

**Nicholas  
Marshall**

**Songs  
and  
Chamber  
Music**

**James Gilchrist**  
*tenor*

**John Turner**  
*recorder*

**Harvey Davies**  
*piano & harpsichord*

**Tim Smedley**  
*cello*

**Manchester  
Chamber Ensemble**

## Songs and chamber music by Nicholas Marshall

<b>The Birds</b>			<b>Music in the Wood</b>		
1.	Proud Songsters	1:23	18.	Music in the Wood	1:48
2.	The Birds	1:54	19.	The Spinner	1:26
3.	Leda and the Swan	1:41	20.	You in Anger	1:25
4.	Boys Then and Now	0:59	21.	Nocturnal	2:29
5.	Snow	2:10	22.	Catullus to Lesbia	1:22
6.	The Owl	1:22	23.	Waters of Life	2:21
7.	The Swan	3:52	<b>Three Short Songs</b>		
8.	<b>Plaint</b> for 'cello and piano	3:28	24.	Ultimate	1:59
<b>The Falling of the Leaves</b>			25.	The World State	1:06
9.	The White Birds	2:24	26.	The Holy of Holies	2:08
10.	The Host of the Air	2:30	27.	<b>The Nightingale</b> (Fantasia on a Welsh folk-song)	5:03
11.	The Lover tells of the Rose in his Heart	1:44	<b>Four Folk Songs</b>		
12.	The Fiddler of Dooney	1:26	28.	The Brisk Young Widow	1:28
13.	The Falling of the Leaves	1:49	29.	Ye Banks and Braes	1:52
14.	He wishes for the Cloths of Heaven	2:38	30.	Ca' the Yowes	2:56
<b>Recorder Concerto</b>			31.	Soldier, Soldier	1:59
15.	I. <i>Animato</i>	6:47	<b>Total CD duration</b>		
16.	II. <i>Molto adagio</i>	4:41	<b>74:54</b>		
17.	III. <i>Molto vivace</i>	3:50			

James Gilchrist, tenor  
John Turner, recorder  
Harvey Davies, piano &  
harpsichord  
Tim Smedley, cello

Manchester Chamber Ensemble:  
Richard Howarth, violin  
David Routledge, violin  
Kay Stephen, viola  
Tim Smedley, cello

***The Birds.*** The seven songs of this cycle for voice, recorder and piano, comprise settings of Thomas Hardy, Hilare Belloc, W. B. Yeats, Edward Thomas, Tennyson and James Reeves. All the songs feature birds in various ways, although their moods differ widely. *The Birds* was written in 1999 and first performed in October that year at Luton Music Club by Alison Wells, John Turner and Keith Swallow.

***Plaint.*** This little work for cello and piano was written in 1969 for my mother, Dulce, who was well-known as a cellist and teacher in the south west of England for many years. The lyrical melody heard at the beginning is interspersed by two episodes, the second rising to a climax before returning to the opening melody.

***The Falling of the Leaves*** was also written in 1969 and first performed in March that year in Wilmslow Parish Church, Cheshire, England, by the Legrand Ensemble, who had wanted a contemporary work to add to their mainly Baroque repertoire. Scored for high voice, treble recorder, cello and harpsichord, its six songs are all settings of Yeats, dating from his early period.

***Recorder Concerto.*** Bearing in mind that the recorder is easily over-powered by other instruments I decided to confine the accompanying ensemble to just four, a string quartet.

The first movement begins almost tentatively, but soon leads to a more vigorous section, leading to a gentler 'second subject'. A cadenza follows the recapitulation, with a final return to the opening.

In the second movement the strings support an extended melody on the recorder. A more contrapuntal middle-section leads to a climax, which leads back to the opening theme, now combined with a counter-melody.

The last movement is fast and frenetic, with many irregular rhythms and changes of metre. The first section (in which the instruments enter one by one) leads to a more lyrical episode, with falling sevenths, before the fast tempo is resumed, repeating and developing the opening motifs. Towards the end the lyrical episode returns, followed by a final fast flourish. The *Concerto* was written for John Turner and the first complete performance was given by him and the Elysian String Quartet in August 2005, at the Dartington International Summer School.

### ***Music in the Wood***

James Reeves (1909 – 1978) is chiefly known for his poetry and his literature for children. The recurring themes of his poems are all evident in these settings, with their varying moods of yearning, unease, nostalgia and passion. It was first performed in Wetzlar, Germany in May 2000, by Franziska Stürz and Hans-Günther Kolb, for whom it was written.

***Three Short Songs*** was written at the request of Hans-Günther Kolb, who had asked for something to fit into a programme of sacred music, and was first performed by Cornelia Muth and Kolb in March 2003, also in Wetzlar. The poems by G. K. Chesterton (novelist, poet and critic in the earlier years of the twentieth century) are direct and, in the second song, quite hard-hitting!

***The Nightingale (Fantasia on a Welsh folk-song)*** was written to celebrate the ninetieth birthday of the composer Ian Parrott, and is scored, like the *Concerto*, for recorder and string quartet. The music is based on the folk-song *Eos Lais* (The Nightingale), fragments of which are heard before the tune finally appears in its entirety at the end. The piece was first performed in September 2006 by John Turner and the Manchester Camerata Ensemble as part of the Tenby Festival in Wales.

**Four Folk-Songs.** I have made numerous arrangements over the years for a variety of different combinations of voices and instruments. These four (*The Brisk Young Widow*, *Ye Banks and Braes*, *Ca' the Yowes* and *Soldier, Soldier*) are taken from a set of seven published in 1994.



**Nicholas Marshall** was born in Plymouth in 1942 into a musical family. He was educated at Dartington Hall School, Devon (where his music teacher, the composer Timothy Moore, was a formative influence) and went on to read Music at Fitzwilliam College, Cambridge. After leaving Cambridge he studied at the Royal College of Music under Anthony Milner, and also had lessons with Sir Lennox Berkeley. He returned to Devon to take up an appointment at Dartington, teaching music at the School and also horn at the College of Arts. His music written for children included a number of dramatic works, among them two operas.

From 1980 to 1985 he was artistic director of the Ashburton Festival, and also started conducting choirs, an activity which was to continue for many years. A move to Budleigh Salterton in 2005 coincided with the start of the Budleigh Music Festival. He became much involved in its running, forming and conducting the Festival Orchestra and is currently its artistic director. Throughout his career he has continued to compose, with a steady if not prolific output that includes vocal, choral, orchestral and chamber music. He has provided incidental music for radio plays, and has written much music involving the recorder for his long-standing friend and Fitzwilliam contemporary John Turner.

**James Gilchrist** began his working life as a doctor, turning to a full-time music career in 1996. His busy schedule takes him to the world's great concert and recital halls, music festivals and recording studios. He has appeared as soloist with The Sixteen, the King's Consort, English Baroque Soloists, Tallis Scholars, and Bach Collegium, Academy of Ancient Music, Gabrielli Players, Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra, Dunedin Consort, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, as well as the orchestras of Academy of St. Martins in the Field, San Francisco Symphony, Dresden Philharmonic, Oslo Philharmonic, BBC Symphony, Philharmonia, Concertgebouw, Rotterdam Philharmonic, Scottish Chamber, Manchester Camerata, Tonhalle Orchestra, Royal Flanders Philharmonic, Le Concert Lorrain, Orquesta de Barcelona St. Louis Symphony and Santa Cecilia, Rome.

His classical concert repertoire includes Monteverdi's *Vespers*, Bach's Cantatas, Passions and *Mass in B minor*, Handel's *Messiah*, *Saul*, *Judas Maccabeus*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Theodora*, *Jephtha*, and *Esther*, Haydn's *Nelson Mass*, *Die Schöpfung*, and *Die Jahreszeiten*, Mozart's *Requiem*, *Mass in C minor*, *Coronation Mass* and *La Finta Giardiniera*. His 20<sup>th</sup> century repertoire is equally extensive and includes several world premieres. Operatic roles include Purcell: *King Arthur*; Mozart: *Zaïde*, *Così Fan Tutti*; Handel: *Hercules*, *Acis & Galatea*; Gluck: *Alceste*; Vaughan Williams: *Sir John in Love*; Strauss: *Ariadne Auf Naxos*; Britten: *The Turn of the Screw*, *Albert Herring* and *Gloriana*.

James is a versatile and prolific recitalist. In the UK he appears at all the major recital venues and Edinburgh, Perth, Aldeburgh, Buxton, Three Choirs, and Cheltenham Festivals. His imaginative programming includes Schubert's

three great cycles *Winterreise*, *Die Schöne Müllerin* and *Schwanengesang*, songs by Schuman, Beethoven, Faure, Ravel, Finzi, Vaughan Williams, Lennox Berkeley, Kenneth Leighton, Muriel Herbert, John Jeffreys, Alec Roth, and Howard Skempton. James performs regularly with pianists Anna Tilbrook and Julius Drake, and harpist Alison Nicholls. His many CD recordings can be found on Chandos, Hyperion, EMI, Collins Classics, Naxos, ASV, Divine Art and Linn.

**John Turner** was born in Stockport, and is one of the leading recorder players of today. He was Senior Scholar in Law at Fitzwilliam College, Cambridge, and as a practising solicitor acted for many leading musicians and musical organisations, being also involved in the establishment of many musical charities. He has premièred over 500 works for his instrument, including concertos written for him by Kenneth Leighton, Anthony Gilbert, Gordon Crosse, John Casken, Stephen Dodgson, Elis Pehkonen, John Gardner, Peter Hope and many others. His discoveries include recorder works by Handel, John Parry (*The Nightingale Rondo*, being the only known British nineteenth century concert work for a fipple flute), Rawsthorne, Murrill and Antony Hopkins. His own recorder compositions are standard repertoire and examination pieces for the instrument worldwide. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Northern College of Music in 2002 for his services to British music and is a Distinguished Visiting Scholar of Manchester University. He has made several recordings for Divine Art/Metier and many other labels.

**Harvey Davies** studied the piano with Helen Davies and David Parkhouse, then with Ryszard Bakst at the Royal Northern College of Music. His career as a chamber musician has taken him to four continents and throughout the UK.

Recently appointed a Teaching Fellow in Historical Performance at the RNCM, Harvey gives lectures and coaches chamber music alongside his work as a staff pianist. He has worked with all the orchestras in the North West, including Manchester Camerata, Northern Chamber Orchestra and the contemporary music group Ensemble 10/10.

With his wife, the cellist Heather Bills, Harvey has founded the Manchester-based chamber group The Pleyel Ensemble. Comprising some of the finest string and woodwind players in the UK and specialising in British chamber music and lesser-known Classical works, the Pleyels run concert series in Alderley Edge and Didsbury and have already given more than seventy concerts since their foundation in 2011. Harvey is the principal pianist in the award-winning Ensemble Cymru, a dynamic chamber group based in North Wales. The group are known for their innovative programming and community concerts in Wales and were nominated for a Philharmonic Society Award in 2007.

The Davies Duo, Harvey and his mother Helen, have worked together since 1990. They have performed and recorded extensively and commissioned many new works for piano duet. Their latest CD, 'Diversity', features works written for them by Welsh composers and was received to critical acclaim. Harvey has collaborated with many eminent

musicians, including Atar Arad, Alison Balsom, Rebecca Evans, Janet Hilton, Guy Johnston, Elena Urioste and Jennifer Pike.

**Richard Howarth** has been leading and directing orchestras for over thirty years. After studying at the Royal College of Music in London, Richard worked with the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, BBC Concert Orchestra and as Leader of the Ulster Orchestra before becoming Leader of Manchester Camerata. He has been a guest leader with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, the BBC Scottish and Welsh Symphony Orchestras, the BBC Philharmonic, the Halle, Orchestra of St John's Smith Square, Scottish Chamber Orchestra, East of England Orchestra and Bournemouth Sinfonietta. Chamber music also features strongly for Richard. He formed Manchester Camerata Ensemble in 1990 and now directs Manchester Chamber Ensemble. He is a member of Trio Melzi with cellist Hannah Roberts and pianist Sarah Beth Briggs.

As a conductor, Richard has appeared with Manchester Camerata, the Ulster Orchestra, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra and the London, Scottish and Manchester Concert Orchestras. He is conductor/ director of Manchester Sinfonia, a new orchestra which performs concerts, accompanies choral societies and records the music of living composers. As an educator, Richard is Principal Conductor of Sale Chamber Orchestra and Westmorland Orchestra and has recently been appointed Music Director of Blackburn Symphony Orchestra. He appears regularly with Wrexham Symphony Orchestra and Chester Philharmonic Orchestra.

**Kay Stephen** is from Aberdeen and studied at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland with Katie Hull and at the Royal Northern College of Music with Pavel Fischer, taking up viola alongside violin early in her studies. In 2012 she completed an International Artist Diploma in string leadership with the Hallé Orchestra. She is currently violist with the award-winning Gildas Quartet, performing with them at the Wigmore Hall, Purcell Room, St. Martin-in-the-Fields and live on Radio 3 as guests on *In Tune*.

Kay has also appeared with ensembles such as Red Note, the Jacquin Trio, the Edinburgh Quartet, Ensemble Deva and as principal viola with Manchester Camerata.

**David Routledge** chose the diversity of a freelance career and juggles his commitments between a number of ensembles. He is currently a member and guest leader of Manchester Camerata, Sinfonia Viva and the Northern Chamber Orchestra. For fifteen years he was leader of the highly acclaimed contemporary music group Psappha and has appeared at most of the major UK festivals including Cheltenham, Aldeburgh and the BBC Proms, and he has made numerous broadcasts and recordings as chamber musician and soloist.

His love of the music of Piazzolla led him to form Tango 5, presenting Tango Nuevo in its intended line-up, including electric guitar and bandoneon. David is also often seen as a guest principal in UK symphony orchestras.

**Tim Smedley** is a professional cellist based in Sheffield. Specialising in authentic performance on both modern and period instruments, Tim plays with many leading ensembles and orchestras around the country. He studied at the RNCM with Hannah Roberts after studying with Peter Worrall at Chetham's School of Music. Since graduating, Tim has gone on to develop a career on both modern and period instruments and as a result has a broad range of musical experiences.

Chamber music forms a vital aspect of Tim's professional life and his chamber ensemble, the Band of Music, has recently recorded its debut CD (to be released during 2014). He has worked with many eminent chamber musicians all over Europe in addition to frequently being found playing continuo cello for leading singers. On period instruments, Tim performs with The King's Consort, Yorkshire Baroque Soloists, the Academy of Ancient Music and the Gabrieli Consort and has also played with the Sixteen, the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment and the English Concert.

As a modern cellist, Tim's orchestral work has included orchestras such as the Halle, City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Manchester Camerata and Manchester Sinfonia in addition to solo recital and concerto programmes.



## The Birds

### Proud Songsters

The thrushes sing as the sun is going,  
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,  
And as it gets dark loud nightingales  
In bushes  
Pipe, as they can when April wears,  
As if all Time were theirs.

These are brand-new birds of twelve-months' growing,  
Which a year ago, or less than twain,  
No finches were, nor nightingales,  
Nor thrushes,  
But only particles of grain,  
And earth, and air, and rain.

*Thomas Hardy*

## The Birds

When Jesus Christ was four years old,  
The angels brought Him toys of gold,  
Which no man ever had bought or sold.

And yet with these He would not play,  
He made Him small fowl out of clay,  
And blessed them till they flew away:  
*Tu creasti Domine.*

Jesus Christ, Thou Child so wise,  
Bless mine hands and fill mine eyes,  
And bring my soul to Paradise.  
*Hilaire Belloc*

### Leda and the Swan

A sudden blow: the great wings beating still  
Above the staggering girl, her thighs caressed  
By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill,  
He holds her helpless breast upon his breast.

How can those terrified vague fingers push  
The feathered glory from her loosening thighs,  
And how can body, laid in that white rush,  
But feel the strange heart beating where it lies?

A shudder in the loins engenders there  
The broken wall, the burning roof and tower  
And Agamemnon dead.

Being so caught up,  
So mastered by the brute blood of the air,  
Did she put on his knowledge with his power  
Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?  
*W. B. Yeats*

### Boys Then and Now

‘More than one cuckoo?’  
And the little boy  
Seemed to lose something  
Of his spring joy.

When he'd grown up  
He told his son  
He'd used to think  
There was only one,

Who came each year  
With the trees' new trim  
On purpose to please  
England and him:

And his son – old already  
In life and its ways –  
Said yawning: 'How foolish  
Boys were in those days!'

*Thomas Hardy*

### **Snow**

In the gloom of whiteness,  
In the great silence of snow,  
A child was sighing  
And bitterly saying: 'Oh,  
They have killed a white bird up there on her nest,  
The down is fluttering from her breast!'  
And still it fell through that dusky brightness  
On the child crying for the bird of the snow.

*Edward Thomas*

### **The Owl**

When cats run home and light is come,  
And dew is cold upon the ground,  
And the far-off stream is dumb,  
And the whirring sail goes round,  
And the whirring sail goes round;  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,  
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,  
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch  
Twice or thrice his roundelay,  
Twice or thrice his roundelay;  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

### **The Swan**

Against the unrelenting stream,  
Ignoring sunset's angry hour,  
Floated the miraculous swan,  
And in her beak a single flower.

My eyes reflected sunset's flush;  
Resentful on the bank I cried:  
'Dishonoured queen of spite and greed,  
Take hence your emblem with your pride.'

But she sailed on in constancy  
And stopped beside me on the flood.  
I saw the flower, a thornless rose,  
Was dark and crimson as her blood.

And looking on her there I guessed  
That she was miracle indeed,  
A swan for grace and royalty  
Yet knowing neither scorn nor greed.

She bent her head upon the bank  
And laying all her pride apart  
She gave her rose into my hand.  
My falling tears found out its heart.

*James Reeves*

**The White Birds**

I would that we were, my beloved, white birds on the foam of the sea!  
We tire of the flame of the meteor, before it can fade and flee;  
And the flame of the blue star of twilight, hung low on the rim of the sky,  
Has awaked in our hearts, my beloved, a sadness that may not die.

A weariness comes from those dreamers, dew-dabbled, the lily and rose;  
Ah, dream not of them, my beloved, the flame of the meteor that goes,  
Or the flame of the blue star that lingers hung low in the fall of the dew:  
For I would we were changed to white birds on the wandering foam: I and you!

I am haunted by numberless islands, and many a Danaan shore,  
Where Time would surely forget us, and Sorrow come near us no more;  
Soon far from the rose and the lily and fret of the flames would we be,  
Were we only white birds, my beloved, buoyed out on the foam of the sea!

**The Host of the Air**

O'Driscoll drove with a song  
The wild duck and the drake  
From the tall and tufted reeds  
Of the drear Hart Lake.

And he saw how the reeds grew dark  
At the coming of night-tide,  
And dreamed of the long dim hair  
Of Bridget his bride.

He heard while he sang and dreamed  
A piper piping away,  
And never was piping so sad,  
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls  
Who danced on a level place,  
And Bridget his bride among them,  
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him  
And many a sweet thing said,  
And a young man brought him red wine  
And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve  
Away from the merry bands,  
To old men playing at cards  
With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and wine had a doom,  
For these were the host of the air;  
He sat and played in a dream  
Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men  
And thought not of evil chance,  
Until one bore Bridget his bride  
Away from the merry dance.

He bore her away in his arms,  
The handsomest young man there,

### **The Lover tells of the Rose in his Heart**

All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old,  
The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of a lumbering cart,  
The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing the wintry mould,  
Are wronging your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of my heart.

The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told;  
I hunger to build them anew and sit on a green knoll apart,  
With the earth and the sky and the water, re-made, like a casket of gold  
For my dreams of your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of my heart.

### **The Fiddler of Dooney**

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,  
Folk dance like a wave of the sea;  
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,  
My brother in Mocharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin:  
They read in their book of prayer;  
I read in my book of songs  
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time  
To Peter sitting in state,

And his neck and his breast and his arms  
Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll scattered the cards  
And out of his dream awoke:  
Old men and young men and young girls  
Were gone like a drifting smoke;

But he heard high up in the air  
A piper piping away,  
And never was piping so sad,  
And never was piping so gay.

He will smile on the three old spirits,  
But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,  
Save by an evil chance,  
And the merry love the fiddle,  
And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,  
They will all come up to me,  
With 'Here is the fiddler of Dooney!'  
And dance like a wave of the sea.

## **The Falling of the Leaves**

Autumn is over the long leaves that love us,  
And over the mice in the barley sheaves;  
Yellow the leaves of the rowan above us,  
And yellow the wet wild-strawberry leaves.

The hour of the waning of love has beset us,  
And weary and worn are our sad souls now;  
Let us part, ere the season of passion forget us,  
With a kiss and a tear on thy drooping brow.

## **Music in the Wood**     *Poems by James Reeves*

### **Music in the Wood**

Music there would be of horns far off.  
Sombre and dolorous through the woods it came  
To where we faltered in the darkening track.

The trees are taller now. Should I return,  
That seminal music – would it still be heard,  
Those notes again congeal my errant blood,  
A cruel shiver at the spine recall  
The wind lamenting in the perjured valley?  
With what unclouded mind the man might then  
Witness the marvel that perturbed the child.

### **The Spinner**

The spinner with her smile involves  
The sinews of the stander-by,  
And with her pliant hands she twines  
His vital organs in her thread.  
Her foot beats out his dance of death,  
The wheel revolves and is his fate.  
Her eyes regard the dwindling fleece;

## **He wishes for the Cloths of Heaven**

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,  
Enwrought with golden and silver light,  
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths  
Of night and light and the half-light,  
I would spread the cloths under your feet:  
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;  
I have spread my dreams under your feet;  
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

His mind is netted in her hair,  
And questions 'Is it love or hate?'  
As half she sings and half she smiles,  
And looks as if he were not there.  
The wheel revolves and is his fate.

### **You in Anger**

You in your anger tried to make us new,  
To cancel all the warmth and loving-kindness  
With which maturing time has joined us two,  
And re-infect love with its former blindness.

It was as if you said, 'I am a stranger;  
Unknown we face each other, woman and man.  
We stand, as once we stood, in mortal danger;  
Risk everything, as I do, if you can.'

Then do not now repent your wilful scorn;  
Although in that black hour I hated you,  
Yet in that hour, love, was my love re-born;  
When you in anger tried to make us new.



## Catullus to Lesbia

I tell you, Lesbia, life is love,  
Though rumbling dotards disapprove  
And chew their beards in spite.  
For ever shines the blessed sun,  
But we have little space to run,  
And after our brief day is done,  
How long will be the night.

So kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, sweet.  
Kiss me neither once nor twice

## Nocturnal

To passers in the moon-white square  
The newest statue made as if to say  
‘Listen – listen,’ but his frozen breath  
Hurried them on their way;  
His sightless monumental stare  
Reminded lovers of the look of death,  
An impulse on the hard nocturnal air,  
The appealing gesture failed,  
Secret and ineffectual as despair.  
‘Be still, be still,’ muttered the others then,  
‘Be as we are, the wind-worn and the old.  
Accustomed to our self-begotten cold,  
We unremarked outwear the lives of men.’

## Three Short Songs

### Ultimate

The vision of a haloed host  
That weep around an empty throne;  
And, aureoles dark and angels dead,  
Man with his own life stands alone.

But kiss me several hundred times  
And then the tale repeat.  
A thousand, then a thousand times,  
And that will not suffice –  
A thousand, then a hundred more,  
And after many thousand kisses  
We’ll forget the score,  
In case some mad misanthropist,  
Hearing how many times we’ve kissed,  
Should bring down curses on our heads  
To think what he has missed.

## Waters of Life

The hasting dark has driven home  
Father and daughter, mother, child,  
Who by this fecund spring since noon  
Have chattered, scolded, wept and smiled.

The feet that loitered by the stream  
And voices on the wind have fled.  
The leaves that screen the dormant birds  
To no one mutter overhead:

‘The waters of the stream of life  
Are tears that flow from women’s eyes.  
He thirsts again that drinks this spring,  
But if he will not drink he dies.’

‘I am,’ he says his bankrupt creed;  
‘I am,’ and is again a clod:  
The sparrow starts, the grasses stir,  
For he has said the name of God.

## **The World State**

Oh, how I love Humanity,  
With love so pure and pringlish,  
And how I hate the horrid French,  
Who never will be English!

The International Idea,  
The largest and the clearest,  
Is welding all the nations now,  
Except the one that's nearest.

## **The Holy of Holies**

'Elder father, though thine eyes  
Shine with hoary mysteries,  
Canst thou tell me what in the heart  
Of a cowslip blossom lies?

'Smaller than all lives that be,  
Secret as the deepest sea,  
Stands a little house of seeds,  
Like an elfin's granary.

## **Four Folk Songs**

### **The Brisk Young Widow**

In Chester town there lived  
A brisk young widow;  
For beauty and fine clothes  
None could excel her;  
She was proper stout and tall,  
Her fingers long and small,  
She's a comely dame withal  
She's a brisk young widow.

This compromise has long been known,  
This scheme of partial pardons,  
In ethical societies  
And small suburban gardens –

The villas and the chapels where  
I learned with little labour  
The way to love my fellow-man  
And hate my next-door neighbour.

'Speller of the stones and weeds,  
Skilled in Nature's crafts and creeds,  
Tell me what is in the heart  
Of the smallest of the seeds.'

'God Almighty, and with Him  
Cherubim and Seraphim,  
Filling all eternity –  
Adonai Elohim,'

A lover soon there came,  
A brisk young farmer,  
With his hat turned up all round,  
Thinking to gain her;  
'My dear, for love of you  
This wide world I'll go through,  
If you will but prove true  
You shall wed a farmer,'

Says she, 'I'm not for you,  
Nor no such fellow,  
I'm for a lively lad  
With land and riches;  
It's not your hogs and yows  
Can maintain furbelows;  
My silk and satin clothes  
Are all my glory,'

### **Ye Banks and Braes**

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,  
And I'm sae weary fu' o' care?  
Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling bird  
That warbles on the flow'ry thorn,  
Ye mind me o' departed joys,  
Departed never to return.

### **Ca' the Yowes**

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,  
Ca' them whare the heather growes,  
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,  
My bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis' evening sang  
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;  
Then a-faulding let us gang,  
My bonnie dearie.

Ca' the yowes...

At last there came that way  
A sooty collier,  
With his hat bent down all round;  
He soon did gain her;  
Whereat the farmer swore:  
'The widow's mazed, I'm sure!  
And I'll never court no more  
A brisk young widow,'

Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,  
By morning and by evening shine,  
To hear the birds sing o' their loves  
As fondly once I sang o' mine.  
Wi' lightsome heart I stretch'd my hand  
And pu'd a rose bud from the tree;  
But my fause lover stole the rose  
And left, and left the thorn wi' me.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,  
Through the hazels spreading wide,  
O'er the waves that sweetly glide  
To the moon sae clearly.

Ca' the yowes...

Fair and lovely as thou art  
Thou has stown my very heart;  
I can die but canna part,  
My bonnie dearie,

Ca' the yowes...

## Soldier, Soldier

‘Soldier, soldier, won’t you marry me,  
With your musket, fife and drum?’  
‘Oh no, sweet maid, I cannot marry thee,  
For I have no coat to put on,’

Then up she went to her grandfather’s chest  
And got him a coat of the very, very best,  
She got him a coat of the very, very best,  
And the soldier put it on.

‘Oh soldier, soldier, won’t you marry me,  
With your musket, fife and drum?’  
‘Oh no, sweet maid, I cannot marry thee,  
For I have no hat to put on.’

The up she went to her grandfather’s chest  
And got him a hat of the very, very best,  
She got him a hat of the very, very best,  
And the soldier put it on.

‘Oh soldier, soldier, won’t you marry me,  
With your musket, fife and drum?’  
‘Oh no, sweet maid I cannot marry thee,  
For I have no gloves to put on.’

Then up the went to her grandfather’s chest,  
And got him a pair of the very, very best,  
She got him a pair of the very, very best,  
And the soldier put them on.

‘Oh soldier, soldier, won’t you marry me,  
With your musket, fife and drum?’  
‘Oh no, sweet maid, I cannot marry thee,  
For I have no boots to put on.’

Then up she went to her grandfather’s chest,  
And got him a pair of the very, very best,  
She got him a pair of the very, very best,  
And the soldier put them on.

‘Oh soldier, soldier, won’t you marry me,  
With your musket, fife and drum?’  
‘Oh no, sweet maid, I cannot marry thee  
With a wife and baby at home!’

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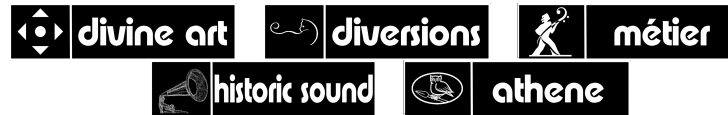
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