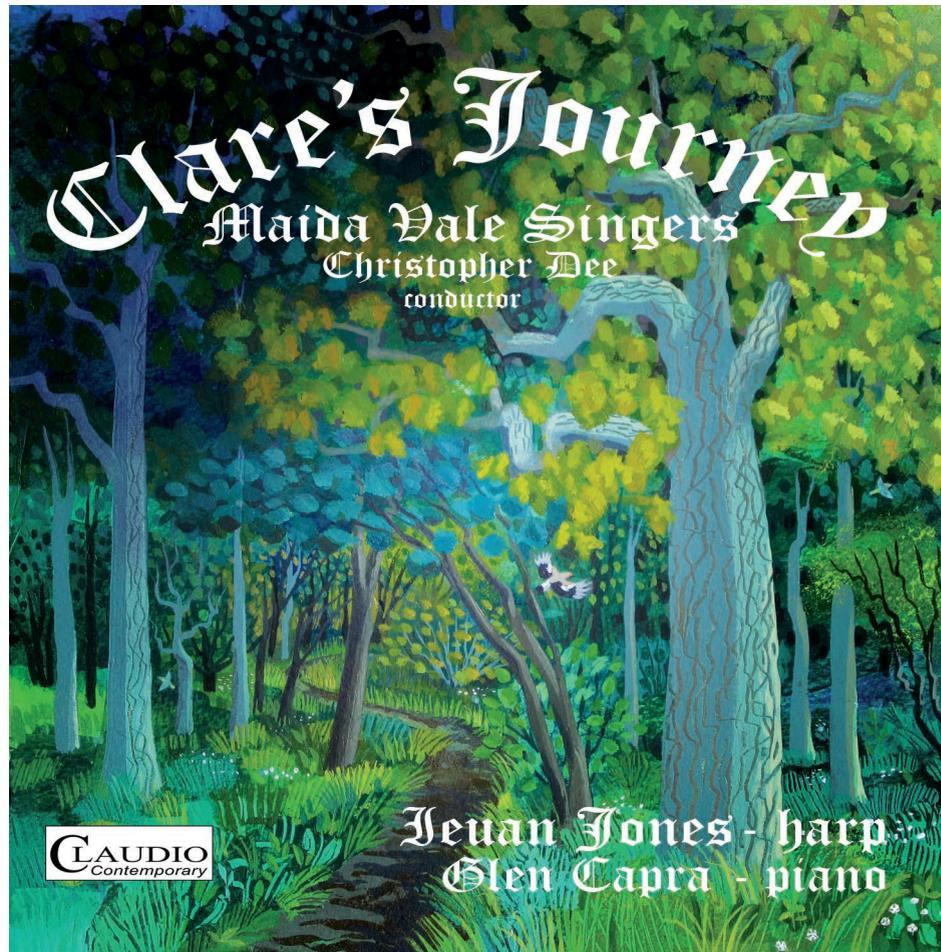




'Behnes Bust' - John Clare in 1828

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John Clare was a nineteenth century poet whose poetry expressed, in clear and vivid detail, his love for and sensitive awareness of the natural world around him, in which he observed the lives of birds, plants and animals through the seasons.

'**Clare's Journey**' traces John Clare's story from the point where, for a short while, he became a fashionable poet favoured by London Society. Indeed, *the peasant poet*. But London society was fickle and soon his poetry was forgotten. This probably played a part in the bout of depression which led to his being admitted to High Beach Asylum at Epping Forest, under the care of Dr. Allen. Clare was allowed to take walks in the local countryside and it was whilst doing so that he decided to escape and to try to make his way on foot back to his beloved home village of Helpston, a distance of some twenty miles. Whilst undertaking this exhausting journey, Clare's sense of inner isolation became even greater, through his encounters with various characters, all of whom in their different ways treated him unkindly. First he met up with a band of gypsies who feigned friendship, hoping to get money from him, but who disappeared once they realised he *has no coins*. Then he came across some cattle drovers who, instead of attempting to help him, took the opportunity to mock him. Later he met up with a jovial character who is himself a traveller, but having offered hospitality to Clare, realised he was about to miss his coach and instead rushed away. During the evening Clare came to an inn, but since he had no money, couldn't afford to enter it and so could only watch from outside the warmth and companionship within, '*The Windowpanes Glow*'.

At last, John was sighted by a villager as he approached Helpston and was collected by Patty his wife. However, due to his very confused state of mind he did not recognise her, but believed he was married instead to Mary, a childhood sweetheart who had since died in a fire. Clare idealised his relationship with Mary, even though there was no possibility of their marrying as Mary was from a higher class. Sadly things went badly when he was together with Patty and Clare eventually began to become violent towards her. Finally Clare was admitted to the lunatic asylum at Northampton where he was to remain for twenty three years until his death from a heart attack at the age of 71 in 1864.

'Clare's Journey' is based on Clare's own detailed account of his journey, given in his journal

'Clare's Journey' is dedicated to Peter Moyses, Vice President of The John Clare Society, in appreciation of his encouragement over many years and his suggestion that *planted the seed* from which 'Clare's Journey' has grown.

©Terence Deadman

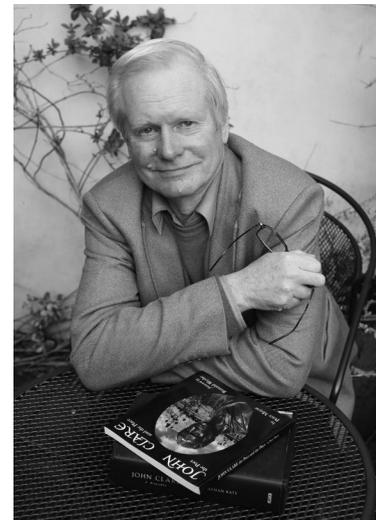
Terence Deadman began his musical studies at the relatively late age of seventeen. This led to his gaining a place to study piano and composition at London's Guildhall School of Music under a Major Award from the County Borough of Brighton.

Deadman has since developed a strong interest in setting poetry to music which has included work by Thomas Hardy, John Keats and the contemporary American poet, George Van Deventer. However, Deadman's particular interest is the work of John Clare, the nineteenth century 'peasant poet'. This led him to compose settings of eight of Clare's short poems from 'The Midsummer Cushion' which were recorded by Kevin Starns (tenor) Bill Young (bass) and Nova Teasdale (piano) and are available from the **Audio** website (*Cat: CS0068-2 Eight Song Settings from the poems of John Clare*) and Amazon or iTunes. Two of these settings were studied by Kevin at a Master class given by Jonathan Hinden at the 'International All Singing Summer School' held at 'Ardingly College' in West Sussex.

In 2004 George and Arlene Van Deventer, under a grant from 'St. Botolph's Club Foundation,' Boston, U.S.A, came to England from America to perform the songs at two John Clare festivals: St. Helier, in the Channel Isles and at Helpston, Peterborough. Deadman later set the songs for SATB under the title 'Clare Country' which were premiered by 'Peterborough Choral Society' at 'Thorney Abbey' in Cambridgeshire. This was followed by performances of the work by 'The Water Gap Singers' in New Jersey, New York and by 'Brighton Choral Society' as part of 'Brighton Festival.'

Deadman's next choral work was a commission by 'Sheepscot Valley Choral Society' for an SATB setting of George Van Deventer's poem, 'I Am Singing' which was given its premiere performance by the society under the direction of Linda Blanchard at Wiscasset, Maine, U.S.A in 2008.

'Clare's Journey' was commissioned by 'The John Clare Society' for their Thirtieth Anniversary Festival in 2011. However, its first performance, with Kevin Starns as John Clare, was at 'Buckden Annual Festival' in Cambridgeshire earlier that year, where it was well received.



In addition to lieder Deadman has composed songs for primary schools including the setting of some of the humorous poems of Trevor Harvey. These include 'Five Funny Songs,' published by *Alan Simmons Music*. He has also collaborated with the American writer, Sandra Dutton for the musical 'Just a Matter of Time' which was premiered at the Sage Theatre, off Broadway, New York.

Maida Vale Singers : Director & Chorus Master – Christopher Dee

Christopher Dee is originally from South Wales. Having been brought up in the choral tradition, he went from singing in the county choir to conducting it. After working with several choirs in South Wales, (Whilst at Welsh College of Music & Drama) he moved to London to study at The Guildhall School Of Music, where he studied singing with Laura Sarti, and later with Bill McAlpine.

Christopher has performed as a soloist at The Royal Albert Hall (The Beatles, Kurt Weill, Lionel Bart, Gershwin and Nielsen); The Festival Hall, (Bernstein, Beethoven) The Barbican (Janacek, G&S, Bernstein); The Huddersfield 20th Century Festival (Nielsen); For BBC Radio 2 and 3, (Sondheim, Jerry Herman, Berlin, and Lerner & Lowe); On French Radio (Berio, John Adams)

Whilst working in these different genres, Christopher started amassing a list of the best singers in the UK, and in 1999 set up his own group, the Maida Vale Singers. He has conducted them in everything from Kurt Weill to Bernstein, Puccini, Karl Jenkins, Hammerstein, G&S, Cole Porter, Sondheim, Rodgers & Hart, Rachmaninov, Jerome Kern, Bizet, Sammy Cahn, Abba, Rowland Lee, and Andrew Lloyd Webber. He has also conducted on recordings for SONY, EMI and now Claudio Records.

Phillip Bell – John Clare

Phillip Bell works regularly at The Royal Opera House, where as well as singing in the chorus, he has appeared as tenor soloist in *Acis & Galatea*; and works with the VOX programme, workshopping and performing operas by new composers. Outside the ROH Phillip sings with a number of groups including the BBC Singers, London Voices and Maida Vale Singers; and performs regularly in The Proms, on film soundtracks and in concerts and recordings. Solo work ranges from Bach B minor Mass, to a recital of Dowland Lute Songs. With the Maida Vale Singers, Phillip was tenor soloist in the opera *Menna* for Radio 3.

Ieuan Jones has been Professor of Harp at the Royal College of Music since 1997. He is known world over for his extrovert and flamboyant solo performances. Since leaving the RCM as a student of Marisa Robles in 1985, he is the only harpist to have won the gold medal at the Royal Over-Seas League competition since 1966, and the only UK harpist to become runner up at the Israel International Harp Contest.

Ieuan Jones is also the only harpist to have been appointed to the Palace if Westminster from 1984 to 1997. A position not since repeated.

There are many recordings to his credit and several composers have dedicated works to him.

Currently he is kept busy with students at the RCM, international Master classes and Competition judging.

Glen Capra Although British/Canadian by birth, Glen had his first musical training at the Holbaek Music School, Zealand, Denmark. He went on to obtain a Masters Degree in composition from the University of Sussex and diplomas on piano from the Guildhall School of Music and Trinity College. He has accompanied singers; Katherine Jenkins, Aled Jones, Faryl Smith and Blake and has performed commissions from composers; Michael Finnissy, Peter Gabriel, Paul Carr, John Alexander, Barry Mills, Stuart Copeland, Martin Butler, Howard Goodall, Edward Dudley Hughes, Alison Kay, Matt Pollard and Richard Rodney Bennett and conductors Sir Charles Mackerras, Barry Wordsworth, Mark Andrew James, Bob Chilcott, Neil Jenkins and John Hancock.

WHY NOT JOIN THE JOHN CLARE SOCIETY?

John Clare (1793-1864) was a unique poet whose verse will appeal to all who love English countryside, its wild flowers, birds and animals, and its rich tradition of music, customs and folklore. The John Clare Society seeks to promote the wider knowledge, study and appreciation of Clare's writings. For information send an s.a.e. to: The membership secretary The John Clare Society, 59 Bryony Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham B29 4BY

E-mail: membership@johnclare.org.uk

website at: www.johnclare.org.uk

The Seasons

The seasons come, the seasons go,
The flowers will bloom and the crops will grow,
We pull the plough, we reap and sow
Life's cycle carries on.

Thus for a while we play a role
In helping earth achieve her goal,
We feast our eyes and feed our soul
As the cycle moves on.

To Mary — poem by John Clare

I sleep with thee and wake with thee
And yet you are not there;
I fill my arms with thoughts of thee
And press the common air.
Thy eyes are gazing upon mine
When thou art out of sight;
My lips are always touching thine
At morning, noon and night.

I think and speak of other things
To keep my mind at rest;
But still; to thee my memory clings
Like love in woman's breast.
I hide it from the world's wide eye
And think and speak contrary;
But soft the wind comes from the sky
And whispers tales of Mary.

The night wind whispers in my ear,
The moon shines in my face;
A burden still of chilling fear
I find in ev'ry place.
The breeze is whispering in the bush
And the dewfall from the tree,
All sighing on and will not hush
Some pleasant tales of thee.

Patty — poem by John Clare

Ye swampy falls of pasture ground
And rushy spreading greens
Ye rising swells in brambles bound
And freedom's wildered scenes,
I trod ye oft and love thee dear
And kind was fate to let me, see,
On you I found my all, for here
'Twas first my Patty met me.

Flow on, thou gently plashing stream
O'er weed-beds wild and rank,
Delighted I've enjoyed my dream
Upon this mossy bank;
Bemoistening many a weedy stem,
I've watched thee wind so clearly
And on thy bank I found the gem
That makes me love thee dearly.

Thou wilderness so rudely gay
Oft as I seek thy plain
Oft as I wend my steps away
And meet my joys again
And brush the weaving branches by
Of briars and thorns so matly,
So oft reflection warms a sigh
'Here first I met my Patty.

This Poetry is of a Noble Kind

Drury: This poetry it seems to me is of a noble kind;
Its quality should safely see the volume sell
Who knows how well?
A publisher I shall find.

Clare: My poetry means much to me,
Its images entwined;
It's meant to be an honest plea
To view the earth as something worth
Respect from all mankind.

Drury: This poetry, I must agree is something of a find
It seems to me I hear with glee
A new voice speak
That's quite unique.
Sprung from a noble mind.

Duet

Patty: This poetry means much to me,
Its images entwined;
It seems to be
An honest plea
To view the earth
As something worth
Respect from all mankind.

Drury: A publisher I shall find
As it seems to me
An honest plea,
Something worth
Respect from all mankind.

The Toast of Society

Because of all his rustic charms,
We welcomed Clare with open arms;
Could someone with his background be
The toast of our society?
Could such a man become our friend?
How would his and our manners blend?

True followers of poetry
Are ladies from society;
So bravo he who thus respects
The interests of the fairer sex;
Whose verse embraces country ways
Shall win our hearts and win our praise.

Soon everyone was keen to see
The peasant poet, who is he?
We people of distinction came
To hear his verse and speak his name;
We dined with him, liked all we heard;
We flattered him; he'd trust our word.

So, for a while, Clare met success,
Then int'rest waned, his fame grew less;
His latest verses were ignored,
He found himself no more adored
As London life moved on a pace,
The latest fashion to embrace.

Once I Knew Lanes

Once I knew lanes
With hedgerows and meadows
And that's where I wish I could be,
To see once again
The places and people
Who meant so much to me.
I do not care
For darkness and sorrow
Now, each day, my life grows more bleak;
But I wish to share the pleasures of nature
Through verses that from my heart speak.
Mary, where are you?
Why don't you come to me?
I need your loving support.
Mary, where are you?
I want you here by me
Now that my days grow so short.
Darkness, despair,
Just darkness, despair
As here in this nightmare I'm caught.

Song of the Gypsies

Gypsy: Join with us friend
And we'll guide you
On the road that leads you home.
Travellers together facing
Toil and pleasure as we roam.

2nd Gypsy: All that we need are simple pleasures,
Band of Gypsies: Food and drink to see us through;
Fitting for a lengthy journey
With an honest man like you.

Clare: Sadly, I've no coins at hand.

1st Gypsy: Join with us friend,

Clare: For I've no wealth with which to please.

Gypsy: But, we'll guide you
On the road that leads you home.

Clare: Yet, if you will but trust my word
I swear by all God's clouds and trees,

Gypsy: He has no coins,
He cannot pay.

Clare: That, when I'm home, within a day
I shall repay you, come what may -

Gypsy: There's nothing here -
No need to stay.

Clare: Come what may.

2nd Gypsy: Come with us friend,
1st Gypsy: Make it Sunday.
3rd Gypsy: But be sharp or we'll be gone.
Band of Gypsies: Travellers, we set out early
If the road we take is long;

1st Gypsy: All that we need are bright companions,
Worthy folk to join our band,
Happily I want to help you,
Trust my word and take my hand.
Clare: Gladly, I'll do what you say.

Gypsy: Join with us friend.

Clare: My heart felt thanks to one and all.

Gypsy: Yes, we'll guide you

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John Clare's Cottage, Helpston, Cambridgeshire, U.K © 2012 Peter Moyse, Hon. Vice – President, The John Clare Society

John Clare Trust was formed in 2005 and with the aid of Lottery funding and other donations, was able to purchase this unique heritage site with the purpose of transforming it into a Centre of a national, historical, cultural and educational importance.

After major restoration work, the cottage in which John Clare and his family lived for many years has now been fully refurbished and transformed, as far as it was possible, to its original 18th century condition; i.e. Clare's living room, kitchen and family bedroom, have been carefully reproduced. Some of Clare's artefacts are on show and various information panels depicting Clare's life and the surrounding countryside are on open view.

There is a very attractive garden behind the cottage together with a life size statue of Clare and in July 2013 the 2012 Gold Winning Chelsea Garden Exhibit designed by Adam Frost will be on permanent display at the far end of the site. The cottage has a relaxing cafe area (situated in the "barn" building on the left hand side of the photograph) and specialises in local homemade produce. There is an annual programme of events and early booking is essential, especially for groups. There is of course disabled access, with the exception of the upstairs rooms.

It is worth mentioning that Clare's cottage was originally home to five families and Clare's family lived in the part on the right hand side of the photograph.

For further information, please contact: John Clare Cottage, 12 Woodgate, Helpston, Peterborough PE6 7ED U.K. Tel: + 44(0) 1733 253330 or www.clarecottage.org

Helpston is about 7 miles (11km. approx.) from Peterborough and about the same distance from Stamford, Lincolnshire and Burleigh House and garden

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John Clare was born in Helpston, near Peterborough, on 13th July, 1793, the son of a thresher. As a child he spent much of the winter threshing with his father and much of the summer in field work. When he could be spared he attended a Dame School in the village, and subsequently a Vestry School in Glinton Church. He was encouraged in his learning by his parents, teachers and some influential friends, but he was also particularly fond of popular songs and stories and attracted to old village characters like Granny Bains, a cattle herder who taught him songs and ballads.

Clare didn't settle easily into a working life. He had a spell as ploughboy, a year working at the Bluebell Inn next door to his parents' cottage, followed by work in the gardens of Burghley House in nearby Stamford. He grew up through a period of political unrest at home and abroad; work was hard to come by and poorly paid. Desperate for money, he became for a while a lime-burner in Pickworth and Casterton, just north of Stamford, where he met Martha Turner (usually known as Patty) whom he married in 1820.

Clare had been writing poetry for many years, and had gradually begun to hope that he could make a name for himself – and some money for his family – through publication. His poverty was a real obstacle – he records paying a week's wages for a book of blank paper – and first attempts to drum up subscriptions for a volume to be published by a printer in Market Deeping failed. But an ambitious young Stamford bookseller, Edward Drury, saw Clare's talent and potential, and brought in his cousin, the leading London publisher John Taylor. Clare's first volume, *Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery*, was published in January, 1820, and quickly went through four editions. By now he had acquired the patronage of several local gentry, including Lord Fitzwilliam and Lord Burghley, and was soon to be feted by the leading literati of London society.

His next collection of poems, *The Village Minstrel*, was published in 1821, followed by *The Shepherd's Calendar* in 1827, but by 1832 his popularity had waned, and his greatest collection of poems, *The Midsummer Cushion*, remained unpublished in his lifetime. In order to secure a regular income he was presented with a smallholding in nearby Northborough, but already he was beginning to suffer bouts of depression, including delusions about his childhood sweetheart, Mary Joyce. After a brief spell in a private asylum near Epping, he was committed to the County Asylum in Northampton, where he continued to write poetry until his death in 1864. Clare is buried in Helpston churchyard. In 1989 a plaque commemorating John Clare was placed in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.

The lettering on Clare's grave reads *The Northamptonshire Peasant Poet*. It also adds the quotation *A Poet is Born, not Made*. Neither statement is completely true. Clare quite rightly disliked the patronising term *Peasant*, and although he was born with a rare talent, it masks the huge efforts he put into furthering his education and developing that talent to produce an extraordinary range of writing. This comprises birds, flowers, animals and trees, protest about the enclosure of the landscape and the ensuing distress and unrest it created, together with love songs – some of which he set to music, being an accomplished fiddle player – village stories and biblical paraphrases, botany and archaeology in poetry, essays, notes and letters. He also published widely in newspapers, magazines and annuals. John Clare is now acknowledged as a major figure in English literature.
© Rodney Lines

On the road that leads you home.

Clare: Now that I'm to journey north again,
Such joyous visions I recall.

Gypsy: He has no coins,
He cannot pay.

Clare: And when I'm home, that self same day
I shall repay you -
Come what may -

Gypsy: There's nothing here.
No need to stay.

Clare: Come what may.

Childhood poem by John Clare

The past it is a magic word
Too beautiful to last.
It looks back like a lovely face
Who can forget the past?

There's music in its childhood
That's known in every tongue,
Like the music of the wildwood
All chorus to the song.

Drovers' Song

1st drover: Well, did you ever know such a grand fellow -
A bit of a dandy, the finest I've seen.
But surely his hat
Would be better in yellow -
And as for his coat, a more pale shade of green.

2nd drover: Well, did you ever spot such a fine fellow -
A viscount for certain, a duke or a lord.
I know for a fact
Why he smells none too mellow;
His only estate is the pigsty and sward.

3rd drover: Well, did you ever see such a grand fellow -
Could pass for a scarecrow, from forehead to toe.
For I'm certain that
At the forge with a bellow
There's far less hot air than this fellow might know.

1st & 2nd: I'm touching my forelock,
2nd & 3rd: He's touching his forelock and bowing his head.
2nd: And surely, for him,

3rd: Surely for him,
1st: Here's the best place to dwell –

1st & 2nd: Well, did we ever know such a fine fellow -
The sky as his roof
And a ditch for his bed.

3rd: Well, did we ever know such a fine fellow -
I'm touching my forelock,
I'm bowing my head.

All: Bowing our heads.

Childhood continued.

This happy dream, the joyous play,
The life without a sigh,
The beauty thoughts can ne'er portray,
In those four letters lie;

The painter's beauty breathing arts,
The poet's speaking pens,
Can ne'er call back a thousand part
Of what that word contains.

You've Had a Journey, Sir

You've had a journey, sir - that's for sure;
You've walked many miles and you'll walk many more.
So do take a rest, sir, I implore,
This verge can be your seat.

You have no colour sir - thus it's clear
You're in need of some food and a jug beer;
So, I'll look around, sir, never fear,
And find somewhere to eat.

I'll keep you company on your way,
I'll find an inn where you can stay;
It's fortunate for you we met today,
You've landed on your feet.

Tell me your story, sir, I implore
But do keep it brief, though you could say more;
For I'm to catch a coach, sir, at half-past four -
So pray sir keep it sweet.

Don't keep me talking sir - oh dear me,
I must check the time, sir, what can it be?
I'll just have a look, sir - half-past three,
Our talk must be complete!

Can't keep you company, sad to say -
I'll miss the coach, I'm on my way.
Unfortunate it is I cannot stay.
I have some friends to meet.

The Windowpanes Glow

The windowpanes glow
As each candle shines bright -

Clare: So cosy,
How cosy,

Its occupants join'd in
True friendship tonight,
Sit cosily there at the Inn.

The flickering shape
Of each shadow tonight -

So cosy,
How cosy,

Will happily dance in
Each candle-flame light,
So cosily there at the inn.

Clare: How can I enter
The world they create?
I'm an outsider -
That's not my place.
Theirs is an image
Of warmth and embrace,
So different from the world
I must face.

The window-panes glow
As each candle shines bright-

So cosy,
How cosy,

Its occupants join'd in
True friendship tonight,
Sit cosily there at the Inn.

Why Don't I Hear Your Voice?

Why don't I hear your voice?
Why can't I see your face?
Why do I feel such pain,
Inside this dismal place?

Mary, where have you gone?
Mary, aren't you my wife?
With you, I will be strong,
With you, I'll cling to life.

Why don't I sense you're near?
Why can't I feel your touch?
Why don't I hear you speak?
I need your love so much.

He Doesn't Know Me

Patty: He does not know me
And that's why it's better -
To welcome him home without fuss;
One day I'll show him
Each heart rending letter
That so often passed between us,
When I know his feelings, I'll trust.

Duet:

Patty: He does not know me; I'm just like a stranger,
The past now means nothing at all.
Affection he showed me
But now there's a danger
Of me he may have no recall,
Perhaps he'll feel no love at all?

Clare: Why don't I hear your voice?
Why can't I see your face?
Why do I feel such pain,
Inside this dismal place?

Patty: One day he'll know me
One day when he's better -
Together, the future we'll share;
That's when I'll show him
The love in each letter
That's kept me from feeling despair -
He'll know that I really do care.

They Tell Me That Mary Died

They tell me that Mary died long ago,
But where is the proof
That it's true?

How may I judge if they're telling me lies?
My doubts have been
Kindled anew.

The fire they claim
Had ended her life
Shall not quell this flame
I hold for my wife.
My Mary's alive
And I know in my heart
They conspire, without reason,
To keep us apart.

Ever, For Ever

Ever,
For ever,
Existing alone;
Day after day,
In a world of my own;
Entrapped in a life
Where my outlook is bleak,
I strive to discover
The peace that I seek.

Waiting
And wanting,
I'm here on my own;
Day after day
I must struggle alone;
I'm racked with despair
And my demons grow strong,
But no-one can say why
My life went so wrong.

Whatever I'm lacking,
Whatever I'm seeking,
The future seems empty,
The landscape is bare;
So why am I making
This meaningless journey?
I stretch out my hand -
But I find nothing's there.

Hoping,
And wishing,
I face life alone;
Day after day,
That is all I have known;
I ache and I yearn
For that moment of truth
And how my heart longs for
The dreams of my youth.

Reprise of The Seasons

I Am _____ poem by John Clare

I am yet what I am none cares or knows
My friends forsake me like, a memory lost;
I am the self consumer of my woes,
They rise and vanish in oblivious host,
Like shades in love and death's oblivion lost;
And yet I am and live with shadows tost.
Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
Into the living sea of waking dreams,
Where there is neither sense of life nor joys,
But the vast shipwreck of my life's esteems;
And e'en the dearest that I loved the best
Are strange, nay, rather stranger than the rest.
I long for scenes where man has never trod;
A place where woman never smil'd or wept
There to abide with my creator God,
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept:
Untroubling and untroubled where I lie;
The grass below, above the vaulted sky.

Second reprise: The Seasons