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CHAMPS HILL
RECORDS

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG



KATHRYN RUDGE
JAMES BAILLIEU

Songs from British composers, 1823-1945

TRACK LISTING

1	BIRD SONGS AT EVENTIDE ERIC COATES (1886–1957)	03'07	19	IN MOONLIGHT EDWARD ELGAR	03'22
2	I'LL WALK BESIDE YOU ALAN MURRAY (1890–1952)	02'49	20	LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY ROGER QUILTER	01'30
3	LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG JAMES LYNAM MOLLOY (1837–1909)	03'51	21	BROWN BIRD SINGING HAYDN WOOD	03'11
4	WE'LL GATHER LILACS IVOR NOVELLO (1893–1951)	03'55	22	SPEAK MUSIC! EDWARD ELGAR	03'04
5	TO GRATIANA DANCING & SINGING WILLIAM DENIS BROWNE (1888–1915)	04'13		MARY COLERIDGE SETTINGS FRANK BRIDGE (1879–1941)	
	SEVEN ELIZABETHAN LYRICS OP.12 (1908) ROGER QUILTER (1877–1953)		23	Thy hand in mine	03'04
6	Weep you no more	02'34	24	Where she lies asleep	03'37
7	My life's delight	01'47	25	Love went a-riding	02'05
8	Damask Roses	01'45			
9	Faithless shepherdess	02'00	26	LAST ROSE OF SUMMER BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913–1976)	04'17
10	Brown is my love	01'46			
11	By a fountainside	03'38			
12	Fair house of joy	02'21			
13	PLEADING EDWARD ELGAR (1857–1934)	03'35			
14	SEVERN MEADOWS IVOR GURNEY (1890–1937)	02'00			
15	BY A BERSIDE IVOR GURNEY	05'01			
16	I HEARD YOU SINGING ERIC COATES	03'03			
17	ROSES OF PICARDY HAYDN WOOD (1882–1959)	04'15			
18	MY LIFE BELONGS TO YOU IVOR NOVELLO	03'48			

Total playing time: 78'17

Produced, engineered and edited by Patrick Allen

Mastered by Dave Rowell

Recorded on the 26th – 29th May 2014 in the Music Room, Champs Hill, West Sussex, UK

Cover photograph by Sussie Ahlburg

Tray photograph by Patrick Allen

Executive Producer for Champs Hill Records: Alexander Van Ingen

Label Manager for Champs Hill Records: John Dickinson

It is a delight to present my debut recording with Champs Hill Records and to be able to share this collection of some of my favourite songs and ballads in English by British composers. As the year of recording marks the Centenary of the First World War, I have included songs by composers whose lives and music were deeply affected by the events. It has been an honour to have had the opportunity to explore the wealth of music and texts that have captured so many hearts and that continue to endure the test of time.

Amongst the selection of songs are nostalgic gems by Eric Coates, Alan Murray, Ivor Novello (*We'll Gather Lilacs*) and Haydn Wood's famous songs of the First World War *Roses of Picardy*. Also included are Roger Quilter's beautifully melodic *Seven Elizabethan Songs* and some passionate songs of Edward Elgar's, written prior to the outbreak of WW1. There are pieces too composed by serving WW1 soldiers: William Denis Brown (*To Gratiana Dancing and Singing*) and Ivor Gurney's haunting compositions from the trenches *Severn Meadows* and *By a Bierside*. The selection concludes with Frank Bridge's dramatic *Love went a-Riding* (1914) and Benjamin Britten's setting of the timeless *Last Rose of Summer*. The sentiments of these pieces still resonate strongly in our lives today, never more so than when we remember them in relation to the events of the past.

My sincere thanks go to David and Mary Bowerman and everyone at Champs Hill for providing this opportunity and for allowing James and me to immerse ourselves in these songs in the unique setting of the beautiful Champs Hill Music Room. With



gratitude to the Young Classical Artists Trust for their support and Patrick Allen and Alexander Van Ingen for their expert guidance throughout. Thank you to James Baillieu for your friendship and wonderful talent that you share so generously. With heartfelt thanks to my vocal tutor Susan Roper, Peter Wilson and the many tutors, colleagues and friends who have been so supportive along the way. Special thanks and love to my lovely family for everything – you are an endless source of inspiration.

I hope you all enjoy listening to this beautiful music as much as we have loved researching, performing and recording it.

Kathryn Rudge

'Gratitude for the delights, the inspirations, the consolations, of English poetry is happily widespread,' observes Christopher Ricks in the preface to the latest edition of *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. Interest in poetry anthologies has, if anything, grown in recent years, driven by public hunger for collections such as Neil Astley's *Staying Alive* and *Being Alive*. The subtitle of *Staying Alive* – 'Real poems for unreal times' – offers a clue to the volume's success, as does Astley's assertion that the book is 'about what poetry means and how it can help us as people'. While the meaning of individual poems can be elusive, their spirit so often resonates deeply within readers and listeners. Small wonder, then, that the breathtaking range of English poetry, the transcendent power of even the simplest lyrics, and the rich imagery produced by everyone from peasant poets to royal rhymers have inspired composers to apply their art and craft to the musical setting of verse of all kinds, sometimes sublime, sometimes mundane, sometimes downright popular.

Kathryn Rudge has built a recital of English song open to emotions all too often suppressed or dismissed today, the 'sentimental' stuff of Victorian and Edwardian drawing rooms. A century and more of abstract thinking, of scientism and dogmatic belief in material progress, not to mention the catastrophic outcome of world wars, revolutions and man-made disasters, has inevitably reduced sentiment's stock. And yet there remains in sentiment something of true value, something that can cross the veil dividing the rational and analytic mind from its irrational and intuitive counterpart. Alan Murray's 'I'll walk beside you', written around the time of Edward VIII's abdication, offered optimism and hope to brighten the 'dark valley' of the interwar years. The ballad's instant appeal arose from the same cosy ground of comfort and stability that supported J.L. Molloy's 'Love's old sweet song', written in the 1880s and later immortalised by James Joyce in *Ulysses*, Roger Quilter's sensuous, seductive 'Love's philosophy', written for and dedicated to the fine English tenor, Gervase Elwes, and Elgar's 'Speak music!'

Edward Elgar has been criticised, quite fairly, for riding roughshod over the metre of verse in his songs: Shelley's line 'Tell me the stories that I am forgetting' in

'Pleading', for example, receives particularly unsympathetic treatment. 'I am not a song writer,' he wrote in 1921, 'although a few of such things have achieved popularity.' The composer's choice of poets, Arthur C. Benson of 'Land of hope and glory' fame and Lady Elgar among them, also begs questions about his commitment to song. The most important question, however, concerns whether Elgar's solo songs own the expressive qualities required to overcome criticisms of their technique and texts. 'Pleading', written in 1908, carries the open-hearted listener beyond thoughts of compositional refinement deep into the melancholy of Shelley's verse. The song certainly 'achieved popularity', helped by Elgar's orchestration of it and healthy sales of the original version for voice and piano. Another popular success, 'In Moonlight', was born in 1904 as a solo viola melody in Elgar's concert overture *In the South (Alassio)*. He subsequently extracted his wistful tune and fitted Shelley's verse to it.

William Denis Browne's life was cut short by enemy fire in battle in Turkey in June 1915, not long after he had buried his friend Rupert Brooke. Browne studied classics at Clare College, Cambridge, and took the MusB degree in 1912. The following year he created the song by which he is best known today. 'To Gratiana dancing and singing' was written for another friend, the tenor Stuart Wilson, who became a significant player in the development of English song and singing in the post-war decades. Browne cultivated an archaic atmosphere in setting Richard Lovelace's verse, fashioning the song's accompaniment from the melody of an anonymous 'Allmayne' preserved in Elizabeth Rogers's Virginal Book of 1656. The soaring vocal line summons vivid images of Gratiana dancing and captivating the hearts of her admirers. The critic Dennis Arundel, writing in 1926, described 'To Gratiana' as 'one of the few great English songs written by a recent British composer: it will live after all the Warlocks and Vaughan Williams'. His prediction may have been overstated but stands as an honest response to the extraordinary invention of Browne's song.

With gentle manners and a kind heart, Roger Quilter emerged as one of the most popular British composers of the 20th century's first half. His reputation was made with a series of fine songs, 'Go, lovely rose' and 'Love's Philosophy' prominent among

them, and committed support from Gervase Elwes, a champion of new work at home and overseas. Quilter's *Seven Elizabethan Lyrics* Op.12 were composed between July and December 1907, brought together as a collection dedicated 'To the memory of my friend Mrs Cary Elwes [the tenor's mother]'. It appears likely that Quilter and Elwes gave the first performance of the complete set of songs at the Bechstein Hall (now Wigmore Hall) on 17 November 1908.

Although four of the collection's verses were readily available in Francis Palgrave's ubiquitous Victorian anthology, *The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, it seems likely that Quilter turned to multiple sources in his search for Elizabethan and early Stuart lyrics. 'Weep you no more', among the first of the set to be composed, is one of the best of Quilter's songs, its gentle fluctuation between minor and major harmonies and soaring vocal line complementing the poet's impassioned, expectant plea to love. The energy of 'My life's delight' arises from the natural stress patterns of Champion's poem. Quilter suggests the impatience of young love by launching his song with an inverted dominant chord, like a passing fragment of thought, and carries it forward on the back of long-breathed melodies. 'Damask Roses', completed in July 1907, requires considerable artistry from its interpreters to bring light and shade to the song's syllabic setting of a text translated in the late 1500s from Angelo Grillo's madrigal 'Quand'io miro le rose'. Quilter's imaginative art and command of the songwriter's craft combine to enchanting effect in 'Faithless shepherdess'. The song's subtle metrical shifts and intricate piano writing ideally capture the wayward nature of its subject. 'Brown is my love' harnesses the enigmatic contradictions of its anonymous verse to harmonies that ebb and flow between B-flat major and G minor or their close relatives; the haunting lyricism of 'By a fountainside', meanwhile, rests on the song's harmonic stability, the heart-breaking ground for solemn contemplation of a lover's grief. Trevor Hold, in his acclaimed study of English song, describes 'By a fountainside' as 'one of Quilter's finest inventions. Here he is at his most subtle, most gentle, most moving – most memorable'. Quilter scatters the clouds of despair with

'Fair house of joy', simple and artless of melody yet intricate and inventive in its beguiling pattern of metrical stresses.

The last fifteen years of Ivor Gurney's life, already blighted by psychotic illness, were reduced further by the decision to transfer him from Barnwood Mental Hospital in his beloved Gloucester to the City of London Mental Hospital in Dartford. Although the composer-poet's creativity was deeply scarred by his experience as a frontline soldier in the killing fields of Flanders, it survived and flourished following his initial recovery from shellshock into the 1920s. 'Severn Meadows' and 'By a bierside' belong to the handful of songs that Gurney completed while on active service, the former composed behind the frontline at Caulaincourt in Picardy in March 1917, the latter written at Laventie seven months before. 'By a bierside', as Gurney recalled in a letter dated 16 August 1916, 'came to birth in a disused trench-mortar emplacement'. The composer, aided by John Masefield's steely verse, confronts death head on, fearless and fully aware of its inevitability yet open to the journey that may begin with it. 'Severn Meadows' presents a gentle meditation in words and music on the wanderer's sustaining vision of home.

Art-song was rarely heard on the Western Front. The vast ranks of Lord Kitchener's volunteer army, the cannon-fodder battalions of pals, marched towards the line singing such popular tunes as 'Tipperary' and 'Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag'. In 1916 the violinist and composer Haydn Wood created a sensation with his setting of 'Roses of Picardy', an overtly sentimental ballad penned by the multi-talented barrister Frederick Weatherly. The song, with its lilting refrain, proved a massive commercial success and was eagerly adopted by British troops in France. 'Fred Weatherly, composer of the words, struck a chord in every heart when he penned the lines of a song that spoke of the roses that shine in Picardy, just at a time when the fiercest battle the world has ever known was being fought on the plains of Picardy,' recalled a January 1919 issue of *The Music Trades* magazine. 'It was indeed a wholesome thought that despite

the greatest congregation of artillery, together with shells and all the terrific paraphernalia of war, the Roses would again bloom in Picardy.'

Wood's languid 'Brown bird singing', first published in 1922, sets words by Royden Barrie, the pseudonym of Rodney Richard Bennett. The author, father of the composer Richard Rodney Bennett and librettist of Roger Quilter's light opera *Julia*, also supplied lyrics for some of Eric Coates's finest songs. Coates served as principal viola in Henry Wood's Queen's Hall Orchestra from 1912 until he was forced to leave in 1919 because of physical ill health. He built a new career on past successes as a composer, progressing to become a household name with pieces such as the valse-serenade *By a sleepy lagoon* (familiar today as the signature theme to Radio 4's Desert Island Discs), the marches *Knightsbridge* and *The Dambusters*, *Calling all workers* and the concert suite *London*. Coates tailored an instantly memorable melody to the simple words of Bennett's 'Bird songs at eventide' and applied the best of his craft to 'I heard you singing', a work of rapt tenderness.

Strict boundaries between 'light' and 'serious' music were rarely set and even more rarely observed before the outbreak of Cold War cultural conflicts. Ivor Novello's natural gift for melody and love for song were in part influenced by his musical upbringing in Cardiff and in part by the example of his mother, an outstanding choir trainer and vocal coach. He studied at Magdalen College Choir School in Oxford and received formal lessons in harmony and counterpoint from Herbert Brewer, organist of Gloucester Cathedral, until Brewer decided that his pupil had no chance as a professional musician. Novello clearly thought otherwise. He scored his first success in 1914 with 'Keep the home fires burning', among the First World War's most popular songs. 'My life belongs to you' was written shortly before the outbreak of the next global conflict, conceived as part of Novello's musical spectacular, *The Dancing Years*. The show, which opened in March 1939, tells the tale of a penniless composer, Rudi Kleber, and his love for two women as it unfolds through the 'dancing years' of pre-1914 Vienna towards the dark days of Nazism's rise in Austria. 'My life belongs to you' is sung by Ceruti in the final scene of Rudi's

operetta *Lorelei*, an early landmark in the plot of *The Dancing Years*. 'We'll gather lilacs' was written within weeks of victory over Hitler's forces and first heard as part of Novello's musical romance *Perchance to Dream* at London's Hippodrome Theatre in April 1945. The song's artless melody and touching lyrics ensured that it became an enduring hit.

Recent recordings and diverse performances have contributed to the revival of interest in Frank Bridge's art. While his name will always be linked to and overshadowed by that of his pupil Benjamin Britten, his finest work stands alone for its individuality and distinction. Bridge, whose catalogue of compositions includes forty-five songs, appears to have discovered Mary Coleridge's poetry in 1914 and set 'Love went a-riding' and 'Where she lies asleep' soon after. The invention of 'Love went a-riding', its pulsating energy and feeling for the poem's inner life, reflects the originality of Bridge at his best; likewise, 'Where she lies asleep' reveals the composer's ability to create lyrical melodic lines of the utmost beauty. Bridge completed 'Thy hand in mine' in 1917, a year of bloody British offensives on the Western Front, conjures up sublime stillness out of subtle harmonies and a melody of yearning eloquence.

Britten's achievements as a songwriter were recognised by reviewers and audiences at a young age. 'One of my chief aims,' he later recalled, 'is to try and restore to the musical setting of the English language a brilliance, freedom and vitality that have been curiously rare since the days of Purcell.' The direct emotional expression and rhythmic inflections of folksong left their mark on Britten's work, absorbed not least through the many arrangements he made for his recitals with Peter Pears. The tune of 'Last rose of summer' is generally believed to derive from an Irish traditional melody, 'The young man's dream', first published in Dublin in the 1790s. Britten's brooding piano accompaniment matches and magnifies the song's pathos.

Andrew Stewart

KATHRYN RUDGE *mezzo soprano*

“... Her cleanly produced tone, supple musical phrasing and sensitive colouring of words combine with a vividly attractive stage personality to make something special” *The Telegraph*, 2013

Liverpool-born mezzo-soprano Kathryn featured as *The Times* Rising Star of Classical Music 2012. She made her professional opera debut to critical acclaim with English National Opera as Cherubino (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) in a production directed by Fiona Shaw and has since performed with Opera North as Sesto (*Giulio Cesare*), Annio (*La Clemenza di Tito*) and Hermia (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*). In 2012 she repeated the role of Cherubino (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) with Glyndebourne Touring Opera. She has also performed in the title role of *Carmen* in concert with conductor Charles Hazlewood at Glastonbury Abbey.

Kathryn has performed in recitals at venues throughout the UK including Wigmore Hall, The Sage (Gateshead), Leighton House and at the Brighton, Chester, Lake District, City of London and Cheltenham festivals (Broadcast by BBC Radio 3).

Concert appearances include performances with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra (RLPO), Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at the Royal Festival Hall, a performance with Sir Willard White at Bridgewater Hall and a UK tour with American tenor Noah Stewart. Other engagements have included 'The Armed Man' tour with conductor Karl Jenkins and Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* with the Orchestra of Opera North. Kathryn performed with conductor Karl Jenkins in his 70th birthday celebrations at the Royal Albert Hall and with the RLPO in the world premier of Michael Nyman's *Hillsborough Memorial Symphony*.

Kathryn studied at the Royal Northern College of Music and has been the recipient of numerous prizes and awards including the Joaninha Trust Award, BBC Fame Academy Bursary, Joyce & Michael Kennedy Strauss Prize, Kathleen Ferrier Bursary, Susan Chilcott and a Yamaha Music Award. Kathryn is also a Samling Scholar. Roles performed during her studies included Bizet's *Carmen*, Erika (*Vanessa*), Helena (*La Belle Hélène*), Cherubino (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) and Olga (*Eugene Onegin*).



Photographer: Sussie Ahlburg



Photographer: Kaupo Kikkas

I JAMES BAILLIEU *piano*

Described by *The Daily Telegraph* as ‘in a class of his own’, James won a Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship Award in 2012 and a Geoffrey Parsons Memorial Trust Award.

Sought after as an accomplished chamber musician, soloist and accompanist, James has curated a series exploring the chamber music and songs of Poulenc and Hahn at Brighton Festival, worked with Thomas Quastoff at the Verbier Festival, taken part in the Cardiff Singer of the World Competition, and recorded for BBC Radio 3 with Ben Johnson, Robin Tritschler, Ruby Hughes and the Signum Quartet. He has given recitals at Wigmore Hall with Kathryn Rudge, Lisa Milne, Adam Walker, Sophie Bevan, Ailish Tynan, Marcus Farnsworth, Ian Bostridge and Mark Padmore.

Recordings include a CD of Britten *Canticles* with Ben Johnson for Signum and *Vocalise* with Adam Walker for Opus Arte as well as two CDs for Champs Hill with Katherine Broderick, Kathryn Rudge and the Heath Quartet.

As a soloist he has appeared in the Nottingham and Leeds International Series, performed with the Ulster Orchestra (broadcast by Radio 3) as well as performing a Mozart Concerto with the English Chamber Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall.

James has been the prizewinner of the Wigmore Hall Song Competition, Das Lied International Song Competition, Kathleen Ferrier and Richard Tauber competitions. He was selected for representation by Young Classical Artists Trust (YCAT) in 2010. Born in South Africa, James studied at the University of Cape Town and the Royal Academy of Music where he is now a Professor.

1 **Bird songs at eventide**

Rodney Richard Bennett (1890–1948),
under the pseudonym Royden Barrie

*Over the quiet hills
Slowly the shadows fall;
Far down the echoing vale
Birds softly call;
Slowly the golden sun
Sinks in the dreaming west;
Bird songs at eventide
Call me to rest.*

*Love, though the hours of day
Sadness of heart may bring,
When twilight comes again
Sorrows take wing;
For when the dusk of dreams
Comes with the falling dew,
Bird songs at eventide
Call me to you.*

2 **I'll walk beside you**

Edward Frederick Lockton (1876–1940),
under the pseudonym Edward Teschemacher

*I'll walk beside you through the world today,
While dreams and songs and flowers bless
your way,
I'll look into your eyes and hold your hand,
I'll walk beside you through the golden land.*

*I'll walk beside you through the world tonight,
Beneath the starry skies ablaze with light,
And in your heart love's tender words I'll hide.
I'll walk beside you through the eventide.*

*I'll walk beside you through the passing years,
Through days of cloud and sunshine, joy
and tears,
And when the great call comes, the sunset
gleams,
I'll walk beside you to the land of dreams.*

3 **Love's old sweet song**

Graham Clifton Bingham (1859–1913)

*Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts Love sung an old sweet song;
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.
Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flick' ring shadows softly come and go,
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song,
Comes Love's old sweet song.
Even today we hear Love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells for evermore,
Footsteps may falter, weary grows the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day;
Still to the end when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.
Just a song at twilight ...*

4 **We'll gather lilacs**

Ivor Novello (1893–1951)

*We'll gather lilacs in the spring again
And walk together down an English lane
Until our hearts have learned to sing again
When you come home once more*

*And in the evening by the firelight's glow
You'll hold me close and never let me go
Your eyes will tell me all I need to know
When you come home once more*

*We'll gather lilacs in the spring again
And walk together down an English lane
Until our hearts have learned to sing again
When you come home once more*

*And in the evening by the firelight's glow
You'll hold me tight and never let me go
Your eyes will tell me all I want to know
When you come home once more*

*When you come home once more
When you come home once more*

5 **To Gratiana dancing & singing**

Richard Lovelace (1618–1658)

*See! with what constant motion
Even, and glorious, as the sun,
Gratiana steers that noble frame,
Soft as her breast, sweet as her voice
That gave each winding law and poise,
And swifter than the wings of Fame.*

*Each step trod out a lover's thought
And the ambitious hopes he brought,
Chain'd to her brave feet with such arts;
Such sweet command, and gentle awe,
As when she ceas'd, we sighing saw
The floor lay pav'd with broken hearts.*

*So did she move; so did she sing
Like the harmonious spheres that bring
Unto their rounds their music's aid;
Which she performed such a way,
As all th' enamoured world will say:
The Graces danced, and Apollo play'd.*

Seven Elizabethan Lyrics Op.12 (1908)

6 **Weep you no more (Anon.)**

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

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

7 **My life's delight**

Thomas Campion (1567–1620)

*Come, O come, my life's delight!
Let me not in languor pine:
Love loves no delay, thy sight
The more enjoyed, the more divine.
O come, and take from me
The pain of being deprived of thee.*

*Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
Like a little world of bliss:
Beauty guards thy looks: the rose
In them pure and eternal is.
Come then! and make thy flight
As swift to me as heavenly light!*

8 **Damask Roses (Anon.)**

*Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,
Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours,
And then behold your lips where sweet
love harbours,
My eyes present me with a double doubting;
For, viewing both alike, hardly my mind
supposes
Whether the roses be your lips or your lips
the roses.*

9 **Faithless shepherdess (Anon.)**

*While that the sun with his beams hot
Scorchèd the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon, the shepherd, late forgot,
Sitting beside a crystal fountain,
In shadow of a green oak tree,
Upon his pipe this song play'd he:
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.*

*So long as I was in your sight
I was your heart, your soul, your treasure;
And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd
Burning in flames beyond all measure:
Three days endured your love to me
And it was lost in other three!
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.*

10 **Brown is my love (Anon.)**

*Brown is my Love, but graceful,
And each renownèd whiteness,
Matched with her lovely brown, loseth
its brightness.*

*Fair is my Love, but scornful,
Yet have I seen despisèd
Dainty white lilies, and sad flowers well prizèd.*

11 **By a fountainside**

Ben Jonson (1572–1637),
from Cynthia's Revels, Act I Scene 2

*Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my
salt tears:
Yet slower, yet; O faintly, gentle springs:
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers,
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours;
Or, I could still, Like melting snow upon some
craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is, now, a withered daffodil.*

12 **Fair house of joy (Anon.)**

*Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that harm'd me:
Yet when this thought doth come
'Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight!'
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.*

*O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.*

- 13 **Pleading**
Arthur Leslie Salmon (1865–death unknown)
*Will you come homeward from the hills
of Dreamland,
Home in the dusk, and speak to me again?
Tell me the stories that I am forgetting,
Quicken my hope, and recompense my pain?
Will you come homeward from the hills
of Dreamland?
I have grown weary, though I wait you yet;
Watching the fallen leaf, the faith
grown fainter,
The mem'ry smoulder'd to a dull regret.
Shall the remembrance die in dim forgetting
All the fond light that glorified my way?
Will you come homeward from the hills
of Dreamland,
Home in the dusk, and turn my night to day?*
- 14 **Severn Meadows**
Ivor Gurney (1890–1937)
*Only the wanderer
Knows England's graces,
Or can anew see clear
Familiar faces.
And who loves joy as he
That dwells in shadows?
Do not forget me quite,
O Severn meadows.*
- 15 **By a bierside**
John Masefield (1878–1967)
*This is a sacred city, built of marvellous earth.
Life was lived nobly there to give such
Beauty birth.
Beauty was in this brain and in this eager hand.
Death is so blind and dumb, death does
not understand.
Death drifts the brain with dust and soils the
young limbs' glory.
Death makes justice a dream and strength
a traveller's story.
Death drives the lovely soul to wander under
the sky.
Death opens unknown doors. It is most
grand to die.*
- 16 **I heard you singing**
Harry Rodney Bennett (1890–1948)
*I heard you singing when the dawn
was grey
And silver dew on ev'ry blossom lay;
Though the rising sun too soon drank
up the dew,
I thought I heard you singing all the
long day through.
I heard you singing in the silent hour
When evening came with sleep for bird
and flow'r;
A song like happy murmuring of
woodland streams,
I thought I heard you singing down the
vale of dreams.*
- 17 **Roses of Picardy**
Frederick E. Weatherly (1848–1929)
*Beloved, when the last call echoes clear,
And I must part from all that is so dear,
I shall not fear the valley that before
me lies,
If I may hear you singing as I close
my eyes.*
*She is watching by the poplars
Colinette with the sea blue eyes
She is watching and longing and waiting
Where the long white roadway lies
And a song stirs in the silence
As the wind in the boughs above
She listens and starts and trembles
'Tis the first little song of love
Roses are shining in Picardy
In the hush of the silver dew
Roses are flowering in Picardy
But there's never a rose like you
And the roses will die with the summer time
And our roads may be far apart
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy
'Tis the rose that I keep in my heart
And the years fly on forever
Til the shadows veil their sighs
But he loves to hold her little hand
And look in her sea blue eyes.
And he sees the rose by the poplars
Where they met in the bygone years*
- 17 **My life belongs to you**
Christopher V. Hassall (1912–1963)
*For the first little song of the roses
Is the last little song she hears
She is watching by the poplars
Colinette with the sea blue eyes
She is watching and longing and waiting
Where the long white roadway lies
And a song stirs in the silence
As the wind in the boughs above
She listens and starts and trembles
'Tis the first little song of love.*
*When first we met I heard a voice within
"The scene is set, and here's your heroine."
I raised my eyes, my breath was taken by that
sweet surprise.
Your heart was mine, by law divine.
My life belongs to you
My dreams, my song, all that I do.
No moon, no morning star can shine
No happiness is mine without you near me.
When years have passed into the shade
You'll hear my last serenade.
For ever echoing anew
No matter where you go
Your listening heart will know
My life belongs to you.*

19 **In moonlight**

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)

*As the moon's soft splendor
O'er the faint, cold starlight of heaven
Is thrown,
So thy voice most tender
To the strings without soul has given
Its own.*

*Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with thy sweet voice revealing
A tone of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.*

20 **Love's philosophy**

Percy Bysshe Shelley

*The fountains mingle with the River
And the Rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle.
Why not I with thine? -*

*See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?*

21 **Brown bird singing**

Harry Rodney Bennett under the pseudonym
Royden Barrie (1890–1948)

*All through the night there's a little brown
bird singing,
Singing in the hush of the darkness and the dew.
Would that his song through the stillness
could go winging,
Could go winging to you,
To you.*

*All through the night-time my lonely heart
is singing
Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird
ever knew.*

*Would that the song of my heart could
go a-winging,
Could go a-winging to you, To you.*

22 **Speak music**

Arthur Christopher Benson (1862–1925)

*Speak, speak, music, and bring to me
Fancies too fleet for me,
Sweetness too sweet for me,
Wake, wake, voices, and sing to me,
Sing to me tenderly; bid me rest.*

*Rest, rest! ah, I am fain of it!
Die, Hope! small was my gain of it!
Song, [song] take thy parable,
Whisper, whisper that all is well,*

*Say, say that there tarrieth
Something, something more true than death,
Waiting to smile for me; bright and blest.*

*Thrill, thrill, string: echo and play for me
All, all that the poet, the priest cannot
say for me;
Soar, voice, soar, heavenwards, and pray
for me,
Wandering, wandering; bid me rest.*

23 **Thy hand in mine**

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

*Thy hand in mine, thy hand in mine,
And through the world we two will go,
With love before us as a sign,
Our faces set to every foe.*

*My heart in thine, my heart in thine,
Through life, through happy death the same,
We two will kneel before the shrine,
And keep alight the sacred flame.*

My heart in thine, my heart in thine.

24 **Where she lies asleep**

*She sleeps so lightly, that in trembling fear
Beside her, where she lies asleep, I kneel,
The rush of thought and supplication staying,
Lest by some inward sense she see and hear,
If I too clearly think, too loudly feel,
And break her rest by praying.*

25 **Love went a-riding**

*Love went a-riding over the earth,
On Pegasus he rode ...
The flowers before him sprang to birth,
And the frozen rivers flowed.*

*Then all the youths and the maidens cried,
"Stay here with us, King of Kings!"
But Love said, "No! for the horse I ride,
For the horse I ride has wings."*

26 **Last rose of summer**

*'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.*

*I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie senseless and dead.*

*So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?*