

# AT THE OPEN DOOR

Lorna Windsor soprano

William Hancox piano

Peter WARLOCK

Carey BLYTON

Arnold BAX

E.J. MOERAN

Peter THOMPSON

John MITCHELL



# AT THE OPEN DOOR

Lorna Windsor soprano

William Hancox piano

## PETER WARLOCK (1894-1930)

1. The Wind from the West	2:11
2. The jolly shepherd	2:45
3. Mourn no moe	1:29
4. Late summer	1:54
5. Autumn twilight	2:25
6. Sleep	2:18
7. Mockery	1:05
8. Jillian of Berry	0:42

## CAREY BLYTON (1932-2002)

Lachrymae (In memoriam John Dowland), Op. 23

9. Madrigal	1:35
10. To the moon	1:42
11. The open door	1:19
12. The sick rose	1:29
13. Sonnet	2:37

## PETER THOMPSON (b. 1955)

14. A red, red rose	2:36
15. A Match	1:27

## ARNOLD BAX (1883-1953)

16. Welcome, Somer	2:43
--------------------	------

## CAREY BLYTON (1932-2002)

Lyrics from the East, Op. 109

17. The Blast of Love	0:44
18. Paradise	1:02
19. Evening	0:55
20. Night	1:29
21. Puty-fish	0:46

## **JOHN MITCHELL (b. 1946)**

### **Bright Clouds**

22. Pyrgo and Lapwater	6:22
23. Farmyard Nettles	2:02
24. Rooks View	1:37
25. Falling May	0:41
	2:02

## **CAREY BLYTON (1932-2002)**

### **Lyrics from the Chinese, Op. 16**

26. Prelude	16:20
27. Song 1. Aubade	1:17
28. Song 2. Drinking song	2:16
29. Song 3. Song against the Duke Seuen	0:32
30. Song 4. Serenade	1:03
31. Interlude	4:16
32. Song 5. Flower song	1:27
33. Song 6. Sacrificial song	1:13
34. Song 7. Nocturne	0:40
35. Postlude	2:13
	1:23

## **ERNEST JOHN MOERAN (1894-1950)**

### **Seven Poems of James Joyce**

36. Strings in the earth and air	11:11
37. The merry green wood	1:30
38. Bright cap and streamers	1:19
39. The pleasant valley	0:51
40. O it was down by Donnycarney	1:03
41. Rain has fallen all the day	1:14
42. Now, O now in this brown land	1:14
	3:30

**TOTAL TIME: 71:16**

It is interesting to note that all the composers in this programme have connections which are both obvious and also less apparent.

**Peter Warlock (1894-1930)** and **E.J. Moeran (1894-1950)** notoriously shared a cottage in Eynsford, Kent in the later 1920s and were good friends from their first meeting in 1923 until Warlock's death in 1930. However, **Arnold Bax (1883-1953)** met with Moeran in 1919 when he found himself "conversing appreciatively with as charming and as good looking a young officer as one could hope to meet." They were friends for 30 years and Bax wrote an in memoriam article in the Musical Times after Moeran died at Kenmare in December 1950: "His was a simple soul, and a lovable one".

Bax also knew Warlock well. In fact as early as 1911, the seventeen-year-old Philip Heseltine (Peter Warlock) was writing to Colin Taylor (his tutor at Eton) alluding to Bax's *A Celtic Song Cycle* of 1904 as one of "...the best examples of English music I could think of"

Later, in 1926, Bax went to stay in the Eynsford cottage, and Warlock dedicated his vocal duet *Sorrow's Lullaby* to him. Finally, Bax (a brilliant pianist though reluctant performer) played in the memorial concert for Philip Heseltine in 1931.

**Carey Blyton (1932-2002)** was of a later generation but he had links to Warlock, Moeran and Bax. Being an admirer of Warlock and an early member of the Peter Warlock Society (and also a Kentish man) he was instrumental in the unveiling of the blue plaque commemorating the Eynsford cottage *ménage* and went on to write a film treatment *The Eynsford Years*. Carey was an admirer also of Moeran's music; I well remember a session with Carey at his Swanley home, running through, as a piano duet, Moeran's *Sonata for Two Violins*!

And the Bax connection was also there, not only through the music, but also because Carey married Mary Mills, who herself often used to visit her 'surrogate aunt', Mary Gleaves, at 'Widford' in Storrington, Sussex in the late 1940s, and so met with Bax on numerous occasions – for 'Widford' was the house Arnold Bax bought for Mary Gleaves, his long-time love.

**John Mitchell (b. 1946)** wrote to Carey Blyton in 1974 enquiring about composition lessons. However, John had seen Carey earlier, in 1969, at the unveiling of the Eynsford cottage blue plaque. In 1971 he joined the Peter Warlock Society and for many years has played a leading role in the society's activities, writing extensively on Warlock.

I met Carey Blyton at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in 1980, where I studied as a postgraduate student of composition with him. We immediately discovered common bonds, not least musically, and became friends. It was a friendship through which I continued to learn much, not least from Carey's professional experience. Here was a tonal composer who had had an unending battle with the music Establishment, the grant-giving bodies, the BBC *et al*, in those arid Modernist-fixed years, a fixation which had seemed to pervade British culture since the early 1950s. It was through Carey that I met John Mitchell, and it has been one of the cornerstones of Fand Music Press to have John's charming songs and delightful piano arrangements of Bax, Moeran, Blyton and Warlock etc. in the Fand catalogue. The publisher's name, of course, derives from Bax's famous tone poem.

Finally, the soprano Lorna Windsor studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama at the same time as myself, knew Carey Blyton and gave the first performance of my *Four Swinburne Pictures*, which included the song in this recital: *A Match*.

Peter Thompson

What distinguishes Warlock's 120 or so solo songs is the very wide range in their emotional and stylistic content. They vary from the uproariously extrovert drinking songs, via those on pleasingly charming pastoral themes, and through tender love songs to those in a more haunting and sadder mood. The eight songs included here date from between 1911 and 1927, the earliest being *The Wind from the West* (track 1), penned by the sixteen-year-old Warlock. It shows a notable debt to the finely crafted songs of Roger Quilter.

Warlock's own original voice became evident in the summer of 1918, when he composed ten songs in the space of a fortnight. Having spent that year in Ireland, something occurred there which transformed his creative genius. He was much drawn to old lyrics and *Mourn no moe* (1919) (track 3) captures the doleful mood of John Fletcher's verse perfectly. 1922 was a prolific year for the composer, from which date *Late summer* (track 4), *Sleep* (track 6) and *Autumn twilight* (track 5). Many consider *Sleep* – deservedly one of the composer's best-known songs – to be his masterpiece amongst the solo songs, a splendid hybrid of the Jacobean world of John Dowland and that of the early twentieth century. He was also attracted to the poetry of his contemporaries, including here Edward Shanks (*Late Summer*) and Arthur Symonds (*Autumn twilight*). They make for something of a complementary pair in their subject matter. *Autumn twilight* is believed to be Warlock's personal favourite from his solo songs and is remarkable for its highly pianistic accompaniment.

*Jillian of Berry* (1926) (track 8), a lively drinking song, dates from those infamous years spent at the Eynsford cottage – which was very appropriately situated opposite a local pub! *Mockery* (1927) (track 7) shows Warlock at his most quirky – one commentator alluding to its “...steely glitter, reminiscent of Prokofiev in his early concertos.” It is heard here in its original (and rarely performed) key of F sharp major. *The jolly Shepherd* (also 1927) (track 2) is one of Warlock's longest songs, certainly in its number of bars (148).

I composed my four Edward Thomas songs in 2023, and as it happens there is a connection here with Peter Warlock. He knew the poet's widow, and Thomas's younger daughter has recorded how Warlock set one of her father's poems – *If I should ever by chance grow rich*. Unfortunately, this was one of Warlock's many lost songs, and noting this, I took it as a cue for making my own setting. Three more Thomas songs then soon followed to complete the *Bright Clouds* (tracks 22-25) group.

John Mitchell

E.J. Moeran's *Seven Poems of James Joyce* (tracks 36-42) dates from 1929 (just after the Eynsford years). At the centre of the sequence is the song *The pleasant valley* (track 39). This place, where ‘there, love, will we stay’, is surely the pastoral paradise so close to Moeran's heart. This song becomes even more personal, as Moeran quotes from his piano piece *Summer Valley*, which dates from 1925, a time when Moeran and Warlock visited Delius at Grez-sur-Loing. Thus, the seven-song cycle, which itself follows the progress of ‘a year's love’ through the seasons, represents - with its resonances of Delius and Warlock, alongside Moeran's wholly original and idiomatic vision - a key moment in his career.

The charm, magic and sorrow of young love is indeed wonderfully caught in these varied songs; from the lilting piquancy of the sighing 7<sup>th</sup> chords (which became one of Moeran's stylistic fingerprints) in *Strings in the earth and air* (track 36), to the exuberant blossom-splashes of the springtime songs and ‘brown’ melancholy of as ‘we take sad leave...’

Bax completed *Welcome, Somer* (track 16) on 20<sup>th</sup> October 1914. It was part of a set of *Three Rondels by Chaucer*. Only the first of these was published in his lifetime, with *Welcome, Somer* only being published in 2012 by Fand Music Press.

The song is dedicated to Joan Thorneycroft who, on 24<sup>th</sup> October 1914, married the playwright Herbert Farjeon; thus, this warmly colourful song must have been a wedding present.

**Carey Blyton** was born in Beckenham, Kent, on 14<sup>th</sup> March 1932. In 1953 he entered Trinity College of Music, London, where he won the Sir Granville Bantock Prize for Composition.

From June 1963 he freelanced as composer, arranger, music editor and lecturer. From 1963-1971 he was Benjamin Britten's personal editor, and he was a professor at both his former college, Trinity, and at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama.

He wrote music for documentary films and for television and achieved worldwide fame as the creator of the nonsense song *Bananas in Pyjamas*. He also wrote short stories and a large Sri Lankan and Indian journal *In Search of Serendipity*.

Alongside all of this was his career as a British composer of 111 opus numbers. More information on his work can be found at [www.careyblyton.com](http://www.careyblyton.com).

The first version of *Lachrymae (in memoriam John Dowland)* (tracks 9-13) was written in April 1956, whilst Carey Blyton was a student at Trinity College of Music. At the time Blyton was pre-occupied with 'in-depth studies of the Elizabethan ayre and the Tudor madrigal', an area which Warlock also was fascinated by, and so it is little surprising that this song cycle shows that influence.

In April/May 1960 a Prelude, 4 Interludes and a Postlude were added, together with a double bass part. However, like the *Lyrics from the Chinese*, a version exists for voice and piano which, in this case, does not contain these additions, although is similarly dated 1956/1960, and it is the first recording of this which is performed here.

It is a companion piece to the *Lyrics from the Chinese* but is a darker companion in which Blyton explores, through the setting of five poems by different poets, sombre issues such as mortality and the shadow of death. Often a beautiful lyricism, so natural in Blyton's music, breaks through, despite biting, bitter bi-tonality and punctuating, anguished harmony and thus the sequence becomes a deeply meditative reflection.

The first version of *Lyrics from the Chinese* (tracks 26-35) (from poems translated by Helen Waddell) dates from 1953/4. The first three songs are from before Carey Blyton's study at Trinity College of Music, the next three from after he commenced there. It originally was a cycle of six songs scored for High Voice, Oboe and String Trio.

In the winter of 1957/8, the work was re-scored for High Voice and String Orchestra, dispensing with the oboe, and a *Prelude* (track 26), *Interlude* (track 31) and *Postlude* (track 35) were added, together with a seventh song, *Song against the Duke Seuen*. The version for High Voice and Piano, thus dated 1953/1958, includes all these additions.

The work is complementary to *Lachrymae (In memoriam John Dowland)*, by its being lighter in content and texture. A connection, however, is that the Introduction to the 4<sup>th</sup> song in *Lachrymae – The sick rose* (track 12) – is quoted directly in the Interlude of the Lyrics.

Carey Blyton's *Lyrics from the East* (tracks 17-21) is a late work, the first song, *The Blast of Love* (track 17), being completed on 15<sup>th</sup> January 2000 and the second song (which was written last), *Puty-fish* (track 21), on 2<sup>nd</sup> February 2000. The songs are subtitled 'Five Miniatures for Tenor and Piano', being dedicated to Ian and Jennifer Partridge who had championed Blyton's music in the past. The 'miniatures' is the defining word, for here we have the essence of Carey Blyton's genius: the master of the miniature form. Each of the short poems by various poets of international antiquity are pithy expressions of love and passion which Blyton's art reflects.

Most of the songs are written in what he calls "ethnic" key signatures, for example *Puty-fish* has a key signature of F sharp and A flat. The cycle exhibits Blyton's fascination for 'the East', which in turn led him to travel to the Orient and to write many works with Eastern inflections, and which neatly fulfilled the promise shown by the erstwhile winner of the Sir Granville Bantock Prize for composition at Trinity Laban.

My song *A Match* (track 15) is taken from a cycle of four settings of Swinburne (*Four Swinburne Pictures*) which were first performed in 1981 by Lorna Windsor with Nancy Cooley (piano) at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. The poems are taken from Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads First Series* and I set them in 1978. I was particularly attracted by Swinburne's colourful pre-Raphaelite imagery, which I tried to capture in sound. The lines of *A Match* come from a longer poem of that name.

I decided to set Robert Burns' celebrated poem *A red, red rose* (track 14) in 2016 as an epithalamium for my niece Vanessa and her fiancé Justin, after a delightful request from her to mark the occasion of their wedding with a specially composed work.

Peter Thompson



The soprano **Lorna Windsor** has an extensive vocal repertoire, from baroque to contemporary, opera to song. Her song recitals and recordings often include rarer works and gems by lesser-known composers, including the Boulanger sisters and Hindemith as well as the many writers of great English song and poetry.

A pianist and violist, she trained in singing at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. She studied German Lieder in Vienna with Hans Hotter, French mélodie in St. Jean-de-Luz and Paris with Gérard Souzay, and was awarded various prestigious prizes for her song interpretations. Lorna performed with Jörg Demus in Austria and has collaborated for many years with the Italian pianist Antonio Ballista.



Her opera roles range from Rosalinde in *Die Fledermaus* to *Die Lustige Witwe*, and other Strauss, Lehar and Offenbach roles, in major European theatres. In early music she sang 14th century Troubadour songs in Occitan, sephardic songs, and toured Europe with works by Monteverdi. She has performed Salieri with Franz Brüggen, Bach with Gustav Leonhardt, *Così fan Tutte* with Claudio Abbado, *Don Giovanni* with Deborah Warner, in theatres across four continents. Other roles include Verdi's *Un Ballo in maschera*, Sophie (*Der Rosenkavalier*), Norina (*Don Pasquale*), *West Side Story*, *Trouble in Tahiti* and *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*. A guest at Glyndebourne, Teatro San Carlo, La Fenice, the Sorbonne, La Sapienza, she also performs chamber music works by Berio, Crumb, Schönberg, (*Pierrot Lunaire* at the Linbury Studio, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden), Walton (*Façade*), Messiaen, Kurtág (*Kafka Fragments*), Weill (RAI), Mahler (RAI), Radio France and the BBC. She is sought after by today's composers.

Her numerous recordings include songs by Debussy, Cage, Togni, Nadia and Lili Boulanger, Casella, Ghedini, Pizzetti, Respighi, Malipiero, Mozart, selections of American Song, and various selections of French song and German Lieder.



**William Hancox** played the piano as a child and won music and academic scholarships to Canford School, going on to study theology as a Scholar at St. John's College Cambridge. He was heading towards academia before deciding to follow music as a career.

Winning a scholarship to Trinity College of Music, William worked with Hungarian pianist Joseph Weingarten, a student of Dohnányi, Bartók and Kodály. Other major influences were Martin Isepp, formerly Head of Music at Glyndebourne, who helped to shape his approach to art song, and the Hungarian violin pedagogue Béla

Katona.

William was fortunate to study and to work at the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh and held positions as staff pianist and vocal coach at Trinity College of Music and at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama for many years.

He has a particular love for the song repertoire. Keenly interested in vocal training, William played for many singing teachers over the years, learning most from the Italian teacher Iris dell'Acqua, whose students he played for and coached for the better part of a decade, leading to a busy practice as a vocal coach with many students now pursuing successful careers.

Although song has been a consistent strand, William has also performed as a soloist and a chamber musician, with concerts in many European countries and in China, where he gave masterclasses, solo and song recitals and two performances of Constant Lambert's *Rio Grande* in the Forbidden City concert hall in Beijing.

In recent years, William has pursued music making closer to home, convinced that musicians must be able to put down vigorous roots in their own communities to avoid losing something very precious. He gives frequent local performances, plays for a number of local choirs and ran a chamber music series in his village for many years. All these activities come into focus in the Music Box Wealden project which launched in 2023. It presents an ambitious programme of concerts all over the area and aims to build a community which serves the needs both of music lovers and of the many professional musicians who live locally.

## 1. The wind from the West

Blow high, blow low,  
O wind from the West:  
You come from the country  
I love the best.

O say, have the lilies  
Yet lifted their heads  
Above the lake-water  
That ripples and spreads?

Do the little sedges  
Still shake with delight,  
And whisper together  
All through the night?

Have the mountains the purple  
I used to love,  
And peace about them,  
Around and above?

O wind from the West,  
Blow high, blow low,  
You come from the country  
I loved long ago.

*Ella Young (1867-1956)*

## 2. The jolly Shepherd

The life of a Shepherd is void of all care-a,  
With his bag and his bottle he maketh good fare-a,  
He ruffles, he shuffles in all extreme wind-a,  
His flocks sometimes before him, and  
sometimes behind-a.  
He hath the green meadows to walk at his will-a,

With a pair of fine bagpipes upon the green hill-a;  
Trang-dilla, trang-dilla, trang down a down dilla,  
With a pair of fine bagpipes upon the green hill-a.

His sheep round about him do feed on the dale-a,  
His bag full of cake-bread, his bottle of ale-a,  
A cantle of cheese that is good and old-a,  
Because that he walketh all day in the cold-a,  
With his cloak and his sheep-hook thus marcheth he still-a,  
With a pair of fine bagpipes upon a green hill-a;  
Trang-dilla, trang-dilla, trang down a down dilla,  
With a pair of fine bagpipes upon the green hill-a.

If cold doth oppress him to cabin goeth he-a,  
If heat doth molest him then under green tree-a,  
If his sheep chance to range over the plain-a,  
His little dog Lightfoot doth fetch them again-a,  
For there he attendeth his master's own will-a,  
With a pair of fine bagpipes upon the green hill-a;  
Trang-dilla, trang-dilla, trang down a down dilla,  
With a pair of fine bagpipes upon the green hill-a.

If Phillida chance come tripping aside-a,  
A most friendly welcome he doth her  
betide-a,  
He straightways presents her a poor  
shepherds fees-a,  
His bottle of good ale, his cake and his  
cheese-a,  
He pipeth, she danceth all at their own will-a,  
With a pair of fine bagpipes upon the green  
hill-a,  
Trang-dilla, trang-dilla, trang down a down  
dilla,  
With a pair of fine bagpipes upon the green  
hill-a.

*from "Wit and Drollery" 1661*

### 3. Mourn no moe

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,  
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:  
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain  
Makes not fresh, nor grow again;  
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully,  
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see;  
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,  
Why should sadness longer last?  
Grief is but a wound to woe;  
Gentlest, fair, mourn no moe.

*John Fletcher (1579-1625)*

### 4. Late summer

The fields are full of summer still  
And breathe again upon the air  
From brown dry side of hedge and hill  
More sweetness than the sense can bear.

So some old couple, who in youth  
With love were filled and over-full,  
And loved with strength and loved with  
truth,

In heavy age are beautiful.

*Edward Shanks (1892-1953)*

### 5. Autumn twilight

The long September evening dies  
In mist along the fields and lanes.  
Only a few faint stars surprise  
The lingering twilight as it wanes.

Night creeps along the darkening vale;  
On the horizon tree by tree  
Fades into shadowy skies as pale  
As moonlight on a shadowy sea.

And down the mist enfolded lanes,  
Grown pensive now with evening,  
See, lingering as the twilight wanes,  
Lover with lover wandering.

*Arthur Symons (1865-1945)*

## 6. Sleep

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving  
Lock me in delight awhile;  
Let some pleasing dreams beguile  
All my fancies, that from thence  
There may steal an influence,  
All my powers of care bereaving!

Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,  
Let me know some little joy!  
We, that suffer long annoy  
Are contented with a thought  
Thro' an idle fancy wrought:  
O let my joys have some abiding!

*John Fletcher (1579-1625)*

## 7 Mockery

When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men for thus sings he:  
Cuckoo, cuckoo! O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughman's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:  
Cuckoo, cuckoo! O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

*William Shakespeare (1564-1616)*

## 8. Jillian of Berry

For Jillian of Berry she dwells on a hill,  
And she hath good beer and ale to sell,  
And of good fellows she thinks no ill,  
And thither will we go now, now, now,  
And thither will we go now.

And when you have made a little stay,  
You need not ask what is to pay,  
But kiss your hostess and go your way,  
And thither will we go now, now, now,  
And thither will we go now.

*The poem is quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's  
"The Knight of the Burning Pestle" (1610), but it  
is probably older than the play.*

## 9. Madrigal

My thoughts hold mortal strife,  
I do detest my life,  
And with lamenting cries,  
Peace to my soul to bring,  
Oft call that prince which here doth  
monarchise:  
But he, grim, grinning king,  
Who caitiffs scorns and doth the blest  
surprise,  
Late having deck'd with beauty's rose his  
tomb,  
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

*William Drummond (1585-1649)*

### 10. To the moon

Art thou pale for weariness  
Of climbing Heaven, and gazing on the  
earth,  
Wandering companionless  
Among the stars that have a different birth.  
And ever changing, like a joyless eye  
That finds no object worth its constancy?

*Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)*

### 11. The open door

A man watches the dancing crowds,  
Follows their steps with eager eyes,  
Just at an open door;

A woman looks at passing clouds,  
She stares at them with smarting eyes,  
Just at an open door.

A child expecting Santa Claus  
Is standing there with shining eyes,  
Just at an open door.

All bones his face, and clad in shrouds,  
Waiting quite calmly without eyes,  
Just at the open door.

*Francis Weiss (words used by permission of the  
author.)*

### 12. The sick rose

O rose, thou art sick.  
The invisible worm,  
That flies in the night  
In the howling storm:

Hath found out thy bed  
Of crimson joy:  
And his dark secret love  
Doth thy life destroy!

*William Blake (1757-1827)*

### 13. Sonnet

Care charmer sleep, son of the sable night,  
Brother to death, in silent darkness born,  
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;  
With dark forgetting of my care return.  
And let the day be time enough to mourn,  
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth:  
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,  
Without the torment of the night's untruth.  
Cease, dreams, the images of day desires,  
To model forth the passions of the morrow;  
Never let rising sun approve you liars  
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.  
Still let me sleep embracing clouds in vain,  
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

*Samuel Daniel (1562-1619)*

#### 14. A red, red rose

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

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

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

And fare thee weel, my only love,  
And fare thee weel a while!  
And I will come again, my love,  
Thou' it were ten thousand mile.

*Robert Burns (1759-1796)*

#### 15. A Match

If you were April's lady,  
And I were lord in May,  
We'd throw with leaves for hours  
And draw for days with flowers,  
Till day like night were shady  
And night were bright like day;  
If you were April's lady,  
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,  
And I were king of pain,  
We'd hunt down love together,  
Pluck out his flying-feather,  
And teach his feet a measure,  
And find his mouth a rein;

If you were queen of pleasure,  
And I were king of pain.

*A.C. Swinburne (1837-1909)*

#### 16. Welcome, Somer

Now welcome, somer, with thy sonne softe,  
That hast this wintres weders overshake,  
And driven away the longe nightes blake!

Saint Valentine, that art full hy in lofte,  
Thus singen smalle foules for thy sake:  
Now welcome, somer, with thy sonne softe,  
That hast this wintres weders overshake.

Wel have they cause for to gladden ofte,  
Sith ech of hem recovered hath his make;  
Full blissfully they singen whan they wake:  
Now welcome, somer, with thy sonne softe,  
That hast this wintres weders overshake.

*Geoffrey Chaucer (c. 1343-1400)*

#### 17. The Blast of Love

Like a windstorm  
Punishing the oak trees,  
Love shakes my heart.

*Sappho of Lesbos, fl. 600 B.C.*

#### 18. Paradise

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the  
Bough,  
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse – and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness –  
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

*Omar Khayyam (1048-1131), Persia*

### 19. Evening

When the evening mist  
Rises above the rushes  
And the wild duck's cry  
Sounds chill in the evening  
I will think of you, my love.

*Anonymous c.759 A.D., Japan*

### 20. Night

At the western chamber the peaceful moon  
was rising,  
And a breeze glided in, leaving the door ajar.  
Stirring of flower-shadows kept me surmising:  
Has my love come, with the brightness of a  
star?

*trans. T.C. Lai*

### 21. Puty-fish

Puty-fish in the basket, twist and turn, would  
not be caught:  
You tonight are like a Puty-fish in my hand.  
*Bengali script, from a Central Indian folk poem,  
trans. Shushim Shorkar*

### 22. Pyrgo and Lapwater

If I should ever by chance grow rich  
I'll buy Codham, Cockridden and Childerditch,  
Roses, Pyrgo and Lapwater,  
And let them all to my elder daughter.  
The rent I shall ask of her shall be only  
Each year's first violets, white and lonely,  
The first primroses and orchises –

She must find them before I do, that is.  
But if she finds a blossom on furze,  
Without rent they shall all for ever be hers,  
Codham, Cockridden, Childerditch,  
Roses, Pyrgo and Lapwater  
I shall give them all to my elder daughter.

*Edward Thomas (1878-1917)*

### 23. Farmyard Nettles

Tall nettles cover up, as they have done  
These many springs, the rusty harrow, the  
plough  
Long worn out, and the roller made of stone:  
Only the elm butt tops the nettles now.

This corner of the farmyard I like most:  
As well as any bloom upon a flower,  
I like the dust on the nettles, never lost,  
Except to prove the sweetness of a shower.

*Edward Thomas (1878-1917)*

### 24. Rooks View

Over the land freckled with snow half-  
thawed  
The speculating rooks at their nests cawed  
And saw from elm-tops, delicate as flower  
of grass  
What we below could not see, Winter pass.  
*Edward Thomas (1878-1917)*



### 25. Falling May

Bright clouds of may  
Shade half the pond,  
Beyond,  
All but one bay of emerald  
Tall reeds  
Like criss-cross bayonets  
When a bird once called  
Lies bright as the sun.  
No one heeds  
The light wind frets  
And drifts the scum  
Of may-blossom.  
Till the moorhen calls  
Again  
Naught's to be done  
By birds or men.  
Still the may falls.

*Edward Thomas (1878-1917)*

### 27. Aubade

Peach blossom after rain  
Is deeper red  
The willow fresher green:  
And fallen petals lie wind-blown,  
Unswayed upon the courtyard stone.

*Tang Dynasty*

### 28. Drinking song

Within the massive cup of jade  
The yellow liquid shines;  
Our prince is sure a man of men,  
And splendid are his wines.

*Anonymous 1121 B.C.*

### 29. Song against the Duke Seuen

The tribulous grows on the wall,  
Upon the stain.  
The things done in that inner room  
Men cannot name.

The tribulous grows on the wall.  
The stain is old.  
The evil of that inner room  
May not be told.

*Anonymous 700 B.C.*

### 30. Song at Evening

I saw the marsh with rushes dank and green,  
And deep black pools beneath a sunset  
sky,  
And lotus silver bright  
Gleam on their blackness in the dying  
light,  
As I passed by.

And all that night I saw as in a dream  
Her fair face lifted up  
Shine in the darkness like a lotus cup,  
Snow-white against the deep black pool  
of night,  
Till dawn was nigh.

*Anonymous 605 B.C.*

### 32. Flower song

Blue iris sweetest smells  
Upon its stem unbroken.  
A woman highest sells,  
With her fair name unspoken.

*Anonymous date unknown*

### 33. Sacrificial song

We load the sacrificial stands  
Of wood and earthenware,  
The smell of burning southernwood  
Is heavy in the air.

It was our fathers' sacrifice,  
It may be they were eased,  
We know no harm to come of it;  
It may be God is pleased.

*Anonymous c. 1114 B.C.*

### 34. Nocturne

White clouds are in the sky.  
Great shoulders of the hills  
Between us two must lie.  
The road is rough and far.  
Deep fords between us are.  
I pray you not to die.

*Anonymous 1121 B.C.*

*These poems are from the anthology Lyrics  
from the Chinese, translated by Helen Waddell  
(1889-1965)*

### 36. Strings in the earth and air

Strings in the earth and air  
Make music sweet;  
Strings by the river where  
The willows meet.

There's music along the river  
For Love wanders there,  
Pale flowers on his mantle,  
Dark leaves on his hair.

All softly playing,  
With head to the music bent,  
And fingers straying  
Upon an instrument.

*James Joyce (1882-1941)*

### 37. The merry green wood

Who goes amid the green wood  
With springtide all adorning her?  
Who goes amid the merry green wood  
To make it merrier?

Who passes in the sunlight  
By ways that know the light footfall?  
Who passes in the sweet sunlight  
With mien so virginal?

The ways of all the woodland  
Gleam with a soft and golden fire –  
For whom does all the sunny woodland  
Carry so brave attire?

O, it is for my true love  
The woods their rich apparel wear –  
O, it is for my own true love,  
That is so young and fair.

*James Joyce (1882-1941)*

### 38. Bright cap and streamers

Bright cap and streamers,  
He sings in the hollow:  
Come follow, come follow,  
All you that love.  
Leave dreams to the dreamers  
That will not after,  
That song and laughter  
Do nothing move.

With ribbons streaming  
He sings the bolder;  
In troop at his shoulder  
The wild bees hum.  
And the time of dreaming  
Dreams is over –  
As lover to lover,  
Sweetheart, I come.

*James Joyce (1882-1941)*

### **39. The pleasant valley**

O cool is the valley now  
And there, love, will we go  
For many a choir is singing now  
Where Love did sometime go.  
And hear you not the thrushes calling,  
Calling us away?  
O cool and pleasant is the valley  
And there, love, will we stay.

*James Joyce (1882-1941)*

### **40. Donnycarney**

O, it was out by Donnycarney  
When the bat flew from tree to tree  
My love and I did walk together;  
And sweet were the words she said to me.

Along with us the summer wind  
Went murmuring – O, happily! –  
But softer than the breath of summer  
Was the kiss she gave to me.

*James Joyce (1882-1941)*

### **41. Rain has fallen all the day**

Rain has fallen all the day.  
O come among the laden trees:  
The leaves lie thick upon the way  
Of memories.

Staying a little by the way  
Of memories shall we depart.  
Come, my beloved, where I may  
Speak to your heart.

*James Joyce (1882-1941)*

### **42. Now, O now, in this brown land**

Now, O now, in this brown land  
Where Love did so sweet music make  
We two shall wander, hand in hand,  
Forbearing for old friendship' sake  
Nor grieve because our love was gay  
Which now is ended in this way.

A rogue in red and yellow dress  
Is knocking, knocking at the tree;  
And all around our loneliness  
The wind is whistling merrily.  
The leaves – they do not sigh at all  
When the year takes them in the fall.

Now, O now, we hear no more  
The villanelle and roundelay!  
Yet will we kiss, sweetheart, before  
We take sad leave at close of day.  
Grieve not, sweetheart, for anything –  
The year, the year is gathering.

*James Joyce (1882-1941)*

*The recordings on this disc would not have been possible without the generous funding support from the Estate of Carey Blyton, the Peter Warlock Society, John Mitchell and Frank Bayford.*

