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CLASSICS

The Cole Porter Songbook

SARAH FOX
JAMES BURTON



THE COLE PORTER SONGBOOK

COLE PORTER (1891-1964)

ARRANGED BY JAMES BURTON

1	Anything goes	[2.53]
2	In the still of the night	[3.11]
3	Mrs Lowsborough-Goodby	[2.13]
4	What is this thing called love?	[2.29]
5	You do something to me	[3.43]
6	My heart belongs to Daddy	[2.47]
7	I get a kick out of you	[3.05]
8	Where would you get your coat?	[3.05]
9	It's de-lovely	[2.48]
10	So in love	[3.43]
11	The Physician	[3.09]
12	Miss Otis regrets	[2.24]
13	I've got you under my skin	[3.11]
14	The tale of the oyster	[2.57]
15	You'd be so nice to come home to	[3.18]
16	Night and day	[3.41]
17	Don't fence me in	[3.08]
18	True love	[2.33]
19	Brush up your Shakespeare	[3.25]
20	Ev'ry time we say goodbye	[2.49]

Total timings:

[60.33]

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ARTIST'S NOTE

I knew Cole Porter songs long before I knew who Cole Porter was. My parents met at London University in the swinging sixties and Ella Fitzgerald and Frank Sinatra were their number one loves. They still have their records with the shillings and pence markings in the corner! I can't remember a time when I wasn't aware of this music but I first really increased my knowledge of his vast repertoire when I went to University and had my own CD player and freedom to spend at HMV! Although the subsequent path I took was geared much more towards opera and the classical world, I have never stopped listening to these wonderful songs: they are timeless and speak to everybody, whatever their background or generation, and I love them as much as I love anybody else's music. I hope you enjoy our interpretations of them and will be encouraged to have a go at singing them yourselves!

Sarah Fox



Sarah and I met when we were teenagers singing in choirs, and we have made music of one sort or another together regularly ever since. The Cole Porter Songbook idea came about when we needed to fill in a late night concert at fairly short notice. Sarah and I had been performing this sort of music together informally for years for friends and family, and this was a chance to see if it could stand up as a 'proper' concert. I'd known a lot of these songs since childhood, but during my more classical music career I had only periodically had opportunities to play and sing them. Sarah has sung serious classical music in some of the world's leading opera houses and concert halls. But she has always performed lighter music too, not least appearing alongside Sir Thomas Allen in that unforgettable MGM musicals BBC Prom with John Wilson in 2009.

Over the last three years we have performed the Songbook in venues and festivals all over the UK and we've had a terrific response, not least when we invite the audience to join in singing some of the songs with us. We've both been pleasantly surprised just how quick audiences are to dust off their vocal chords and share our renditions of some of the most well known Porter songs. Given the

(understandable) formality of most classical song recitals, the concert has acquired a looser feel and we hope to have captured the same atmosphere on the record. We both hope that you enjoy singing along with us.

We have collected what we think is a representative spread of Porter's incredibly varied output. Inevitably we perform many of the most familiar standards, and I have enjoyed the challenge of creating our own versions of those well-worn musical paths. But we have also had the opportunity to include some lesser known numbers which we think stand up alongside the others, and shed yet more complimentary light on Porter's outstanding talent for combining melody, text and wit.

We recorded the album as we approached the 50th anniversary of Porter's death in October 2014, and this seemed a natural moment for us to celebrate both an incredible song writing talent in Porter, and also to celebrate a musical friendship and collaboration which has been a constant for Sarah and I for over twenty years.

James Burton

PROGRAMME NOTE

Cole Porter wrote a huge number of the songs that make up the 'Great American Songbook'. His songs marry memorable tunes with clever, witty rhymes, and are all the more impressive given that Porter was one of the few Tin Pan Alley composers to have written both lyrics and music for his songs. Just one example is the brilliant: "This verse I've started seems to me / The Tin Panthesis of melody / So to spare you all the pain, I'll skip the darn thing and sing the refrain." from *It's de-lovely* (Track 9). Porter was born in Peru, Indiana, to a wealthy family. His mother provided her maiden name as his first and started Porter in musical training at an early age. He learned both the violin (which he did not care for) and the piano. He began composing songs as a child and dedicated his early efforts to his mother. Aged just ten, he composed his first operetta. Porter's grandfather J.O. Cole sent him to Worcester Academy in 1905 and then Yale University beginning in 1909, having decided that his grandson ought to be a lawyer.

At Yale Porter sang in the Glee Club and wrote a number of student songs, including the football fight song "Bingo, That's The Lingo!",

and this, as well as many others are still sung at Yale to this day. Porter wrote several musicals while at Yale and although upon graduating he enrolled at Harvard Law School, he soon switched to studying music. This was kept secret from Porter's grandfather who disapproved of careers in the Arts. Porter then moved to New York City to pursue a musical career.

In 1915, aged just 24 Porter had his first Broadway success with a song, "Esmeralda", appearing in the revue *Hands Up*. The quick success was immediately followed by several failures; in 1916 his first Broadway production was a flop, closing after two weeks. Contemporaries George Gershwin and Irving Berlin found success in their early years, but it was not to be for Porter. Dismayed, Porter went to Paris, selling songs and living off an allowance partly from his grandfather and partly from his mother.

Paris was a place Cole flourished socially and he managed to be in the best of all possible worlds. He lied to the American press about his military involvement and made up stories about working with the French Foreign Legion and the French army. This allowed him to live his days and nights

as a wealthy American in Paris, a socialite with climbing status, and still be considered a 'war hero' back home, an 'official' story he encouraged throughout the rest of his life.

In 1918, Porter met Linda Lee Thomas, a wealthy divorcee. The two were not an obvious match; she was eight years his senior, and he was gay. Nevertheless, they married the following year. Linda was always one of Cole's firmest supporters and being married increased his chance of success. Together they enjoyed living the high life and were married until Linda passed away 34 years later.

Porter continued to write during his time away from Broadway and when he returned in the late 1920s, he did so having already written many of the songs which would later become his biggest hits. His big break came with the musical *Paris*. The producer wanted the duo Rodgers and Hart to write the music for the show, but as they were unavailable Porter's agent convinced him to hire Porter instead. *Paris* was hugely successful and following the French theme, his next show *Fifty Million Frenchmen* included several great numbers, including the popular *You do something to me* (Track 5) which demonstrates

some of Porter's most brilliant rhymes: "Do do that voodoo that you do so well." The show also features the very amusing, but lesser known *Where would you get your coat?* (Track 8) and *The tale of the oyster* (Track 14). The latter appears to be a parody of a Schubert song, perhaps "The Trout." The song's lyrics tell the story of an oyster who, after being consumed by the rich Mrs Hoggenheimer and gliding "to the middle of her gilded insides", reemerges and proclaims "I've had a taste of society, and society has had a taste of me". The song was cut after several critics complained about the animal imagery. A popular revue in 1929; *Wake Up and Dream* included the beautiful *What is this thing called love?* (Track 4). Porter claimed that the title gave him the haunting, poignant melodic phrase and that the rest of the song almost wrote itself in a matter of a few hours.

Porter's lyrics are sophisticated and as well as often featuring both ingenious, humorous rhyming, they are frequently risqué. His song *Love for Sale* which was featured in the revue *The New Yorkers* was about a streetwalker, and was considered too explicit for radio at the time. Nevertheless it has gone on to become a standard, along with *My heart belongs to*

Daddy (Track 6) in which the character singing is stranded at a Siberian railway station, wearing only a fur coat, and performs a striptease while singing the song. Indeed, Porter was very proud of the sexual sophistication in his show *Nymph Errant*, also from the 1930s, which is based on a rather controversial story concerning a young English lady intent upon losing her virginity. The song *The Physician* (Track 11) is from this show. In this, Porter's rhymes for various anatomical parts are not only very clever, but often very funny – as is the constant double-entendre.

He said my vertebrae were *sehr schöne*,
and called my coccyx *plus que gentil*,
He murmured "*Molto bella*"
When I sat on his patella,
But he never said he loved me.

In 1932 Porter wrote *The Gay Divorce*, which featured what might be Porter's best-known song, *Night and day* (Track 16), here given some new harmonic twists by James Burton who sings at the piano. In 1934 the show was made into a musical film starring Fred Astaire. Also in 1934, Porter wrote the outstanding score for *Anything goes*, including

many of his best-known songs. Naturally, the title number *Anything goes* (Track 1) is well known, but the show features many others that exemplify Porter's enormous skill as a songwriter, *All Through the Night*, a fantastic 'list' song, *You're the Top*, *Blow, Gabriel, Blow* and *I get a kick out of you* (Track 7). On this disc, this song is transformed into a charming jazz waltz, rather than the usual swinging, big band orchestrations.

Porter was now established as a huge success on Broadway and in Hollywood where he provided scores for many films including *Born to Dance*, which featured *I've got you under my skin* (Track 13) and *Rosalie* which included *In the still of the night* (Track 2). Porter was asked to write *Don't fence me in* (Track 17) in 1934 but the musical film was never produced. It didn't become famous until the 1940s. *It's de-lovely* (Track 9) from the musical *Red Hot and Blue* is from this period, as is the lesser known *Thank you so much Mrs Lowsborough-Goodby* (Track 3), the tale of a hostess who gives weekends which are "not a success". *Miss Otis regrets* (Track 12) was for a show that was un-produced but the song became a great hit. Several performers claimed that he had written the song for them,

and several more that they had given him the idea for the song. One critic wondered if it was in fact Goethe's mother who was Porter's inspiration. In answer to an invitation she replied "I must ask to be excused as I have to die." Porter had always loved living the high life, and during the 1930s he and Linda were enjoying wonderful opening nights, lavish parties and famous friends. Just as he arrived at the pinnacle of his success in 1937, Porter had a horse riding accident in which both his legs were crushed. Despite several operations on his legs, Porter was left in agony for the rest of his life, which led to severe depression.

Despite his terrible pain, throughout the 1940s Porter continued to write successful shows, several of which were big hits. The 1943 film *Something to Shout About* included the touching song *You'd be so nice to come home to* (Track 15) to which was a big hit and was nominated for an Academy Award. *Seven Lively Arts* featured the now famous *Ev'ry time we say goodbye* (Track 20) which exemplifies Porter's skill as a composer of deeply moving music with a masterful approach to harmony.

When you're near, there's such an air of spring about it,
I can hear a lark somewhere, begin to sing about it,
There's no love song finer,
but how strange the change from major to minor,
Ev'ry time we say goodbye.

Porter enhances the poignancy of the lines with a chord change that goes from A-flat major to A-flat minor in tandem to the lyric "how strange the change from major to minor". Despite this song, the show was a flop, and following this many thought that Porter's best period was over.

In 1948 though, Porter made a great comeback. *Kiss Me, Kate* which includes *Brush up your Shakespeare* (Track 19), features the fantastic lyric "Just declaim a few lines from 'Othella' / And they think you're a helluva fella", and the wonderfully constructed *So in love* (Track 10). This song's melodic shape exemplifies a composer who has truly mastered his craft. The melody perfectly conveys the tragedy of the lyrics, as while the rising intervals convey hope and aspiration the melody falls at its end. Although Porter was in complete agony while writing these songs,

Kiss Me, Kate was Porter's biggest and possibly best show. The production won the Tony Award for Best Musical, and Porter won Best Composer and Lyricist.

Very much back on top, Porter wrote the music for several big Hollywood movies during the late 1940s and 50s including scores for two Fred Astaire movies and songs for *High Society*, starring Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra and Grace Kelly. *True love* (Track 18) from this film was to be Porter's last big hit. Eventually, the pain from his injuries, the loss of his mother in 1952 and wife in 1954 became too much for Porter. He stopped writing in 1958 and spent the remaining years of his life in relative seclusion. Cole Porter died of kidney failure on October 15, 1964, at the age of 73.

James Woodhall, 2014

TEXTS

1 Anything goes

Times have changed
And we've often rewound the clock
Since the Puritans got a shock
When they landed on Plymouth Rock.
If today
Any shock they should try to stem
'Stead of landing on Plymouth Rock,
Plymouth Rock would land on them.

In olden days, a glimpse of stocking
Was looked on as something shocking.
But now, heaven knows,
Anything goes.

Good authors too who once knew better words
Now only use four-letter words
Writing prose.
Anything goes.

The world has gone mad today
And good's bad today,
And black's white today,
And day's night today,
When most guys today
That women prize today
Are just silly gigolos.

So though I'm not a great romancer
I know that you're bound to answer
When I propose,
Anything goes.

2 In the still of the night

In the still of the night,
As I gaze from my window,
At the moon in its flight,
My thoughts all stray to you.

In the still of the night,
While the world is in slumber
Oh the times without number
Darling when I say to you:

Do you love me, as I love you?
Are you my life to be, my dream come true?
Or will this dream of mine fade out of sight?
Like the moon growing dim, on the rim of the hill,
In the chill, still of the night.

3 Mrs Lowsborough-Goodby

Mrs. Lowsborough-Goodby gives weekends
and her weekends are not a success,
but she asks you so often
you finally soften

and end by answering "Yes."
When we left Mrs. Lowsborough-Goodby's
The letter we wrote was polite
But it would have been bliss
Had we dared write her this,
The letter we wanted to write.

Thank you so much, Mrs. Lowsborough-Goodby,
Thank you so much.

Thank you so much for that infinite weekend
with you.

Thank you a lot, Mrs. Lowsborough-Goodby,
Thank you a lot,
And don't be surprised if you suddenly should
be quietly shot.

For the clinging perfume
And that damp little room,
For those cocktails so hot
And the bath that was not,
For those guests so amusing and mentally bracing
Who talked about racing and racing and racing,
For the ptomaine I got from your famous
tinned salmon,
For the fortune I lost when you taught
me backgammon,
For those mornings I spent with your dear but
deaf mother,
For those evenings I passed with that bouncer,

your brother,
And for making us swear to ourselves there
and then
Never to go for a weekend again.
Thank you so much, Mrs. Lowsborough-Goodby,
Thank you, thank you so much.

4 What is this thing called love?

What is this thing called love?
This funny thing called love?
Just who can solve its mystery?
Why should it make a fool out of me?
I saw you there one wonderful day
You took my heart and threw it away,
That's why I ask the Lord in Heaven above
What is this thing called love?

5 You do something to me

I was mighty blue,
Thought my life was through,
Till the heavens opened,
And I gazed at you.
Won't you tell me, dear,
Why, when you appear,
Something happens to me
And the strangest feeling goes through me?

You do something to me.
Something that simply mystifies me.
Tell me, why should it be
You have the power to hypnotize me?
Let me live 'neath your spell.
Do do that voodoo that you do so well,
For you do something to me
That nobody else could do.

6 My heart belongs to Daddy

While tearing off a game of golf
I may make a play for the caddy,
But when I do, I don't follow through
'Cause my heart belongs to Daddy.

If I invite a boy some night
To dine on my fine finnin haddie,
I just adore his asking for more
But my heart belongs to Daddy.

Yes, my heart belongs to Daddy
So I simply couldn't be bad,
Yes, my heart belongs to Daddy
Da, Da, Da, Da, Da, Da, Da, Da-ad!

So I want to warn you, laddie
Though I know you're perfectly swell
That my heart belongs to Daddy
'Cause my Daddy, he treats it so well.

7 I get a kick out of you

My story is much too sad to be told,
But practic'ly everything
Leaves me totally cold.
The only exception I know is the case,
When I'm out on a quiet spree,
Fighting vainly the old ennui,
And I suddenly turn and see,
Your fabulous face.

I get no kick from Champagne,
Mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all,
So tell me why should it be true,
That I get a kick out of you.

Some like the perfume in Spain,
I'm sure that if I took even one sniff,
That would bore me terrific'ly too,
Yet I get a kick out of you.

I get a kick every time I see
You standing there before me,
I get a kick though its clear to me
You obviously don't adore me.

I get no kick in a plane,
Flying too high,
With some guy/gal in the sky,

Is my idea of nothing to do.
Yet I get a kick out of you.

8 Where would you get your coat?

As a buyer for a firm that deals in ladies' fur coats
I get sort of pessimistic now and then.
'Cause so many women who invest in our fur coats
Spend so many evenings out with other men.
I wish they'd simply take a few notes
From the animals who make their coats.

For if the dear little ermines in Siberia
On their dear little husbands didn't dote,
If the dear little possum
Didn't let their husbands boss 'em,
Tell me, where would you get your coat?

If the dear little caraculs in Syria
All their time to their mates did not devote,
If the dear little sables
ever told their husbands fables,
Tell me, where would you get your coat?

And if modern wives led more domestic lives
And started singing, "Home, Sweet Home,"
There'd be no more divorce
In Paris, and of course,
There'd be no more annulments in Rome.

For if the dear little foxes had hysteria
When their mates fondly grabbed them by
the throat,
If the dear little rabbits
Weren't so bourgeois in their habits,
Tell me, where would you get your coat?

For if the dear little lamb in Lithuania
Ever had a flirtation with a goat,
And if home life didn't thrill a
South American chinchilla
Tell me, where would you get your coat?

If the dear little skunk in Pennsylvania
Over her dear little husband didn't gloat,
If the dear little beaver
Were a birth-control believer,
Tell me, where would you get your coat?

If each wife I see
Would only try to be
Content to make her husband's bed,
Cholly Knickerbocker might have nothing more
to write
And Town Topics would cease to be read.

For if the dear little mink should get a mania
For some hell-raising gigolo of note,
If the dear little squirrel

Quit her mate 'cause he was virile,
Tell me, where would you get your coat?

9 It's de-lovely

I feel a sudden urge to sing
The kind of ditty that invokes the Spring
So, control your desire to curse,
While I crucify the verse.
This verse I've started seems to me
The Tin Panthesis of melody
So to spare you all the pain,
I'll skip the darn thing and sing the refrain.

Mi mi mi mi mi, Re re re re re
Do sol mi do la si, take it away

The night is young, the skies are clear
And if you want to go walking, dear
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.

I understand the reason why
You're sentimental, 'cause so am I
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.

You can tell at a glance
What a swell night this is for romance,
You can hear, dear Mother Nature
murmuring low, "Let yourself go!"

So please be sweet, my chickadee,
and when I kiss you, just say to me,
“It’s delightful, it’s delicious,
it’s delectable, it’s delirious,
It’s dilemma, it’s de-limit,
it’s deluxe, it’s de-lovely.”

10 So in love

Strange dear, but true dear,
When I’m close to you, dear,
The stars fill the sky,
So in love with you am I.
Even without you,
My arms fold about you,
You know darling why,
So in love with you am I.

In love with the night mysterious,
The night when you first were there,
In love with my joy delirious,
When I knew that you could care.
So taunt me, and hurt me,
Deceive me, desert me,
I’m yours, till I die,
So in love,
So in love,
So in love with you, my love, am I.

11 The Physician

Once I loved such a shattering physician,
Quite the best-looking doctor in the state,
He looked after my physical condition
And his bedside manner was great.
When I’d gaze up and see him there above me,
Looking less like a doctor than a Turk,
I was tempted to whisper, “Do you love me,
Or do you merely love your work?”

He said my bronchial tubes were entrancing,
My epiglottis filled him with glee,
He simply loved my larynx
And went wild about my pharynx,
But he never said he loved me.

He said my epidermis was darling,
And found my blood as blue as can be,
He went through wild ecstasies
When I showed him my lymphatics,
But he never said he loved me.

And though, no doubt, it was not very smart of me,
I kept on a-wracking my soul,
To figure out why he loved every part of me,
And yet not me as a whole.

With my oesophagus he was ravished,
Enthusiastic to a degree,
He said ‘twas just enormous
My appendix vermiformis,
But he never said he loved me.

He said my vertebrae were *sehr schöne*,
and called my coccyx *plus que gentil*,
He murmured “*Molto bella*”
When I sat on his patella,
But he never said he loved me.

He said my maxillaries were marvels,
And found my sternum stunning to see,
He did a double hurdle
When I shook my pelvic girdle,
But he never said he loved me.

He seemed amused when he first made a
test of me
to further his medical art,
Yet he refused, when he’d fixed up the rest of me,
To cure that ache in my heart.

I know he thought my pancreas perfect,
And for my spleen was keen as could be,
He said of all his sweeties,
I’d the sweetest diabetes,
But he never said he loved me.

12 Miss Otis regrets

Miss Otis regrets she’s unable to lunch today,
Madam,
Miss Otis regrets she’s unable to lunch today.
She is sorry to be delayed,
But last evening down in Lover’s Lane she strayed,
Madam,
Miss Otis regrets she’s unable to lunch today.

When she woke up and found that her dream of
love was gone, Madam,
She ran to the man who had led her so far astray,
And from under her velvet gown
She drew a gun and shot her lover down.
Madam,
Miss Otis regrets she’s unable to lunch today.

When the mob came and got her and dragged her
from the jail, Madam,
They strung her upon the old willow across the way,
And the moment before she died
She lifted up her lovely head and cried
Madam
“Miss Otis regrets she’s unable to lunch today.”

13 I've got you under my skin

I've got you under my skin
I've got you deep in the heart of me,
So deep in my heart, you're really a part of me
I've got you under my skin.

I tried so not to give in
I said to myself this affair never will go so well,
So why should I try to resist, when darling I know
so well
I've got you under my skin.

I'd sacrifice anything come what might
For the sake of having you near,
In spite of a warning voice that comes in the night
And repeats and repeats in my ear.

"Don't you know, little fool, you never can win
Use your mentality, wake up to reality."
But each time I do, just the thought of you
Makes me stop before I begin
'Cause I've got you under my skin.

14 The tale of the oyster

Down by the sea lived a lonesome oyster,
Ev'ry day getting sadder and moister.
He found his home life awf'ly wet,

And longed to travel with the upper set.
Poor little oyster.

Fate was kind to that oyster we know,
When one day the chef from the Park Casino
Saw that oyster lying there,
And said, "I'll put you on my bill of fare."
Lucky little oyster.

See him on his silver platter,
Watching the queens of fashion chatter,
Hearing the wives of millionaires
Discuss their marriages and their love affairs.
Thrilled little oyster.

See that bivalve social climber
Feeding the rich Mrs. Hoggeneimer;
Think of his joy as he gaily glides
Down to the middle of her gilded insides.
Proud little oyster.

After lunch Mrs. H. complains,
And says to her hostess, "I've got such pains.
I came to town on my yacht today,
But I think I'd better hurry back to Oyster Bay."
Scared little oyster.

Off they go thru the troubled tide,
The yacht rolling madly from side to side.

They're tossed about 'til that fine young oyster
Finds that it's time he should quit his cloister,
Up comes the oyster!

Back once more where he started from,
He murmured, "I haven't a single qualm,
'Cause I've had a taste of society,
And society has had a taste of me."
Wise little oyster.

15 You'd be so nice to come home to

You'd be so nice to come home to
You'd be so nice by the fire,
While the breeze on high, sang a lullaby
You'd be all that I could desire.
Under stars chilled by the winter
Under an August moon burning above,
You'd be so nice, you'd be paradise,
To come home to and love.

16 Night and day

Night and day, you are the one
Only you beneath the moon and under the sun.
Whether near to me or far
It's no matter, darling, where you are.
I think of you night and day.

Day and night why is it so,
That this longing for you follows wherever I go?
In the roaring traffic's boom
In the silence of my lonely room,
I think of you, night and day.

Night and day, under the hide of me
There's an oh, such a hungry yearning,
Burning inside of me,
And this torment won't be through
Till you let me spend my life making love to you
Day and night, night and day.

17 Don't fence me in

Wild Cat Kelly, looking mighty pale,
Was standing by the sheriff's side.
And when that sheriff said, "I'm sending you
to jail,"
Wild Cat raised his head and cried:

"Oh, give me land, lots of land under starry
skies above
Don't fence me in,
Let me ride through the wide open country
that I love
Don't fence me in.

Let me be by myself in the evenin' breeze
Listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees,
Send me off forever but I ask you please
Don't fence me in.

Just turn me loose, let me straddle my old saddle
Underneath the western skies,
On my cayuse, let me wander over yonder
Till I see the mountains rise.

I want to ride to the ridge where the
West commences
Gaze at the moon till I lose my senses,
Can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fences,
Don't fence me in."

Wild Cat Kelly, back again in town,
Was sitting by his sweetheart's side.
And when his sweetheart said, "Come on,
let's settle down,"
Wild Cat raised his head and cried:

"Oh, give me land, lots of land ..."

18 True love

Suntanned, windblown,
Honeymooners at last alone,
Feeling far above par.
Oh, how lucky we are.

While I give to you and you give to me
True love, true love,
So on and on it will always be
True love, true love.
For you and I have a guardian angel
On high with nothing to do
But to give to you and to give to me
Love forever true.

19 Brush up your Shakespeare

The girls today in society
Go for classical poetry,
So to win their hearts one must quote with ease
Aeschylus and Euripides.

One must know Homer, and b'lieve me, bo,
Sophocles, also Sapphoho,
Unless you know Shelley and Keats and Pope,
Dainty debbies will call you a dope.

But the poet of them all
Who will start 'em simply ravin',
Is the poet people call
The bard of Stratford-on-Avon.

*Brush up your Shakespeare
Start quoting him now,
Brush up your Shakespeare
And the women you will wow.*

Just declaim a few lines from *Othella*
And they'll think you're a helluva fella,
If your blonde won't respond when you flatter 'er,
Tell her what Tony told Cleopaterer.
If she fights when her clothes you are musing
What are clothes? *Much ado about Nussing.*
Brush up your Shakespeare
And they'll all kow-tow.

Brush up your Shakespeare ...

With the wife of the British Embessida
Try a crack out of *Troilus and Cressida*,
If she says she won't buy it or tike it
Make her tike it, what's more *As You Like It*.
If she says your behaviour is heinous
Kick her right in the *Coriolanus*.
Brush up your Shakespeare
And they'll all kow-tow.

Brush up your Shakespeare ...

If you can't be a ham and do *Hamlet*
They will not give a damn or a damlet,
Just recite an occasional sonnet
And your lap'll have "Honey" upon it.
When your baby is pleading for pleasure
Let her sample your *Measure for Measure*.
Brush up your Shakespeare
And they'll all kow-tow - Forsooth
And they'll all kow-tow - I' faith
And they'll all kow-tow.

20 Ev'ry time we say goodbye

Ev'ry time we say goodbye, I die a little,
Ev'ry time we say goodbye, I wonder why a little,
Why the Gods above me, who must be in the know,
Think so little of me, they allow you to go.

When you're near, there's such an air of
spring about it,
I can hear a lark somewhere, begin to sing about it,
There's no love song finer,
but how strange the change from major to minor,
Ev'ry time we say goodbye.

SARAH FOX

Born in Yorkshire, Sarah Fox is one of the leading English sopranos of her generation. She was educated at Giggleswick School, London University and the Royal College of Music. A former winner of the Kathleen Ferrier Award and the John Christie Award, she is also an Honorary Fellow of Royal Holloway College, London University. She is equally at home in many musical genres including opera, folksong and musical theatre.

Roles at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden have included *Micaela/Carmen*, *Asteria/Tamerlano*, *Zerlina/Don Giovanni* and *Woglinde/Der Ring des Nibelungen*. Other highlights include *Asteria* in Munich and Barcelona (opposite Domingo); *Zerlina* at Glyndebourne and in Cincinnati; *Woglinde* for Salzburg & Aix-en-Provence festivals; *Susanna/Le Nozze di Figaro* for Glyndebourne & The Royal Danish Opera; *Ilia/Idomeneo* with De Vlaamse Opera; and *Mimi/La Bohème* for Opera North.

Her prestigious concert career has taken her worldwide. Highlights have included engagements in Denver, Minneapolis, New York, San Francisco, Tel Aviv, Tokyo, The Faeroe Islands



and Bermuda as well as tours throughout the UK, Europe & Scandinavia. She has worked with many of the world's leading orchestras including the Academy of Ancient Music, Berlin Philharmonic, City of

Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Concerto Cologne, Colorado Symphony Orchestra, Hallé, Minnesota Orchestra, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Philharmonia, the San Francisco Symphony and the Vienna Tonkünstler Orchestra with conductors including Elder, Hickox, Maazel, Mackerras, Pappano & Rattle. She has appeared several times at the BBC Proms, the Edinburgh Festival & the Three Choirs Festival and is a regular guest with the Classical Opera Company and at London's Wigmore Hall. She is also a highly accomplished recitalist with a particular affinity for French Song.

She performs frequently with John Wilson and his Orchestra; she is a regular guest on BBC Radio 2's "Friday Night is Music Night"; and has performed a series of concerts with Rufus Wainwright in Europe. She was a judge on the second series of BBC TV's "The Choir : Sing While You Work" with Gareth Malone.

Her discography includes *Poulenc Songs* (with Malcolm Martineau) for Signum Classics; *Mahler's 4th Symphony* (Philharmonia/Mackerras and Philharmonia/Maazel) both for Signum; *Vaughan Williams' 3rd Symphony* (Hallé/Elder) for the Hallé label; *Vaughan Williams' Dona*

Nobis Pacem (Colorado Symphony Orchestra/Litton) and *Poulenc Songs* (with Graham Johnson) both for Hyperion; *Leighton's 2nd Symphony* (BBC National Orchestra of Wales/Hickox) for Chandos; "That's Entertainment" (John Wilson Orchestra) for EMI classics; and "Cole Porter in Hollywood" (John Wilson Orchestra) for Warner Classics.

JAMES BURTON

Born in London, James Burton began singing and playing the piano at an early age. He was a boy chorister at Westminster Abbey where, as well as singing at many state occasions, he started improvising at the piano: the school's film club played mostly silent movies and the musical accompaniment was provided by the boys. James has gone on to become an outstanding musical communicator in a variety of musical genres. Well known as an orchestral and opera conductor, he is also one of the UK's leading choral conductors, and a respected composer and arranger.

A graduate of Cambridge University and the Peabody Conservatory, James has conducted concerts with leading UK orchestras including the RLPO, the OAE, the Orchestra of Scottish



English Touring Opera. James has worked at the Metropolitan Opera, Opera de Paris and Opera Rara, and in 2012 he conducted *The Magic Flute* at West Green for Garsington Opera from whom he received the Leonard Ingrams Award for outstanding work.

James is widely known for his choral conducting and has enjoyed guest invitations with the Gabrieli Consort, the Wrocław Philharmonic Choir and the BBC Singers. He was Choral Director at the Hallé from 2002-9, and under his leadership the Hallé Choir and the Hallé Youth Choir, which he founded in 2003, received outstanding critical coverage for their performances and recordings. Their recording of *The Dream of Gerontius* received the 2009 Gramophone Choral Award. James is Music Director of the renowned chamber choir Schola Cantorum of Oxford with which he has toured Argentina, China, Italy, France, Mexico, Poland and the USA, made recordings and appeared frequently on BBC TV and radio.

James is a published composer, and commissions have included the music for the 2010 World Equestrian Games opening ceremony, an orchestral album with the folk legend Arlo Guthrie and a large scale choral/

orchestral work for the 100th anniversary of the Titanic disaster. His most recent work was commissioned by the National Portrait Gallery as part of its World War I commemorations, and a new carol will be premiered next year by the choir of St John's College, Cambridge.

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Recording Engineer – Mike Hatch
Recording Assistant – Robin Hawkins

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