

**SOMM**  
RECORDINGS



**STEPHEN DODGSON**  
Turn Ye to Me

**Songs, Volume 3**

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Mark Eden · Christopher Glynn

Since his passing in 2013 at the age of 89, in his home city of London where he had lived all his life, the refined art of the composer Stephen Dodgson has come to be more widely appreciated than it was during his long and naturally creative existence.

Not that Stephen Dodgson's name was unknown to the British musical public during his lifetime: for years his familiar speaking voice had been an integral part of BBC Radio 3 broadcasting, and his work on the nation's classical music station brought him into frequent contact with performers and administrators.

In some ways, of course, there is little doubt that Dodgson's regular broadcasting may have militated against a wider public acknowledgement of his original music – the same may be said of his fellow BBC employee Robert Simpson – yet to those who knew Dodgson's music its inherent expression betokened a creative figure of no little distinction; ultimately, it was the undoubted qualities of his original compositions rather than his personality that endeared his music to performers and listeners alike.

Creative art ran in Dodgson's family – his father was a noted symbolist painter, himself the nephew of the art historian Campbell Dodgson; a distant cousin of Stephen's was Lewis Carroll. For Stephen, his natural individual creativity found its outlet in composition, to the extent that – as we have noted in earlier commentaries on his work – there was barely a time in his long life when he was not engaged in writing music. Whether in response to a commission or as the result of a natural spur of personal inspiration, this was often, but by no means exclusively, a consequence of his lifelong fascination with and admiration for the spoken and written word.

In this, the third collection of Stephen Dodgson's songs on SOMM Recordings, we may experience further and explore anew the inherent practicalities of his writing for the voice. It is not too fanciful to claim that Dodgson's settings began from the rise and fall of the

chosen text – of the natural scansion displayed in the individual phrases – which led a gifted composer to enhance such writing with the melodic phraseology already implicit in the poet’s writing; although it is also charming to note odd vagaries in emphasis in the various earliest settings – an insight into a man learning the craft of song, amid an already richly developed harmonic language.

As we have witnessed in earlier recordings of Stephen Dodgson’s songs, they are frequently of fine quality and compare favourably with those of any English composer of the last one hundred years. His judgement in selecting material to set is remarkably discerning; some of these songs are highly individual, even – to some ears – occasionally unsettling, with at times onomatopoeic piano-writing creating the atmosphere, providing the singer with underlying support and enhancing the text: an ability only true song-composers naturally possess.

The present collection of Stephen Dodgson songs opens with **Three Songs** for high voice and piano set to texts by T.L. Beddoes. These were composed in 1953, in the earliest period in Dodgson’s creative life. Thomas Lovell Beddoes was an English writer (poet and dramatist) and physician who died in 1849 at the age of 45, whose work is said to exhibit a somewhat persistent preoccupation with death. This is on display in the texts Dodgson chose, where romance is viewed and recollected through various unexpected aspects occasionally verging on the morbidly bizarre. The first, “Tandaradei”, is Beddoes’ translation from the Middle High German of “Under der linden” by Walther von der Vogelweide (c.1170–c.1228), while “Dirge” and “The Old Crow of Cairo” come from Beddoes’ complex, macabre Elizabethan-style play *Death’s Jest-Book; Or, The Fool’s Tragedy*. Thankfully, Dodgson’s music, although intermittently taking us away from the orthodox in terms of rhythmic scansion and melodic line, is wholly identifiable as the aural equivalent of Beddoes’ thought. For example, in the first song (the longest in the trilogy) a somewhat besotted woman remembers with affection a garden tryst. The second song, sung here along with the third song by the tenor,

by contrast reflects on the sharp pain of a lost love. The epicentre of the final song is more difficult to pinpoint with its very different subject of two personified carrion crows and the joyfully nightmarish almost fairground music: uncertainties abound in a chiaroscuro of fleeting memories, which the attentive listener cannot fail to acknowledge with a half-smile.

The single songs which follow are all varied gems of mid-20th-century English song composition demonstrating Dodgson's feel for a wide range of literary inspiration. In **The Mower to the Glow-Worms** it is the man mowing who, having initially used the glow-worms to light his way across the grass, finds his attention distracted by the arrival of gypsy Juliana, so that he is metaphorically and literally lost, never to find his way home.

**Winter Heavens** dates from an earlier period in Dodgson's life. It was written in 1950 to a fine poem by George Meredith (1828–1909). The piano's opening, of gently moving chordal phrases, at once creates a winter landscape, not wholly static in supporting the voice. Ambiguous tonalities with hints of G flat major and E flat minor are gently blurred, not so much from shimmering winter light, but as a slight shiver (*Poco animato*) enhances the expression. This is a wonderful song, as is **Daphne to Apollo**, which follows. Here Dodgson creates an image utilising a guitar, not the piano, and the resultant greater aural intimacy of singer and guitarist concentrates the expression over a much longer time span in a wholly original and moving manner. The effect is utterly compelling.

The two short solo piano pieces which follow – “*Il Zoppo*” (The Cripple) and “*Mirage*” – come from a set of **Eight Fanciful Pieces**, composed in 1956. They are, respectively, the third and sixth in the set. “*Il Zoppo*” is technically quite demanding in terms of rhythmic scansion and metrical accuracy. The listener may trace Bartókian influences in it, as well as a more Impressionist feel in “*Mirage*”, but neither piece wholly represents one of the occasional visits that Dodgson made to those twin early-20th-century schools: even in the shortest characteristic pieces the composer remains true to his muse.

Between 1974 and 2003 Dodgson composed three sets of what he termed **Bush Ballads**, based on texts by Australian poets or Australian folk verses from *The Penguin Book of Australian Ballads*. The set in the current collection is the third, its titles giving a suitable indication of the content and nature of each song. The first, "All Got a Mate", sets an anonymous text inhabiting a natural folk duet manner. It is marked "Lively, very rhythmic" – a tempo indication which fully encapsulates the wholesome character of the idiom, the setting of which – the lively piano part is particularly attractive – exudes that folk style threaded with a degree of sophistication to produce what may be fairly described as a "classical hit" – the humour both natural and unforced. "Song of the Squatters", with words by the Australian entertainer A.B. "Banjo" Paterson (1864–1941), is another lively duet, instructed to be performed as "Rollicking, but steady" (has ever music by a "classical" composer been so marked?), the music's 6/8 pulse adding an intermittent "throb" to the proceedings. "Waitin'-a-While", to words by Jim Grahame (born James William Gordon, 1874–1949), concludes the set by introducing a slower, warmer expression to the proceedings, the Ballads taking their leave of us with natural, enveloping character – simple, but profoundly human music.

The collection continues with two single songs, both dating from 1950: the first is **The Stone**, a brilliantly mature work for the young Dodgson, setting words by Hal Summers (1915–2005) within a richly ambiguous and unsettling but at times supremely beautiful harmonic language; the second, **Turn Ye to Me**, is an arrangement of a gently haunting Hebridean air. "The Stone" is marked "Moderato: Calmo", an expressive mood echoed, in part, by that of its companion, whose gentle 3/4 pulsation is marked "Molto tranquillo – one slow beat" (per bar).

Our collection ends with a cycle of five songs to poetry by five different poets across four centuries, all inspired by Dodgson's home city: **London Lyrics** for tenor and guitar. This masterly work was composed in 1977 and was dedicated to guitarist Anthea Gifford and

tenor Neil Jenkins. The work may be considered a companion piece to Walton's cycle of 1962 *A Song for the Lord Mayor's Table*. It is undoubtedly the mark of a genuinely gifted composer that Dodgson elicits such atmospheric music from his two performers; many will be captivated by the expressive range Dodgson draws from voice and guitar, artistry achieved without any sense of exaggeration. Here is a true composer, heard at his natural best in this both humorous and haunting cycle, a creative figure at ease in combining such varied poetry to reflect the myriad nature of London life, music recalling Samuel Johnson's axiom, "When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life". Dodgson never was.

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## Three Songs

*Thomas Lovell Beddoes (1803–1849); "Tandaradei" text is Beddoes' translation of "Under der linden" by Waltherr von der Vogelweide*

### 1 Tandaradei

Under the lime tree on the daisied ground  
Two that I know of made this bed.  
There you may see heaped and scattered round  
Grass and blossoms, broken and shed  
All in a thicket down in the dale;  
Tandaradei –  
Sweetly sang the nightingale.

Ere I set foot in the meadow, already  
Someone was waiting for somebody;  
There was a meeting – Oh! gracious lady!  
There is no pleasure again for me,  
Thousands of kisses there he took.  
– Tandaradei –  
See my lips, how red they look!

Leaf and blossom he had pulled and piled  
For a couch, a green one, soft and high;  
And many a one hath gazed and smiled  
Passing the bower and pressed grass by;  
And the roses crushed hath seen,  
– Tandaradei –  
Where I laid my head between.  
In this love garden<sup>1</sup> if any one had been there,  
How sad and shamed should I be;  
But what we did<sup>2</sup> alone among the green there  
No soul shall ever know except my love and me,  
And the little nightingale,  
– Tandaradei –  
she, I wot, will tell no tale.

<sup>1</sup> Original poem: "love passage"

<sup>2</sup> Original poem: "were we a-doing"

2 Dirge<sup>3</sup>

If thou wilt ease thy<sup>4</sup> heart  
Of love and all its smart,  
Then sleep, dear, sleep;  
And not a sorrow  
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;  
Lie still and deep,  
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes  
The rim o' th' sun tomorrow,  
In Eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart  
Of love and all its smart,  
Then die, dear, die;  
'Tis deeper, sweeter,  
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming  
With folded eye;  
And then alone, amid the beaming  
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her  
In Eastern sky.

3 The Old Crow of Cairo<sup>5</sup>

Old Adam, the carrion crow,  
The old crow of Cairo;  
He sat in the shower, and let it flow  
Under his tail and over his crest;  
And through every feather  
Leaked the wet weather;  
And the bough swung under his nest;  
For his beak was heavy with marrow.  
Is that the wind dying? Oh no:  
It's only two devils, that blow  
Through a murderer's bones, to and fro,  
In the ghost's moonshine<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> Original poem title: *Wolfram's Dirge*

<sup>4</sup> Original poem: "thine"

<sup>5</sup> Original poem title: *Old Adam, the Carrion Crow*

<sup>6</sup> Original poem: "ghosts' moonshine"

Ho! Eve, my grey carrion wife,  
When we have supped on king's marrow,  
Oh, where shall we drink and make merry our life?  
Our nest is Cleopatra's skull<sup>7</sup>,  
'Tis cloven and cracked,  
And battered and hacked,  
But with tears of blue eyes it is full:  
Let us drink then, my raven of Cairo.  
Is that the wind dying? Oh no:  
It's only two devils, that blow  
Through a murderer's bones, to and fro,  
In the ghost's moonshine<sup>6</sup>.

4 The Mower to the Glow-Worms

*Andrew Marvell (1621–1678)*

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light  
The nightingale does sit so late,  
And studying all the summer night,  
Her matchless songs does meditate;

Ye country comets, that portent  
No war nor prince's funeral,  
Shining to no higher end  
Than to presage the grasses<sup>8</sup> fall;

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame  
To wand'ring mowers shows the way,  
That in the night have lost their aim,  
And after foolish fires do stray;

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,  
Since Juliana here is come,  
For she my mind hath so displac'd  
That I shall never find my home.

<sup>7</sup> Original poem: "Our nest, it is Queen Cleopatra's skull"

<sup>8</sup> Original poem: "grass's"

5 **Winter Heavens**

*George Meredith (1828–1909)*

Sharp is the night, but stars with frost alive  
Leap off the rim of earth across the dome.  
It is a night to make the Heaven's home<sup>9</sup>  
More than the nest whereto apace we strive.  
Lengths down our road each fir-tree seems a hive,  
In swarms outrushing from the golden comb.  
They waken waves of thought<sup>10</sup> that burst to foam:  
The living throbs in me, the dead revive.  
Yon mantle clothes us: there, past mortal breath,  
Life glistens on the river of the death.  
It folds us, flesh and dust; and have we knelt,<sup>11</sup>  
Or eyed as kine the springs of radiance:<sup>12</sup>  
And this is the Soul's haven to have felt.

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6 **Daphne to Apollo**

*adapted from Matthew Prior<sup>13</sup> (1664–1721)*

O beauteous maid, turn and deign<sup>14</sup> to hear  
A love-sick deity's impetuous prayer!  
Let me woo thee as thou wouldst be woo'd.

THE REPLY

First,<sup>15</sup> don't be so extremely rude;  
Don't tear the hedges down and tread the clover.

<sup>9</sup> Original poem: "heavens our home"

<sup>10</sup> Original poem: "thoughts"

<sup>11</sup> Dodgson omits "Or never knelt"

<sup>12</sup> Dodgson omits "the radiance enrings"

<sup>13</sup> Multiple lines and verses omitted

<sup>14</sup> Original poem: "Yet turn, O beauteous maid, yet deign"

<sup>15</sup> Dodgson omits "therefore"

Next, to my father's grotto sometimes come,  
Then if you are, as you pretend, the god  
That rules the day, and much upon the road,  
You'll find a hundred trifles in your way,  
That you may bring<sup>16</sup> some little rarity,<sup>17</sup>  
And now and then a jewel from the East.

Last, for the ease and comfort of my life,  
Make me<sup>18</sup> your wife.  
I'm now, they say, sixteen, or something more;  
We mortals seldom live about fourscore:  
Seventeen suppose, remaining sixty-three;  
Ay, in that span of time you'll bury me.

And, after all, you're half your time away,  
You know your business takes you up all day;  
And coming late to bed, my dear<sup>19</sup>, you need not fear,  
Whatever noise I make, you'll sleep, my dear;  
Or, if a Winter Evening should be long,  
Even read your physick-book, or make a song.

THE CONTRACT

Now love, or leave, my dear; retreat, or follow;  
This premised, I Daphne<sup>20</sup> take thee Apollo;  
And may I split into a thousand<sup>21</sup> trees  
If I give up on other terms than these.

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<sup>16</sup> Dodgson omits "one home from Africa"

<sup>17</sup> Dodgson omits "some bird or beast"

<sup>18</sup> Dodgson omits "(Lord what startles you?)"

<sup>19</sup> Dodgson adds this additional "my dear"  
from the next line of the poem

<sup>20</sup> Original poem: "I Daphne (this premised)"

<sup>21</sup> Original poem: "ten thousand"

## Bush Ballads (Third Series)

### ⑨ All Got a Mate<sup>22</sup>

Anonymous

There's a fox and there's a bear<sup>23</sup>,  
And they've all got a mate but me!  
And the birds in the greenwood tree,  
They've all got a mate but me!  
And there's the pretty little rabbits,  
So engaging in their habits,  
They've all got a mate but me!

There's the emu on the flat  
And the engaging little rat,  
And the possum in the old gum tree:  
There's the goanna lying still<sup>24</sup>  
And the wallaby on the hill<sup>24</sup> –  
Oh! They've all got a mate...

And the dingo and the hare,  
They've all got a mate,  
The fox and the bear  
And the dingo and the hare,  
They've all got a mate but ME!

### ⑩ Song of the Squatters<sup>25</sup>

A.B. "Banjo" Paterson (1864–1941)

It's grand to be a squatter  
And to<sup>26</sup> sit upon a post,  
And to watch your little ewes and lambs  
A-giving up the ghost.

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<sup>22</sup> Original poem title: *They've All Got a Mate but Me*

<sup>23</sup> Dodgson changes "the" to the indefinite article "a" before "fox" and "bear" in this first line only

<sup>24</sup> Dodgson adds interjections: "And he's/she's got a mate"

<sup>25</sup> Original poem title: *It's Grand to be a Squatter*

<sup>26</sup> Here and elsewhere Dodgson often precedes verbs with "to" where the poem does not

Oh it's grand to be a "cockie"  
With a wife and kids to keep  
And to find an all-wise Providence  
Has mustered all your sheep.

It's grand to be a Western man<sup>27</sup>  
And to dig your little homestead out  
From underneath the sand.

Oh<sup>28</sup> it's grand to be a rabbit  
And breed till all is blue,  
And then to die in heaps because  
There's nothing left to chew.

It's grand to be a socialist  
And lead the bold array  
That marches to posterity  
On<sup>29</sup> seven bob a day.

It's grand to be a democrat  
And to toady to the mob,  
And to fear if you told the truth<sup>30</sup>  
They'd hunt you from your job.

Oh it's grand to be a lot of things  
In this fair Southern land,  
But if the Lord would send us rain,  
That would indeed be grand!

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<sup>27</sup> Dodgson omits a line here and several verses throughout.

<sup>28</sup> Dodgson adds "Oh" here and in the last stanza

<sup>29</sup> Original poem: "At"

<sup>30</sup> Original poem: "For fear that if you told the truth"

11 **Waitin'-a-While**<sup>31</sup>

*Jim Grahame (born James William Gordon, 1874–1949)*

Long life to old Whalan of waiting-a-while<sup>32</sup>;  
Good luck to his children and wife;  
They gain all the pleasures<sup>33</sup> and gladness that come  
And miss all the worries of life.  
They do not complain if the Summer<sup>34</sup> is dry.  
They go into debt with a smile.  
"It's no use of moaning, it might have been worse,"  
Says Whalan of waiting-a-while.<sup>35</sup>

The boys and the girls at riding excel,  
They stick to a saddle like glue,  
And follow a bullock thro' low mulga scrub  
As straight as a die and as true.  
They're no good at figures and can't read at all,  
Nor write in an elegant style.  
"We'll give them a bit of a schooling one day,"  
Says Whalan of waitin'-a-while.

The sulky and buggy stand out in the sun,  
The woodwork is gaping with cracks.  
The leather is wrinkled and perishing fast,  
And pulling away from the tacks.  
The wheels are<sup>36</sup> loose, the paint's falling off,  
The cushions have long lost their pile;  
"I'll<sup>37</sup> put up a shed, but I cannot find time,"  
Says Whalan of waiting-a-while.

<sup>31</sup> Original poem title: *Whalan of Waitin'-a-While*

<sup>32</sup> The poem capitalises "Waitin'-a-While" / "Waiting-a-While", presumably a tongue-in-cheek proper name for a place, yet Dodgson does not. The choice of ending, "-in" or "-ing", is inconsistent in both the printed poem and Dodgson's score

<sup>33</sup> Original poem: "pleasure"

<sup>34</sup> Original poem: "season"

<sup>35</sup> Here and elsewhere, Dodgson omits several verses

<sup>36</sup> Dodgson omits "all"

<sup>37</sup> Original poem: "I'd"

Good luck to old Whalan of waiting-a-while,  
He'll live just as long as the rest,  
He'll<sup>38</sup> smile at the things that make most people frown,  
His health is as good as the best.  
Good luck to the mother of waiting-a-while,  
Who waddles along with a smile;  
She'll have a fine time when the good seasons come,  
And she doesn't mind waiting-a-while.

12 **The Stone**

*Hal Summers (1911–2005)*

When that letter came a stone fell into me  
Scattering in drops the calm reflective lake.<sup>39</sup>  
Then ripples wider wider all ways ran  
Against the steep cliff and the sandy bank;  
The body of the lake trembled, the riding swan  
Sank, rose and sank.<sup>40</sup>

Now all is calm, and the poised surface mirrors  
A blue still world, willows and white wings  
On a patterned plate; the swan with here no terrors  
Her cygnet brings.

The stone lies in the depth, dumbly consorting  
With a strange company of sunken gems.<sup>39</sup>

Half buried in sand, in water-weed and slime,  
From picnic-laughing shore perceived of none,  
Moveless, inert, – it lies there all the time,  
The indestructible stone.

<sup>38</sup> Original poem: "And smile"; Dodgson also omits "And" from the start of the next line

<sup>39</sup> Dodgson omits the last 2 lines of these verses

<sup>40</sup> Dodgson omits the next verse

### 13 Turn Ye to Me

*Christopher North (born John Wilson, 1785–1854)*

The stars are shining cheerily, cheerily  
Horo<sup>41</sup> Mhairi dhu<sup>42</sup>, turn ye to me  
The sea mew is moaning drearily, drearily  
Horo Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me  
Cold is the stormwind that ruffles his breast  
But warm are the downy plumes lining his nest  
Cold blows the storm there, soft falls the snow there  
Horo Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.

The waves are dancing merrily, merrily  
Horo Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me  
The seabirds are wailing wearily, wearily  
Horo Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me  
Hushed be thy moaning, lone bird of the sea  
Thy home on the rocks is a shelter to thee  
Thy home is the angry wave, mine but the lonely grave  
Horo Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.

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## London Lyrics

### 14 London is a Milder Curse<sup>43</sup>

*Pierre Antoine Motteux (1660–1718)*

Slaves to London, I'll deceive you;  
For the country now I leave you.  
Who can bear, and not be mad,  
Wine so dear, and yet so bad?  
Such a noise, an air so smoky:  
That to stun ye, this to choke ye?  
Men so selfish, false, and rude,  
Nymphs so young and yet so lewd?

---

<sup>41</sup> A common interjection in Scottish Gaelic verse, adding rhythm and emotion with no specific meaning

<sup>42</sup> Scottish Gaelic: "Black" Mary (in reference to dark hair)

<sup>43</sup> Original poem title: *A Song*

If we play, we're sure of losing;  
If we love, our doom we're choosing.  
At the playhouse tedious sport,  
Cant in City, cringe at Court,  
Dirt in streets, dirty bullies,  
Jolting coaches, whores, and cullies,  
Knives and coxcombs everywhere:  
Who that's wise would tarry here?

Quiet, harmless country pleasures  
Shall at home engross my leisure.  
Farewell, London! I'll repair  
To my native country air:  
I leave all thy plagues behind me –  
But at home my wife will find me?  
O ye gods! 'Tis ten times worse!  
London is a milder curse.

### 15 Shadwell Stair

*Wilfred Owen (1893–1918)*

I am the ghost of Shadwell Stair.  
Along the wharves by the water-house,  
And by the dripping slaughter-house<sup>44</sup>,  
I am the shadow that walks there.  
Yet I have flesh both firm and cool,  
And eyes tumultuous as the gems  
Of moons and lamps in the lapping<sup>45</sup> Thames  
When dusk sails wavering down the pool.  
Shuddering the purple street-arc burns  
Where I watch always; from the banks  
Dolorously the shipping clanks  
And after me a strange tide turns.  
I walk till the stars of London wane  
And dawn creeps up the Shadwell Stair.  
But when the crowing syrens blare  
I with another ghost am lain.

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<sup>44</sup> Original poem: "through the cavernous slaughter-house"

<sup>45</sup> Original poem: "full"

**16 From a Ship, Tossing**<sup>46</sup>

Arthur Hugh Clough (1819–1861)

Ye flags of Piccadilly,  
Where I posted up and down,  
And wished myself so often  
Well away from you and town –

Are the people walking quietly  
And steady on their feet,  
Cabs and omnibuses plying  
Just as usual in the street?

And does nothing seem affected  
By the pitching of the sea?<sup>47</sup>

Through the Green Park iron railings  
Do the quick pedestrians pass?  
Are the little children playing  
Round the plane-tree in the grass?

This squally wild Norwester<sup>48</sup>  
With which our vessel fights,  
Does it merely serve with you to  
Carry up some paper kites?

Ye flags of Piccadilly,  
Which I hated so, I vow  
I could wish with all my heart  
You were underneath me now!

**17 Margaret, Maud and Mary Blake**<sup>49</sup>

George Rostrevor Hamilton (1888–1967)

At noon three English dowagers ride  
Stiff of neck and dignified,  
Margaret, Maud and Mary Blake,  
With servile barges in their wake:

<sup>46</sup> Original poem title: *Ye Flags of Piccadilly*

<sup>47</sup> Dodgson omits the first 2 lines of this verse

<sup>48</sup> Original poem: "Northwester"

<sup>49</sup> Original poem title: *Tugs*

But silhouetted at midnight  
Darkly, by green and crimson light,  
Three Nubian queens pass down the Thames  
Stately with flashing gems.

**18 River Music**

Cecil Day-Lewis (1904–1972)

Swell the broad stream of art,  
Old Father Thames! Men leave their source,  
Wander, and die: but on your mazy course  
Through London's heart  
From age to age the water-music ebbs and flows.

Sing<sup>50</sup> us, old Thames, along  
Your tide! Cranes, dock-gates, launches, ferries,  
Lighters and tugs, great steamers, wharves and wherries  
Enlarge that song.

From bank to bank, from reach to reach, from age to age  
the music flows.<sup>51</sup>

Changeful the river's tone –  
In sunshine rippling a song without words,  
Muted by fog, by rain-storm plucked, long-held chords  
Beneath a moon.

From bridge to bridge, from age to age the music flows.

Men must forsake their source,  
Wander and die. Only their art remains.  
Honour the fluent forms, the fountainly trains<sup>52</sup>  
Of calm and force.

From here and now, to all time, let our proud music flow!

<sup>50</sup> Original poem: "Send"

<sup>51</sup> Original poem: "from reach to reach the water-music flows"

<sup>52</sup> Original poem: "strain"



Irish soprano **Ailish Tynan** won the 2003 Rosenblatt Recital Song Prize at BBC Cardiff Singer of the World. Ailish was a member of the prestigious Vilar Young Artists Programme at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden and a BBC New Generation Artist.

Ailish established herself with operatic roles including Gretel, *Hänsel und Gretel* (Royal Opera, Welsh National Opera, Scottish Opera); Madame Cortese, *Il viaggio a Reims*, Marzelline, *Fidelio* and Madame Podtoshina's Daughter, *The Nose* (Royal Opera); Vixen, *The Cunning Little Vixen* and Mimi, *La Bohème* (Grange Park Opera); Tigrane, *Radamisto* (English National Opera); Papagena, *Die Zauberflöte* (Teatro alla Scala, Royal Opera); Despina, *Così fan tutte* (Garsington Opera, Théâtre du Capitole de Toulouse); Héro, *Béatrice et Bénédict* (Houston Grand Opera, Opéra Comique, Grand Théâtre de la Ville de Luxembourg); Sophie, *Der Rosenkavalier*, Nannetta, *Falstaff* and Atalanta, *Xerxes* (Royal Swedish Opera); and Miss Wordsworth, *Albert Herring* (Opéra Comique, Opéra de Rouen).

Notable concert appearances include Mahler Symphony No.8 (Dresdner Philharmonie, Frankfurt Radio Symphony, Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, Philharmonia Orchestra); Mahler Symphony No.4 (Prague Symphony Orchestra, The Hallé); Mahler Symphony No. 2 (Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra); Britten *War Requiem* (RTÉ National Symphony Orchestra); and Handel *Messiah* (Academy of Ancient Music).

Ailish is a passionate recitalist performing internationally with pianists including Iain Burnside, James Baillieu, Graham Johnson and Simon Lepper. Her numerous recordings include *Fauré Méloides* (Opus Arte); *Schubert Lieder: Nacht und Träume* (Delphian); *An Irish Songbook* (Signum); and *Airs from another planet* (Delphian).



Winner of the Dame Joan Sutherland Audience Prize at Cardiff Singer of the World 2019, British mezzo-soprano **Katie Bray** has become known for her magnetic stage presence and gleaming, expressive tone.

In recital she has performed in venues such as the Wigmore Hall and the Holywell Music Room, and she appears regularly at the London English Song Festival, where she has directed concerts at Wilton's Music Hall, as well as at the Oxford International Song Festival for which she recorded a disc of Schumann songs with Sholto Kynoch. Other highlights include a semi-staged version of Wolf's *Italienisches Liederbuch* with Christopher Glynn and Roderick Williams at Milton Court Concert Hall and Ryedale Festival, and the premiere of new monodrama *Frida* with the East London Music Group. She has also performed in a staged cabaret of songs banned by the Nazis, *Effigies of Wickedness*, at the Gate Theatre, Notting Hill.

Katie Bray is particularly noted for Baroque repertoire and has appeared with Barokksolistene and Bjarte Eike, Monteverdi Choir and Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Irish Baroque Orchestra and Peter Whelan, La Nuova Musica, Ludus Baroque, London Handel Orchestra and Laurence Cummings, Wrocław Baroque Orchestra, and Spira mirabilis.

Equally at home on the operatic stage, she has appeared for Opera North, English National Opera, Welsh National Opera, Scottish Opera, Irish National Opera, Opera Holland Park and most recently as Rosina in *The Barber of Seville* for Garsington Opera.

Katie Bray graduated as a Karaviotis Scholar from the opera course at the Royal Academy of Music, was awarded the Principal's Prize and won First Prize in the Richard Lewis Award singing competition.



Tenor **James Gilchrist** began his working life as a doctor, turning to a full-time music career in 1996. His musical interest was fired at a young age, singing in the choir of New College, Oxford and as a choral scholar at King's College, Cambridge.

His extensive concert repertoire has seen him perform in the world's major concert halls with renowned conductors including Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Harry Bicket, Harry Christophers, Richard Hickox and the late Sir Roger Norrington. Considered a master of English music, he is equally at home in Baroque repertoire – Bach's *St John* and *St Matthew Passions* feature prominently in his schedule.

Highlights have included Rev. Adams in Britten's *Peter Grimes* with Bergen Philharmonic and Edward Gardner in performances at the Edinburgh International Festival, Royal Festival Hall, Grieghallen and Den Norske Opera, as well as Haydn's *Creation* for a staged production with Garsington Opera and Ballet Rambert, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* with Gothenburg Symphony and Masaaki Suzuki, and a return to King's College, Cambridge to perform *St Matthew Passion* as part of Stephen Cleobury's final Easter week as Director of Music.

James's impressive discography includes recordings of *Albert Herring* (title role), Vaughan Williams's *Songs of Travel*, and solo disc *Solitude* with pianist and long-time collaborator Anna Tilbrook, which also featured a new work by Jonathan Dove, all on Chandos Records; on Linn Records, *St John Passion* with the Academy of Ancient Music, Vaughan Williams's *On Wenlock Edge*, and Britten's *Winter Words*, and his critically acclaimed recordings of Schubert's song cycles on Orchid Classics. For SOMM Recordings, he has sung Hubert Parry's *English Lyrics* and songs by Penelope Thwaites.



**Roderick Williams** is one of the most sought-after baritones of his generation. He performs a wide repertoire from Baroque to contemporary music, in the opera house and on the concert platform, and is in demand as a recitalist worldwide.

He enjoys relationships with all the major UK opera houses and has sung opera world premieres by David Sawer, Sally Beamish, Michel van der Aa, Robert Saxton and Alexander Knaifel. Recent and future engagements include the title role in *Eugene Onegin* for Garsington, the title role in *Billy Budd* with Opera North, Papageno for Covent Garden, and productions with Cologne Opera, English National Opera and Netherlands Opera. Roderick sings regularly with all the BBC orchestras and all the major UK orchestras, as well as the Berlin, London and New York Philharmonic Orchestras, Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin, Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France, Ensemble Orchestral de Paris, Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia in Rome, Cincinnati Symphony, London Symphony and Bach Collegium Japan, amongst others. His many festival appearances include the BBC Proms (including the Last Night in 2014), Edinburgh, Cheltenham, Bath, Aldeburgh and Melbourne Festivals.

Roderick Williams has an extensive discography. He is a composer and has had works premiered at the Wigmore and Barbican Halls, the Purcell Room and live on national radio. In December 2016 he won the prize for best choral composition at the British Composer Awards.

His completion of a three-year odyssey of Schubert song cycles culminated in performances at the Wigmore Hall in 2017/18, and he has subsequently recorded them for Chandos. Other releases since then have included more Schubert as well as works by Vaughan Williams.

He won the RPS Singer of the Year award in May 2016 and was Artist in Residence for the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra from 2020/21 for two seasons. He was awarded an OBE in June 2017 and appointed a Vice-President of The Bach Choir in 2022.



Photo: Gemma Klein

**Mark Eden** is better known as one half of the Eden Stell Guitar Duo, formed with Chris Stell in 1989 for the sole purpose of performing Stephen Dodgson's *Promenade* for a festival celebrating Stephen's music hosted by the Royal Academy of Music. The Duo continued their partnership and their close connection to Stephen's music with performances of duos *Pastourelle* (Park Lane Trust) and *Riversong* (RAM Festival), and the Concertino for two guitars and strings "Les Dentelles" (Presteigne Festival and Southbank Centre). In 2017 Mark and Chris featured on a recording of Stephen's chamber works with guitar for Naxos, playing the solo guitars in *The Selevan Story*.

Mark studied at the Royal Academy of Music, graduating with a DipRAM, Julian Bream Prize and Principal's Prize for Achievement. He debuted at Wigmore Hall and the Southbank Centre in 1994, and has featured on several CDs for BGS and Naxos with the Eden Stell Guitar Duo and VIDA Guitar Quartet. The Duo were only the second guitarists to be Editor's Choice in *Gramophone* magazine after Julian Bream with their recording of works by Stephen Dodgson.

Mark is Artistic Director of the Winchester Guitar Festival and the World Youth Guitar Festival. He is an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music in recognition of his performing achievements, teaches guitar at the Royal Birmingham Conservatoire, and is a D'Addario artist.



**Christopher Glynn** is a Grammy award-winning pianist and accompanist, working with leading singers, instrumentalists and ensembles in concerts, broadcasts and recordings throughout the world. He is also Artistic Director of the Ryedale Festival, programming around 60 events each year in the many beautiful and historic venues of Ryedale, North Yorkshire.

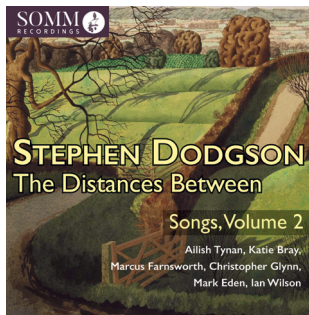
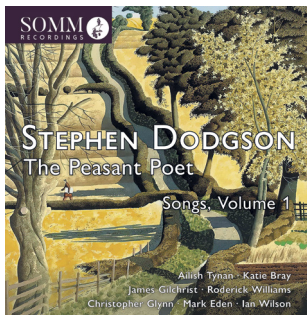
Praised for his “breathtaking sensitivity” (*Gramophone*), “irrepressible energy, wit and finesse” (*The Guardian*) and “revelatory performances” (*BBC Music Magazine*), Chris has appeared in recital with singers including Sir

Thomas Allen, John Mark Ainsley, Benjamin Appl, Claire Booth, Ian Bostridge, Allan Clayton, Dame Sarah Connolly, Joshua Ellicott, Bernarda Fink, Dame Emma Kirkby, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Christiane Karg, Jonas Kaufmann, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Mark Padmore, Ian Partridge, Rowan Pierce, Joan Rodgers, Kate Royal, Kathryn Rudge, Nicky Spence, Toby Spence, Bryn Terfel, Sir John Tomlinson, Robin Tritschler, Ailish Tynan, Roderick Williams and many others. He also performs with many well-known instrumentalists and chamber ensembles; with choirs including The Sixteen; and on historic pianos with artists including Rachel Podger.

Chris grew up in Leicester, read music at New College, Oxford, and studied piano with John Streets and Malcolm Martineau. He was awarded the accompaniment prize in the 2001 Kathleen Ferrier competition, the 2002 Geoffrey Parsons Award and the 2003 Gerald Moore Award. In 2021, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music.

Recent appearances include Wigmore Hall, Carnegie Hall, BBC Proms, Edinburgh, Aldeburgh, Oxford Lieder and Leeds Lieder festivals, Royal Opera House, Barbican, Southbank Centre, Concertgebouw Amsterdam and Vienna Konzerthaus. He is regularly heard on BBC Radio 3 and has made many acclaimed recordings. In 2015, he founded the *Polyhymnia* project to bring classical song to a wider audience, initially by commissioning new English translations by Jeremy Sams of song cycles by Schubert, Schumann and Wolf.

## Stephen Dodgson Songs on SOMM Recordings



# STEPHEN DODGSON (1924–2013)

## Turn Ye to Me – Songs, Volume 3

SOMMCD 0720

DDD



Ailish Tynan *soprano*<sup>a</sup>, Katie Bray *mezzo-soprano*<sup>b</sup>  
James Gilchrist *tenor*<sup>c</sup>, Roderick Williams *baritone*<sup>d</sup>  
Mark Eden *guitar*<sup>e</sup>, Christopher Glynn *piano*<sup>f</sup>

<b>Three Songs</b> (to words of T.L. Beddoes)* [10:54]	<b>Bush Ballads</b> (Third Series)* <i>bdf</i> [10:35]
① Tandaradei <i>af</i> 4:41	⑨ All Got a Mate 2:34
② Dirge <i>cf</i> 3:33	⑩ Song of the Squatters 3:13
③ The Old Crow of Cairo <i>cf</i> 2:40	⑪ Waitin'-a-While 4:48
④ <b>The Mower to the Glow-Worms</b> * <i>af</i> 4:04	⑫ <b>The Stone</b> * <i>cf</i> 3:47
⑤ <b>Winter Heavens</b> * <i>cf</i> 2:32	⑬ <b>Turn Ye to Me</b> * <i>df</i> 2:53
⑥ <b>Daphne to Apollo</b> * <i>be</i> 6:20	<b>London Lyrics</b> <i>ce</i> [16:28]
From <b>Eight Fanciful Pieces</b> <i>f</i> [4:37]	⑭ London is a Milder Curse 3:21
⑦ Il Zoppo 2:13	⑮ Shadwell Stair 4:14
⑧ Mirage 2:24	⑯ From a Ship, Tossing 2:34
	⑰ Margaret, Maud and Mary Blake 2:03
	⑱ River Music 4:16
	<b>Total duration:</b> <b>62:13</b>

\* First Recordings

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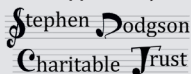
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