, and is a Professor of Singing at both the Royal Academy of Music and Royal Northern College of Music. Having begun her singing life as a folk singer, being involved in this project has felt, happily, rather like coming full circle.

MARIA JAGUSZ is a mezzo-soprano who trained at the Royal Northern College of Music and National Opera Studio.

She started her career at Opera North where her roles include Carmen, Orlofsky, Cherubino, Lazuli (*L'étoile*) and Smeraldina (*Love for Three Oranges*), a role she has sung in Lisbon, with English National Opera and recorded for the BBC.

For Scottish Opera she has sung Carmen, Nicklaus and Puck in *Oberon*, a role she has also performed at Opera de Lyon and in Montpellier. She made her Royal Opera debut as the Gypsy in *Les Huguenots* and then went on to sing the role of Dimitri in *Fedora*.

Other roles include Rosina (Malta and Singapore), Cherubino for Opera Northern Ireland and Travelling Opera, Hansel for the Bloomsbury Theatre and Longborough Opera. For Opera Project she has sung Filippievna (*Eugene Onegin*) and Buryjovka (*Jenůfa*).

She has appeared in recitals all over the UK and in concert at the Royal Festival Hall, Barbican, Royal Albert Hall and St John's Smith Square.

Emerging artists casting advisor for Longborough Festival Opera, she helps run their Youth Chorus.

FIONA and JEAN KELLY From an Irish family of several generations of professional musicians, the Kelly sisters have been performing together for over 20 years. Recent duo performances include a concerto tour with the Irish Chamber Orchestra (where Fiona is Principal Flute) and with the National Symphony Orchestra. Fiona has been praised by *The New York Times* for her "impressive technique

and elegant musicianship", and performs with leading orchestras including the Academy of St Martin in the Fields, London Philharmonic, Philharmonia, Royal Philharmonic, BBC Symphony and Royal Opera House, Covent. She was Principal Flute of the Swedish Chamber Orchestra from 2012-16. Jean's eclectic career ranges from Early Music to contemporary classical and folk music. Her recordings include a *Gramophone* Editor's Choice for Richard Arnell's chamber music. She performs on commercial film and TV soundtracks, for composers such as Jonny Greenwood, Max Richter and Dario Marianelli, and played solo harp on Michael Kiwanuka's Mercury Prize-winning album. She regularly guests with The Telling and The Society of Strange and Ancient Instruments, playing medieval, gothic, Celtic and triple harps.

JANIS KELLY Born in Glasgow, Janis Kelly studied at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland and the Royal College of Music, London and began her career as a recognised singer of her native Scottish songs on TV and radio, and star of BBC Radio Two's *Friday Night is Music Night*. She has enjoyed several classical cruises with Stephannie Williams' *Music Festivals at Sea* and P&O, and recorded many albums on TER Records, Hyperion and Chandos. She is the soprano on *Inspector Morse* and *Lewis* TV dramas and appears in the Hollywood movie *The Life of David Gale*.

Janis appeared at the Metropolitan Opera New York as Mrs Nixon in John Adams' *Nixon in China* and Mrs Rutland in Nico Muhly's *Marnie*, and created the title role in Rufus Wainwright's opera *Prima Donna* at the Manchester Festival and in Madrid, London, Oregon and Toronto and recorded with Deutsche Grammophon. Roles include Countess (*Le nozze di Figaro*) with Opera North, Sister Helen (Jake Heggie's *Dead Man Walking*) in Oregon, Mrs Lovett (Sondheim's *Sweeney Todd*) with Welsh National Opera, Bertha (*The Barber of Seville*) at the Royal Opera House and Glyndebourne, Mrs Grose (*The Turn of the Screw*) and Polly in the world premiere of Iain Bell's *Jack the Ripper* with English National Opera.

Her teaching career began in 2007 at the RCM London where she now is Professor and Chair of Vocal Performance. She gives Masterclasses worldwide with many of her students already with International careers of their own. In May 2023 Janis appears with Opéra national de Lorraine in Paderewski's *Manru*.

CAROLINE McCAUSLAND comes from County Derry, but now lives in England on the Suffolk coast. After training in Voice and Guitar at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, she embarked on a career as a self-accompanied soprano. Her repertoire includes folk songs from around the world, as well as her beloved Ireland, Elizabethan Lute songs, 17th- and 18th-century English and Italian songs. Her career took off after she met Stephannie Williams through a friend, who, after coming to one of her concerts, became her agent and manager. Together they travelled the length of the country, teaming up with other performers, notably Richard Baker and later the poet Mary Sheepshanks, some of whose poems Caroline set to music. Now retired from solo work, she sings with Anam Cora, an *a cappella* group, doing sung meditations in sacred places.

MICHAEL POLLOCK won a Demyship to read music at Magdalen College, Oxford, and after graduating he studied piano accompaniment with Roger Vignoles at the Royal College of Music. He also received some lessons from Geoffrey Parsons.

In addition to acting as official accompanist for the BBC Cardiff Singer of the World competition on three occasions, he has given recitals in many parts of the world with singers such as the sopranos Rebecca Evans, Natalya Romaniw, Ailish Tynan and Dame Kiri Te Kanawa; mezzos Patricia Bardon, Katarina Karnéus and Guang Yang; tenors Gwyn Hughes Jones, Dennis O'Neill and Adrian Thompson; and baritones Neal Davies, Christopher Maltman, Sir Bryn Terfel and Sir Willard White.

His recordings include a disc of English songs with the baritone Anthony Michaels-Moore (in the Rosenblatt Recitals series), two collections of Italian songs with Rebecca Evans and Nuccia Focile, as well as a CD with Leslie Craven of both clarinet sonatas by Brahms plus the sonata by Nino Rota.

Since 2009 he has been Consultant Coach for the Harewood Artists at English National Opera; he also does specialist role preparation with such singers as Louise Alder, Dame Sarah Connolly, Rebecca Evans, Claudia Huckle, Gwyn Hughes Jones, Rhian Lois and Natalya Romaniw.

NICKY SPENCE Opera Singer Nicky Spence is an artist of great integrity and one of Scotland's proudest sons. Described in *The Times* as "a tenor who combines heroic tone and a poetic sensibility that takes the breath away", Nicky has earned his place at the top of the profession as a most compelling singing actor.

Nicky was schooled locally in Dumfries and Galloway and received a scholarship attending the Guildhall School and the National Opera Studio before becoming an inaugural Harewood Artist at English National Opera.

During his training, Nicky received a record contract with Decca Records and records prolifically, having won both the *Gramophone* and *BBC Music Magazine* Solo Vocal awards in 2020. He is a regular featured recitalist at London's Wigmore Hall, and can be found on stages from Scottish Opera to Opera de Paris, Covent Garden and the Metropolitan Opera, New York.

Named Personality of the Year at the *BBC Music Magazine* Awards in 2022, Nicky was also nominated as Singer of the Year by the Royal Philharmonic Society.

He is patron for Scottish Opera's Young Company, an ambassador for Help Musicians UK, and in 2019, joined the board of the Incorporated Society of Musicians. Nicky enjoys giving masterclasses internationally and is a visiting professor at the Royal Academy of Music.

KEVIN WHATELY is best known for several long-running television series: as Neville in *Auf Wiedersehen, Pet*; Sergeant Lewis (*Inspector Morse*); Dr. Jack Kerruish (*Peak Practice*); Jimmy Griffin (*The Broker's Man*); and as Lewis in *Lewis*, as well as single dramas such as *trip Trap*, *Shackleton*, *The Dig*, *Joe Maddison's War* and *Pure Wickedness*.

His movies include *The Return of the Soldier*, *Purely Belter*, *Paranoid*, and Anthony Minghella's multi-Oscar-winning *The English Patient*.

Leaving school in 1969, he and a pal played residencies in Donegal singing Northumbrian folk and Irish rebel songs. He paid his way through the Royal Central School of Speech and Drama by busking in the London Underground. Seven years in regional theatre followed. In London he was a member of the Old Vic Company, played Elvis in *Operation Elvis* at the Tricycle Theatre, and Juror Eight, the Henry Fonda role, in *Twelve Angry Men* directed by Harold Pinter at the Comedy Theatre.

Kevin has sung Judas Iscariot in a BBC TV *Easter Passion* opposite Jessye Norman and Sir Thomas Allen, played Herbie opposite Imelda Staunton in Sondheim's *Gypsy*, and narrated and sung in Bernstein's *Candide* for the Bergen Opera, Norway.

He and Madelaine Newton perform frequent concerts with their daughter, the opera singer Kitty Whately, at Wigmore Hall and around the UK. He has appeared in a dozen concerts at the Barbican

Centre, Cadogan Hall and Royal Albert Hall for Raymond Gubbay, and toured Britain with the BBC Big Band.

For SOMM Recordings, he was the Narrator in William Walton's score for Laurence Olivier's 1944 film adaptation of *Henry V*.

JOHN WILSON received his formal musical education at the Northern School of Music in Manchester. From the early 1950s he achieved an amazing 50 years of unbroken service to the NSM and the Royal Northern College of Music until his retirement in 2004. He was made a Fellow of the college in 1988. He has worked with the country's leading orchestras, the National Youth Orchestra and the European Community Youth Orchestra. He was one of the original official accompanists for the BBC Young Musician competition. During his career he has worked with a host of international artists and taken part in numerous radio and television broadcasts, including master classes with Paul Tortelier, Sir Michael Tippett and Yehudi Menuhin. Since retiring from teaching he has enjoyed a busy concert schedule and his latest interest is in composition and arrangement. He has recently been an Official Accompanist for the Ministry of Defence.

GWYN WILLIAMS studied at Trinity College of Music under Yfrah Neaman and Jan Sedivka, where he won the Alfred Gibson Award for violin and later gained Fellowship of the College. He decided to change to viola because he loved the sound and size of the instrument. This was just before he auditioned for viola player with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra. He started in the music profession as the youngest member of the BSO. He joined the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra as sub-principal viola under Hugo Rignold and was later appointed principal viola under Sir Simon Rattle. He performed many times as guest viola with the Coull, Con Tempo and Schidlof Quartets and as principal guest viola at the Prague Spring Festival and Sofia Festival.

Gwyn left the CBSO in February 1999 after 34 years and then freelanced as an orchestral and chamber music player. He was also a regular viola soloist on the P&O Cruises 'Music Festivals at Sea'.

For many years he taught violin/viola. Many of his pupils have since entered the music profession and are now notable names in the music world. Gwyn took a great interest in the careers of young musicians so it is fitting that the Gwyn Williams Bursary is his legacy.



SOMMCD 0668

Folk Songs of the British Isles

Janis Kelly^a *soprano*, Yvonne Howard^b, Maria Jagusz^c *mezzo-soprano*,
Elaine Delmar^d *jazz singer*, Wynne Evans^e, Nicky Spence^f *tenor*,
Mark Llewelyn Evans^g, Kevin Whately^h *baritone*, Fiona Kellyⁱ *flute*,
Jean Kelly^k *harp*, Caroline McCausland^l *voice/guitar*,
Michael Pollock^m, John Wilsonⁿ *piano*

[1] She Moved Through the Fair ^l	2:40	[15] Blow the Wind Southerly ^{bn}	3:43
[2] The Lark in the Clear Air ^{jk}	2:34	[16] Sweet Polly Oliver ^{bn}	2:30
[3] By the Short Cut to the Rosses ^l	1:49	[17] Oliver Cromwell ^{bn}	0:50
[4] Sí Bheag Sí Mor ^{jk}	2:19	[18] English Folk Song ^d	2:57
[5] Give Me Your Hand ^{jk}	2:53	[19] Can yr Arad Goch ^{+ gm}	2:02
[6] The Last Rose of Summer ^l	3:27	[20] Myfanwy ^{+ gm}	2:43
[7] Down by the Salley Gardens ^{fn}	2:40	[21] The Foggy, Foggy Dew ^{+ em}	2:14
[8] Can Ye Sew Cushions ^{fn}	2:12	[22] Bugail Aberdyfi ^{+ em}	4:36
[9] My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose ^{fn}	3:57	[23] My Little Welsh Home ^{+ gm}	2:31
[10] Skye Boat Song ^a	3:37	[24] Sospan Fach ^{egm}	2:13
[11] Ye Banks and Braes ^{an}	2:27	[25] Drink to Me Only ^{cn}	3:25
[12] The Rowan Tree ^{an}	4:00	[26] The Oak and the Ash ^c	1:59
[13] Dance te Thi Daddy ^{hn}	2:38	[27] Song for Gwyn ^{* cn}	6:45
[14] Blaydon Races ^{hn}	4:07		

* First Recording

Total duration: 79:47



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⁺ Acapela Studios, Cardiff on 13 September, 2022

Executive Producers: Christopher Morley and Stephannie Williams

Recording Producer: Siva Oke **Recording Engineers:** Ben Connellan, ⁺Hywel Wigley

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