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# LITTLE WANDERER

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## Benjamin Britten

### *Winter Words, Op. 52*

- |   |  |        |
|---|--|--------|
| 1 | 1. At Day-Close in November  | [1.37] |
| 2 | 2. Midnight on the Great Western<br>(or The Journeying Boy)                  | [4.41] |
| 3 | 3. Wagtail and Baby (A Satire)   | [2.07] |
| 4 | 4. The Little Old Table  | [1.31] |
| 5 | 5. The Choirmaster's Burial<br>(or The Tenor Man's Story)                    | [4.03] |
| 6 | 6. Proud Songsters<br>(Thrushes, Finches and Nightingales)                   | [1.12] |
| 7 | 7. At the Railway Station, Upway<br>(or The Convict and Boy with the Violin) | [2.54] |
| 8 | 8. Before Life and After   | [3.18] |

## Imogen Holst

### *Four Songs*\*

- |    |                                   |        |
|----|-----------------------------------|--------|
| 9  | Brittle Beauty                    | [1.08] |
| 10 | Why fearest thou thy outward foe? | [2.01] |
| 11 | Shall I thus ever long?           | [2.10] |
| 12 | As lawrell leaves                 | [1.43] |

13 Little think'st thou [1.16]

14 Weathers [2.07]

## Daniel Kidane

### *Songs of Illumination*\*

- |    |                      |        |
|----|----------------------|--------|
| 15 | A Dream              | [4.34] |
| 16 | The Land of Dreams   | [4.13] |
| 17 | The Little Black Boy | [4.47] |

## Arr. Benjamin Britten

- |    |                         |        |
|----|-------------------------|--------|
| 18 | Sally in our Alley      | [4.01] |
| 19 | The Ploughboy           | [1.52] |
| 20 | The Last Rose of Summer | [3.36] |
| 21 | How Sweet the Answer    | [2.12] |
| 22 | Ca' the Yowes           | [4.15] |
| 23 | Oliver Cromwell         | [0.49] |

Total timings: [1.02.15]

\* World Premiere Recordings

NICK PRITCHARD TENOR · IAN TINDALE PIANO

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## ARTIST FOREWORD

'Little Wanderer', from William Blake's dream world, seemed the perfect title for an album in which we are surrounded by myriad landscapes in songs by Benjamin Britten, Imogen Holst and Daniel Kidane. Since meeting on our first day at the Royal College of Music, we have long enjoyed programming Britten's masterful folk song reimagnings, and we adore the texts and music in his powerful Hardy cycle, *Winter Words*. It has been a joy to discover songs by Imogen Holst, Britten's close friend and assistant, and we are proud to be able to make the first recording of Dan's *Songs of Illumination*, commissioned for us by Leeds Lieder in 2018. For over a decade, song in English has played a major part in our musical lives and performing relationship, and we are delighted to present this programme together.

Nick Pritchard and Ian Tindale

## PROGRAMME NOTES

With its settings of verse by Thomas Hardy, William Blake and John Donne – plus a dose of folk song and some obscure renaissance poems – this entire album is very much in Benjamin Britten's world. He is responsible for the two framing sets (*Winter Words* and the folksongs), but in between we hear music from Imogen Holst, a close friend and colleague of Britten, and from Daniel Kidane, a composer who greatly admires the earlier composers. Hearing these vocal works in close proximity reveals Britten's influence, but also the other composers' often very different approach to the craft of song writing.

Britten's biographer Paul Kildea notes that Britten composed *Winter Words* in the 'downtime' between completing his opera *Gloriana* and the beginning of its rehearsal period. While most of us might reasonably take a holiday in such circumstances, Britten chose to write a song cycle which ponders the nature of human existence. It is not a sombre, heavyweight work, however. Most of the songs depict brief scenes or moments in time, pithily evoked by Hardy, and wonderfully illustrated by Britten. It is no coincidence that by this stage in his life the composer was the veteran of six stage works.

Some of the 'scenes' are lightly ironic, such as 'Wagtail and Baby', with its wry observations on man's intrusion into the natural world, and its gentle imitation of birdsong in the piano. More birdsong is found in 'Proud Songsters', while furniture creaks in 'The Old Table,' and both demonstrate the very Hardy-ish themes of time passing, and the potency of memory. Hardy was also fascinated, if disturbed, by the arrival of the railway lines. He was disconcerted by the speed at which remote locations could be connected, sensing that it might adversely affect the 'natural' tempo of life. In two songs here, the railways are linked more specifically to the speed of growing up, depicting two vulnerable boys alone in the world far too soon. In 'Midnight on the Great Western' Britten cleverly imitates the 'Doppler effect' in his opening piano motif, followed by a jolting, halting rhythm as the train bumps along the tracks. The music fades into the background as the gentleman in the carriage contemplates the lad in front of him, and wonders what his story might be. 'At the Railway Station, Upway' finds a young fiddler, busking for his supper, in brief comradeship with a convict on the station platform. Here, the piano resembles the sounds of a violin, initially warming up on the open strings.

Planted more or less centrally in the cycle, 'The Choirmaster's Burial' is a beautiful and haunting (in several senses) tale-within-a-tale. Within a few bars we hear the hymn tune 'Mount Ephraim', the favourite of the choirmaster, who had requested it at his funeral. An unimaginative vicar – treated to some unflatteringly four-square music – refuses; but later on witnesses 'a band all in white' playing music by the choirmaster's grave. The cycle is framed by two songs with a more philosophical than dramatic flavour. Wintery flurries and agitated harmonies dominate the opening song, yet both voice and piano return frequently to a unison 'D', suggestive of what remains constant, even if time and life have moved on. The final song, with its anguished, repeated cry of 'how long?', feels like an existential question by the end of the cycle. The visceral experience of living, with its sorrows and pleasures, is both the gift and the heavy burden of consciousness.

Imogen Holst's Four Songs were written at Dartington in Devon, where Holst had originally gone to recuperate after several years of exhausting wartime activity working for the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts (CEMA). Being Imogen Holst – and sharing an impressive work ethic with Britten – she also helped set up and run a music training course.

The set was composed for soprano Mary Williams, who had been one of Holst's students, and the texts were taken from *Tottel's Miscellany* published in 1557. In each song, Holst deploys a small rhythmic 'cell' in the piano part, sometimes repeated, but more often subtly altered as the song progresses. The vocal line is generally syllabic, even conversational, allowing the characterful verses to speak for themselves. In the first song, the most prominent 'cell' comprises two quavers, followed by a rest, often heard at the start of a bar. The voice frequently echoes this figure, giving the setting a suitably 'brittle,' halting quality. In the second, suggestive of internal disquiet, the piano 'tolls' ominously, before expanding into a somewhat spiky, off-kilter figure. The tolling fades disconcertingly into nothingness at the end. Turbulence is generated very effectively in the third song, with its dry *moto perpetuo* in the piano, and the voice breaking out into wide leaps, occasionally subsiding into humming. Flurries of triplets early in the song (initially with the words 'So dumb') reveal themselves to be strikes of the clock, which 'call for death'. In the sombre final song, the piano murmurs in a monotone 'cell' throughout, oblivious to the chromatic shifts and 'torment' above.

Holst's 'Little think'st thou', composed a few years earlier, has a simple accompaniment and a gentle, walking rhythm. The mood is melancholy, with some responsive peaks in the vocal line, and sets the quietly devastating first two verses of Donne's poem; Holst chooses to stop before its considerably more worldly final stanzas. Finally 'Weathers' is from earlier in Holst's life, written when she was only nineteen. In a rolling, dance-like rhythm it resembles a Renaissance lute song and captures beautifully the poem's time-out-of-time depiction of men, women and other creatures at one with the changing seasons. The minor mode, and solitary 'so do I' towards the end, hints at the brevity of it all.

Daniel Kidane's *Songs of Illumination* is a setting of three poems of William Blake, performed without pause. The poems are told from the point of view of the vulnerable (children, tiny insects, or the otherwise ignored or marginalised), their separation from parental figures, particularly mothers, and the powerful effect of dreams and visions on their emotional state. Dreams are places of compassion and refuge in the first two poems: the first ('A Dream' from Blake's *Songs of Innocence*, a collection first published in 1789) describes a helpful community of insects (a glow-worm and a beetle guiding the mother ant home);

the second, heartbreakingly, reveals 'The Land of Dreams' where a child's mother is still alive, and where the child prefers to remain. The vision of heaven in the final song ('The Little Black Boy' from *Songs of Innocence*) aspires to a colour-blind utopia, where 'I from black and he from white cloud free'.

Over the course of the cycle the piano moves from initial growls and rumbles – the landscape of the earthbound mother 'Emmet' (or ant) – to the celestial 'tent of God' in the final song, high up on the keyboard. The voice, dreamlike and sighing in the opening song, finds itself anchored in thirds (minor and major), particularly between F and D, which heralds the return of the mother ant ('Little wanderer hie thee home') and later sings of souls, and of standing at God's knee. Often high in its register, the vocal line travels from the dramatic contours of the first song, to the unease and sorrow of the child's 'land of dreams', to a lullaby-like softness by the end. Indeed, the bereaved child hands over its vocal line at the end of Song II to form the material of the final number. This poem, full of good intentions, nonetheless contains troubling assumptions about the supposed differences between black and white bodies. Yet it yearns for unity and equality. Fittingly, the voice and piano – often separated through discord, or flung to opposite ends of the musical register –

find themselves in the same musical world in the final bars.

Britten's approach to folk song was not that of an ethnographer, or 'collector'. He could be scathing about what he called the 'folk-art problem' (in an article written in 1941) suspicious of any hint of nationalism and believing many folk melodies to be amiable, but inherently weak. However, he clearly managed to overcome his misgivings, and produced seven volumes of folk song arrangements over the next thirty or so years, embracing melodies from across the British Isles as well as Ireland, France and Appalachia. His approach was to present the melodies unchanged and up front, yet to take considerable artistic licence with the accompaniment, sometimes to quite radical effect.

'Sally in our Alley' is largely a straightforward setting, though the more complex piano introduction and interludes suggest a very different life beyond 'the alley'. 'The Ploughboy' is perhaps one of the most conventional adaptations in this group, the opening piano figure suggestive of the lad's 'whistle', while octaves in the bass evoke the imagined grandeur of what may come to pass. 'The Last Rose of Summer,' meanwhile, plants the soaring Irish melody in a rapturous, almost epic environment,



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with rippling 'harps' and dramatic octave builds. In 'How Sweet the Answer' the piano gently provides the 'echoes' and 'answers', while also injecting some disconcerting harmonies between the verses. 'Ca' the Yowes' has a dreamlike quality to its verses, contrasting with the richly harmonised

chorus. Finally, 'Oliver Cromwell' is an eccentric little number, over in less than a minute, and something of a tongue-twisting gallop for the voice. Britten and Peter Pears would frequently use it as an encore, and it is easy to understand why.

## SONG TEXTS

### *Winter Words, Op. 52*

#### 1. At Day-Close in November

Text: Thomas Hardy

The ten hours' light is abating,  
And a late bird wings across,  
Where the pines, like waltzers waiting,  
Give their black heads a toss.

Beech leaves, that yellow the noontime,  
Float past like specks in the eye;  
I set every tree in my June time,  
And now they obscure the sky.

And the children who ramble through here  
Conceive that there never has been  
A time when no tall trees grew here,  
That none will in time be seen.

#### 2. Midnight on the Great Western (or The Journeying Boy)

Text: Thomas Hardy

In the third-class seat sat  
The journeying boy.  
And the roof-lamp's oily flame  
Played down on his listless form and face,

Bewrapt past knowing to what he was going,  
Or whence he came.

In the band of his hat the journeying boy  
Had a ticket stuck; and a string  
Around his neck bore the key of his box,  
That twinkled gleams of the  
Lamp's sad beams  
Like a living thing.

What past can be yours, O journeying boy,  
Towards a world unknown,  
Who calmly, as if incurious quite  
On all at stake, can undertake  
This plunge alone?

Knows your soul a sphere, O journeying boy,  
Our rude realms far above,  
Whence with spacious vision  
You mark and mete  
This region of sin that you find you in,  
But are not of?

#### 3. Wagtail and Baby (A Satire)

Text: Thomas Hardy

A baby watched a ford, whereto  
A wagtail came for drinking;  
A blaring bull went wading through,  
The wagtail showed no shrinking.

A stallion splashed his way across,  
The birdie nearly sinking;  
He gave his plumes a twitch and toss,  
And held his own unblinking.

Next saw the baby round the spot  
A mongrel slowly slinking;  
The wagtail gazed, but faltered not  
In dip and sip and prinking

A perfect gentleman then neared;  
The wagtail, in a winking,  
With terror rose and disappeared;  
The baby fell a-thinking.

#### 4. The Little Old Table

Text: Thomas Hardy

Creak, little wood thing, creak,  
When I touch you with elbow or knee;  
That is the way you speak  
Of the one who gave you to me!

You, little table, she brought—  
brought me with her own hand,  
As she looked at me with a thought:  
That I did not understand.

—Whoever owns it anon,  
And hears it, will never know

What a history hangs upon  
This creak from long ago.

#### 5. The Choirmaster's Burial (or The Tenor Man's Story)

Text: Thomas Hardy

He often would ask us  
That, when he died,  
After playing so many  
To their last rest,  
If out of us any  
Should here abide,  
And it would not task us,  
We would with our lutes  
Play over him  
By his grave-brim  
The psalm he liked best—  
The one whose sense suits  
"Mount Ephraim"  
And perhaps we should seem  
To him, in death's dream,  
Like the seraphim.

As soon as I knew  
That his spirit was gone  
I thought this his due,  
And spoke thereupon.  
"I think" said the vicar,

“A read service quicker  
Than viols out-of-doors  
In these frosts and hoars.  
That old-fashioned way  
Requires a fine day,  
And it seems to me  
It had better not be.”  
Hence, that afternoon,  
Though never knew he  
That his wish could not be,  
To get through it faster  
They buried the master  
Without any tune.

But t’was said that, when  
At the dead of next night  
The vicar looked out,  
There struck on his ken  
Thronged roundabout,  
Where the frost was graying  
The headstoned grass,  
A band all in white  
Like the saints in church-glass,  
Singing and playing  
The ancient stave  
By the choirmaster’s grave.

Such the tenor man told  
When he had grown old.

**6. Proud Songsters  
(Thrushes, Finches and Nightingales)**

Text: Thomas Hardy

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.

**7. At the Railway Station, Upway  
(or The Convict and Boy with the Violin)**

Text: Thomas Hardy

‘There is not much that I can do,  
For I’ve no money that’s quite my own!’  
Spoke up the pitying child—  
A little boy with a violin  
At the station before the train came in—  
‘But I can play my fiddle to you,  
And a nice one ‘tis, and good in tone!’

The man in the handcuffs smiled;  
The constable looked, and he smiled, too,  
As the fiddle began to twang;  
And the man in the handcuffs  
Suddenly sang  
With grimful glee:  
‘This life so free  
Is the thing for me!’

And the constable smiled, and said no word,  
As if unconscious of what he heard;  
And so they went on till the train came in—  
The convict, and boy with the violin.

**8. Before Life and After**

Text: Thomas Hardy

A time there was—as one may guess  
And as, indeed, earth’s testimonies tell—  
before the birth of consciousness,  
When all went well.

None suffered sickness, love, or loss,  
None knew regret, starved hope, or heart-  
burnings;  
None cared whatever crash or cross  
Brought wrack to things.

If something ceased, no tongue bewailed,  
If something winced and waned, no heart was wrung;

If brightness dimmed, and dark prevailed.  
No sense was stung.

But the disease of feeling germed,  
And primal rightness took the tinct of wrong:  
Ere nescience shall be reaffirmed  
How long, how long?

**Four Songs**

*Texts taken from Tottel’s Miscellany (1557)*

**9. Brittle Beauty**

Text: Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey

Brittle beauty that nature made so frail,  
Whereof the gift is small, and short the season,  
Flow’ring to-day, to-morrow apt to fail,  
Tickle treasure, abhorr’d of reason;  
Dangerous to deal with, vain, of none avail,  
Costly in keeping, past not worth two peason,  
Slipper in sliding, as in an eles tail,  
Hard to obtain, once gotten, not geason;  
Jewel of jeopardy that peril doth assail,  
False and untrue, enticèd oft to treason,  
Enemy to youth; that most may I bewail.  
Ah, bitter sweet, infecting as the poison,  
Thou fairest as fruit that with the frost is taken,  
To-day ready ripe, to-morrow all to-shaken.

**10 Why fearest thou thy outward foe?**

Text: Anon.

Why fearest thou thy outward foe,  
When thou thyself thy harm dost feed?  
Of grief, or hurt, of pain, or woe,  
Within each thing is sown a seed.

So fine was never yet the cloth,  
No smith so hard his iron did beat,  
But the one consuméd was with moth,  
The other with canker all to fret.

The knotty oak and wainscoat old  
Within doth eat the silly worm:  
Even so a mind in envy roll'd  
Always within itself doth burn.

Thus every thing that Nature wrought  
Within itself his hurt doth bear:  
No outward harm need to be sought  
Where enemies be within so near.

**11 Shall I thus ever long?**

Text: Attr. to John Heywood

Shall I thus ever long, and be no whit the nearer?  
And shall I still complain to thee, the which me  
will not hear?

Alas! say nay! say nay! and be no more so dumb,  
But open thou thy manly mouth and say that thou  
wilt come:

Whereby my heart may think, although I see  
not thee,  
That thou wilt come — thy word so sware — if  
thou a live man be.

The roaring hugy waves they threaten my poor  
ghost,  
And toss thee up and down the seas in danger to  
be lost.

Shall they not make me fear that they have  
swallowed thee?

— But as thou art most sure alive, so wilt thou  
come to me.

Whereby I shall go see thy ship ride on the strand,  
And think and say “Lo where he comes, and sure  
here will he land!”

And then I shall lift up to thee my little hand,  
And thou shalt think thy heart in ease, in health to  
see me stand.

And if thou come indeed (as Christ thee send  
to do!)

Those arms which miss thee now shall then  
embrace thee too:

Each vein to every joint the lively blood  
shall spread  
Which now for want of thy glad sight doth show  
full pale and dead.

But if thou slip thy troth, and do not come at all,  
As minutes in the clock do strike so call for death  
I shall:

To please both thy false heart and rid myself  
from woe,  
That rather had to die in troth then live forsaken so!

**12 As lawrell leaves**

Text: Attr. to Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey

As lawrell leaves that cease not to be green  
From parching sun, nor yet from winter's threat:  
As harden'd oak that fear'th no sword so keen,  
As flint for tool in twain that will not fret,  
As fast as rock or pillar surely set  
So fast am I to you, and aye have been,  
Assuredly whom I cannot forget,  
For joy, for pain, for torment nor for tene,  
For loss, for gain, for frowning nor for threat,  
But ever one, yea, both in calm and blast,  
Your faithful friend, and will be to my last.

**13 Little think'st thou**

Text: John Donne

Little think'st thou, poor flower,

When I have watch'd six or seven days,  
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour  
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,  
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,

Little think'st thou,  
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall  
To-morrow find thee false, or not at all.

Little think'st thou, poor heart,  
That labours't yet to nestle thee,  
And think'st by hovering here to get a part  
In a forbidden or a forbidding tree,  
And hopest her stiffness by long siege to bow:

Little think'st thou  
That thou to-morrow, ere that sun doth wake,  
Must with this sun a journey take.

**14 Weathers**

Text: Thomas Hardy

This is the weather the cuckoo likes,  
And so do I;  
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,  
And nestlings fly;  
And the little brown nightingale bills his best,  
And they sit outside at “The Traveller's Rest”,  
And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,  
And citizens dream of the south and west,  
And so do I.

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,  
And so do I;  
When beeches drip in browns and duns,  
And thresh and ply;

And hill-hid tides throb, thro on thro,  
And meadow rivulets overflow,  
And drops on gate bars hang in a row,  
And rooks in families homeward go,  
And so do I.

### *Songs of Illumination*

#### 15 A Dream

Text: William Blake

Once a dream did weave a shade  
over my angel-guarded bed  
that an emmet lost its way  
where on grass methought I lay

troubled wildered and forlorn  
dark benighted travel-worn  
over many tangled spray  
all heart-broke I heard her say

“O my children  
do they hear their father sigh?  
now they look abroad to see  
now return and weep for me”

pitying I dropped a tear  
but I saw a glow-worm near  
who replied “what wailing wight  
calls the watchman of the night?”

I am set to light the ground,  
While the beetle goes his round  
follow now the beetle’s hum,  
little wanderer hie thee home”

#### 16 The Land of Dreams

Text: William Blake

Awake awake my little boy  
thou wast thy mothers only joy  
why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep?  
awake thy father does thee keep  
O what land is the land of dreams  
what are its mountains and what are its streams  
O father I saw my mother there  
among the lillies by waters fair  
among the lambs clothed in white  
she walked with her Thomas in sweet delight  
I wept for joy like a dove I mourn  
O when shall I again return?  
Dear child I also by pleasant streams  
have wandered all night in the land of dreams  
but though calm and warm waters wide,  
I could not get to the other side  
father O father what do we here  
in this land of unbelief and fear?  
the land of dreams is better far  
above the light of the morning star

#### 17 The Little Black Boy

Text: William Blake

My mother bore me in the southern wild,  
and I am black but my soul is white  
white as an angel is the English child  
but I am black as if bereaved of light

my mother taught me underneath a tree  
and sitting down before the heat of the day  
she took me on her lap and kissed me  
and pointed to the east began to say

look on the rising sun there God does live  
and gives his light, and gives his heat away  
and flowers and trees and beasts and men receive  
comfort in the morning joy in the noon day.

and we are put on earth a little space  
that we may learn to bear the beams of love  
and these black bodies and this sun-burnt face  
Is but a cloud and like a shady grove

for when our souls have learned the heat to bear  
the cloud will vanish we shall hear his voice.  
saying come out from the grove my love and care  
and round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.

thus did my mother say and kissed me  
and thus I say to little English boy

when I from black and he from white cloud free  
and round the tent of God like lambs we joy

I’ll shade him from the heat till he can bear  
to lean in joy upon our fathers knee  
and then I’ll stand and stroke his silver hair,  
and be like him and he will then love me

#### 18 Sally in our Alley

Text: Henry Carey

Of all the girls that are so smart  
There’s none like Pretty Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart  
And lives in our alley.  
There’s ne’er a lady in the land  
That’s half so sweet as Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart  
And lives in our alley.

Of all the days within the week,  
I dearly love but one day,  
And that’s the day that comes between  
A Saturday and Monday,  
For then I’m dressed all in my best,  
To walk abroad with Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart  
And lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work,  
I love her so sincerely:

My master comes like any Turk  
And bangs me most severely:  
But let him bang his bellyful  
I'll bear it all for Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart  
And lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church  
And often am I blamèd  
Because I leave him in the lurch  
As soon as text is namèd;  
I leave the church in sermon-time  
And slink away to Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart  
And lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all  
Make game of me and Sally,  
And, but for her, I'd better be  
A slave and row a galley;  
But when my seven long years are out,  
O then I'll marry Sally;  
O then we'll wed and then we'll bed,  
But not in our alley.

### 19 The Ploughboy

Text: Anon

A flaxen-headed cowboy, as simple as may be,  
And next a merry plough boy, I whistled o'er the lea;  
But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,  
And soon I'll be a butler, and whey my jolly face.  
When steward I'm promoted I'll snip the  
tradesmen's bill,  
My master's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill.  
When lolling in my chariot so great a man I'll be,  
You'll forget the little plough boy who whistled  
o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, and when I've made  
the pelf,  
I'll stand poll for the parliament, and then vote  
in myself.  
Whatever's good for me, sir, I never will oppose:  
When all my ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell  
my noes.

I'll joke, harangue and paragraph, with speeches  
charm the ear,  
And when I'm tired on my legs, then I'll sit down  
a peer.  
In court or city honour so great a man I'll be,  
You'll forget the little plough boy who whistled  
o'er the lea.

### 20 The Last Rose of Summer

Text: Thomas Moore

'Tis the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming alone;  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone;  
No flow'r of her kindred,  
No rosebud is nigh  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
To pine on the stem;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them;  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie senseless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from Love's shining circle  
The gems drop away!  
When true hearts lie wither'd,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?

### 21 How Sweet the Answer

Text: Thomas Moore

How sweet the answer Echo makes  
To music at night;  
When rous'd by lute or horn, she wakes,  
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,  
Goes answ'ring light.

Yet love hath echoes truer far,  
And far more sweet,  
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,  
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,  
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,  
And only then  
The sigh, that's breath'd for one to hear,  
Is by that one, that only dear,  
Breath'd back again.

22 **Ca' the Yowes**

Text: Robert Burns

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

Hark, the mavis' evening sang,  
Sounden Clouden woods amang;  
Then a folding let us gang,  
My bonnie dearie.

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

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
Thou hast stol'n my very heart;  
I can die, but canna part,  
My bonnie Dearie.

23 **Oliver Cromwell**

Text: Anon.

Oliver Cromwell lay buried and dead,  
Hee-haw, buried and dead,  
There grew an old apple-tree over his head,  
Hee-haw, over his head.

The apples were ripe and ready to fall,  
Hee-haw, ready to fall,  
There came an old woman to gather them all,  
Hee-haw, gather them all.

Oliver rose and gave her a drop,  
Hee-haw, gave her a drop,  
Which made the old woman go hippety hop,  
Hee-haw, hippety hop.

The saddle and bridle, they lie on the shelf,  
Hee-haw, lie on the shelf,  
If you want any more you can sing it yourself,  
Hee-haw, sing it yourself.



## NICK PRITCHARD

Nick Pritchard is widely acclaimed for his interpretations of J.S. Bach's music, particularly in the role of the Evangelist in the Passions. Described as a "masterly Evangelist" by *The Guardian*, he has performed these works extensively with leading baroque ensembles and conductors across Europe, North America, and Asia. His recording of the St John Passion (Evangelist) for Deutsche Grammophon with Sir John Eliot Gardiner earned international praise and was nominated for a Grammy Award for Best Choral Performance. Pritchard's performances of both the St John and St Matthew Passions have solidified his reputation as one of the foremost performers of Bach's sacred works.

On the concert platform, he has performed with renowned orchestras and ensembles including Ensemble Pygmalion, Concerto Köln, Les Talens Lyriques, Les Violons du Roy, L'Orchestre de Chambre de Paris, Britten Sinfonia, the English Concert, Academy of Ancient Music, Les Arts Florissants, The Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Philharmonia Orchestra and the BBC National Orchestra of Wales.



© Nick James

An accomplished stage performer, he has sung leading parts in works by Handel, Mozart, Purcell, and Monteverdi for renowned companies including the Royal Ballet and Opera, Glyndebourne, Opera North, Irish National Opera, and Opera Holland Park.

Nick has sung in several World Premieres, many of which were written specifically for his voice, including works by Mark Simpson, Ian Venables, Cassandra Miller, Gabriel Jackson, Daniel Kidane and Jonathan Dove

In recital, he has performed widely with leading pianists and at major festivals and venues. His refined programming and communicative style continue to win both audiences and critics alike.

[www.nickpritchard.co.uk](http://www.nickpritchard.co.uk)

## IAN TINDALE

'A wonderfully responsive and assured pianist' (The Telegraph), Ian Tindale is increasingly in demand as a specialist in song repertoire and chamber music, with partners on the song stage including Roderick Williams, Helen Charlston and Benjamin Appl. Highlights in 2025 include a return to the Aldeburgh Festival for a recital of Britten, Holst and Kidane with Nick Pritchard, and a recital at the Oxford International Song Festival with Soraya Mafi. Other frequent collaborators include James Gilchrist, Julien Van Mellaerts, Robin Tritschler, Ailish Tynan and Bethany Horak-Hallett.



© Ruth Atkinson

Ian has performed at the Edinburgh International Festival and the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and on BBC Radio 3 and the BBC World Service with BBC New Generation Artists tenor Santiago Sánchez and clarinetist Annelien Van Wauwe. Hailed as 'an articulate and sensitive partner' (Opera Today), other recital highlights in past seasons include at Salle Bourgie (Montréal),

Palau de la Música (Barcelona), and Het Concertgebouw (Amsterdam), and he has been invited to curate song recitals for the Ludlow English Song Weekend and the Samling Institute, both at the Wigmore Hall (London). His album of Schubert Lieder 'Love's Lasting Power' on Delphian Records with regular duo partner and soprano Harriet Burns was praised as 'a very fine disc indeed' (Gramophone) and received five stars from the BBC Music Magazine. Their second disc, 'A Short Story of Falling', will be released in summer 2025 and features two world premieres by Christopher Churcher and Derri Joseph Lewis.

In recent years, Ian has held roles as Official Pianist to the Wigmore Song Competition in London, the International Vocal Competition in 's-Hertogenbosch, and the Queen Elisabeth Competition in Brussels. Ian is also the founding Artistic Director of Shipston Song, an annual festival in the Cotswolds, UK, and he is a vocal repertoire and song coach at the Royal College of Music, London. Ian lives in Oxford with his partner, organist Richard Moore.

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



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SignumClassics, Signum Records Ltd., Suite 14, 21 Wadsworth Road, Perivale, Middlesex, UB6 7LQ, UK.  
+44 (0) 20 8997 4000 E-mail: [info@signumrecords.com](mailto:info@signumrecords.com)  
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