

Sir Hubert Parry (1848-1918)

English Lyrics

Volume II

SOMMCD 270

Sarah Fox *soprano**James Gilchrist *tenor***Roderick Williams *baritone*+Andrew West *piano*

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Sir Hubert PARRY

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**TWELVE SETS of
 ENGLISH LYRICS**
 Volume II

—  —
 Sarah Fox
soprano

James Gilchrist
tenor

Roderick Williams
baritone

Andrew West
piano



Sir Hubert Parry

English Lyrics & other songs

Volume II

HUBERT PARRY'S 12 sets of *English Lyrics* were written between about 1874 and the year of his death in 1918, though the last two were compiled posthumously. 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 19th century, British musicians 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 in 1871 and the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, events that signalled across a mutating Europe a new and menacing advance in German industrial might and national sentiment. This awakened a 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, British composers and scholars sought to rediscover their own heritage. For many, the inherent national components of language were the most potent 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* symbolized more than purely the setting of English poetry (although vital, of course, in itself): 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 that of the German lied and French *mélodie*. What also gave life to the *English Lyrics* was the growing popularity of 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.

Parry's evident attraction to poetry of the Elizabethan and Jacobean eras is a dominant feature of his *English Lyrics* (as seen in Volume I of these recordings). Two songs which continue this love affair are 'And yet I love her till I die', an anonymous lyric which appeared in Thomas Ford's *Musicke of Sundrie Kindes* of 1607, and the scherzo-like ditty 'Love is a bable', another anonymous poem which appeared in Robert Jones's *Second Booke of Songs and Ayres* in 1601. The former, pensive in its affecting melody, is memorable for its melancholy refrain 'till I die', the latter for its bad-tempered humour and impatience with love. Both appeared in Set VI, which was published in 1903.

Eighteenth-century poets are, by comparison, rare among Parry's songs, and we have to wait until the following century to find a similar concentration of authors. A setting of Shelley's 'O World, O Life, O Time' was composed between 1867 and 1870 but Parry returned to it several times in later life. In November 1909, Agnes Nicholls sang a version of the song in her recital with Hamilton

Harty in London, though it was revised further in 1912 before its eventual posthumous publication in Set XII of the *English Lyrics* in 1920. Looking forward to the end of life with resignation, this is a powerful lament in which we catch a glimpse of Parry's inner soul.

One of only two 19th-century texts in Set III of the *English Lyrics* is a setting of Thomas Lovell Beddoes' poem 'If thou wouldst ease thine heart' from his posthumously published play, *Death's Jest-Book*, of 1850. For the two verses of the song Parry chose to emulate a favourite scheme of Brahms in beginning the second verse in the same manner as the first, but, thereafter, substantially developing the music in a different direction to mirror the meaning of the text. Here, the first verse tells of how sleep might alleviate the pain of love, but in the second it is only death that can provide a true remedy. A second setting from *Death's Jest-Book* emerged in the posthumous Set XII. 'Dream Pedlary' reflects on the improbable idea of buying dreams and the prospect of a lonely cottage for refuge. Its wistful mood, captured by the material of the prelude, belies the underlying desire for catharsis which Parry embodies in the central modulation to the flat submediant ('until I die') and unforced recovery ('Were dreams to have at will').

Two poems by Byron were taken from his *Poems* of 1816 and included in Set IV, published in 1896. 'When we two parted' was, in fact, about Byron's jealous response on hearing news of his purported lover, Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster's affair (also alleged) with the Duke of Wellington. Parry's reaction to the poem was, however, much more introspective, as he perhaps remembered the lost clandestine meetings with his fiancée, Maude, during his early twenties.

The regret of the last verse, especially the lines 'If I should meet thee, after long years' is especially moving.

'There be none of Beauty's daughters', widely set by composers such as Moscheles, Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Stanford and Maude Valérie White, is treated to a generous, large-scale conception for both voice and piano by Parry in which the magical characteristics of the subject of the poem are both mysterious yet, as the modified second verse suggests, truly bountiful. It was dedicated to his friend, Evelyn de Vesci, the eldest daughter of Francis Charteris, 10th Earl of Wemyss, a relative of his wife's family.

The final song of Set IV is a setting of John Keats' final sonnet, 'Bright Star', which appeared posthumously in the poet's *Life, Letters and Literary Remains* of 1848. Dedicated to his friend, Robert Benson, it was first composed in 1885 with a view perhaps to appearing in an earlier volume of the *English Lyrics*. Dissatisfied, Parry left it alone until extensively revising it for Set IV. Shot through with the imagery of the pure, flowing mountain water of Keats' poem, the song's wide emotional range is conveyed by Parry's bold tonal scheme and, most of all, the spellbinding 'turn' at 'No, still unchanging' where the composer, always a master of harmony, effortlessly passes from G major to the song's home key, A flat.

Three romantic poets featured in Set V (dedicated to his youngest half-sister, Hilda Gambier-Parry) published in 1902. Walter Scott's *The Heart of Midlothian* (1818) was the source of 'Proud Maisie', which may have been written some time earlier. A miniature ballad, it relates a dark story of a proud lady who hopes to marry but instead is informed that she will die a spinster. 'Love and laughter'

from *The Tragedy of Charles I* (1874) by Arthur Gray Butler (founder of Haileybury College) was composed not long after the play's publication in 1876 when Parry was staying in Cannes. Further revision of the song took place in 1882, though it was not until January 1892 that it first appeared in print in *The Girl's Own Paper*. A somewhat pensive song, its first two verses recall when love and laughter enjoyed one another's careless company, but, in the last, less frolicsome verse, love is now full of sighs, and laughter is a luxury reserved for paradise.

The last song of Set V, 'A Welsh Lullaby' is one of Parry's most serene creations. Using a translation by Edmund Jones of John Ceiriog Hughes' Welsh poem (which appeared in *Welsh Lyrics of the 19th Century* in 1896) the song relies on extended pedal points, a deliciously repetitive lullaby 'charm' and a transparent diatonicism to convey its compelling stillness. Yet at the one moment of crisis, when the thought of being parted from one's beloved is suggested, Parry deftly departs from his white-note idiom for a few brief but telling bars.

Another Jones translation from *Welsh Lyrics of the 19th Century* was 'When comes my Gwen' by Mynyddog (the pseudonym of Richard Davies) which headed Set VI. Composed as a 'Christmas Box' for Plunket Greene, who married Parry's daughter Gwen in July 1899, it is a passionate, effervescent love song whose enthusiasm reaches an infectious climax in the ravishing modulations of the last verse. Set VIII of the *English Lyrics* of 1907 featured two poems by George Meredith. 'Marian' is a buoyant lyric in which Parry's whimsical accompaniment matches the changing character of the capricious maiden. 'Dirge in Woods', from Meredith's *A Reading of Earth*, is a more disquieting essay in which the recurring, funereal rhythms of the piano provide a metaphor for man's finite existence.

A similarly bleak, wintry setting can be found in 'Gone were but the winter cold' from Allan Cunningham's *Poems and Songs* posthumously published in 1847, which appeared in Set X. Written for the soprano Agnes Nicholls, the set dates from 1909 although it was not published by Novello until 1918. A deeply introspective song, it contemplates the prospect of a lonely, oncoming death at the turn of Spring. Equally dark, too, is 'What part of dread eternity' from Set XI, which may be a text by Parry himself. Wagnerian in its use of *Tristan*-esque chromaticism, the song makes extensive use of the opening motive as a projection of deeply personal agony to provide an insight into a side of Parry's character that has until now remained hidden.

Set IX of the *English Lyrics* was as close as Parry came to the composition of a song cycle. Published in 1909, the songs were written mainly in 1908 in memory of Mary Coleridge, who died unexpectedly from appendicitis at the age of 46 in 1907. The great-grand-niece of romantic poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the daughter of Arthur Duke Coleridge (the lawyer and amateur musician to whom Set IX is dedicated), she was a successful novelist much influenced by the artistic atmosphere of her parents' home, which witnessed regular visits from writers such as Tennyson, Trollope, Ruskin, Browning, Robert Bridges, Christina Rossetti and Richard Watson Dixon, and from numerous musicians. Among these were Charles Villiers Stanford (whose legendary setting of 'The Blue Bird' is a now a classic of the part-song repertoire) and Parry, who chose to set a range of the 237 poems which Henry Newbolt edited after her death.

A renaissance of interest in Mary Coleridge's poetry in recent years has recognized the range of her imagination, the simplicity of her verse (which has

been compared with Heinrich Heine), a delight in things magical and mystical, and a spiritual interest in eschatology, often related to human love and the depth of human relationships. Of human life she was a deft observer, as is evident in the first song ‘Three Aspects’. Set in Parry’s favourite key of E flat, it is robust and athletic in its first and second verses, but in the third conjures a vision of peace, recalling the pathos of the aspirational epode of *Blest Pair of Sirens* (also in the same key). ‘A Fairy Town’ and ‘The Witches’ Wood’ explore that part of Coleridge’s art which revelled in fantasy, the former an enchanting reverie, the latter a darker apparition. Both reveal Parry’s dexterity in terms of elastic, through-composed structures. Of a similar fantastical form is ‘The Maiden’, a symbol of Spring and the heyday of life, whose return may only occur as a memory when we grow old.

The meditative love song ‘Whether I live’ derives its intense expression from Parry’s highly resourceful harmonic palette and the richness of its chord progressions and modulations. More sensuously melodious, ‘Armida’s Garden’, arguably the masterpiece of the collection, was a particular favourite of Elsie Swinton, who enjoyed the zenith of her career (with Hamilton Harty) between 1909 and the beginning of the war. She would often sing this song, much to Parry’s appreciation. Its eschatological aspect is also reflected more plainly in the last song of the collection, ‘There’, which looks to a new earth and existence purely in the presence of God. Parry’s powerful through-composed design, which is almost orchestral in its muscular gestures for the piano, underpins this vision through the celestial change from G major to E in the second section, and an uplifting return to G for the final affirmation of faith.

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SONG TEXTS

1 VI. 1 When comes my Gwen

When comes my Gwen,
More glorious then
The sun in heaven appeareth;
And summer’s self
To meet this elf
A smile more radiant weareth.

When comes my love,
The moon above
Shines bright and ever brighter;
And all the black
And sullen wrack
Grows in a moment lighter.

When comes my queen,
The treetops green
Bow down to earth to greet her;
And tempests high
That rend the sky
Disperse, ashamed to meet her.

When comes my sweet
Her love to greet,
My cares and sorrows vanish;
For on her face
Rests heavenly grace,
Which troubles all doth banish.

When comes my dear,
The darkness drear
’Twi’x God and me is riven;
Her loving eyes
Reveal the skies
And point the way to heaven.

Richard Davies/Mynyddog (1833-77)

2 VI.2 And yet I love her till I die

There is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleas'd my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her free behaviour, winning looks,
Will make a lawyer burn his books;
I touched her not, alas! not I,
And yet I love her till I die.

Had I her fast betwixt mine arms,
Judge you that think such sports were
harms;
Were't any harm? No, no, fie, fie!
For I will love her till I die.

Should I remain confinèd there
So long as Phoebus in his sphere,
I to request, she to deny,
Yet would I love her till I die.

Cupid is winged and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change:
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

[Anon.]

3 VI.3 Love is a bable

Love is a bable,
No man is able
To say 'tis this or 'tis that;
So full of passions
Of sundry fashions
'Tis like I cannot tell what.

Love's fair in the cradle,
Foul in the fable,
'Tis either too cold or too hot;
An arrant liar,
Fed by desire,
It is, and yet it is not.

Love is a fellow,
Clad oft in yellow,
The canker-worm of the mind
A privy mischief,
And such a sly thief
No man knows which way to find.

Love is a wonder
That's here and yonder,
As common to one as to moe;
A monstrous cheater,
Every man's debtor;
Hang him and so let him go.

[Anon.]

4 XII.6 O World, O Life, O Time

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more – Oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more – Oh, never more!

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

5 IV.3 When we two parted

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow –
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me –
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well –
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met –
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?
With silence and tears.

Lord Byron (1788-1824)

6 X.2 Gone were but the winter cold

Gone were but the winter cold,
And gone were but the snow,
I could sleep in the wild woods
Where primroses blow.

Cold's the snow at my head,
And cold at my feet;
And the finger of death's at my e'en,
Closing them to sleep.

Let none tell my father
Or my mother so dear,
I'll meet them both in heaven
At the spring of the year.

Allan Cunningham (1784-1842)

7 IV.5 There be none of Beauty's daughters

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep;
Whose breast is gently heaving
As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

Lord Byron (1788-1824)

8 IV.6 Bright Star!

Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art –
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors –
No – yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever – or else swoon to death.

John Keats (1795-1821)

9 V.2 Proud Maisie

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?" –
"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?" –
"The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

"The glowworm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing,
'Welcome, proud lady.'

Walter Scott (1771-1832)

10 VIII.3 Marian

She can be as wise as we,
And wiser when she wishes;
She can knit with cunning wit,
And dress the homely dishes.
She can flourish staff or pen,
And deal a wound that lingers;
She can talk the talk of men,
And touch with thrilling fingers.

Match her ye across the sea,
Natures fond and fiery;
Ye who zest the turtle's nest
With the eagle's eyrie.
Soft and loving is her soul,
Swift and lofty soaring;
Mixing with its dove-like dole
Passionate adoring.

Such a she who'll match with me?
In flying or pursuing,
Subtle wiles are in her smiles
To set the world a-wooing.
She is steadfast as a star,
And yet the maddest maiden:
She can wage a gallant war,
And give the peace of Eden.

George Meredith (1828-1909)

11 VIII.4 Dirge in Woods

A wind sways the pines,
And below
Not a breath of wild air;
Still as the mosses that glow
On the flooring and over the lines
Of the roots here and there.
The pine-tree drops its dead;
They are quiet, as under the sea.
Overhead, overhead
Rushes life in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase;
And we go,
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
Even we,
Even so.

George Meredith (1828-1909)

12 III. 2 If thou wouldst ease thine heart

If thou wouldst ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' th' sun tomorrow,
In eastern sky.

But wouldst thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die;
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes (1803-49)

13 XI. 2 What part of dread eternity

What part of dread eternity
Are those strange minutes which I gain;
Mazed with the doubt of fear and pain;
Whenas thy delicate face I see,
A little while before farewell?
What share of the world's yearning tide,
That flash, when new day bare and white
Blots out my half-dream's faint delight,
And there is nothing by my side,
And well remembered is farewell?

What drop in the grey flood of tears,
That time when the long day toiled through
Shows nought for me to do;
And nothing worth my labour bears
The longing of the last farewell?
What pity from the heavens above,
What heed from out eternity,
What word from the swift world to me?
Speak, heed and pity, O tender love,
That knew'st the days before farewell.

Anon. /Parry?

14 V. 5 Love and laughter

In the days when Earth was young,
Love and Laughter roamed together;
Love took up her harp and sung,
Round him all was golden weather,
But there came a sigh anon –
What will be when life is done?

Laughter then would try his skill,
Sang of mirth and joy undying;
But he play'd his part so ill
He set Echo all a-sighing.
Ever came an undertone –
What will be when life is done?

Then for ever since that time
Love no more can live with Laughter;
For bright as is the summer's prime,
Winter pale will follow after.
Love henceforth must dwell with sighs,
Joy was left in Paradise.

Arthur Gray Butler (1831-1909)

15 V. 7 A Welsh Lullaby

Sleep, sleep,
Sleep, sleep!
All nature now is steeping
Her sons in sleep,
their eyelids close,
All living things in sweet repose
Are sleeping, sleeping!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Peace o'er thee watch be keeping,
If from my bosom thou art torn,
Low in grave I'll lie forlorn.
Sleeping, Ah!
sleeping, sleeping.

John Ceiriog Hughes (1832-87)

16 XII.5 Dream Pedlary

If there were dreams to sell,
 What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
 Some a light sigh,
That shakes from life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
 And the crier rang the bell,
 What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
 With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
 Until I die.
Such pearl from life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This best would heal my ill,
 This would I buy.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes (1803-49)

17 IX.1 Three Aspects

Some showed me life as 'twere a royal game,
Shining in every colour of the sun,
With prizes to be played for, one by one,
Love, riches, fame.

Some showed me life as 'twere a terrible fight,
A ceaseless striving 'gainst unnumbered foes,
A battle ever harder to the close,
Ending in night.

Thou – thou didst't make of life a vision deep
Of the deep happiness the spirit feels
When heavenly music Heaven itself reveals
And passions sleep.

Mary Coleridge (1861-1907)

18 IX.2 A Fairy Town

While the sun was going down,
There arose a fairy town.
Not the town I saw by day,
Cheerless, joyless, dull and grey,
But a far, fantastic place,
Built with ethereal grace.
Shimmering in a tender mist
That the slanting rays had kissed
Ere they let their latest fire
Touch with gold each slender spire.
There no men and women be;
Mermen, maidens of the sea,
Combing out their tangled locks,
Sit and sing among the rocks.
As their ruddy harps they sound,
With the seaweed twisted round,
In the shining sand below
See the city downward go!

Mary Coleridge (1861-1907)

19 IX.3 The Witches' Wood

There was a wood, a witches' wood,
 All the trees therein were pale;
They bore no branches green and good
 But as it were a grey nun's veil.

They talked and chattered in the wind
 From morning dawn to set of sun,
Like men and women that have sinned,
 Whose thousand evil tongues are one.

Their roots were like the hands of men,
 Grown hard and brown with clutching gold,
Their foliage women's tresses when
 The hair is withered, thin and old.

There never did a sweet bird sing.
 For happy love about his nest.
The clustered bats on evil wing
 Each hollow trunk and bough possessed.

And in the midst a pool there lay
 Of water white, as tho' a scare
Had frightened off the eye of day
 And kept the Moon reflected there.

Mary Coleridge (1861-1907)

20 IX. 4 Whether I live

Whether I live, or whether I die,
Whatever the worlds I see,
I shall come to you by-and-by,
And you will come to me.

Whatever was foolish, we were wise,
We crossed the boundary line,
I saw my soul look out of your eyes,
You saw your soul in mine.

Mary Coleridge (1861-1907)

21 IX. 5 Armida's garden

I have been there before thee, O my love!
Each winding way I know and all the flowers,
The shadowy cypress trees, the twilight grove,
Where rest, in fragrant sleep, the enchanted hours.
I have been there before thee. At the end
There stands a gate through which thou too must pass.
When thou shalt reach it, God in mercy send
Thou say no bitterer word, love, than "Alas!"

Mary Coleridge (1861-1907)

22 IX. 6 The Maiden

Who was this that came by the way,
When the flowers were springing?
She bore in her hair the buds of May,
And a bird on her shoulder, singing.

A girdle of the fairest green
Her slender waist confined,
And such a flame was never seen
As in her eyes there shined.

By the way she came, that way she went,
And took the sunlight with her.
The May of life shall all be spent
Ere she again come hither!

Mary Coleridge (1861-1907)

23 IX. 7 There

There in that other world, what waits for me?
What shall I find after that other birth?
No stormy, tossing foaming, smiling sea,
But a new earth.

No sun to mark the changing of the days,
No slow, soft falling of the alternate night,
No moon, no star, no light upon my ways,
Only the Light.

No grey cathedral, wide and wondrous fair,
That I may tread where all my fathers trod.
Nay, nay, my soul, no house of God is there,
But only God.

Mary Coleridge (1861-1907)

SARAH FOX was educated at Giggleswick School, London University and the Royal College of Music. A former winner of the Kathleen Ferrier and John Christie awards, she is also an Honorary Fellow of Royal Holloway College, London University.



Photograph: Grahame Mellanby

Roles at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden have included Micaela (*Carmen*), Asteria (*Tamerlano*), Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*) and Woglinde (*Der Ring des Nibelungen*). Other highlights have included Susanna (*Le nozze di Figaro*) for Glyndebourne and the Royal Danish Opera, and Mimì (*La bohème*) for Opera North. Additional roles include Ellen Orford (*Peter Grimes*), the title role in *Servilia*, and Ilia (*Idomeneo*).

Her concert career has encompassed engagements in Denver, Minneapolis, New York, San Francisco, Tel Aviv and Tokyo as well as tours throughout the UK and Europe. She has worked with many of the world's leading orchestras including the Berlin Philharmonic, Colorado Symphony, Oslo Philharmonic and the Hallé. She has appeared several times at the BBC Proms, the Edinburgh Festival and the Three Choirs Festival, and is a regular guest with the Classical Opera Company and at London's Wigmore Hall. She performs frequently with John Wilson and his Orchestra, is a regular guest on BBC Radio 2's *Friday Night is Music Night* and has performed concerts with Rufus Wainwright in Europe and Hong Kong.

Her discography includes *Aminta (Il re pastore)*, *Poulenc Songs*, *The Cole Porter Songbook* and two recordings of Mahler's Symphony No. 4 with the Philharmonia Orchestra – conducted by Charles Mackerras and Lorin Maazel – for Signum Classics, *That's Entertainment* (John Wilson Orchestra) for EMI Classics and Mozart's Requiem with the London Mozart Players/Malcolm Archer for Convivium Records.

JAMES GILCHRIST's 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 at King's College, Cambridge.



Photograph: operaomnia

James's extensive concert repertoire has seen him perform in major concert halls throughout the world. A master of English music, he has performed Benjamin Britten's *Church Parables* in St Petersburg, London and at the Aldeburgh Festival, *Nocturne* with the NHK Symphony Orchestra in Tokyo and *War Requiem* with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. James is famed for his interpretations of Bach and has recently performed the *Christmas Oratorio* with the Academy of Ancient Music, the BBC Scottish Symphony

Orchestra and, further afield, with Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra in Toronto and across Europe with Windsbacher Knabenchor.

Recent operatic engagements include appearances in the role of Reverend Horace Adams in Britten's *Peter Grimes* with Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra under the baton of Edward Gardner, for Bergen National Opera, the Bergen International Festival and Edinburgh International Festival. He has made over 30 recordings and his most recent, Vaughan Williams' *Songs of Travel*, was released on the Chandos label.

In 2017, James celebrated 20 years of collaboration with pianist Anna Tilbrook. Most recently they have collaborated on a new project for Wigmore Hall – *Schumann and the English Romantics* – pairing Schumann song-cycles with new commissions from leading composers Sally Beamish, Julian Philips and Jonathan Dove.

RODERICK WILLIAMS encompasses a wide repertoire, from baroque to contemporary music, in the opera house, on the concert platform and in demand as a recitalist worldwide.

He enjoys relationships with all the major UK opera houses and has sung opera world premieres by David Sawer, Sally Beamish, Michel van der Aa, Robert Saxton and Alexander Knaifel. Recent and future engagements include the title roles in *Eugene Onegin* for Garsington Opera and *Billy Budd* with Opera North, as well as Papageno (*Die Zauberflöte*) for the Royal Opera House,

Covent Garden and productions with Dallas Opera and English National Opera.

He sings regularly with all the BBC orchestras and all the major UK orchestras, as well as 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, Cincinnati Symphony, Music of the Baroque Chicago, New York Philharmonic and Bach Collegium Japan amongst others.

His many festival appearances include the BBC Proms (including the Last Night in 2014), Edinburgh, Cheltenham, Bath, Aldeburgh and Melbourne.

Roderick Williams has an extensive discography. He is a composer and has had works premiered at the Wigmore and Barbican Halls, the Purcell Room and live on national radio. In December 2016, he won the best choral composition prize in the British Composer Awards.

In 2015, he started a three-year odyssey of the Schubert song-cycles culminating in performances at Wigmore Hall in the 2017-18 season.

He was Artistic Director of Leeds Lieder in April 2016 and won the RPS Singer of the Year award in May 2016. He was awarded an OBE in June 2017.



Photograph: Benjamin Falovega

ANDREW WEST appears regularly with many of Britain's leading singers, including Robert Murray, Christopher Purves, Hilary Summers and Mark Padmore, with whom he has performed throughout Europe, in New York and Washington DC (where they gave the opening recital in the 2016 concert series at the Library of Congress). In 2013, they gave the world premiere of Harrison Birtwistle's *Songs from the Same Earth* at the Aldeburgh Festival, and have since performed it at Wigmore Hall, the Amsterdam Concertgebouw and Cologne Philharmonie.



Concerts with Roderick Williams include Schubert's *Winterreise* at the Australian Festival of Chamber Music, and settings of poems by William Blake at the Pushkin Museum, Moscow.

He is Artistic Director of the Nuremberg Chamber Music Festival (now in its 17th year) and 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's 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 (Linn); Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* with Robert Murray (Stone Records) and Stephen McNeff's *Madrigali dell'Estate* with Clare McCaldin (Champs Hill Records).

Andrew West read English at Clare College, Cambridge before studying with Christopher Elton and John Streets at the Royal Academy of Music. Second prize-winner at the 1990 Geneva International Piano Competition, he went on to give solo tours of South Africa, South America and the United States. He received the inaugural Gerald Moore Award for accompanists in 1992.

Currently Professor of Piano Accompaniment and Piano Ensemble at the RAM, he also teaches song repertoire at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama.



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