

BARLEY MOON



AYREHEART

1. JOHN BARLEYCORN ANONYMOUS
2. IN A GARDEN SO GREEN ANONYMOUS
3. MR. DOWLAND'S MIDNIGHT JOHN DOWLAND (1563-1626)
4. FORTUNE MY FOE JOHN DOWLAND
5. MY LADY HUNSDON'S PUFFE JOHN DOWLAND
6. COME AGAIN JOHN DOWLAND
7. HENRY MARTYN ANONYMOUS
8. LULLY LULL ANONYMOUS
9. SOLUS CUM SOLA JOHN DOWLAND
10. M. GEORGE WHITEHEAD, HIS ALMAND JOHN DOWLAND
11. TWA CORBIES ANONYMOUS
12. WOODS SO WILD WILLIAM BYRD (1543-1623)
13. DDOI DI DAI ANONYMOUS
14. NOTTAMUN TOWN ANONYMOUS



Tracks 2, 7, 8, 11, 13 & 14 arranged by Brian Kay
Tracks 3, 4, 5, 9 & 10 arranged by Ray Nurse and Ronn McFarlane
Track 6 arranged by Brian Kay, Ronn McFarlane and Ray Nurse
Tracks 1 & 12 arranged by Ronn McFarlane.



BRIAN KAY
VOCALS, LUTE & KOMUZ

RONN MCFARLANE
LUTE

WILLARD MORRIS
COLASCIONE

MATTIAS RUCHT
PERCUSSION

What is folk music, what is art music; is there some difference?

This is an idea that has been debated (fruitlessly, it could be argued) over the centuries.

Some see the so-called rise of interest in folk music to be a product of the nationalism of the Romantic era. In this narrative, as European nation-building evolved in the age of revolutions, organized collecting of oral traditions becomes another way of forging a national identity. In a vast arc that includes Robert Burns and his hugely popular celebration of Scottish song, through Zoltán Kodály 120 years later taking a cylinder phonograph to rural villages, “songs of the people” became somehow separated from music composed by people who were (to put it crassly) paid for their efforts.

The collectors of the Finnish *Kalevala* knew this was the core not only of a national identity but also of a free and distinct country

(with the happy and fervent participation by the “art” composers, like Sibelius). Where would our own American musical life be had not Charles Seeger taken his wife and his baby Pete (and that car and proto-trailer hitch) on a journey to the Southlands to “bring music to the people?” As is so often the case, and as Pete himself often said, he learned more than he taught.

It is interesting to know that the best-selling music book of the 1700s was Corelli’s *Opus 5* Trio Sonatas. The beloved Italian was a legitimate “art” composer. It is also very pungent to think that the best-selling music book of the entire 1800s was Thomas Moore’s *Irish Melodies*; he was partly inspired by “art” composers who had set folk songs before him, Haydn and Beethoven most famously.

And now, in our time: what is folk, what is art? In the case of the recording before you, we may

have come back to the comfort level of the late Renaissance. There may have been some distinction, but there was no discomfort in arranging a popular ditty of the day in any way that struck a composers’ fancy.

We could ask, to what extent did the brooding and brilliant John Dowland absorb popular dances and old songs and simply rearrange them? We could see these forms as a platform on which he built wonders. We could also see him as an inventor, breaking out of the structures of the past. The greatest geniuses in art happily embody all sources, all contradictions.

William Byrd was one of those, and thinking about how T.S. Eliot separated genius by those who concentrated on one thing (Wagner, say, or for us, Dowland) versus the universalists who mastered many things, Byrd was surely in the latter camp. The Catholic recusant who inherited

the exclusive music publishing rights in Queen Elizabeth's England after the death of his master Thomas Tallis could literally compose in any form; that among many folk songs, he chose a favorite of Henry VIII (and a song quoted by Dowland in "Can She Excuse My Wrongs", setting Robert Devereux's plea for favor from Elizabeth when he had fallen from grace) is telling on many levels. He set fourteen variations in his keyboard version, and knew well the first chapter of Matthew: "So all the generations from Abraham to David are fourteen generations..."

We may be more familiar with the re-popularization of so-called folk music in our own country. In pre-World War I England, we have the incomparable work of Francis James Child and his 305 ballads of blood and woe, tragedy and loss, haunting and (in every once a while) happy endings. The great Cecil Sharp brought back Morris Dancing and put the young George Butterworth and Ralph Vaughan Williams to work in the Fen Country gathering songs. During the war, Sharp came over to the Appalachians, and

when Butterworth was killed in action at the Somme, Cecil Sharp was recording songs of our own mountain people.

The early music movement gave a great boost to the relevance and quality of the folk song, and Alfred Deller and his Consort often performed the Vaughan Williams settings in their concerts.

In the late '60s, many things were born. The British Folk Rock movement, as it was called, was one. Trying to decide "how it started" is actually a little silly; victory has a thousand fathers, after all. But there is no doubt that Fairport Convention, Steeleye Span, Pentangle, the Incredible String Band, and their many fellows introduced generations to music of the tradition. And, they did it well. Not incidentally, they and their individual members often performed and recorded "early music" as well.

It was a happy unity of many things. Ayreheart inherits that tradition wonderfully. Ronn McFarlane has given us two discs on Sono Luminus of his own original work on lute, *Indigo Road* (DSL-90701), and with Ayreheart

One Morning (DSL-92111). These are the ideal example of how a so-called old instrument (some have even said obsolete, and at one time abandoned) can take on a living and vital relevance.

The ensemble blends the "art" and "folk" traditions so organically, we are reminded how artificial such a separation actually is. "John Barleycorn," the witty view of brewing as an act of torture and abuse, is so perfect that Vaughan Williams himself wondered if it may have been created by "an antiquarian revivalist," who then saw it pass "into popular currency and become 'folklorised'." Many in the folk-rock movement recorded the song, most prominently the group Traffic in their album named for the song itself.

"Nottamun Town" was recorded by Fairport, and even more famously with new lyrics in Bob Dylan's "Masters of War"—following in the ancient broadside tradition of adding new lyrics to an old tune. Is it really medieval? We can't even pin down a tune like "Greensleeves," so we may never really know. There is

much speculation as to the exact meaning of the odd and obscure story; there is a lot of this mystery in the folk tradition, and there is a lot of this in poetry itself. When the song was new and fresh, these images surely had profound impact, and those first singers knew it and would sing it with that passion that only knowers can know. It may be that passion, if not the unknown and secret meaning, that has kept the song alive so long.

"Twa Corbies," the Scottish version of "The Three Ravens," was a Steeleye Span specialty (as well as being an Alfred Deller favorite). Death was more immediate and more present to the singers of traditional song; it still may be so. In any event, *memento mori*, reminders of our eventual end, are everywhere in the tradition.

The dying knight in the Corpus Christi Carol ("Lully lulle, the falcon") tended by the maid knew well of these songs. Is it simply a medieval allegory for the death of Christ? Is the falcon attached to Catherine of Aragon during her exile, or later to Anne Boleyn,

whose emblem was that bird? Was it really “first found by an apprentice grocer named Richard Hill in a manuscript written around 1504”? The version Vaughan Williams collected featured the Virgin Mary sitting by the bedside; Peter Warlock set it as a memorial to those who died in World War I. Jeff Buckley gave it meaning and relevance to a new generation. Maybe rather than thinking we can “know” about this mysterious and wonderful work, let’s just rejoice that it exists.

The New World Renaissance Band used to perform “Ddoi di Dai,” and to them it was “a lament for David (Daffydd ap Gruffydd), the last independent Prince of Wales who was executed by Edward “Longshanks” in 1283.” For our version, special thanks is owed to Diane Owen of the St. David Society for this superb translation.

“Henry Martyn” puts us on solid ground (if out to sea, as it were): this happens to be Child Ballad 167, recorded by everyone from Burl Ives to Donovan, and tells the story of the Scottish privateer Sir Andrew Barton who raided

Portuguese ships for James IV. His ship was captured, and he was killed in 1511 by the Howard brothers (Sir Edward and Thomas), acting on behalf of the young Henry VIII.

“In a Garden So Green” may date back to 1682 in a Scottish collection of Songs & Fancies, but it also takes us back 25 years to the early days of the wonderful Baltimore Consort, and one of their popular Scottish projects (also on Dorian) *On the Banks of Helicon* (DOR-90139).

Ronn McFarlane was true to his ancestry then, and has kept that flame alive in creative and newly-evolving ways with Ayreheart. Is it art music? Is it folk? Could it possibly matter less?

Barley Moon is music that is born of what has come, but leads us into where we can go: old forms born anew, and ever fresh.

— Robert Aubry Davis



BRIAN KAY
vocals, lute, komuz

Brian Kay is a modern-day troubadour. A critically acclaimed singer and instrumentalist, Brian performs throughout the US, both as a solo artist, and with a number of esteemed ensembles. His concerts have been hailed as “Far-ranging”, “Brilliant”, and “Exciting” (Cleveland.com).

He has been featured at distinguished venues such as Carnegie Hall, The Kennedy Center, Shriver Hall, and The Boston Early Music Festival. His live radio appearances include NPR, Baltimore’s WYPR, Baltimore’s 98ROCK, Boston’s WGBH, and Cleveland’s WCLV. He has

recorded with record labels Avie and Sono Luminus, topped the Billboard charts twice this year, and has recorded two acoustic solo albums; *Ocean* (2013) and *Three Ravens* (2015). He performs with Apollo’s Fire, Ayreheart, Hesperus, Twa Corbies, and is a founding member of the early music improvisation group Divisio.

Mr. Kay has lectured at Yale University, The Peabody Conservatory, Johns Hopkins University, The Maltz Center, and Baldwin-Wallace College to name a few. He was Artist in Residence at the Cushman School in Miami in 2012 and has done outreach for elementary schools, middle

schools, and high schools across the country. In May 2013, Brian brought music to Plymouth Prison in Massachusetts.

RONN MCFARLANE

lute

GRAMMY®-nominated lutenist and composer, Ronn McFarlane strives to bring the lute - the most popular instrument of the Renaissance - into today's musical mainstream and make it accessible to a wider audience. At thirteen, upon hearing "Wipeout" by the Surfaris, he fell wildly in love with music and taught himself to play on a "cranky sixteen-dollar steel-string guitar." Ronn kept at it, playing blues and rock music on the electric guitar while studying classical guitar. He graduated with honors from Shenandoah Conservatory and continued guitar studies at Peabody Conservatory before turning his full attention and energy to the lute in 1978. He has over 35 recordings on the Dorian/Sono Luminus label, including solo albums, lute duets, flute & lute duets, lute songs, recordings with the Baltimore Consort, the

complete lute music of Vivaldi, and a collection of Elizabethan lute music and poetry, with spoken word by Robert Aubry Davis. In recent years, Ronn has been engaged in composing new music for the lute, building on the tradition of the lutenist/composers of past centuries. His original compositions are the focus of his solo CD, *Indigo Road*, which received a GRAMMY® Award Nomination for Best Classical Crossover Album.

WILLARD MORRIS

colascione

When bitten by the classical music bug at 10 years of age, the violin became the first in a long line of instruments taken up by Willard and still remains ever close to his heart. It was through the violin that he studied classical music. As a teenager he took up piano, flute, saxophone, mandolin, guitar and learned how to play bass so that he could join the high school jazz band in which great strides of music study and composition developed, all the while keeping active as a classical violinist and earning

pocket change as a pit orchestra musician for operas and musicals. Having become enamored with jazz as a teenager, he founded a jazz fusion group. After a decade of hard bass playing Willard gave the bass a rest to relieve stresses on the hands and focus solely on the violin and string quartet composition. During this time he put his electric violin to work in a variety of live performing bands and studio recordings. In 2009 Willard took up the bass again to develop original music with Ronn McFarlane which combined the ancient lute with the modern electric bass, percussion and vocalist which became the group Ayreheart. Recently he has taken on yet another instrument - the colascione, a bass cousin of the lute.

MATTIAS RUCHT

percussion

Mattias Rucht has been immersed in music his entire life. His father was a symphony conductor and his mother was a pianist. His first playground was in the midst of the orchestra and behind the stage. He started playing the drum-set

at the age of twelve and began playing in southern rock bands at the age of fifteen. By college, he had advanced to jazz fusion. Mattias has been involved in multimedia development for many years. He has composed music for animation, games, film & video and has had a computer based studio since 1984. At one point, all the instruments that he used were MIDI and electronic. Around 2002, Mattias started listening to some of the masters of world percussion and what they were doing with acoustic instruments. A simple tambourine or djembe could be more expressive than a rack of electronic instruments. This sparked his interest in world percussion and getting back to basics. Since then, he has discovered the joy of ethnic percussion and world music, bringing a wide range of influences to his playing style. Mattias Rucht has been active in the Washington DC music scene for over 25 years as a drummer/percussionist, playing in various rock, jazz, folk and world ensembles. He has also performed in theatrical productions and accompanied dancers and storytellers.

SONG TEXTS

JOHN BARLEYCORN

There were three men came out of the west, their fortunes
for to try,
And these three men made a solemn vow;
John Barleycorn must die.
They plowed, they sowed, they harrowed him in,
Threw clods upon his head,
And these three men made a solemn vow;
John Barleycorn was dead.

They let him lie for a very long time, 'til the rains from
heaven did fall,
And little Sir John sprung up his head and so amazed
them all,
They let him stand 'til the Midsummer's Day, 'til he
looked both pale and wan,
And little Sir John he grew a long long beard and so
become a man.

They hired men with the scythes so sharp to cut him off
at the knee,
They rolled him and tied him by the waist, serving him
most barbarously,
They hired men with the sharp pitchforks who pricked
him to the heart,
And the loader he served him worse than that, for he
bound him to the cart.

They hired men with the crabtree sticks to cut him skin
from bone,
And the miller he served him worse than that, for he
ground him between two stones.

And little Sir John and the nut brown bowl and whisky in
the glass,
And little Sir John and the nut brown bowl proved the
strongest man at last,
And the huntsman he can't hunt the fox nor so loudly to
blow his horn,

And the tinker he can't mend kettles nor pots without a
little barleycorn.

IN A GARDEN SO GREEN

In a garden so green, in a May morening
heard I my lady pleen of paramours.
Said she, my love so sweet, come you not yet nor yet?
Heght you not me to meet amongst the flowrs?
Elore, Elore, I love my lusty love, Elore lo.

The skies upspringis, the dew down dingis,
the sweet larks singis their hours of prime.
Phoebus upsprentius, joy to rest wentis
lost mine intent is and gone's the time,
Elore, Elore, I love my lusty love, Elore lo.

Danger my dead is, false fortune my feid is,
langour my leed is, and hope I despair.
Disdaine my desyris, so strangeness my feir is,
deceit out of weir is, adew I fare.
Elore, Elore, I love my lusty love, Elore lo.

Then to my lady swyth did I my presence kyth.
Saying, My bird be blyth, am I not yours?
So in my arms two did I my lusty jo
And kiss her tymis mo then night hes hours,
Elore, Elore, I love my lusty love, Elore lo.

FORTUNE

Fortune, my foe, why dost thou frown on me?
And will thy favors never brighter be?
Wilt thou, I say, forever breed my pain?
And wilt thou not restore my joys again?

In vain I sigh, in vain I wail and weep,
In vain my eyes refrain from quiet sleep;
In vain I shed my tears both night and day;
In vain my love my sorrows do bewray.

Then will I leave my love in Fortune's hands,
My dearest love, in most unconstant bands,

And only serve the sorrows due to me:
Sorrow, hereafter, thou shalt my Mistress be.

COME AGAIN

Come again: sweet love doth now invite
Thy graces that refrain
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

Come again that I may cease to mourn
Through thy unkind disdain,
For now left and forlorn:
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die
In deadly pain and endless misery.

All the day the sun that lends me shine
By frowns do cause me pine
And feeds me with delay:
Her smiles, my springs that makes my joys to grow,
Her frowns the winters of my woe.

All the night my sleeps are full of dreams,
My eyes are full of streams,
My heart takes no delight:
To see the fruits and joys that some do find
And mark the storms are me assign'd.

Out alas, thy faith is ever true,
Yet will she never rue
Nor yield me any grace;
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
Whom tears nor truth may once invade.

Gentle Love, draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pierce her heart;
For I, that do approve
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts
Did tempt while she for triumph laughs.



HENRY MARTYN

There were three brothers in merry Scotland.
In merry Scotland there were three,
And they did cast lots which of them should go,
and turn to pirate all on the salt sea.

The lot it fell first to Henry Martyn,
The youngest of all the three,
For to turn robber all on the salt sea,
For to maintain his two brothers and he.

He had not been sailing but a long winter's night,
And part of a short winter's day,
When he espied a slow lofty ship,
Come a'bibbin down on him straight way.

"Hello, Hello!" cried Henry Martyn,
"What makes you sail so nigh?"
"I'm a rich merchant ship bound for fair London Town,
Will you not please for to let me pass by?"

"Oh nay, Oh nay" cried Henry Martyn,
"This thing it never can be,
For I am to pirate along the salt sea,
For to maintain my two brothers and me."

"So come lower your topsail and slacken your mezz'n,
And bring your ship under our lead,
Or we will give to you a full cannon ball,
And all of your merry men drown'd in the sea."

"We won't lower our topsail nor slacken our mezz'n,
Nor bring our ship under your lead,
And you won't give to us your full cannonball,
Nor all of our merry men drown'd in the sea."

So up him and at him he went,
For fully two hours or three,
Till Henry Martyn gave to them the death shot,
And all of the merry men drown'd in the sea.

Sad news to old England came,
Sad news to fair London Town,
There's been a rich vessel and she's cast away,
And all of the merry men drown'd in the sea.

LULLY LULLE

Lully lulle, the falcon hath born my mak away
He bare him off, he bare him down
He bare him into an orchard brown
Lully lulle, the falcon hath born my mak away

In that orchard there was an hall
That was hanged with purple and pall
In that hall there was a bed
That was hanged with gold so red
Lully lulle, the falcon hath born my mak away

In that bed there lyeth a knight
His wound is bleeding day and night
By his bedside kneeleth a maid
She weepeth both night and day
Lully lulle, the falcon hath born my mak away

By his bedside standeth the stone
Corpus Christi written thereon
Lully lulle, the falcon hath born my mak away

TWA CORBIES

As I was walking all alane,
I spied twa corbies makin a mane;
The tane unto the ither did say-o,
"Whar sall we gang and dine the-day-o?"
"Down by yon auld fail dyke,
There lies a new slain knight;
And nane do ken that he lies there-o,
But his hound, his hawk an his lady fair-o."
"His hound is tae the huntin gane,
His hawk tae fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's tain anither mate,
So we may mak oor dinner swate."
"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,

And I'll pike oot his bonny blue een;
Wi ae lock o his yellow hair-o
We'll theek oor nest whan it grows bare-o."
"Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken whar he is gane;
Oer his white banes, whan they are bare-o,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

(translation)

As I was walking all alone,
I saw three crows (or ravens) making a moan;
One said to the other,
"Where shall we go and dine today?"
"In behind that old turf wall,
There lies a newly slain knight;
And no one knows that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound and his lady fair."
"His hound is to the hunting gone,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl home,
His lady has taken another mate,
So we may make our dinner sweet."
"You will sit on his white neck-bone,
And I'll peck out his pretty blue eyes;
With one lock of his yellow hair
We'll thatch our nest when it grows bare."
"Many a one for him is moaning,
But no one will know where he is gone;
Over his white bones, when they are bare,
The wind will blow for evermore."

DDOI DI DAI

Ddoi di Dai i blith dy flodau? Ddoi di Dai?
Ddoi di Dai i blith dy flodau? Ddoi di Dai?
Dyma flodyn bach yn wyllo
Lliw un hwyrach wedi ei ddrigo
Dagrau aur sydd ar ei rudd o. Weld di Dai?

Pwy fy'r plannu'r blodau gwylltion? Wy'st di Dai?
Pwy fy'r plannu'r blodau gwylltion? Wy'st di Dai?
Nhad sy'bu'r Rhos a'r Tansi
Fo a fi fy'yn eu plannu
Bodau'r ddol, pwy blannodd rheini? Wy'st di Dai?

(translation)

Will you come (home), David, among the flowers? Will
you come David?
Will you come (home), David, among the flowers? Will
you come David?
Here is a little flower, crying
the color of one that lately abided
Golden tears are on its cheek. Do you see, David?

Who will plant the wild flowers? Do you know, David?
Who will plant the wild flowers? Do you know, David?
My father owns the Rose and Tansy
He and I planted them.
But, the meadow flowers, who will plant those? Do you
know, David?

NOTTAMUN TOWN

In Nottamun Town,
Not a soul to be seen,
Not a soul would look up,
Not a soul would look down,
To show me the way to fair Nottamun Town.

The King and the Queen,
And the company more,
They came from behind,
And marching before,
A stark naked drummer,
Come beating his drum,
His hands in his pockets came marching along.

I had an old horse,
She was called the grey mare,
Grey mane and grey tail,
Green stripe down her back,
There was no hair on her but what was coal black.

She stood stark still,
Threw me to the dirt,
She tore at my hyde,
and bruis'd my shirt,
From saddle to stirrup,

I climbed back again,
And on my ten toes I rode over the bend.

In Nottamun Town,
Not a soul to be seen,
Not a soul would look up,
Not a soul would look down,
To show me the way to fair Nottamun Town.

THANKS

Special thanks to Ray Nurse for permission to
use and rework his lute trio arrangements of
the John Dowland pieces on this album.

Get more information about Ayreheart at
ayreheart.com.



AYREHEART
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