

A Peter Warlock Christmas

Allegri Singers

Louis Halsey, Conductor

Margaret Cable, mezzo-soprano Julian Empett, baritone

* Rosamunde String Quartet • Matthew Morley, organ • Rosemary Barnes, piano

1	Benedicamus Domino (Anon)	1:36	13	Out of the Orient Crystal Skies (Anon)	4:44
2	A Cornish Carol (Jenner/Tomlinson)	1:20	14	My Little Sweet Darling (Byrd)	1:15
3	A Cornish Christmas Carol (Jenner/Reed)	4:34	15	Born is the Babe (Anon)	3:32
4	Corpus Christi (Anon)	4:47	16	Sweet was the Song the Virgin Sung (Anon)	1:45
5	I Saw a Fair Maiden (Anon)	4:29	17	Where Riches is Everlastingly (Anon)	3:01
6	As Dew in Aprylle (Anon)	2:05	18	What Cheer? Good Cheer! (Anon)	1:55
7	The Birds (Belloc)	1:35	19	The Frostbound Wood (Blunt)	2:28
8	Carillon, Carilla (Belloc)	4:41	20	The First Mercy (Blunt)	3:04
9	Adam Lay Ybounden (Anon)	1:18	21	Bethlehem Down (Blunt)	3:49
10	The Rich Cavalcade (Kendon)	2:46	22	Tyrlay Tyrlow (Anon)	2:12
11	Song for Christmas Day (Marot/Cox)	1:24	23	Balulalow (Anon) (Janet Thompson, soloist)	2:32
12	The Five Lesser Joys of Mary (Kelleher)	2:14	24	The Sycamore Tree (Anon)	1:42

67:26

The above individual timings will normally each include two pauses, one before the beginning and one after the end of each movement or work.

* Ann Hooley, Alison Townley, Elizabeth Turnbull, Alison Wells
Translations and texts included in the booklet.

Recording Location: University College School, Hampstead, London, May 1992.

Recording Engineer: Mike Skeet. Recording Producer: Fred Tomlinson.

Editing: John Taylor. Executive Producer: John Bishop. Design & Layout: Keith Oke.

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PETER WARLOCK: CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Peter Warlock / Philip Heseltine (1894-1930) has been described as the supreme carollist of the century, perhaps of all time. Here we have all of his carols and some transcriptions suitable to Christmastide. Ironically, Warlock was at his gloomiest at that time of year.

Benedicamus Domino is his only setting of a Latin text, though the language was familiar from an early age. In 1902, 7½ years old, he was top of his form!

There is no doubt that Philip Heseltine had what the Bible calls 'a gift for tongues'. As a youth, besides Latin, Greek and French at school, he learnt Welsh, living in Wales for his formative years. Later he added Cornish, at that time almost defunct, followed by a comparative study of Irish, Manx and Breton.

Of his two *Cornish Christmas Carols (Kanon Kernow)* only the second was published in his lifetime, translated into English by Trelawney Dayrell Reed. The first was unpublished until 1973, when I made my only venture into the Cornish language.

Corpus Christi was written in 1919 for unaccompanied mixed choir, with two soloists from within the ensemble. In 1927 Warlock rewrote it, keeping the solo parts but substituting a string quartet for the chorus. Here we have the latter version, never before recorded.

About half of Warlock's setting were to words from the 15th, 16th and early 17th centuries. Nearly all the other half date from the 19th century and the 20th. Very few poets between Robert Herrick and Robert Louis Stevenson inspired him. The words of two of our carols are from anonymous 15th-century sources. *I saw a fair maiden* was written in 1927. Gustav Holst had set the text some years earlier as *Lullay my Liking*.

As Dew in Aprylle is another poem dating from the early 15th century. Warlock had earlier set a solo version of these words, but it has not survived. This choral setting is his only experiment with two semi-choruses. Perhaps he foresaw, or foreheard, stereophonics.

Hilaire Belloc's poems attracted Warlock. Five were set, matched in number by Bruce Blunt and only surpassed by Shakespeare. *The Birds* was written for the boys of a preparatory school in Broadstairs, Kent, not far from his own prep school. It was originally issued as a unison song in G flat and as a solo song in E flat, both with piano accompaniment.

Carillon Carilla was Warlock's last choral work, published in the year of his death.

Adam lay ybounden was originally published as a unison song in the days when the music department of the Oxford University Press only published text-books and school music. It later appeared as a solo song. This SATB arrangement by Laurence Davies was published in 1962.

The Rich Cavalcade has a strange history. In 1929 the editor of *Radio Times* thought that a carol might add something special to his Christmas edition. He got his friend Frank Kendon to send a poem to Warlock, which was duly set to music. Whether the composer was dissatisfied with it or whether he wanted to 'plug' his friend Bruce Blunt is conjecture. The magazine contained Kendon's verse, but the musical item was *The Frostbound Wood*. Inexplicably, in view of Warlock's beautiful handwriting, some illiterate had copied it in a pseudo-archaic style. I am fortunate to have Warlock's copy, corrected by him. Not all the corrections were made when the song was published.

In 1925 Warlock made his only setting of French verse: *Chanson du Jour de Noël*. He dedicated it to Sir Richard Terry, a scholar with whom he agreed on the editing of early music. It was originally a solo song. Following Warlock's example of rearranging solo songs for 3-part (SSA) voices, I have done the same, to suit David Cox's admirable translation, *Song for Christmas Day*.

The Five Lesser Joys of Mary was set to verses from an Augustan Book edited by Daniel Lawrence Kelleher, entitled *Christmas Carols*. In the anthology the poem was listed as anonymous, but when Warlock's setting was published in 1930 the words were attributed to Kelleher himself. Whether Warlock knew or guessed is not known. The SATB arrangement sung here is by Basil Ramsey.

Besides being a composer, journalist, author and editor of several books, Warlock was a champion of what we now call 'early music'. He made hundreds of transcriptions from manuscripts in Dublin, Oxford, Cambridge and London. He was always scrupulous in his aim to present the music as the composers intended, unlike many editors, who distorted it – even rewrote it – to suit their whims.

Out of the Orient Crystal Skies dates from the early 17th century. Warlock's transcription of the motet was published posthumously, edited by W Gillies Whittaker.

The three songs with string quartet are early Elizabethan, originally written for voice and viols. *Sweet was the song the Virgin sung* and *Born is the Babe* are anonymous,

but Byrd was the composer of *My little sweet darling*, the verses of which Warlock had set in 1919.

In 1927, Warlock, being hard up as usual, dedicated 'a couple of silly carols' to a rich uncle in the hope of being rewarded by some cash for Christmas. Alas, all that came was a letter of thanks. When the uncle died in 1930, leaving over a million pounds, Warlock got nothing. The 'silly carols' referred to are *Where Riches is Everlastingly* and *What cheer? Good cheer!*. Their composer was always prone to self-disparagement, but they are not silly. They are good to sing and to listen to.

In February 1927, Bruce Blunt and Warlock were arrested as 'drunk and disorderly' in Cadogan Street, Chelsea. It always amazes me that two such reprobates could collaborate in some of the most moving – indeed spiritual – songs. Blunt was a great inspiration to Warlock in the composer's last, comparatively unproductive, years.

The Frostbound Wood looks deceptively simple on paper. Only four notes are used, repetitively, in the voice part. The words are mysterious. The overall effect is magical.

The First Mercy was Warlock's first setting of Blunt's verses. Originally a unison song in 1927, it was arranged for 3-part voices (SSA) the following year.

Bethlehem Down first appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* on Christmas Eve, 1927. This led to what Warlock called 'an immortal carouse' on the proceeds, and a suggestion that he and Blunt might call themselves 'Carols Consolidated'. The carol was amended before publication the following year. Shortly before Warlock's death it was rewritten for voice and organ. It was performed at the first Memorial Concert with Arnold Bax at the piano.

The *Three Carols* were not originally a set. *Tyrley Tyrlow*, written in 1922, was published as a unison song with piano, later as a solo song. *Balulalow*, also published as a unison or solo song, with piano or string quartet accompaniment, was written in 1919. In 1923 Vaughan Williams, then conductor of the Bach Choir, suggested a trilogy. Warlock composed *The Sycamore Tree* and orchestrated all three carols, which were performed by the choir the week before Christmas that same year.

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'Peter Warlock' était le pseudonyme du compositeur anglais Philip Heseltine (1894-1930), qui était aussi transcripteur de musique ancienne, journaliste et critique, et l'auteur de plusieurs livres, y compris un sur Delius qui a beaucoup influencé son style comme compositeur. Warlock était essentiellement miniaturiste, ayant composé quelques 150 chansons solos, aussi bien qu'un petit nombre de chants à plusieurs voix, et des morceaux instrumentaux. Ses chants de Noël, qui mettent en musique souvent des textes médiévaux, sont parmi ses compositions les plus frappantes.

Traduction: Denys Becher

'Peter Warlock' war der Künstlername des englischen Komponisten Philip Heseltine (1894-1930). Er transkribierte frühe Musik, war als Journalist und Kritiker tätig und war auch Autor von mehreren Büchern, einschliesslich eines Buches über Delius, der einen bedeutenden Einfluss auf seinen Stil als Komponist hatte. Warlock war im Prinzip ein Miniaturist und komponierte einige 150 Sololieder und eine kleine Anzahl von Teilliedern und Instrumentalstücken. Seine Weihnachtslieder, die teilweise zu mittelalterlichen Texten komponiert wurden gehören zu seinen hervorragendsten Kompositionen.

Übersetzung: Ilse Herlihy

Publishers: Tracks Nos. 1, 3, 6, 11 & 18 – 21 Boosey & Hawkes Music Publishers Ltd. Nos. 2 & 10 Thames Publishing. No. 4 Robertson Publications. Nos. 5, 9, 13 – 17 & 22 – 24 Oxford University Press. No. 7 Stainer & Bell Ltd. Nos. 8 & 9 Novello & Co. Ltd.

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BENEDICAMUS DOMINO

Procedenti puero
Eya, nobis annus est!
Virginis ex utero
Gloria! Laudes!
Deus homo factus est et immortalis.

Sine viri semine
Eya nobisannus est!
Natus est de virgine
Gloria! Laudes!
Deus homo factus est et immortalis.

Sine viri copia
Eya, nobisannus est!
Natus est ex Maria
Gloria! Laudes!
Deus homo factus est et immortalis.

In hoc festo determino
Eya, nobis annus est!
Benedicamus Domino!
Gloria! Laudes!
Deus homo factus est et immortalis.

Sloane MS 2593 (Temp. Hen.VI)

A CORNISH CAROL

Christ, Michael and Mary,
Send thy blessings now we pray.
Grant us New Year jollity
And a glad Nativity.
Then be joyful this glad day.

Henry Jenner
Translated by Fred Tomlinson

A CORNISH CHRISTMAS CAROL

In dark December when winter was bleak,
Christ Jesus was born of a Virgin meek.
He came for to save this world from sin,
From death and damnation mankind to win.

To watching shepherds the angels sang;
This was their song and lustily it rang;
'All glory to God who in Heaven is King.
And peace on earth to ev'rything.'

By star's light guided with shining flame,
Three wise men, kings and druids, came.
They bowed and knelt in that cow-pen,
And Mary's dear baby worshipp'd then.

Now like those kings from the far-off land,
We too by the manger adoring shall stand.
At Holy Eucharist we shall behold Him,
Bread and wine made flesh, in our hearts let us enfold Him.

May God this Cornwall of ours defend
From Tamar river to far Land's-End,
And keep in our hearts ever undefiled
True love for God's Mother and her sweet Child.

Yuletide blessings now light on you,
The blessing of God and of His Son too,
And blessing of Mary, the maid without wrong.
This is the end of all my song.

Henry Jenner
Trans. by Trelawney Dayrell Reed

CORPUS CHRISTI

Lully, lullay, lully, lullay,
The faucon hath borne my make away.
He bare him up, he bare him down,
He bare him into an orchard brown.

Lully, lullay, lully, lullay,
The faucon that borne my make away.
In that orchard there was a hall,
That was hanged with purple and pall.

And in that hall there was a bed:
It was hanged with gold so red.
And in that bed there lithe a knight,
His woundes bleeding day and night.

By that bedside there kneeleth a may,
And she weepeth night and day.
By that bedside there standeth a stone:
CORPUS CHRISTI written there-on.

Early XVth century

I SAW A FAIR MAIDEN

1. I saw a fair maiden sitten and sing,
She lulled a little child, a sweete lording,
Lullay, mine liking, my dear son, mine sweeting,
Lullay, my dear heart, mine own dear darling.
2. That same lord is He that made alle thing,
Of alle lordis He is lord, of alle kinges king.
Lullay, mine liking, my dear son, mine sweeting,
Lullay, my dear heart, mine own dear darling.
3. There was mickle melody at that childes birth,
All that were in Heaven's bliss they made mickle mirth.
Lullay, mine liking, my dear son, mine sweeting,
Lullay, my dear heart, mine own dear darling.
4. Angelys bright they sung that night and saiden to that child:
'Blessed be thou and be she that is both meed and mild.'
Lullay, mine liking, my dear son, mine sweeting,
Lullay, my dear heart, mine own dear darling.
5. Pray we now to that child, and to His mother dear,
Grant them His blessing that now maken cheer,
Lullay, mine liking, my dear son, mine sweeting,
Lullay, my dear heart, mine own dear darling.

Anonymous mediaeval poem

AS DEW IN APRYLL

I syng of a mayden that is makèles,
Kyng of alle kynges to here sone che ches.

He cam al so styлле ther his moder was,
As dew in Aprylle that fallyt on the gras.
He cam al so styлле to his moderes bowr,
As dew in Aprylle that fallyt on the flour.
He cam al so styлле ther his moder lay
As dew in Aprylle that fallyt on the spray.

Moder and maydyn was never non but che;
Wel may swych a lady Godes moder be.

Anonymous 15th century

CARILLON, CARILLA

On a winter's night long time ago
(The bells ring loud and the bells ring low)
When high howled wind, and down fell snow,
(Carillon, Carilla) Saint Joseph he and nostre Dame
Rising on an ass, full weary came
From Nazareth into Bethlehem.
And the small child Jesus smile on you.

And Bethlehem inn they stood before,
(The bells ring less and the bells ring more)
The landlord bade them be gone from his door.
(Carillon, Carilla) 'Poor folk' (says he) 'must lie where they may,
For the Duke of Jewry comes this way,
With all his train on a Christmas day.'
And the small child Jesus smile on you.

Poor folk that may my carol hear
(The bells ring single and the bells ring clear)
See! God's one child had hardest cheer!
(Carillon, Carilla) Men grown hard on a Christmas morn;
The dumb beast by and a babe forlorn.
It was very, very cold when our Lord was born.
And the small child Jesus smile on you.

Now those were Jews as Jews must be,
(The bells ring merry and the bells ring free)
But Christian men in a band are we.
(Carillon, Carilla) Empty we go and ill bedight.
Singing Noel on a winter's night.
Give us to sup by the warm firelight,
And the small child Jesus smile on you.

Hilaire Belloc

THE BIRDS

When Jesus Christ was four years old,
The angels brought Him toys of gold,
Which no man ever had bought or sold
And yet with these He would not play.
He made Him small fowl out of clay,
And blessed them till they flew away.
Tu creasti, Domine.
Jesus Christ, Thou child so wise,
Bless mine hands and fill mine eyes,
And bring my soul to Paradise.

Hilaire Belloc

ADAM LAY YBOUNDEN

Adam lay ybounden, bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter thought he not too long.
And all was for an apple, an apple that he took,
As clerkes finden written in their book.
Ne had the apple taken been,
Ne had never our lady abeen heav'nè queen.
Blessed be the time that apple taken was.
Therefore we moun singen Deo gratias!

Anonymous
(15th century)

SONG FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

A shepherdess with a shepherd
In orchard green, to pass the day,
At ball were happily playing,
Till it was time to pause and say:
Today away! An end to these pleasures!
We will no longer delay
To sing Nowell! Nowell! Nowell!

Remember now that the prophet
Of old foretold a wondrous birth:
A child would be born to a virgin,
Born to redeem mankind on earth.
Give voice! rejoice! A virgin most perfect
Has brought forth the heavenly child.
Now sing Nowell! Nowell! Nowell!

Words by Clement Marot
Trans. by David Cox

THE RICH CAVALCADE

Christ for kindness
Have you in hope!
Now the hour is fast approaching!
Day has failed,
And a drop of light
(Hung in the height
And cold of heav'n)
Blesses the still
Delight of winter,
Steal from your fires!

A sharp frost On grassy ways
Catches the glitter.
Down the dark in a cavalcade
This way they went.
You saw them not on the lonely road,
You heard them not on the road;

But now, oh, attend!
A shout, a song,
With a burst of music
Moves the bright air
It is the hour again!
Christ in his kindness
Have you in hope!
A child is God!

Frank Kendon

THE FIVE LESSER JOYS OF MARY

1. When Mary lay fretting that night in the cold
For Jesus, the young lad, and Joseph, the old.
The ass and the oxen drew near for to warm
The young lad and old man to keep them from harm.
2. When Mary lay thinking that night in the hay
What little thing she would give Jesus for play,
His Father in Heaven hung out for a toy
The star, and young Jesus He caroll'd for joy.
3. When Mary was sad for the Babe at her breast,
To see the poor clouts in which he was dressed.
Then the three kings in velvet came in to adore
The poor ragged Infant and knelt on the floor.
4. When Mary was sick in her heart with the fright
On the morning that Jesus stray'd out of her sight,
O glory! she found Him, so meek and so mild,
Confounding the doctors, the poor little Child.
5. When Mary heart-broken, on Calvary's hill,
Saw Jesus droop over and lie very still,
She thought of the good times they had long ago
When He'd droop in her arms and she'd sing husheenlo.

D L Kelleher

OUT OF THE ORIENT CRYSTAL SKIES

Out of the orient crystal skies
A blazing star did shine.
Showing the place where poorly lies
A blessed babe divine.

Born of a maid of royal blood
Who Mary hight by name:
A sacred rose which once did bud
By grace of heav'nly flame.

This shining star three kings did guide,
Even from the furthest East,
To Bethlehem where it betide
This blessed babe did rest.

Laid in a silly manger poor,
Betwixt an ox and ass,
Whom these three kings did all adore,
As God's high pleasure was.

And for the joy of his great birth
A thousand angels sing:
Glory and peace unto the earth
Where born is this new King!

The shepherds dwelling there about,
When they this news did know,
Came singing all even in a rout,
Fa-lan-ti-ding-di-dol.
(The joy of man to show).

Anonymous
Early XVII century

MY LITTLE SWEET DARLING

My little sweet darling, my comfort and joy,
(Sing lullaby, lully!)
In beauty surpassing the princess of Troy
(Sing lullaby, lully!)

Now suck, child, and sleep, child, thy mother's sweet boy,
(Sing lullaby, lully!)
The gods bless and keep thee from cruel annoy.
(Sing lully, lully, lully!
Sweet baby, lully, lully!
Sweet baby, lullaby, lully!)

BORN IS THE BABE

1. Born is the Babe, the only branch of peace,
The sweet Messias, God's most holy Son,
Whose death our life, whose wounds our joy increase,
Who wrought our weal when all our hope was gone,
Whose grief our joy, whose lack reliev'd our loss,
Who cur'd our care by suff'ring on the cross.
2. Born is the Lamb, the sacrifice of joy,
The spotless person, ransom of our sin,
The sweet Samaritan that cur'd annoy,
The Son in whom the Sire delighteth in,
The haven of peace when wordly troubles toss,
Who cur'd our care by suff'ring on the cross.
3. Born is the shepherd, careful of his sheep,
The Light of glory, bright of majesty,
The Father's power who hath our sins in keep,
The very beam of true divinity,
Whom praise we still when wordly troubles toss,
Who cur'd our care by suff'ring on the cross.

Anonymous

SWEET WAS THE SONG THE VIRGIN SUNG

Sweet was the song the Virgin sung
When she to Bethlem Judah came,
And was deliver'd of her Son
That blessed Jesus hath to name.

Lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Sweet Babe, quoth she,
My Son and eke a Saviour born,

Who hath vouchsaf'd from on high
To visit us that were forlorn.

Lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Sweet babe, quoth she,
And rock'd Him sweetly on her knee.

WHERE RICHES IS EVERLASTINGLY

1. Into this world this day did come
Jesus Christ, both God and man,
Lord and Servant in one person,
Born of the blessed Virgin Mary.
I pray you be merry and sing with me
In worship of Christ's nativity.
2. He that was rich without any need
Appear'd in this world in right poor weed
To make us, that were poor indeed,
Rich without any need truly.
I pray you be merry and sing with me
In worship of Christ's nativity.
3. A stable was his chamber, a cratch was his bed,
He had not a pillow to lay under his head;
With maiden's milk that Babe was fed,
In poor clothes was lapped the Lord Almighty.
I pray you be merry and sing with me
In worship of Christ's nativity.
4. A noble lesson here is us taught,
To set all wordly riches at naught,
But pray we that we may be thither brought
Where riches is everlastingly.
I pray you be merry and sing with me
In worship of Christ's nativity.

Anonymous
Early XVI century

WHAT CHEER? GOOD CHEER!

Lift up your hearts and be ye glad
In Christ His birth, the angel bade.
Say each to other, if any be sad:
What cheer? Good cheer!
Be merry and glad this good New Year!

The King of Heav'n His birth hath take:
Now joy and mirth we ought to make.
Say each to other for His dear sake:
What cheer? Good cheer!
Be merry and glad this good New Year!

I tell you all with heart so free,
Right welcome ye be all to me;
Be glad and merry for charity.
What cheer? Good cheer!
Be merry and glad this good New Year!

Anonymous mediaeval poem

THE FROSTBOUND WOOD

Mary that was the Child's mother
Met me in the frostbound wood:
Her face was lovely and careladen
Under a white hood.

She who once was Heaven's chosen
Moved in loneliness to me,
With a slow grace and weary beauty
Pitiful to see.

Bethlehem could hear sweet singing,
'Peace on earth, a Saviour's come'.
Here the trees were dark, the Heavens
Without stars, and dumb.

Past she went with no word spoken,
Past the grave of Him I slew,
Myself the sower of the woodland
And my heart the yew.

Mary that was the Child's mother
Met me in the frostbound wood:
Her face was lovely and care-laden
Under a white hood.

Bruce Blunt

THE FIRST MERCY

Ox and Ass at Bethlehem,
On a night, ye know of them.
We were only creatures small,
Hid by shadows on the wall.

We were swallow, moth and mouse;
The Child was born in our house,
And the bright eyes of us three
Peeped at His nativity.

Hands of peace upon that place
Hushed our beings for a space
Quiet feet and folded wing,
Nor a sound of anything.

With a moving star we crept
Closer when the Baby slept;
Men who guarded where He lay
Moved to frighten us away.

But the Babe, awakened, laid
Love on things that were afraid;
With so sweet a gesture
He called us to His company.

Bruce Blunt

BETHLEHEM DOWN

1. 'When He is King we will give Him the King's gifts,
Myrrh for its sweetness, and gold for a crown,
Beautiful robes,' said the young girl to Joseph,
Fair with her first-born on Bethlehem Down.
2. Bethlehem Down is full of the starlight
Winds for the spices, and stars for the gold,
Mary for sleep, and for lullaby music
Songs of a shepherd by Bethlehem fold.
3. When He is King they will clothe Him in grave-sheets,
Myrrh for embalming, and wood for a crown,
He that lies now in the white arms of Mary
Sleeping so lightly on Bethlehem Down.
4. Here He has peace and a short while for dreaming,
Close huddled oxen to keep Him from cold,
Mary for love, and for lullaby music
Songs of a shepherd by Bethlehem fold.

Bruce Blunt

TYRLEY TYRLOW

About the field they piped right,
So merrily the shepherds began to blow.
A-down from heaven that is so high.
Tyrley, tyrLOW.

Of angels there came a company
With merry songs and melody,
The shepherds anon gan them a-spy.
Tyrley, tyrLOW.

The shepherds hied them to Bedlem
To see that blessed sun his beam.
And there they found that glorious leme.
Tyrley, tyrLOW.

Now pray we to that mekè child,
And to his mother that is so mild,
The which was never defiled
Tyrley, tyrLOW.

That we may come unto his bliss,
Where joy shall never miss.
Then may we sing in Paradise.
Tyrley, tyrLOW.

I pray you all that be here
For to sing and make good cheer
In the worship of God this year.
Tyrley, tyrLOW.

BALULALOW

O my dear hert, young Jesus sweet,
Prepare thy credil in my spreit,
and I sall rock thee in my heart
And never mair from thee depart.

But I sall praise thee evermore
With sang is sweet unto thy glor.
The knees of my hert sall bow,
And sing that riht Balulalow.

THE SYCAMORE TREE

As I sat under a sycamore tree,
I looked me out upon the sea
A Christmas day in the morning.

I saw three ships asailing there,
The Virgin Mary and Christ they bare
A Christmas day in the morning.

He did whistle and she did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring,
A Christmas day in the morning.

And now we hope to taste your cheer,
And wish you all a happy new year,
A Christmas day in the morning.

The Allegri Singers chamber choir was formed in 1981 and specialises in 20th-century music and works that are rarely performed. They have won several awards for their enterprise, and have appeared at many leading London venues.

Louis Halsey studied music at Cambridge, and for many years he worked as a music producer for the BBC. His name became widely known for his direction of two choirs he founded – the Elizabethan Singers and the Louis Halsey Singers. He made many highly acclaimed recordings with these groups and also appeared in concerts and broadcasts. For 13 years he was Artistic Director of the Thames Concerts Society. He has toured extensively in America, Australia, Canada and Europe as conductor and lecturer.

Margaret Cable's varied career has taken her all over Europe and the USA. In recent years she has become synonymous with the revival in authentic Baroque performance, and there has been a steady flow of recordings in this and other repertoire. She is professor of vocal studies at the Royal College of Music.

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