



# Sir Hubert Parry

## English Lyrics & other Songs

### Volume I

SOMMCD 257



Susan Gritton *soprano*\* James Gilchrist *tenor*\*\* Roderick Williams *baritone*+  
Andrew West *piano*

[1]	1.1	My true love hath my heart*	1:28	[17]	7.1	On a time the amorous Silvy +	1:54
[2]	1.2	Good Night*	2:10	[18]	7.2	Follow a shadow +	1:26
[3]	1.3	Where shall the lover rest*	4:40	[19]	7.3	Ye little birds that sit and sing +	2:52
[4]	1.4	Willow Song *	2:08	[20]	7.4	O never say that I was false of heart +	2:42
[5]	2.1	O Mistress Mine **	1:25	[21]	7.5	Julia +	1:05
[6]	2.2	Take, O take those lips away **	1:45	[22]	10.6	One silent night of late*	3:27
[7]	2.3	No longer mourn for me **	3:53	[23]	12.2	To blossoms*	2:24
[8]	2.4	Blow, blow thou winter wind **	1:49	[24]	12.3	Rosaline **	2:48
[9]	2.5	When icicles hang by the wall **	1:36	[25]	5.3	Crabbed age and youth*	2:10
[10]	3.1	To Lucasta on going to the wars +	1:39	[26]	6.6	Under the greenwood tree +	1:37
[11]	3.3	To Althea from Prison +	2:28	[27]	Sonnet 32: If thou survive my well-contented day**	2:43	
[12]	3.4	Why so pale and wan +	1:11	[28]	Sonnet 29: When in disgrace**	1:55	
[13]	4.4	Weep you no more **	2:39	[29]	Sonnet 87: Farewell, thou art too dear **	2:59	
[14]	3.6	Of all the torments +	1:44	[30]	Sonnet 18: Shall I compare thee **	1:40	
[15]	5.4	Lay a garland on my hearse*	2:24	[31]	Sonnet 30: When to the sessions **	2:24	
[16]	11.7	Why art thou slow +	3:43				Total Duration: 71:00

The numbers listed by the track numbers indicate the set number followed by the song number contained within the 12 Sets of English Lyrics.  
Tracks [28] - [31] are sung in German. Full texts included in the booklet.

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## TWELVE SETS of ENGLISH LYRICS

### Volume I



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*soprano*

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## Volume I

SIR HUBERT PARRY'S twelve sets of *English Lyrics* were written between about 1874 and the year of his death in 1918, though the last two were compiled posthumously. As a substantial corpus of work, the songs belong to a period of new artistic consciousness, when Britain was undergoing a process of cultural re-evaluation. Throughout the nineteenth century, British musicians had lived in awe of their German counterparts. Handel and Mendelssohn were the icons of the choral society and provincial festival, while Leipzig, the centre of European musical pedagogy, was the Mecca of the aspiring composer. But political events were to mark a change, notably with German Unification and the Franco-Prussian War which signalled across a changing Europe a new and menacing advance in German industrial might and national sentiment. This awakened a real sense of competition in which Britain, aware of its musical inferiority, strove to equal Germany's cultural dominance. Although happy to absorb the musical precepts of German symphonic ideology, composers and scholars sought to rediscover their own heritage, and for many, the inherent national components of language were the most potent of agencies to enunciate a sense of cultural difference. For Parry this meant the assertion of English as a language to be *sung*. Hence, the generic title of *English Lyrics* symbolised more than purely the setting of English poetry (even though, of course, this itself was vital): it was also an artistic manifesto and advocacy of the English tongue as a force for musical creativity, shaped by the language's inherent accent, syntax, scansion and assonance, features potentially generative of an English art, distinctive from those of the German lied and the French *mélodie*. What also gave life to the *English Lyrics* was the growing popularity of the

song at chamber concerts in such places as London's Aeolian, Bechstein and Conway Halls, particularly after the 1890s when the Irish baritone, Harry Plunket Greene, did much to pioneer the solo song recital. Parry was close to Plunket Greene and wrote many of his songs with his voice in mind. It was a relationship later cemented by the marriage of Parry's daughter to Plunket Greene in 1899.

In the years immediately prior to the first volume of *English Lyrics*, Parry had fully imbibed the repertoire of German lieder through the works of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Liszt and Brahms, thanks to the many he heard sung at the concerts of his mentor Edward Dannreuther at Orme Square, Bayswater, and to the many that he, as no mean pianist, accompanied with his amateur singing friend and former Oxford colleague, Hugh [de Fellenberg] Montgomery. It was to Montgomery that Parry dedicated his *Four Sonnets* of Shakespeare which were composed between 1873 and 1882. Having an eye to the German market, he set them initially in Friedrich Bodenstedt's German translation (in which they are sung here), though alongside the German he added the English with some rhythmical alterations. Both linguistic versions appeared in *Four Sonnets by Shakespeare with a German Version by F. Bodenstedt* published by Stanley Lucas in 1887. There were, in fact, six settings of Shakespeare's sonnets from this period which, at one stage, had been intended for a collection entitled *Sundry Sonnets of Shakespeare*. The manuscript of 'No longer mourn for me' also has a Bodenstedt translation, but Parry clearly preferred the English text and, after some revision, committed this song to Set II of the *English Lyrics*. The poignantly lyrical 'If thou survive my well-contended day', set purely in English, remained unpublished and is heard here for the first time. The asymmetrical Petrarchan sonnet form presents its own challenges to any composer, but the English, with its epigrammatic couplet at the conclusion is particularly demanding. Yet Parry's mixture of eloquence, structural deftness and interaction between singer and accompanist (where the latter

is frequently articulate as part of the expressive resources) gives life to these poetical masterpieces, and their pointed conclusions (notably those of 'When in disgrace', 'If thou survive' and 'No longer mourn') are especially succinct.

Quintessential to the *English Lyrics* was the art form of English poetry, one which Francis Turner Palgrave had made popular in his *Golden Treasury of English Songs and Lyrics* of 1861. Quite a few of Parry's poetical choices can be found there, especially from the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods and this recording seeks to explore that particular aspect of the composer's art (with some additions from other centuries). Indeed, in the first two sets of *English Lyrics* (included here in their entirety), seven of the nine songs were taken from Elizabethan poets. Set I, composed between 1881 and 1885, opens with Sir Philip Sidney's sonnet, 'My true love hath my heart' from *Arcadia* of which Parry only set the first eight lines, deftly using the first line as a recurring and seminal motto. Shelley's reverie (and deft play on words) 'Good Night' is a masterly through-composed essay (a little redolent of Schumann perhaps) in extended, self-developing melody, while Scott's 'Where shall the lover rest' from *Marmion: A Tale of Flodden Field*, strophic in design, is cumulatively dramatic in its progress (such that Parry orchestrated it for Agnes Nicholls in 1899). The last song of the set, 'Willow, willow', from Shakespeare's *Othello*, is an affecting lament, made more intense by Parry's adroit subdominant inflection ('and softened her moan') towards the end. Set II, published in 1886, is completely devoted to Shakespeare, and, with the exception of 'No longer mourn', sources its texts from the plays. 'O mistress mine', from *Twelfth Night*, is characterised by a capriciousness engendered by the quirky chromaticism of Parry's prelude material. 'Take, O take those lips away', from *Measure for Measure*, has the intensity and conciseness of Wolf. The muscular 'Blow, blow thou winter wind' (*As You Like It*), with its memorable refrain, and the evocative 'When icicles hang by the wall' (*Love's Labours Lost*), which conceals a

quotation from 'For he's a jolly good fellow', have winter as their central theme, the former as an analogy of a friend's ingratitude, the second the harshness of the season alleviated by the comfort of warm food and shelter.

The sheer variety and themes of Parry's songs reveal a man not only of considerable technique but one fully aware of life's rich emotional tapestries and turbulences. Passionate in love, though it seems his own marriage proved less than happy in the longer term, he admired feminine beauty which is clear from his whimsical interpretation of Herrick's 'Julia' (Set VII, pub. 1907) and rapture coloured by yearning in Lodge's 'Rosaline' (Set XII, pub. 1920). To die for love is revealed in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Lay a garland on my hearse' (Set V, pub. 1902), a wonderful miniature with its intermingling of Purcell and Brahms, while constancy in absence is enshrined, more epically, in another Shakespearean sonnet, 'O never say that I was false of heart' (Set VII). Thomas Heywood's 'Ye little birds that sit and sing' (Set VII) is a light-hearted wooing song which contrasts with the contempt for the lover who is not prepared to show her true feelings voluntarily in John Suckling's 'Why so pale and wan?' (Set III, pub. 1895). Ben Jonson's famous verses, 'Follow a shadow' (Set VII), a controversial lyric by today's standards ('that women are but men's shadows'), is a will'o'-the-wisp caprice, and an impressively original concept in its independence of vocal phrases and pianistic interjections. Vexation in love, caused by the curse of rivals, is conveyed in William Walsh's 'Of all the torments' (Set III) in which Parry's predilection for falling sequential patterns is plain to hear, but a more optimistic warmth is evident in the broad, stirring melody of 'To Althea' (Set III), a setting of the well-known words of the cavalier poet, Richard Lovelace, who endured imprisonment during the English Civil War. Parry could also not resist setting Lovelace's other famous lyric 'To Lucasta, on going to the wars' (Set III), in which the sentiment, resolutely expressed in Parry's munificent diatonicism, is one of honour and principle.

Humour, with a tinge of regret, leaps off the page in the narrative dialogues of ‘On a time the amorous Silvy’ (Set VII) and, written for Agnes Hamilton Harty (née Nicholls), Herrick’s ‘One silent night of late’ (Set X, pub. 1910). Youth, in all its vivacities and energy, may have its advantages but, in ‘Crabbed age and youth’ (Set V), attributed to Shakespeare, it cannot live with the cares of old age, a rueful thought eloquently expressed in the last line ‘For methinks thou stay’st too long.’ Such a carefree life, as youth befits, is the message of another Shakespeare lyric from *As You Like It*, ‘Under the greenwood tree’ (Set VI, pub. 1903) where only winter is the enemy. Yet, in Herrick’s ‘To Blossoms’ (Set XII), a song which Parry worked at over a period of forty years until he was satisfied with its form in 1917, we are reminded that youth and beauty are short-lived, a feeling of melancholy reflection persuasively inherent in the gentle dissonance of Parry’s accompanimental figurations. A deeper melancholy can be found in the exquisite lullaby, ‘Weep you no more sad fountains’ (Set IV, pub. 1896) which John Dowland set in his *Third Book of Ayres* in 1603. With its calming lullaby ‘charm’, this song makes subtle use of modal changes, from minor to major and vice-versa, both in the verses and in the more restive and beautifully poised refrains. It is one of Parry’s masterpieces. The reassuring entreaties of ‘Weep you no more’ are entirely absent from the dirge-like ‘Why thou art slow’ (Set XI, pub. 1920) from the Jacobean playwright Philip Massinger’s *The Emperor of the East* of 1632. Only for a brief moment is there a chink of light in the unrelenting darkness and longing for death (was it a sentiment the composer shared?) when, in the one wistful line ‘Such as live happy, hold long life a jewel’, Parry gives us a brief episode in the major. Here too the piano is piercingly articulate in its regretful reiteration of the dirge material while the vocal line is confined to a monotone. This however, can do little to temper the inexorable bitterness of this unusual and powerful song.

Jeremy Dibble © 2015

## SUSAN GRITTON *soprano*

Winner of the 1994 Kathleen Ferrier Memorial Prize, Susan Gritton read botany at Oxford and London Universities before embarking on a singing career. She is one of the most accomplished lyric sopranos of her generation, acclaimed for her versatility in music ranging from Handel and Mozart to Strauss, Berg and Britten.

Highlights on the opera stage include Ellen Orford *Peter Grimes* (La Scala, Tokyo & Opera Australia); Blanche *Dialogues des Carmélites* (Bayerische Staatsoper); Countess Madeleine *Capriccio* and Tatyana *Eugene Onegin* (Grange Park); Micaëla *Carmen* and Liù *Turandot* (Covent Garden); Governess *The Turn of the Screw* (Aldeburgh); Fiordiligi *Così fan tutte* (Bayerische Staatsoper & New York’s Mostly Mozart Festival); Donna Anna *Don Giovanni* (Bolshoi & Opéra de Montreal); Elettra *Idomeneo* (Netherlands Opera) and Konstanze *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (Deutsche Staatsoper & Bayerische Staatsoper). Title roles include *Theodora* (Glyndebourne); *Rodelinda* (Bayerische Staatsoper); *The Bartered Bride* (Covent Garden) and *The Cunning Little Vixen* (ENO). She has also sung in innovative staged performances of Sibelius’ *Luonnotar* in London; Honegger’s *Jeanne d’Arc au bûcher* in Rome and Handel’s *Messiah* in Vienna.



Her work on the concert platform spans many periods and styles and includes Ravel's *Shéhérazade* (RLPO/Mackerras); Brahms' *Ein Deutsches Requiem* (Berlin Philharmonic/Rattle & Philharmonia/von Dohnányi); Berg's *Bruchstücke aus Wozzeck* (Swedish Radio Orchestra/Harding) and Honegger's *Jeanne d'Arc au bûcher* (Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia/Pappano). Recent highlights have included Britten's *War Requiem* at the BBC Proms (CBSO/Nelsons), Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* in Carnegie Hall (Orchestra of St Luke's/Norrington), *The Kingdom* (LSO/Elder); the final scene from *Capriccio* (Hamburger Symphoniker/Tate); Tatyana in concert performances of *Eugene Onegin* (Bamberger Symphoniker/Ticciati); Shostakovich's *Blok Romances* (Nash Ensemble); Female Chorus *The Rape of Lucretia* at the Aldeburgh Festival (Aldeburgh Festival Ensemble/Knussen); Schumann's *Das Paradies und die Peri* (SCO/Norrington & Vienna Philharmonic/Rattle) and Britten's *Les Illuminations* – including the world premiere of Britten's three additional Rimbaud settings (BBCSSO/Brabbins).

Her discography features many major works by British composers, among them Havergal Brian, George Dyson, Cecil Armstrong Gibbs, her Grandfather Eric Gritton, Elgar, Finzi, Holst, Ireland, Parry and Vaughan Williams. Her recording of Britten's *Les Illuminations* (BBCSO/Gardner) has been widely acclaimed and her recording of his *War Requiem* (Gabrieli Consort/McCreesh), and of the roles of Female Chorus *The Rape of Lucretia* (Aldeburgh Festival Ensemble/Knussen) and Ellen Orford *Peter Grimes* (Orchestra Filarmonica della Scala/Ticciati) were all released in the composer's centenary year. Her discography also includes Brahms' *Ein Deutsches Requiem*; Handel's *Saul, Solomon, Theodora* (title role) and *Messiah*; Mozart's *Requiem* and the roles of Mařenka (nominated for a Grammy Award); Elena *Paride ed Elena*; Hero *Béatrice et Bénédicte*; Nannetta *Falstaff*; Tiny *Paul Bunyan*, Miss Wordsworth *Albert Herring* and Blanche *Dialogues des Carmélites*.

## JAMES GILCHRIST *tenor*

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

James' extensive concert repertoire has seen him perform in major concert halls throughout the world, with conductors including Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Sir Roger Norrington, Bernard Labadie, Harry Christophers, Harry Bicket and the late Sir Richard Hickox, to name but a few. Recent highlights have included Britten's *Church Parables* with performances in St Petersburg, London and at the Aldeburgh Festival, Handel's *L'Allegro il Penseroso ed il Moderato* with the Mark Morris Dance Group at the Teatro Real, Madrid, *Solomon* with Les Violons du Roy, Schumann's *Paradies und die Peri* and *Die Schöpfung* at the Leipzig Gewandhaus, Britten's *Nocturne* with the NHK Symphony Orchestra in Tokyo and *War Requiem* with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. As the Evangelist in J.S. Bach's great Passions of *St John* and *St Matthew*, James works consistently at the highest level and is recognised as 'the finest Evangelist of his generation'; as one recent reviewer at the 2014 *St John Passion* BBC Prom with Zürcher Kammerorchester and Sir Roger Norrington noted, 'he hasn't become a one-man Evangelist industry by chance'.



photograph: operaomnia

A prolific and versatile recitalist, James enjoys imaginative and varied programming, often pairing new works with the more established song cycles, in collaborations with pianists Anna Tilbrook and Julius Drake and harpist Alison Nicholls.

James' impressive discography includes the title role in *Albert Herring* and Vaughan Williams *A Poisoned Kiss* for Chandos, *St John Passion* with the Academy of Ancient Music, Finzi song cycles *Oh Fair To See*, Elizabethan Lute Songs *When Laura Smiles* with Matthew Wadsworth, Leighton *Earth Sweet Earth*, Vaughan Williams *On Wenlock edge*, Finzi songs, Britten's *Winter Words* and his first Schumann recording for Linn Records and the critically-acclaimed recordings of Schubert's song cycles for Orchid Classics.

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## **RODERICK WILLIAMS** *baritone*

Roderick Williams encompasses a wide repertoire, from baroque to contemporary music, in the opera house, on the concert platform and in recital. He enjoys relationships with all the major UK opera houses and is particularly associated with the baritone roles of Mozart. He has also sung world premieres of operas by, among others, David Sawer, Sally Beamish, Michael van der Aa, Robert Saxton and Alexander Knaifel.

Roderick Williams sings concert repertoire with all the BBC orchestras, and many other ensembles



photograph: Benjamin Ealovega

including the Royal Scottish National Orchestra, the Philharmonia, London Sinfonietta, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, the Hallé, Britten Sinfonia, Bournemouth Symphony, Scottish Chamber Orchestra and Orchestra of the Age of the Enlightenment. Abroad he has worked with the Berlin Philharmonic, Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin, Russian National Orchestra, Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France, Ensemble Orchestral de Paris, Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia in Rome and Bach Collegium Japan amongst others. His many festival appearances include the BBC Proms (including the Last Night in 2014), Edinburgh, Cheltenham, Aldeburgh and Melbourne.

He is an accomplished recital artist who can be heard at venues and festivals including Wigmore Hall, Kings Place, LSO St Luke's, the Perth Concert Hall, Oxford Lieder Festival, London Song Festival and the Musikverein, Vienna.

Roderick Williams is also a composer and has had works premiered at the Wigmore and Barbican Halls, the Purcell Room and live on national radio.

He will be Artistic Director of Leeds Lieder + in April 2016.

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## **ANDREW WEST** *piano*

Andrew West appears regularly with many of Britain's leading singers, including Robert Murray, Mark Padmore, Christopher Purves, Hilary Summers and Roderick Williams. He first worked with Susan Gritton when they were both with Young Concert Artists' Trust. His concerts with Mark Padmore include recitals throughout Europe, and at the Frick Collection and Lincoln Center in New York.

At the 2013 Aldeburgh Festival they gave the world premiere of a new cycle by Harrison Birtwistle, *Songs from the Same Earth*. He has also appeared with Joan Rodgers and Roderick Williams in the 2012 December Nights festival at the Pushkin Museum, Moscow.

He is Artistic Director of the Nuremberg Chamber Music Festival, now in its fifteenth year. He has a longstanding collaboration with flautist Emily Beynon, with whom he has recorded for Hyperion, and appeared at the BBC Chamber Music Proms, Edinburgh International Festival, and Amsterdam Concertgebouw. He was closely involved with the Michael Clark Dance Company Stravinsky Project, performing the two-piano version of *The Rite of Spring* with Philip Moore in London, Seoul and New York.

He has recorded Strauss Lieder with Emma Bell for Linn; Schubert's *Die Schöne Müllerin* with Robert Murray for Stone Records; and a new cycle *Madrigali d'Estate* by Stephen McNeff with Clare McCaldin on Champs Hill Records.

Andrew West won second prize at the Geneva International Piano Competition, and went on to give solo tours of South Africa, South America and the United States. He has received the inaugural Gerald Moore Award for Accompanists.

Andrew West read English at Clare College, Cambridge before going on to study with Christopher Elton and John Streets at the Royal Academy of Music. He is now professor of Accompaniment and Chamber Music at the Academy, and also coaches song repertoire at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama.

## SONG TEXTS

### 1 I.2 My true love hath my heart

Sir Philip Sydney

My true love hath my heart and I have his,  
By just exchange one to the other given;  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;  
There never was a better bargain driven.  
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one;  
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:  
He loves my heart, for once it was his own;  
I cherish his because in me it bides.  
my true love hath my heart, and I have his.

### 2 I.2 Good night

P.B. Shelley

Good night? Ah no... the hour is ill  
That severs those it should unite;  
Let us remain together still,  
Then it will be good night.

How can I call the lone night good  
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?  
Be it not said, thought, understood;  
Then it will be good night.

To hearts which near each other move  
From evenings close to mornings light,  
The night is good, because, my love,  
They never say good night.

### 3 I. 3 Where shall the lover rest?

Sir Walter Scott

Where shall the lover rest,  
Whom the fates sever  
From his true maiden's breast,  
Parted for ever?  
Where, through groves deep and high,  
Sounds the far billow,  
Where early violets die,  
Under the willow.

CHORUS

*Eleu loro, etc.* Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,  
Cool streams are laving;  
There, while the tempests sway,  
Scarce boughs are waving;  
There, thou thy rest shalt take,  
Parted for ever,  
Never again to wake,  
Never, O never!

CHORUS

*Eleu loro, etc.* Never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest,  
He the deceiver,  
Who could win maiden's breast,  
Ruin, and leave her?  
In the lost battle,  
Borne down by the flying,  
Where mingles war's rattle,  
With groans of the dying;

CHORUS

*Eleu loro, etc.* There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap,  
O'er the false hearted,  
This warm blood the wolf shall lap,  
E're life be parted.  
Shame and dishonour sit  
By his grave ever,  
Blessing shall hallow it  
Never, O never!

CHORUS

*Eleu loro, etc.* Never, O never!

### 4 I. 4 Willow, willow, willow

Shakespeare – from *Othello*

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow:  
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow, willow, willow:  
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;  
Sing willow, willow, willow;  
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;  
Sing willow, willow, willow;  
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

### 5 II. 1 O mistress mine

Shakespeare – from *Twelfth Night*

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O stay and hear, your true love's coming  
That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;  
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,  
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

## 6 II.2 Take, O take those lips away

Shakespeare – from *Measure for Measure*

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

## 7 II.3 No longer mourn for me

Shakespeare – Sonnet 71

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell;  
Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
Oh if, I say, you look up on this verse,  
When I perchance compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
But let your love e'en with my life decay,  
Lest the wise would should look into your moan,  
And mock you with me after I am gone.

## 8 II.4 Blow, blow thou winter wind

Shakespeare – from *As You Like It*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen  
Although thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho!  
Unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning,  
Most loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,  
Thou dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho!  
Unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning,  
Most loving mere folly  
Then, heigh ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly.

## 9 II.5 When icicles hang by the wall

Shakespeare – *Winter* from *Love's Labour's Lost*

When icicles hang by the wall  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail;

When blood is nipt and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl  
Tuwhoo! Tuwhit! Tuwhoo! A merry note!  
When greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl  
Then nightly sings the staring owl  
Tuwhoo! Tuwhit! Tuwhoo! A merry note!  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

### 10 III. 1 To Lucasta on going to the wars

Richard Lovelace

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
To war, and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you too shall adore;  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Lov'd I not Honour more.

### 11 III. 3 To Althea from prison

Richard Lovelace

When my love with unconfin'd wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at the grates;  
When I lie tangled in her hair,  
Or fettered to her eye,  
The Gods that wanton in the air,  
Know no such liberty!

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,  
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,  
Our hearts with loyal flames;  
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
And healths and draughts go free,  
Fishes that tittle in the deep  
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage.  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

### 12 III. 4 Why so pale and wan?

John Suckling

Why so pale and wan fond lover?  
Prythee why so pale?  
Will, if looking well can't move her,  
Looking ill prevail?  
Prythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute young sinner?  
Prythee why so mute?  
Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
Saying nothing do't?  
Prythee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! This shall not move,  
This cannot take her;  
If of herself she will not love,  
Nothing will make her;  
The devil take her!

### 13 IV. 4 Weep you no more

Anon

Weep you no more, sad fountains:  
What need you flow so fast?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heaven's Sun doth gently waste!  
But my Sun's heavenly eyes  
View not your weeping,  
That now lies sleeping,  
Softly, now softly lies sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,  
A rest that peace begets;  
Doth not the sun rise smiling  
When fair at eve he sets?  
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes,  
Melt not in weeping  
While she lies sleeping  
Softly, now softly lies sleeping.

### 14 III. 6 Of all the torments

William Walsh

Of all the torments, all the cares,  
With which our lives are curst;  
Of all the plagues a lover bears,  
Sure rivals are the worst!  
By partners of each other kind  
Afflictions easier grow;  
In love alone we hate to find  
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see,  
Are labouring in my breast;  
I beg not you would favour me,  
Would you but slight the rest!  
How great soe'er your rigours are,  
With them alone I'll cope;  
I can endure my own despair,  
But not another's hope!

### 15 V. 4 Lay a garland on my hearse

Beaumont & Fletcher – from *The Maid's Tragedy*

Lay a garland on my hearse  
Of the dismal yew;  
Maidens, willow branches bear!  
Say I died true!  
My love was false, but I was firm  
From my hour of birth.  
Upon my buried body lie  
Lightly, gentle earth!

### 16 XI. 7 Why art thou slow?

Philip Massinger

Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,  
To stop a wretch's breath,  
That calls on thee and offers her sad heart  
A prey unto thy dart?  
I am nor young nor fair; be, therefore, bold:  
Sorrow hath made me old,  
Deformed, and wrinkled; all that I can crave  
Is quiet in my grave.  
Such as live happy, hold long life a jewel,  
But to me thou art cruel  
If thou end not my tedious misery,  
And I soon cease to be.  
Strike, and strike home, then; pity unto me,  
In one short hour's delay, is tyranny.

### 17 VII. 1 On a time the amorous Silvy

Anon

On a time the amorous Silvy  
Said to her shepherd, 'Sweet, how do ye?  
Kiss me this once and then God be with ye,  
My sweetest dear!  
Kiss me this once and then God be with ye,  
For now the morning draweth near.'

With that, her fairest beauty showing,  
Opening her lips, rich perfumes blowing,  
She said, 'Now kiss me and be going,  
My sweetest dear!  
Kiss me this once and then be going,  
For now the morning draweth near.'

With that the shepherd waked from sleeping,  
And spying where the day was peeping,  
He said, 'Now take my soul in keeping,  
My sweetest dear!  
Kiss me and take my soul in keeping,  
Since I must go, now day is near.'

## 18 VII.2 Follow a shadow

Ben Jonson

Follow a shadow, it still flies you,  
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:  
So court a mistress, she denies you,  
Let her alone, she will court you.  
Say, are not women truly then  
Styled but the shadows of us men?

At morn or even, shades are longest;  
At noon, they are or short or none;  
So men at weakest, they are strongest,  
But grant us perfect, they're not known.  
Say, are not women truly then  
Styled but the shadows of us men?

## 19 VII.3 Ye little birds that sit and sing

Thomas Heywood

Ye little birds that sit and sing,  
Amidst the shady valleys,  
And see how Phyllis sweetly walks,  
Within her garden alleys;  
Go, pretty birds, about her bower;  
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;  
Ah me! methinks I see her frown!  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tune your voices' harmony  
And sing, I am her lover;  
Strain loud and sweet, that ev'ry note  
With sweet content may move her:  
And she that hath the sweetest voice,  
Tell her I will not change my choice:  
Yet still methinks I see her frown!  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tell her through your chirping bills,  
As you by me are bidden,  
To her is only known my love,  
Which from the world is hidden.  
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so,  
See that your notes strain not too low,  
For still methinks I see her frown  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh fly! make haste! see, see, she falls  
Into a pretty slumber!  
Sing round about her rosy bed  
That waking she may wonder:  
Say to her, 'tis her lover true,  
That sendeth love to you, to you!  
And when you hear her kind reply,  
Return with pleasant warblings.

## 20 VII.4 O never say that I was false of heart

Shakespeare – Sonnet 109

O, never say that I was false of heart,  
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify!  
As easy might I from myself depart,  
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:  
That is my home of love: If I have rang'd,  
Like him that travels, I return again,  
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,  
So that myself bring water for my stain.  
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
That it could so prepost'rously be stain'd,  
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;  
For nothing this wide universe I call,  
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

## 21 VII.5 Julia

Robert Herrick

Some asked me where the rubies grew,  
And nothing did I say,  
But with my finger pointed to  
The lips of Julia.

Some asked how pearls did grow, and where,  
Then spake I to my girl,  
To part her lips, and show me there  
The quarelets of pearl.

One asked me where the roses grew,  
I bade him not go seek;  
But forthwith made my Julia show  
A bud on either cheek.

## 22 X.6 One silent night of late

Robert Herrick

One silent night of late,  
When every creature rested,  
Came one unto my gate  
And knocking me molested.

“Who’s that,” said I, “knocks there,  
And troubles thus the sleepy?”  
“Cast off”, said he, “all fear,  
And let not locks thus keep ye.

For I a boy am,  
Who by moonless nights have swerved  
And all with showers wet through,  
And eën with cold half starved.”

I pitiful arose,  
And soon the taper lighted,  
And did myself disclose  
Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,  
And wings, too, that did shiver,  
And looking down below  
Spied – he had a quiver.

I to my chimney’s shrine  
Brought him as love professes,  
And chafed his hands in mine,  
And dried his drooping tresses;

And when he felt him warmed –  
“Let’s try this bow of ours,  
And strings, if they be harmed  
By these late showers?”

With that his bow be bent  
And fitted string and arrow,  
And struck me that it went right  
Through my heart and marrow.

And laughing loud he flew away,  
And then said, flying,  
“Adieu mine host, adieu, adieu!  
I leave thy heart a-dying.”

## 23 XII.2 To blossoms

Robert Herrick

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,  
Why do ye fall so fast?  
Your date is not so past,  
But you may stay yet here awhile  
To blush and gently smile,  
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be  
An hour or half’s delight,  
And so to bid good-night?  
’Twas pity nature brought ye forth  
Merely to show your worth,  
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne’er so brave:  
And after they have shown their pride  
Like you, awhile, they glide  
Into the grave.

## 24 XII.3 Rosaline

Thomas Lodge

Like to the clear in highest sphere  
Where all imperial glory shines,  
Of selfsame colour is her hair  
whether unfolded or in twines:  
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,  
Resembling heav’n by ev’ry wink;  
The gods do fear when as they glow,  
And I do tremble when I think  
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud  
That beautifies Aurora’s face,  
Or like the crimson shroud  
That Phoebus’ smiling looks doth grace:  
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Her lips are like two budded roses  
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,  
Within which bounds she balm encloses  
Apt to entice a deity:  
Heigh ho! would she were mine!

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan  
The absence of fair Rosaline,  
Since for a fair there’s fairer none,  
Nor for her virtues so divine:  
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!  
Heigh ho, my heart!  
Would God that she were mine!

## 25 V. 3 Crabbed age and youth

Shakespeare

Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together:  
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;  
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather,  
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare:  
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short,  
Youth is nimble, age is lame.  
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold,  
Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
Age I do abhor thee, youth I do adore thee,  
O, my Love, my Love is young!  
Age I do defy thee. O sweet shepherd, hie thee!  
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

## 26 VI. 6 Under the greenwood tree

Shakespeare

Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat  
Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter, and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats  
And pleased with what he gets  
Come hither, come hither, come hither!

Here shall he see no enemy  
but winter and rough weather,  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.

## 27 VII. 4 If thou survive my well-contented day

Shakespeare – Sonnet 32

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover  
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,  
Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,  
And though they be outstripp'd by ev'ry pen,  
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,  
Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:  
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,  
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
To march in ranks of better equipage:  
But since he died and poets better prove,  
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

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## 28 When in disgrace

Shakespeare – Sonnet 29. German translation by Friedrich Bodenstedt

Wenn ich, von Gott und Menschen übersehn,  
Mir wie ein Ausgestoßener erscheine,  
Und da der Himmel nicht erhört mein Flehn,  
Dem Schicksal fluche und mein Loos beweine:  
Wünsch' ich an Hoffnungen so reich zu sein,  
Wie Andre viel befreundet, hoch geboren  
In Kunst, in Freiheit Manchen gleich zu sein,  
Unfroh bei dem was mir das Glück erkoren.  
Zur Selbstverachtung treibt mich fast mein Sorgen,  
Doch denk'ich Dein, ist aller Gram besiegt.  
Der Lerche gleich'ich dann, die früh am Morgen  
Helljubelnd auf zum goldnen Himmel fliegt.  
So macht Erinnerung an Dein Lieben reich,  
Daß ich's nicht hingäb' um ein Königreich.

*When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweeep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contended least;  
Yet in such thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.*

## 29 Farewell! Thou art too dear

Shakespeare – Sonnet 87. German translation by Friedrich Bodenstedt

Leb'wohl! Du stehst im Preis zu hoch für mich  
Und fremd bist Du dem eignen Werthe nicht.  
Frei macht das Vorrecht dieses Werthes Dich,  
Mein Recht an Dir erlischt, wie Deine Pflicht.  
Denn wie besäss'ich Dich als durch Dein Geben?  
Nicht durch Verdienst ward solcher Reichtum mir;  
Der Grund so holder Gunst fehlt meinem Leben  
Und so kehrt das Geschenk zurück zu Dir.  
Du gabst Dich selbst, fremd Deinem eignen Werth.  
Gabst Dich mir eigen, Ohne Überlegung;  
So fällt das Gut, mir unbedacht gewährt,  
Zurück an Dich nach reiflicher Erwägung.  
Mir war's wie Schmeicheln eines Traumgesicht's:  
Im traum ein König, und erwacht ein Nichts.

*Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate.  
The Charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
How do I hold thee but by thy granting;  
And for such riches where is my deserving?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent back again is swerving.  
Thyself thou gav'st, thine own worth then not knowing,  
Or me to whom thou gav'st else mistaking,  
So thy great gift, Upon misprision growing,  
Comes home again on better judgment making.  
Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter:  
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.*

### 30 Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Shakespeare – Sonnet 18. German translation by Friedrich Bodenstedt

Soll ich Dich einem Sommertag vergleichen?  
Nein, Du bist lieblicher und frischer, weit  
Durch Maienblüthen, rauhe Winde streichen  
Und kurz nur währt des Sommers Herrlichkeit.  
Zu feurig oft läßt er sein Auge glühen,  
Oft auch verhüllt sich seine goldne Spur  
Und seiner Schönheit Fülle muss verblühen  
In nimmerruh'nden Wechsel der Natur.  
Nie aber soll Dein ewiger Sommer schwinden,  
Die Zeit wird Deiner Schönheit nicht verderblich,  
Nie soll des neidischen Todes Blick Dich finden,  
Denn fort lebst Du in meinem Lied unsterblich,  
So lange Menschen athmen, Augen sehn,  
Wirst Du, wie mein Gesang, nicht untergehn.

*Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,  
And ev'ry fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or Nature's changing course untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal Summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;  
So long as men can breathe Or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.*

### 31 When to the sessions

Shakespeare – Sonnet 30. German translation by Friedrich Bodenstedt

Wenn ich so sinnend heimlich und allein  
Mich ganz in der Vergangenheit ergehe,  
Fällt mir gar manches Schwer verlorne ein  
Und neu beklag' ich altes leid und Wehe:  
Die Augen, längst entwöhnt des Weinens,  
Feuchten sich an bei todter Freund Erinnerungen.  
Zu schnell erloschne Sterne sah ich leuchten,  
Vernahm manch süßen Ton zu früh verklungen.  
Dann kann ich leiden um vergangnes Leid,  
Längst schon Geduldetes auf's Neue duld' ich  
Die ganze Summe meiner Traurigkeit.  
Zahl'ich auf's Neu als wär ich sie noch schuldig.  
Doch wenn ich dann zu Dir mein Freund, mich wende,  
Ersetzt ist Alles und mein Leid, mein Leid zu Ende.

*When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
and with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;  
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
and weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,  
And moan th'expanse of many a vanish'd sight:  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
the sad account of fore bemoan'd moan,  
While I new pay, as if not paid before.  
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.*