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CLASSICS

# Whither must I wander?

*English Songs by*  
*Ralph Vaughan Williams*  
*Gerald Finzi*  
*Roger Quilter*



**David John Pike** baritone  
**Isabelle Trüb** piano

# WHITHER MUST I WANDER?

## ENGLISH SONGS BY VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, FINZI & QUILTER

### Songs of Travel

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

1	The Vagabond	[3.04]
2	Let Beauty Awake	[1.38]
3	The Roadside Fire	[2.19]
4	Youth and Love	[3.27]
5	In Dreams	[2.51]
6	The Infinite Shining Heavens	[2.15]
7	Whither must I wander?	[3.34]
8	Bright is the ring of words	[1.40]
9	I have trod the upward and the downward slope	[1.41]

### From **Five Mystical Songs**

Ralph Vaughan Williams

10	I got me flowers	[2.36]
11	Love bade me welcome	[5.36]
12	The Call	[2.13]

### Let us garlands bring, Op.18

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

13	Come away, come away, death	[4.08]
14	Who is Silvia?	[1.28]
15	Fear no more the heat o' the sun	[6.24]
16	O Mistress Mine	[2.09]
17	It was a lover and his lass	[2.47]

### Three Shakespeare Songs, Op.6

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

18	Come away, Death	[2.36]
19	O Mistress mine	[1.29]
20	Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind	[2.33]
21	<b>Silent Noon</b> (From <i>The House of Life</i> )	Ralph Vaughan Williams [4.06]
22	<b>Linden Lea</b>	Ralph Vaughan Williams [2.32]
23	<b>Blackwore by the Stour</b>	Ralph Vaughan Williams [2.03]

Total timings: [65.09]

DAVID JOHN PIKE BARITONE  
ISABELLE TRÜB PIANO

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### Life's Journey Home

'For my part, I travel not to go anywhere, but to go. I travel for travel's sake. The great affair is to move; to feel the needs and hitches of our life more nearly; to come down off this featherbed of civilisation and find the globe granite underfoot and strewn with cutting flints.'

Robert Louis Stevenson,  
*Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes*, 1879

Cover Image - Lighthouse at Rattray Head, Aberdeenshire,  
built by David Alan Stevenson, 1895.  
Photograph by Sébastien Gréville

When Fernand Weides, Director of Luxembourg's *radio 100.7*, invited me to record a song cycle, we had in mind one of the masterpieces by Schubert or Schumann that are treasured in the German-speaking world and beyond. On reflection however, and as a Canadian-British baritone in my adopted Luxembourg, I was drawn to put our own mark on repertoire that is well known in English-speaking parts of the world but performed less frequently elsewhere. What

better place to start than with Ralph Vaughan Williams whose works paved the road from the previous English parlour song tradition to a mature art song culture.

Vaughan Williams' works, from hymns to his grand symphonies and of course, the songs which we have chosen for this recording, distill the British countryside into a quintessential, luxuriant and nostalgic musical form. His *Songs of Travel*, which have found their permanent place in the English songbook, and which are even referred to by some as the British *Winterreise*, were an obvious point of departure for us. The songs are settings from Robert Louis Stevenson's collection of poems by the same name, recounting the literal and allegorical experience of the vagabond's adventures, trials, disappointments, joys and resolve. They therefore easily evoke reflections of our own lives.

Key to Stevenson's life journey was his rejection of the rather sensible option of completing his engineering studies at Edinburgh University and taking up the family lighthouse building business (the cover of this booklet shows Rattray Head, built by Robert Louis' cousin, David Alan Stevenson in 1895). Instead, he began his extraordinary life of letters, and travel

took him well beyond the coast of Scotland on an astonishingly adventurous, bohemian and artistically-inspiring odyssey. He first sought broader horizons in continental Europe, most famously by canoe (*An Inland Voyage*, 1878) and donkey (*Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes*, 1879) through France and Belgium, where he was to meet his future American wife and step children. It was to join his new found family that he started a westward path first to New York, then to San Francisco. Ultimately, and quite remarkably, he ventured further to Samoa, where he was to spend the rest of his life, revered by the islands' natives. His *Songs of Travel*, a collection of poems written over his eclectic lifetime, evoke sentimental memories of things very Scottish therefore, but also need to be heard in the enigmatic context of the South Pacific, with its own infinite shining heavens, and where Stevenson likely pondered some regrets, but also the satisfaction of having found his new home. Stevenson's life story resonates with me, having myself taken up a musical vocation after following a more conventional path, and, after having left the familiarities of my origins, found comfort and satisfaction as a foreigner amongst warmly welcoming natives in my newly adopted homeland.

Vaughan Williams' *Five Mystical Songs* are settings of poems from George Herbert's celebrated collection *The Temple*. The five songs are normally performed by baritone, choir and orchestra; however, for this recording, we have selected three which are well suited to piano and solo voice. 'I got me Flowers' and 'The Call' are superb examples of Vaughan Williams' ability to elaborate simple tunes, plainsong and hymns into moving messages of faith and mysticism. Herbert himself wrote that music was 'not a science only, but a divine voice', a view that Vaughan Williams and many of us share. 'Love bade me welcome', through its rhapsodic mystical romanticism, demonstrates that transcendence and conveys the essence of the Christian message like few other works.

Gerald Finzi's *Let us garlands bring* is an obvious accompaniment to the Vaughan Williams songs, not least because Finzi dedicated them to his great mentor on the occasion of his 70th birthday. This year marks the 70th anniversary of that dedication at the National Gallery. In war-torn London, the tolling bells of 'Come away death' and the equally sombre and elegiac but accepting 'Fear no more the heat o' the sun' must have been particularly moving for that first audience. The remaining

songs offer manic contrast with 'It was a lover and his lass' presenting a frivolous, if slightly naughty tonic of optimism to end the cycle. Quilter's *Three Shakespeare Songs* include lighter interpretations of 'Come away, Death' and 'O Mistress mine' which have also become favorites of the English songbook.

To round out our programme we come back to Vaughan Williams, starting with 'Silent Noon', taken from his *House of Life* cycle by Rosetti. This song transports me to the English countryside in June, high on the downs overlooking the shires, poppies nodding in fresh corn fields, slumbering with my girl. A more luxuriant evocation of the English countryside is hard to imagine. The ever popular 'Linden Lea' and more jovial 'Blackmores by the Stour' are 'Dorset' songs, although contrivances, inasmuch as they were the product of two gentleman scholars at Cambridge. They anticipate the nostalgic themes of homeward journeys in the *Songs of Travel*, and are early examples of Vaughan Williams' fascination with and eventual invaluable efforts to preserve the English folk tradition.

By David John Pike, Kingston, Canada, 12 October 2012.

## Vaughan Williams, Quilter and Finzi

Ralph Vaughan Williams and Roger Quilter were born five years apart, in 1872 and 1877 respectively, and died five years apart, in 1958 and 1953. They were thus contemporaries. However, though they knew each other and occasionally corresponded, they were not close friends. They both had similar well-to-do family backgrounds, the one deriving money through his mother from the well-established Wedgwood china business, the other from stockbroking in the City of London, but as composers they were very different. Quilter went in 1896 to study at the Conservatory at Frankfurt and thereafter became known as a composer of songs. His group of *Three Shakespeare Songs* were written early in his career in 1905. Vaughan Williams on the other hand went to the Royal College of Music in London for a year and then to Cambridge University to study History before returning for a final two years at the Royal College of Music to study composition under Charles Stanford. A bond between them was their friendship with the singer Gervase Elwes who had taken Quilter under his wing, and for whom Vaughan Williams wrote his cycle *On Wenlock Edge*. A warm letter of condolence from Vaughan Williams to Quilter on the death

of Elwes survives in the British Library. Perhaps a key difference between the two composers was the extent to which Vaughan Williams became imbued with the spirit of English folksong whereas Quilter's roots lay closer to the mainstream German artsong.

Once he left college, Vaughan Williams spent time in Berlin studying with Max Bruch in 1897-98 and on his return set about establishing himself as a composer. Apart from the *Five Mystical Songs* which were written in 1911, the songs on this disc were written in the period 1901-1904 when he was gradually finding his individual voice. Songs by new English composers were eagerly welcomed by the major singers of the day who wanted a respite from Edwardian drawing room ballads. Moreover, encouraged by Stanford, the newer composers developed their compositional techniques to pay particular attention to the rhythm and stresses of the English language, very different from the flow of French or German. A new periodical, *The Vocalist*, published 'Linden Lea', 'Blackmores by the Stour' and 'Whither must I wander?' (later incorporated into *Songs of Travel*) in its first three issues. 'Linden Lea' was thus Vaughan Williams' first published work and indeed has remained

one of his most popular pieces ever since. Settings of William Barnes were followed by settings of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, including a cycle entitled *The House of Life*, which included 'Silent Noon', and a cantata *Willow Wood*. His attention then moved on to the poetry of Robert Louis Stevenson and the cycle *Songs of Travel* quickly established itself as a major work in the vocal repertoire. Vaughan Williams' next inspiration was Walt Whitman, whose words he set in *Toward the Unknown Region* for chorus and orchestra (1907), and then the work which put Vaughan Williams' name firmly on the English musical map, *A Sea Symphony* of 1909.

Vaughan Williams was a fairly young composer with two symphonies to his name when the First World War started. When it finished he had become one of the senior British composers, though looking back over his life we can now see how far he was a late developer, for the greater part of his career still lay before him. So it was that the 22-year old Gerald Finzi in 1923 introduced himself to Vaughan Williams, now a major figure in English music. There was a quick rapport between the two and a firm friendship grew. The younger man would seek the opinion of the older on his new

compositions and indeed, after the death of Vaughan Williams' close friend Gustav Holst in 1934, Vaughan Williams, in his turn, included Finzi in the circle of friends on whom he tried out his major new compositions. It was therefore natural that Finzi wanted to mark his friend's 70th birthday by dedicating a new work to him, his cycle of Shakespeare songs *Let us garlands bring*. Finzi wrote to the composer's first wife Adeline telling her of his intention which she warmly welcomed, though she requested the omission of any reference to her husband's age in the dedication which reads 'For Ralph Vaughan Williams on his birthday, Oct 12th 1942.' The cycle includes one of Finzi's best loved settings, 'Fear no more the heat to the sun', and was first performed at a lunchtime concert at the National Gallery on Vaughan Williams' actual birthday by Robert Irwin accompanied by Howard Ferguson.

It was only a few days later, on 24th October, that Vaughan Williams wrote to Roger Quilter thanking him for birthday good wishes and saying 'I value it very much when my fellow craftsmen wish me well – because you know how things are done & must so often be amazed at my want of "metier". In that in spite of this you find something to praise in my works gives me

great pleasure – especially from one like you who have the whole craftsmanship of your exquisite art at your fingers’ ends.’ It was a great loss to Vaughan Williams and his second wife, Ursula, when Finzi died prematurely in 1956. In their turn they visited his widow, Joy, at Ashmansworth just a few days before Vaughan Williams himself died on 26th August 1958.

By Hugh Cobbe, OBE.

Formerly Head of Music Collections at the British Library, Hugh Cobbe is editor of *Letters of Ralph Vaughan Williams 1895-1958*. He is Director of the Vaughan Williams Charitable Trust, Chairman of the RVW Trust, of the National Folk Music Fund and of the Gerald Coke Handel Foundation, and a Past President of the Royal Musical Association.

## TEXTS

### **1 - 9 Songs of Travel**

Texts by Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)

#### **1 The Vagabond**

Give to me the life I love,  
Let the lave go by me,  
Give the jolly heaven above  
And the byway nigh me.  
Bed in the bush with stars to see,  
Bread I dip in the river -  
There's the life for a man like me,  
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me;  
Give the face of earth around  
And the road before me.  
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me;  
All I seek, the heaven above  
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me  
Where afield I linger,  
Silencing the bird on tree,  
Biting the blue finger.

White as meal the frosty field -  
Warm the fireside haven -  
Not to autumn will I yield,  
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me;  
Give the face of earth around,  
And the road before me.  
Wealth I ask not, hope, nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me.  
All I ask, the heaven above  
And the road below me.

#### **2 Let Beauty Awake**

Let Beauty awake in the morn from  
beautiful dreams,  
Beauty awake from rest!  
Let Beauty awake  
For Beauty's sake  
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake  
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the  
slumber of day,  
Awake in the crimson eve!  
In the day's dusk end  
When the shades ascend,

Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,  
To render again and receive!

#### **3 The Roadside Fire**

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight,  
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.  
I will make a palace fit for you and me,  
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep  
your room,  
Where white flows the river and bright blows  
the broom,  
And you shall wash your linen and keep your  
body white  
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else  
is near,  
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!  
That only I remember, that only you admire,  
Of the broad road that stretches and the  
roadside fire.

#### **4 Youth and Love**

To the heart of youth the world is a highwayside.  
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,

Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,  
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land  
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,  
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate  
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,  
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,  
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

#### **5 In Dreams**

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand  
as heretofore:  
The unremembered tokens in your hand  
avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,  
enshrines, endears.  
Cold beats the light of time upon your face  
and shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept a while  
and then forgot.  
Ah me! but he that left you with a smile  
forgets you not.

#### **6 The Infinite Shining Heavens**

The infinite shining heavens  
Rose and I saw in the night  
Uncountable angel stars  
Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,  
Dumb and shining and dead,  
And the idle stars of the night  
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow  
The stars stood over the sea,  
Till lo! I looked in the dusk  
And a star had come down to me.

#### **7 Whither must I wander?**

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?  
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.  
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather:  
Thick drives the rain, and my roof is in the dust.  
Lov'd of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,  
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door:  
Dear days of old with the faces in the firelight:  
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,  
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.  
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the  
moorland;  
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.  
Now, when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,  
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone  
is cold.  
Lone let it stand now the friends are all departed,  
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the  
place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the  
moorfowl,  
Spring shall bring the sun and rain,  
bring the bees and flowers;  
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,  
Soft flow the stream through the even flowing hours.  
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood;  
Fair shine the day on the house with open door.  
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney  
But I go for ever and come again no more.

#### **8 Bright is the ring of words**

Bright is the ring of words  
When the right man rings them,  
Fair the fall of songs  
When the singer sings them.

Still they are carolled and said -  
On wings they are carried -  
After the singer is dead  
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies  
In the field of heather,  
Songs of his fashion bring  
The swains together.  
And when the west is red  
With the sunset embers,  
The lover lingers and sings,  
And the maid remembers.

#### **9 I have trod the upwards and the downward slope**

I have trod the upward and the downward slope;  
I have endured and done in days before;  
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;  
And I have lived and loved, and closed the door.

#### **10 - 12 From Five Mystical Songs** Texts by George Herbert (1593-1633)

#### **10 I got me flowers**

I got me flowers to strew thy way;  
I got me boughs off many a tree:

But thou wast up by break of day,  
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,  
Though he give light, and the East perfume;  
If they should offer to contest  
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,  
Though many suns to shine endeavour?  
We count three hundred, but we miss:  
There is but one, and that one ever.

#### **11 Love bade me welcome**

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,  
Guilty of dust and sin.  
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack  
From my first entrance in,  
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning  
If I lack'd anything.

"A guest," I answer'd, "worthy to be here:"  
Love said, "You shall be he."  
"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,  
I cannot look on thee."  
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,  
"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my shame  
Go where it doth deserve."  
"And know you not," says Love, "Who bore the  
blame?"  
"My dear, then I will serve."  
"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my  
meat."  
So I did sit and eat.

#### **12 The Call**

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life  
Such a Way, as gives us breath:  
Such a Truth, as ends all strife:  
And such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength  
Such a Light, as shows a feast:  
Such a Feast, as mends in length:  
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:  
Such a Joy, as none can move:  
Such a Love, as none can part:  
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

#### **13 - 17 Let us garlands bring, Op.18** Texts by William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

#### **13 Come away, come away, death**

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

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O, where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

#### **14 Who is Silvia?**

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

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

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

#### **15 Fear no more the heat o' the sun**

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

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

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

No exorcisor harm thee!  
Nor no witch-craft charm thee!  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
Nothing ill come near thee!  
Quiet consummation have;  
And renowned be thy grave!

#### **[16] O Mistress Mine**

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low:  
Trip no further pretty sweeting;  
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty,  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

#### **[17] It was a lover and his lass**

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,

*In springtime, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:  
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
Those pretty country folks would lie,

*In springtime...*

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

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

#### **[18] - [20] Three Shakespeare Songs**

##### **[18] Come away, death**

*As before....*

##### **[19] O Mistress mine**

*As before....*

##### **[20] Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind**

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!  
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remembered not.  
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly...

##### **[21] Silent Noon**

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,  
The finger points look through like rosy blooms:  
Your eyes smile peace.  
The pasture gleams and glooms  
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.  
All round our nest far as the eye can pass,  
Are golden king-cup fields with silver edge  
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.  
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon fly  
hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky:  
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.  
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,  
This close-companioned inarticulate hour  
When twofold silence was the song of love.



**22 Linden Lea**

Text by William Barnes (1801-1886)

Within the woodlands, flow'ry gladed,  
By the oak trees' mossy moot,  
The shining grass blades, timber shaded,  
Now do quiver underfoot;  
And birds do whistle overhead,  
And water's bubbling in its bed;  
And there for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves, that lately were a-springing,  
Now do fade within the copse,  
And painted birds do hush their singing,  
Up upon the timber tops;  
And brown leaved fruit's a-turning red,  
In cloudless sunshine overhead,  
With fruit for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster  
In the air of dark-room'd towns;  
I don't dread a peevish master,  
Though no man may heed my frowns.  
I be free to go abroad,  
Or take again my homeward road  
To where, for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

**23 Blackwore by the Stour**

Text by William Barnes

The primrose in the sheäde do blow,  
The cowslip in the zun,  
The thyme upon the down do grow,  
The clote where streams do run;  
An' where do pretty maidens grow  
an' blow, but where the tow'r  
Do rise among the bricken tuns,  
In Blackwore by the Stour.

If you could see their comely gait  
an' pretty feäces' smiles,  
A-trippèn on so light of wäight  
an' steppen off the stiles!  
A-gwain to church as bells do swing,  
An' ring 'ithin the tow'r,  
You'd own the pretty maidens pleäce  
is Blackwore by the Stour.

If you from Wimborne took your road  
to Stower or Paladore,  
An' all the farmers' housèn shewed  
their daëters at the door,  
You'd cry to bachelors at hwome  
"Here come, 'ithin an hour  
You'll find ten maidens to your mind,  
in Blackwore by the Stour."

An' if you look'd 'ithin their door,  
to see em in their pleäce,  
A-doën housework up avore  
their smilen mother's feäce;  
You'd cry "Why if a man would wive  
an' thrive 'ithout a dow'r,  
Then let en looken out a wife  
in Blackwore by the Stour."

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**DAVID JOHN PIKE**

Baritone David John Pike has a widely varied repertoire covering early music, oratorio, symphonic, opera and commissioned works. In his native Canada, in the UK and across Europe, he has worked with leading ensembles including Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London Philharmonic and the Schweizerkammerchor under the direction of Dutoit, Jurowski, Marriner, Mehta, Rattle and Zinman. He now has a growing reputation as an operatic and concert soloist.

Mr. Pike recently made his role debut to rave reviews as Marcello in Puccini's *La Bohème* in Bamberg, Germany, covered Curio in Glyndebourne's production of Handel's *Giulio Cesare*, appeared



in numerous opera in concert productions and galas, sang oratorios by Bach, Haydn, Handel and Mozart in Canada, Germany and Luxembourg, and gave a series of recitals of English song,

featuring works by Vaughan Williams. Other recent engagements include performances of Mozart and Fauré Requiem Masses in Germany and Luxembourg, his debut at La Philharmonie de Luxembourg performing Martinu's *Prophecy of Isaiah*, the title role in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Schaunard in *la Bohème* in Canada, Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder* at Dorchester Abbey, UK, and concerts featuring works of Vaughan Williams and Finzi, and Handel's *Messiah* in London with the Orchestra of St. John's under John Lubbock. Upcoming appearances include Handel's *Messiah* in Germany with l'Arpa Festante baroque orchestra (Munich), open air opera galas with the Orchestre Philharmonique du Luxembourg, Brahms' Requiem in England, his début as Scarpia in a new production of *Tosca* for Pacific Opera Victoria, and further oratorio, opera and festival performances in Canada, UK, Belgium, France and Germany.

Mr. Pike was selected to participate in English National Opera's Operaworks programme for 2008/2009, designed to develop professional singers' skills early in their operatic careers. He also participated in the International Vocal Arts Institute's programme at l'Université de Montréal in 2008 and at Virginia Tech in 2011 under Joan Dornemann, Assistant Conductor

at the Metropolitan Opera. He recently sang in master classes with British tenor Ian Bostridge and the great American baritone, Sherrill Milnes. Mr. Pike studies with celebrated American bass Daniel Lewis Williams of the Bayerische Staatsoper. He previously studied with Theresa Goble at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, London and William Perry at the Royal Conservatory of Music, Toronto.

David John Pike lives with his family in Luxembourg.

[www.davidjohnpike.com](http://www.davidjohnpike.com)

## ISABELLE TRÜB

Born into a family of professional musicians, pianist Isabelle Trüb has collaborated regularly with renowned artists such as Pierre Fournier, Janos Starker, Marçal Cervera, Bruno Giuranna, Shmuel Ashkenasi, Maxim Vengerov and Joseph Silverstein throughout Europe and the USA. During her many years spent in Switzerland and Australia, she was in much demand as both teacher and chamber musician. Since 2009 she has served on the staff of the Conservatoire de Musique de la Ville de Luxembourg and has continued to perform extensively in duo with cellist Niall Brown as well as with other renowned artists.



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Cover Image - Lighthouse at Rattray Head, Aberdeenshire, built by David Alan Stevenson, 1895.  
Photograph: Sébastien Gréville

Tracks 1-12 & 18-20 - Recorded January 2011, Conservatoire de la Ville de Luxembourg, Steinway D  
Tracks 13-17 & 21-23 - Recorded April 2011, Centre ArcA, Bertrange, Luxembourg, Steinway C

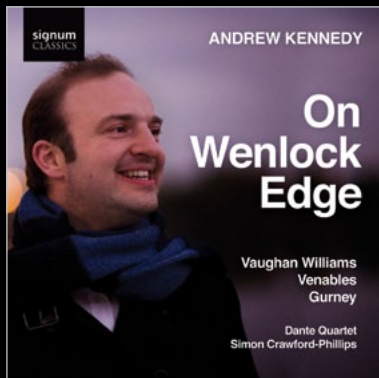
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