



WHR036

*Under the Greenwood Tree*  
*Songs of Love and Nature*

*Jake Barlow – countertenor*  
*Stella Pendrous – piano*  
*with Mark Hartt-Palmer – violin*

*Quilter ~ Howells ~ Barber ~ Tippett ~ Fauré*  
*Poulenc ~ Britten ~ McDowall ~ Finzi*

## The Programme

In creating the programme for this CD, I had two objectives in mind: first to present the listener with what I believe are some of the very best English and French modern art songs and arias and second, to demonstrate the art of the countertenor in a new light not usually associated with this genre. One theme continued to emerge: that of nature and man's interaction with his surroundings and people.

No disc including English art song is complete without the presence of perhaps the most famous composer of English song in the 20th Century, **Roger Quilter**. After his schooling at Eton, Quilter continued his studies in Germany under Ivan Knorr. He quickly established himself as a fine composer of songs at a time when the tradition of the drawing-room ballad was still strong. His songs are renowned not only for their inherently natural sense of melody and natural vocal lines which enhance the rhythm of the words, but also for their fully realised piano accompaniments that still allow the singer to have freedom of expression. Compiled in 1921, his *Five Shakespeare Songs Op.23* is the second set of Shakespeare texts Quilter had set to music (the first being his famous set of *Three Shakespeare Songs* in 1905). Composing for this set began in 1919, with the second and third songs set to light-hearted texts from *As You Like It*. The remaining texts come from *Cymbeline* (*Fear no more the heat o' the sun*), *Measure for Measure* (*Take, O take those lips away*), and *Twelfth Night* (*Hey, ho, the wind and the rain*).

**Herbert Howells** studied at the Royal College of Music under Stanford, Parry, and Wood. Though famed mostly for his significant contributions to Anglican Church music, Howells himself said of *King David* that he was "prouder to have written *King David* than almost anything else." Composed in 1919 to a text by Walter de la Mare, the song is perhaps his most famous solo song. The story is that of the biblical king David and his attempts to alleviate his feelings of melancholy. After the "hundred harps" of the court musicians have failed to ease his sadness, he decides to go for a walk in the palace gardens. He chances upon a nightingale in a cypress tree, and upon listening to its mournful song, David finds that his sorrow has been lifted. Widely considered to be a masterpiece of the art song genre, the piece begins in a doleful mood, gradually moving more and more towards the peace of the garden. The music climaxes as David addresses the nightingale, after which peace reigns. Particularly powerful is the word-painting as the court musicians play their harps, the piano part delivering a succession of broken chords.

One of the leading American composers of the 20th Century, **Samuel Barber** was born in West Chester, Pennsylvania and studied voice, piano, and composition at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. He never took up a career in singing because, as he put it, "on stage I have about as much projection as a baby skunk." Composed with a text by James Agee in 1938, *Sure on this shining night* is one of Barber's most famous pieces of music, perhaps only second to his *Adagio for Strings*, and is an art song that is reverent and true to the poem. Instilled with a deep sense of



peace, the text proclaims, "all is healed, all is health" as the summer season hits its height. This is one of the most performed of Barber's songs, and it was so popular that the composer rearranged it for choir thirty years later.

The Songs for Ariel were composed by **Michael Tippett** for the London Old Vic Theatre's 1962 production of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* (from which all the texts are taken), with an original orchestration of piccolo, flute, clarinet, horn, timpani, harp, bells, and harpsichord. This short song cycle is a prime example of the resurgence of interest in the countertenor voice (as well as in early music) in the second half of the twentieth century. Tippett engaged in an exploration of the countertenor voice, composing new repertoire specifically for it. From the enticing opening *Come unto these yellow sands* to the pensive *Full fathom five* and playful *Where the bee sucks*, the song cycle is compact, but filled with excitement.

For the most part, this disc displays the positives of nature – its power to uplift, and the sense of freedom it brings. However, I felt it was only appropriate to include something of nature's darker side – its power to instil feelings of sorrow and regret (something almost inescapable, as nature surrounds us). One of the composers most skilled at highlighting this darker side is **Gabriel Fauré**, and in the three songs chosen for this programme, there is an abundance of his characteristic vocal writing and text setting, as well as something a little different. In addition to its themes of sorrow and regret, *Automne* (1878) is quite uncharacteristic in its uninhibited display of emotion – this could be related to the fact that the composer's engagement to Marianne Viardot had recently broken down, a heartbreak whose shadow some biographers say never left him. The enduring musical characteristics for this song are the undulating piano line combined with bass octaves, as well as a vocal line that regularly moves in curves. Many consider *Claire de lune* (1887), set to a text by Paul Verlaine, to be the "quintessential French mélodie." With its pastoral nocturne-like opening and an unassuming narration of a moonlight court masquerade in the vocal line, the nature surrounding the scene being infused with an air of playful mystery. The short appearance of the moonlight is made all the more magical by the concentration upon the baroque elements of the court masquerade under it (the clues being in the song's *Menuet* subtitle, the description of the playing lutes, and the almost strummed nature of the piano line, which could almost as easily be played by a lute or guitar). Closing this selection of French songs is the famous *Les berceaux*. Composed in 1879 to a text by Sully-Prudhomme (who received the first Nobel Prize for Literature in 1901), the rocking motion of the quaver time illustrating both the cradles of the title and the rocking of ships upon the sea is well-documented, a rhythmic constant throughout the piece. The cradles and ships are linked both by motion and emotion, as the ships carry the men away from their cradles and into the horizons which lure them, which causes mothers to weep. The soothing vocal line is reminiscent of a mother's hand rocking the cradle, and the lullaby is constantly underpinned by this feeling of the sorrow to come.

**14-19. Le bestiaire, ou Cortège d'Orphée**

**14. Le dromadaire**

Avec ses quatre dromadaires,  
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira  
Courut le monde et l'admira.  
Il fit ce que je voudrais faire,  
Si j'avais quatre dromadaires.

**15. Le chèvre du Thibet**

Les poils de cette chèvre et même  
Ceux d'or pour qui prit tant de peine  
Jason, ne valent rien au prix  
Des cheveux dont je suis épris.

**16. La sauterelle**

Voici la fine sauterelle,  
La nourriture de Saint Jean.  
Puissent mes vers être comme elle,  
Le régal de meilleures gens.

**17. Le dauphin**

Dauphins, vous jouez dans la mer,  
Mais le flot est toujours amer.  
Parfois, ma joie éclate-t-elle?  
La vie est encore cruelle.

**18. L'écrevisse**

Incertitude, ô mes délices  
Vous et moi nous nous en allons  
Comme s'en vont les écrevisses,  
À reculons, à reculons.

**19. La carpe**

Dans vos viviers, dans vos étangs,  
Carpes, que vous vivez longtemps!  
Est-ce que la mort vous oublie,  
Poissons de la mélancolie?  
*Guillaume Apollinaire*

**14-19. The Bestiary (or Orpheus' Escort)**

**14. The Dromedary**

With his four dromedaries,  
Don Pedro of Alfarrobeira  
Roamed the world and admired it.  
He did what I would like to do,  
If I had four dromedaries.

**15. The Goat from Thibet**

The fleece of this goat and even  
That golden one for which Jason laboured  
Are worth nothing at all compared  
To the hair which I love.

**16. The Grasshopper**

Here is the fine grasshopper,  
The food of John the Baptist.  
May my verses be just like that,  
A feast for the finest people.

**17. The Dolphin**

Dolphins, you play in the sea,  
But the tide is always bitter.  
Sometimes, my joy bursts forth!  
But life is as cruel as ever.

**18. The Crayfish**

Uncertainly, o my delight,  
You and I, we get away  
Just like the crayfish do,  
Backwards, backwards.

**19. The Carp**

In your pools, in your ponds,  
Carp, you live such a long time!  
Does death forget you,  
You fish of melancholy?

**Francis Poulenc** was born in Paris to parents who both admired music. He was taught to play the piano by his mother, and, considered a child prodigy; he eventually studied with Spanish virtuoso pianist Ricardo Viñes. Composed in 1919, *Le bestiaire* is among the earliest of Poulenc's compositional output (his first composition, the *Rhapsodie Nègre*, was completed in 1917), and is his first vocal composition (the first of many, and an output that would reach a peak after he met acclaimed baritone Pierre Bernac in 1935). In 1919, Poulenc was introduced to *Le bestiaire* of Guillaume Apollinaire. Apollinaire wrote most of his *bestiaire* in 1907 whilst living in Paris. An avid reader and lover of medieval manuscripts, Apollinaire took as his inspiration the elaborately illustrated bestiary manuscripts of the Middle Ages, producing a set of thirty poems, including twenty-six animals and four Orpheus poems (each introducing a set of animals). Poulenc's deep fascination with the poems led him to choose twelve and, eventually, six to set to music, and they are split into two categories of three – land dwelling animals, and sea creatures. Though it is short, the cycle is an explosive zoological palate of colours and moods. The texts themselves display the comedy in personifying animals, but despite their jovial nature, there are deeper levels of meaning to be found upon examination of the text (for example, the mentions of Don Pedro, Jason the Argonaut, and John the Baptist). Poulenc himself noted that an ironic or flippant performance of his *bestiaire* would fail to convey underlying meaning of the text.

It is by happy incident that Shakespeare's texts feature as much as they do in this programme, and more than anything I believe that to be the result of the composers' abilities to choose such high quality texts in their portrayals of the nature they found so fascinating. Just like his close friend and contemporary Michael Tippett, **Benjamin Britten** was a composer interested in the resurgence of the countertenor voice in the 20th Century, and began to compose specifically for it. The most famous of these is the first; that of Oberon in his setting of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (a role created by the legendary countertenor Alfred Deller). *I know a bank where the wild thyme blows* appears in Act II, Scene i of the production, and the Fairy King Oberon is telling his servant Puck to venture into the woods and find the flower "Love in idleness", the juice of which will cause a person to fall in love with the first living thing they see. In addition to Oberon streaking Titania's eyes with the juice of the flower, as part of this plot, Puck is ordered to anoint the eyes of a "disdainful youth" (the young Athenian man Demetrius) so that he might fall in love with the "sweet Athenian lady" (Helena) who has been following him since the start of the play. The song is filled with mystery, inspired not only by the clandestine activities in the planning, but by the fact it is night time (in the play, the Fairies only come out into the open at night). Perhaps the most sinister areas of the song are found in Oberon's plotting regarding what he will do to his wife (marked by periods of triple time and an increased sense of homophony between the voice and accompaniment).

Born in London, **Cecilia McDowall** is a multi-award winning composer. She has been shortlisted seven times at the British Composer Awards, winning in the choral music category in 2014. Her music has been commissioned and performed by leading choirs, including the BBC Singers,



ensembles, and at major festivals both in Britain and abroad, and has been broadcast on BBC Radio and worldwide. *White Bee* was composed in memory of McDowall's close friend, Helly Bliss, who died in 2012. The first performance was given at a concert in her beautiful home in Gloucestershire, Cricketty Mill, and on the day of the concert, a white-tailed bumblebee flew into the room as *White Bee* was being performed and came to rest close to the piano, staying motionless there until the end of the song. *White Bee* is scored for countertenor, violin and piano (the edition performed on this disc) and also for countertenor and piano alone. Bliss took extracts of the poem *White Bee* by Chilean poet Pablo Neruda (from *Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair*) and wove them into a Valentine for her husband, Andy. The imagery is intense, and the grounded vocal line (with its quintuplet flutters almost reminiscent of the bee's wings) and soaring violin part bring a depth of meaning that seems to be timeless. The poem is dedicated to Andy, Camilla and Raphael, husband and children of Helly Bliss. The translation was made by Sophie Roscoe.

The final cycle of songs on this disc comes in the inimitable form of **Gerald Finzi's** *Let us garlands bring Op.18*, composed between 1929 and 1942. The cycle takes its title from the last line of the second song (Who is Silvia?) and it was premièred on the 12th October 1942 during a lunchtime concert at the National Gallery. Dedicated to Ralph Vaughan Williams, whose 70th birthday fell on the day of the première, it consists of five songs with texts taken from different Shakespeare plays (*Twelfth Night*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Cymbeline*, and *As You Like It*). Originally composed for baritone and piano, the accompaniment was subsequently rearranged for string orchestra. As a whole, the cycle provides a veritable cornucopia of moods, from the very sombre *Come away, death* to the solid and assured *Fear no more the heat o' the sun* and the playful nature of *O mistress mine* and *It was a lover and his lass*. Finzi's clever collection of these five songs into a coherent group of reflective elegies and bright love songs has resulted in its becoming a very popular work. Vaughan Williams himself said that *Fear no more the heat o' the sun* (the central song around which the cycle is balanced) was "one of the loveliest songs he had ever heard."

I must pay tribute to the wonderful piano playing of Stella Pendrous, without whose expertise, sensitivity and technical brilliance this CD would not have been possible. Throughout, we like to think of these offerings as duets, the human voice and the voice of the piano producing the interplay which we believe the composers had in mind. We are joined in *White Bee* by Mark Hartt-Palmer whose beautiful violin playing floats above the voice and piano duet. I thank them both for their support and sheer musicality.

Jake Barlow © 2015

## 1-5. Five Shakespeare Songs, Op.23

### 1. Fear no more the heat o' the sun

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

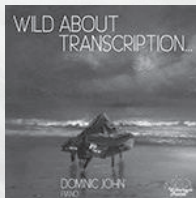
Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finished joy and moan;  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!  
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
Nothing ill come near thee!  
Quiet consummation have;  
And renown'd be thy grave!

### 2. Under the greenwood tree

Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn 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 pleas'd with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.



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### 3. It was a lover and his lass

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass.  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
For love is crownéd with the prime  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

### 4. Take, o take those lips away

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, sealed in vain.

### 5. Hey, ho, the wind and the rain

When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
By swaggering could I never thrive,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we'll strive to please you every day.

*William Shakespeare*



## **6. King David**

King David was a sorrowful man;  
No cause for his sorrow had he;  
And he called for the music of a hundred  
harps,  
To ease his melancholy.

They played till they all fell silent;  
Played and play sweet did they;  
But the sorrow that haunted the heart of King  
David  
They could not charm away.

He rose; and in his garden  
Walked by the moon alone,  
A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree,  
Jargoned on and on.

King David lifted his sad eyes  
Into the dark-boughed tree --  
"Tell me, thou little bird that singest,  
Who taught my grief to thee?"

But the bird in no-wise heeded;  
And the king in the cool of the moon  
Heard to the nightingale's sorrowfulness,  
Till all his own was gone.

*Walter de la Mare*

## **7. Sure on this shining night**

Sure on this shining night  
Of star made shadows round,  
Kindness must watch for me  
This side the ground.  
The late year lies down the north.  
All is healed, all is health.  
High summer holds the earth.  
Hearts all whole.  
Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder  
wand'ring far alone  
Of shadows on the stars.

*James Agee*

## **8-10. Songs for Ariel**

### **8. Come unto these yellow sands**

Come unto these yellow sands,  
Then take hands:  
Curtsied when you have and kissed,  
The wild waves whist:  
Foot it feathly here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.  
Hark! Hark! Bow-wow!  
The watchdogs bark.  
Bow-wow-wow-wow!  
I hear the strain of the strutting chanticleer cry,  
Cock-a-diddle-dow!

### 9. Full fathom five

Full fathom five thy father lies,  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
Ding-dong.  
Hark! now I hear them, ding-dong bell.

### 11. Automne Op.18 No.3

Automne au ciel brumeux, aux horizons  
navrants,  
Aux rapides couchants, aux aurores pâlies,  
Je regarde couler, comme l'eau du torrent,  
Tes jours faits de mélancolie.  
  
Sur l'aile des regrets mes esprits emportés,  
Comme s'il se pouvait que notre âge renaissè!  
Parcourent en rêvant les coteaux enchantés,  
Où jadis, sourit ma jeunesse!  
  
Je sens au clair soleil du souvenir vainqueur,  
Refleurir en bouquets les roses déliées,  
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes,  
Qu'en mon cœur Mes vingt ans avaient  
oubliées!

*Armand Silvestre*

### 10. Where the bee sucks

Where the bee sucks there suck I:  
In a cow-slip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On a bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily,  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

*William Shakespeare*

### 11. Autumn Op.18 No.3

Autumn, the time of misty skies, of  
heartbreaking horizons,  
Of swift sunsets, of pale dawns.  
I watch flowing by, like the waters of a torrent,  
The days tinged with melancholy.  
  
My thoughts are carried away on the wings of  
regret,  
(As if it were possible for our age to be reborn!)  
And travel in dreams over the enchanted  
hillsides,  
Where once my youth smiled.  
  
In the bright sunlight of conquering memory,  
I feel  
The scattered roses blooming in bouquets  
once again,  
And the tears well up in my eyes,  
That in my heart  
At twenty had been forgotten!

### **12. Clair de lune Op.46 No.2**

Votre âme est un paysage choisi  
Que vont charmant masques et  
bergamaskes  
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi  
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur  
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,  
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur  
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune.

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,  
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres  
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,  
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.  
*Paul Verlaine*

### **13. Les berceaux Op.23 No.1**

Le long du quai, les grands vaisseaux  
Que la houle incline en silence,  
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux,  
Que la main des femmes balance

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,  
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,  
Et que les hommes curieux,  
Tentent les horizons qui leurent!

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,  
Fuyant le port qui diminue,  
Sentent leur masse retenue  
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.  
*Sully Prudhomme*

### **12. Moonlight Op.46 No.2**

Your soul is a choice landscape  
Charmed by masks and bergamasks,  
Playing the lute and dancing, and almost  
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

Whilst singing in the minor key  
Of conquering Love and the fortunate life,  
They do not seem to believe in their happiness  
And their song mingles with the moonlight.

With the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,  
That makes the birds dream in the trees  
And the fountains weep in ecstasy,  
The great, slender fountains among marble  
statues.

### **13. The Cradles Op.23 No.1**

Along the pier the great ships  
Take the swell sways in silence  
That no notice of the cradles  
That the women's hand rock

But the day of farewells will come  
Because it is necessary for women to weep,  
And for curious men  
To seek those horizons that lure them!

And on that day, the great ships Flee the  
shrinking port, And feel their span held back By  
the soul of the distant cradles.



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Carp, you live such a long time!  
Does death forget you,  
You fish of melancholy?

**20. I know a bank where the wild thyme blows**

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:  
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;  
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,  
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:  
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,  
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this  
grove:

A sweet Athenian lady is in love  
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;  
But do it when the next thing he espies  
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man  
By the Athenian garments he hath on.

*William Shakespeare*

**21. White Bee**

You buzz, white bee, drunk with honey, in my  
soul and you turn in slow spirals of smoke.  
Let your deep eyes close. There the night  
flutters.

Your eyes are intense where the night hovers.  
Fresh arms of flowers and lap of roses.

Ah silent one!

White bee, even when you are gone, you still  
buzz in my soul.

You live again in time, slender and silent.

White bee, you buzz in my soul.

*Pablo Neruda / Sophie Rosco*

**22-26. Let us garlands bring Op.18****22. Come away, death**

Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be  
thrown:

A thousand, thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

**23. Who is Silvia?**

Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair and wise is she;  
The heavens such grace did lend her,  
That she might admiréd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness.  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness,  
And being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling;  
To her let us garlands bring.

#### **24. Fear no more the heat o' the sun**

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finished joy and moan;  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!  
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
Nothing ill come near thee!  
Quiet consummation have;  
And renown'd be thy grave!

#### **25. O mistress mine**

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.

#### **26. It was a lover and his lass**

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass.  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
For love is crown'd with the prime  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

*William Shakespeare*





## **The Artists**

### **JAKE BARLOW**

Described as being "impressive" and an "excellent performer" possessed of a "very fine instrument" and "remarkable gift", countertenor Jake Barlow was born and educated in Stockport, and read for a degree in Literae Humaniores as a Choral Scholar at Worcester College, Oxford, where he also sang with groups including the renowned Schola Cantorum of Oxford, and the choirs of Merton College and Magdalen College. Following this he took up a Choral Scholarship at Truro Cathedral.

A committed recitalist, he has performed in the Jacqueline du Pré concert hall in Oxford, as well as for various prestigious recital series including those of the New Chamber Opera and the Christ Church Arts Festival as a guest artist, in addition to successful solo tours in the UK. He has also made recital appearances in Belgium and Hungary.

His concert and opera repertoire continues to expand, and appearances include J.S.Bach's Johannes-Passion, Matthäus-Passion, Magnificat and Mass in B-Minor, Pergolesi's Stabat Mater, Handel's Messiah, Mozart's Requiem (at the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford), Buxtehüde's Membra Jesu Nostri, and Henry Purcell's Dido and Aeneas and The Fairy Queen. As a soloist, he has worked alongside groups such as the Amadeus Orchestra, Duchy Opera, Hieronymus, Isleworth Baroque, and the BBC Philharmonic.

He studied with Nicholas Clapton and Carys Lane, and has participated in masterclasses with James Bowman, Mark Rowlinson, and John Treleaven.

In addition to performing, Jake works as a conductor and choir trainer, as well as maintaining his own private teaching practice.



## **STELLA PENDROUS**

Stella studied at Chetham's School of Music and the University of Cambridge, where she read English. Aged nineteen, she was awarded a Première Prix with Distinction from the Conservatoire de Gennevilliers, Paris. Her teachers have included Alicja Fiderkiewicz, Joyce Rathbone, Valeria Szervansky and Ferenc Rados.

Hailed by critics as a "genuinely exciting performer" with a "prodigious technique allied to great musicality, whose playing evinces a "quite extraordinary array of colours and textures", she has given solo and concerto performances in venues including the Purcell Room,

Cheltenham Town Hall, and music festivals throughout the British Isles. A versatile artist, Stella has toured Europe as 'silent-movie pianist' with the Bash Street Theatre Company and has also worked as pianist for the Richard Alston Dance Company.

Originally from Carlisle, she has returned there to perform by invitation on many occasions. Now based in Penzance, Cornwall, Stella enjoys a varied musical life combining teaching with solo performances and is much in demand as an accompanist, recitalist and duo partner.



## **MARK HARTT-PALMER**

Mark Hartt-Palmer studied violin with Frances Mason at the Royal College of Music.

Solo performances have included the concertos of Mendelssohn, Bruch, Sibelius, Dvořák, Tchaikovsky and Elgar. He gave the Canadian première of the Coleridge-Taylor concerto with the Divertimento Orchestra in Ottawa in April 2008.

Mark has given numerous recitals in the UK and Europe; performances have included rare repertoire for violin and organ as well as lesser-known sonatas by English composers including Stanford and Parry.

Mark plays a 1779 violin made by Felice Beretta, a pupil of Giuseppe Guaragnini.

# *Under the Greenwood Tree: Songs of Love and Nature*

*Jake Barlow – countertenor*

*Stella Pendrous – piano*

*\*Mark Haritt-Palmer – violin*

Five Shakespeare Songs Op.23	ROGER QUILTER (1877-1953)	11:50
1. Fear no more the heat o' the sun		3:23
2. Under the greenwood tree		1:08
3. It was a lover and his lass		2:56
4. Take, O take those lips away		1:33
5. Hey, ho, the wind and the rain		2:50
6. King David	HERBERT HOWELLS (1892-1973)	5:09
7. Sure on this shining night Op.13 No.3	SAMUEL BARBER (1910-1981)	2:21
Songs for Ariel	MICHAEL TIPPETT (1905-1998)	5:22
8. Come unto these yellow sands		2:19
9. Full fathom five		1:53
10. Where the bee sucks		1:10
11. Autonne Op.18 No.3	GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845-1924)	2:32
12. Clair de lune Op.46 No.2	GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845-1924)	2:49
13. Les berceaux Op.23 No.1	GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845-1924)	2:34
Le bestiaire, ou Cortège d'Orphée	FRANCIS POULENC (1899-1963)	5:23
14. Le dromadaire		1:19
15. La chèvre du Thibet		0:46
16. La sauterelle		0:34
17. Le dauphin		0:28
18. L'écrevisse		0:35
19. La carpe		1:41
20. I know a bank where the wild thyme blows	BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976)	3:52
21. White Bee*	CECILIA MCDOWALL (b. 1951)	4:44
Let us garlands bring Op.18	GERALD FINZI (1901-1956)	15:41
22. Come away, death		3:42
23. Who is Silvia?		1:42
24. Fear no more the heat o' the sun		5:05
25. O mistress mine		2:13
26. It was a lover and his lass		2:59
* world première recording		TOTAL TIME: 61:32

Recorded at 24-bit 192KHz

Recording: St Mary's Church, Penzance, Cornwall, UK on 9th, 11th-13th February 2015  
& St Peter's Church, Westhampnett, West Sussex, UK on 23rd May 2015

Front Cover: "On the Teign", watercolour by A.T.Cole (1891)

Recording Producers: John Baldson & Mark Haritt-Palmer

Recording Engineering & Editing: Mark Haritt-Palmer & John Baldson

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