

The background of the entire cover is a photograph of a lush, green landscape. In the foreground, there are rolling green fields. In the middle ground, a small village with several houses and a church is visible, surrounded by trees. In the background, there are more hills under a dramatic sky with large, golden clouds and a bright sun setting or rising, creating a warm, golden light across the scene.

signum
CLASSICS

GREENSLEEVES

Folk Music of the British Isles

Armonico Consort
Christopher Monks *director*

GREENSLEEVES

FOLK MUSIC OF THE BRITISH ISLES

1	Lisa Lân	Traditional, arr. Geoffrey Webber	[2.49]
2	The Blue Bird	Charles Villiers Stanford	[3.59]
3	The Banks of my own Lovely Lee	Traditional, arr. Geoffrey Webber	[5.50]
4	She Moved Through the Fair	Traditional, arr. Toby Young	[3.23]
5	Lay a Garland	Robert Pearsall	[4.38]
6	Sweet Kitty	Traditional, arr. Geoffrey Webber	[3.20]
7	Suo Gân	Traditional, arr. Toby Young	[3.11]
8	I Love my Love	Traditional, arr. Gustav Holst	[4.29]
9	Dadl Dau	Traditional, arr. Geoffrey Webber	[1.20]
10	Now is the Month of Maying	Thomas Morley	[2.07]
11	An Rosen Wyn	Traditional, arr. Christopher Monks	[5.10]
12	Greensleeves	Traditional, arr. Geoffrey Webber	[3.28]
13	Loch Lomond	Traditional, arr. R. Vaughan Williams	[3.24]
14	O Love, 'tis a Calm Starry Night	Traditional, arr. Patrick Hadley	[2.59]
15	Wraggle Taggle Gipsies, O!	Traditional, arr. Geoffrey Webber	[2.03]

Total timings: [52.17]

ARMONICO CONSORT
CHRISTOPHER MONKS DIRECTOR

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INTRODUCTION

In its very early days, the singers of Armonico Consort travelled the length and breadth of the UK performing small scale programmes for Festivals and Music Clubs – it was during the second half of these concerts (Glory of Old England/Magic of Madrid/There's Something about Mary etc) that we developed our love for singing arrangements of folk songs from the British Isles. The audience reactions have always been so striking, and when asked why we have not developed a programme of folk music in its own strength, we have never had a good answer.

I first began my fascination with folk melody whilst a music scholar at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge where the choir would often sing arrangements to entertain the hoards of inebriated dons after feasts. These arrangements – often brilliant, eye opening, and sometimes little gems of genius – were written by my director of studies, Dr Geoffrey Webber. Quite simply, he took on the work of Vaughan Williams and gave it a new harmonic language inspired by music from the late 20th century.

Shortly after this introduction, I studied nationalism in music with Robin Holloway, an eminent composer. Robin encouraged us to understand how deeply rooted in other countries was their folk music heritage. From this heritage, music from countries such as Russia and Czechoslovakia have an easily identifiable colour, emotion and musical language. Countries across the globe, from Germany to Italy, and Spain to France all had their own language. Following the death of Purcell, this was not the case with music from the UK, that is not until Vaughan Williams and Elgar began their work.

Vaughan Williams was the first British composer who reinvented our national musical language, very simply by bringing back to life what we already had – melodies that had existed for centuries. Folk music. By harmonising it with gorgeous and imaginative means and putting it into instrumental textures others would not have thought of, slowly, the UK regained a position in the world as having truly identifiable and individual characteristics, which have only been influenced by itself.

In short, folk music from the British Isles is incredible, and in the programme Greensleeves, we take a selection from almost every region – some traditional arrangements by Vaughan Williams and Holst, some arrangements by Geoffrey Webber (as mentioned above) and others which are brand new – commissioned by Armonico Consort from Toby Young, aiming to continue from where Geoffrey left off.

The beauty of this programme is its simplicity. The one arrangement which triggered my love for the genre? *Lisa Lân*.

Christopher Monks

GREENSLEEVES

Folk Music of the British Isles

Lisa Lân (Fair Lisa) is a Welsh folk-song, a lover's lament for his dead Lisa, finally expressing his wish to be reunited with her in the after-life. Variants of the tune have been collected in Anglesey, some of them revealing a similarity to the Irish melody *Charley Reilly*. The haunting melody of *Lisa Lân* is used recurrently throughout Paul Haggis's 2004 film *Crash*. The arranger of the version recorded here, Dr. Geoffrey Webber, has been Precentor

and Director of Music Studies at Gonville and Caius College Cambridge since 1989. He has also published monographs on aspects of 17th-century music.

The Blue Bird by Charles Villiers Stanford (1854-1924), with words by Mary E. Coleridge (1861-1907 – novelist, poet and great-grandniece of the famous Coleridge), is his most celebrated part-song. Marked *Larghetto tranquillo*, this gem is the third of *8 Part-Songs, Opus 119*, all settings of texts by Mary Coleridge, who during her lifetime was much better known as a novelist. Highly regarded by a minority including some distinguished figures, her poetry is fresh and direct. Stanford's admiration of her work was not shared by many of his contemporaries, though Frank Bridge and Hubert Parry are among the exceptions.

In the Irish folk-song *The Banks of my own Lovely Lee* a man fondly reflects on his childhood and the beauty of his native land. The River Lee flows through Cork and the song is known as the anthem of the "Rebel County" of Cork. Though this nickname originated in the 15th Century, it is most often associated with the prominent role

which County Cork played in the Irish War of Independence (1919-1921). Dr. Geoffrey Webber arranged this folk-song (as well as the five other arrangements included on this disc) to be performed by the Caius Choir at College Feasts, following in the tradition of his three predecessors – Charles Wood, Patrick Hadley and Peter Tranchell.

She Moved Through the Fair is another Irish folk-song, though the melody has been traced in both Scotland and Ireland. The poet Padraic Colum and musicologist Herbert Hughes first collected scraps of it in County Donegal. Some verses were added by Colum and in this form it was published in 1909. Recorded here is a 5-part arrangement by Toby Young (born 1990, studied composition with Robin Holloway at Cambridge) which enhances its haunting character. Dating from 2013, it was premiered by Armonico Consort under Christopher Monks.

Lay a Garland by Robert Pearsall (1795-1856) is an 8-part setting of a text from *The Maid's Tragedy* – attributed to Francis Beaumont, but probably one of the many collaborations between Beaumont and John Fletcher. Born in Bristol into a Quaker family, Pearsall was an

amateur, probably self-taught composer most of whose works were published posthumously. He wrote many madrigals and part-songs for the Bristol Madrigal Society, including *Lay a Garland*, in which he employs suspension to poignant effect. In *The Maid's Tragedy* Aspasia learns that her betrothed has been coerced into marrying the king's mistress.

Sweet Kitty is the fifth work from the first series of *Folk-songs from Somerset*, an extensive collection by Cecil Sharp and Charles L. Marson published in 1905. Searching for folk-songs, Sharp had spent the end of the summer holidays of 1903 in the village of Hambridge, Somerset. Marson offered little encouragement: "The folk-song is like the duck-billed platypus ... you can live for years within a few yards of it and never suspect its existence." Eight years in Hambridge had left him "in Stygian ignorance of the wealth of art which that village contained". As Maud Kerpeles wrote in *Cecil Sharp: His Life and Work* - "The utmost tact and patience were needed to extract the songs from the recesses of the singers' memories and to overcome their shyness. 'Forty years ago', said one, 'I'd a-zung 'un out o' sight.' 'When you come to me all at once I can't come at it", said another and the only

way was to leave him 'to bide and stud.'" *Sweet Kitty* (also set by Imogen Holst among others) is a cautionary tale with the refrain "*Sing fol the diddle dero*", etc.

Suo Gân is a Welsh lullaby (the title simply means lullaby) which first appeared in print around 1800. The Welsh poet/musician Robert Bryan copied it from an old manuscript owned by Orig Williams of Llanberis at the foot of Snowdon and, adding some of his own words, published it in 1905. The melody features prominently in Spielberg's 1987 film *Empire of the Sun*. Toby Young's arrangement of *Suo Gân* (2013) was premiered by Armonico Consort.

The arrangement by Holst (1874-1934) of the Cornish folk-song *I Love my Love* was composed in 1916 (shortly after the completion of *The Planets*) as the fifth of *Six Choral Folk-Songs, Opus 36b*. The folk-song itself was discovered by George Barnet Gardiner around 1904. The song tells of a maiden incarcerated in an asylum, mentally unbalanced after her beloved's parents have banished their son to a life at sea. Holst's arrangement is both dramatic and sensitive, with a successive *più mosso, con passione* and *Vivace* for the climax of the fourth verse.

Dadl Dau (arranged here by Geoffrey Webber) is one of the most popular of Welsh folk-songs. Its earliest form in Wales was a melody called *Fflanti Too*, written down in abbreviated violin notation by John Thomas in 1752. When this was transcribed into traditional musical notation its relationship with *Dadl Dau* (Flaunting Two) became clear. However, the tune appears in *The Beggar's Opera* (1727) as *The sun had loos'd his weary teams* and only subsequently was it claimed as a Welsh tune. Yet it was popular in England even before *The Beggar's Opera* and in Devon and Somerset about a century ago it was popular as *The Hemp-dresser* or *The London Gentlewoman*.

One of the most loved of Renaissance madrigals, *Now is the Month of Maying* by Thomas Morley (1557/8-1602) was published in 1595 as the third work of *Balletts to Five Voyces*, Book 1. A ballett is a dance-like part-song akin to a madrigal, often with fa-la-la chorus. This irresistibly joyful piece, modelled on Orazio Vecchi's *So be mi ch'a bon tempo* (pub 1590), is an essential part of Oxford's May Morning celebrations, sung by Magdalen College Choir from the roof of the Great Tower.

An Rosen Wyn (The White Rose) is a popular Cornish folk-song of relatively narrow compass (a minor 7th). Apparently the song was first recorded by Peter Kennedy in Boscastle as late as 1975, from the singing of Charlie Jose. It has been suggested that the tune may have originated in America only to be, along with other songs, modified and adopted into the Cornish repertoire.

Greensleeves, in common with many folk-songs, has a fascinating history. Twice mentioned by Mistress Ford and once by Falstaff (*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, c.1602), the tune must have been well-known at that time. William Ballet's *Lute Book* of about 1580 seems to be the earliest known source. The suggestion that Henry VIII may have composed it for Anne Boleyn is easily discredited as the style has been shown to be based on an Italian model which was not adopted in England until after Henry's death.

The Scottish folk-song *Loch Lomond* (or *The Bonnie Banks O' Loch Lomond*) was first published in 1841 in *Vocal Melodies of Scotland*. According to Scottish tradition, the words imply that when a Scotsman dies his soul travels to Scotland before passing on to

the next world. Thus the high road pertains to the living and the low road to the dead. However, the original lyrics amounted to a Jacobean lament after the Battle of Culloden. According to one of the many interpretations based on this specific historical context, *Loch Lomond* is sung by the lover of a captured Jacobite rebel who is to be executed in London after a show trial. The executed rebels' heads would be stuck on pikes and displayed at major towns along the main road (or "high road") between London and Edinburgh, while relatives would walk back along the low road used by commoners.

O Love, 'tis a Calm Starry Night is a folk-song of probable Irish origin. A footnote to the 1897 publication *Irish folk-songs* by Alfred Perceval Graves states: "The words of this song are an adaptation of an old ballad supplied to us, with the air, by Dr. P. W. Joyce from his unpublished collection of Irish music." This Graves version is mentioned in Norman Cazden's *Folksongs of the Catskills* in connection with a version of *The little cabin-boy* but the original folk-song itself was never found in the Catskills. The arrangement recorded here is one of many specially written for the Caius Choir by Patrick Hadley (1899-1973). Born in Cambridge, Hadley became a close friend

of Vaughan Williams but never shared his missionary-like zeal for folk-song, although a subtle folk influence may be felt in his music. When he retired he planned to extend his interest in folk-music collection, but serious illness restricted his activities. Among his varied output the symphonic ballad *The Trees so High* and the cantatas *The Hills* and *Fen and Flood* are widely admired.

The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies, O! (arranged by Geoffrey Webber) appears in the same Cecil Sharp collection of *Folk-songs from Somerset* (No. 9 in the First Series), yet is believed to have originated as a Scottish border ballad before spreading all across Great Britain and even to North America. In 1890 it was translated into Anglo-Romany by the Gypsy Lore Society. It tells of a woman who abandons her life of luxury to run away with a band of gypsies.

Philip Borg-Wheeler



1 Lisa Lân

Pan fyddwyn rhodio gyda'r hwyr
Fy nghalon fach a dôdd fel cwyr
Urth glywed sŵn yr adar mân
Mae hiraeth mawr am Lisa lân.

Mae Lisa'n nwyfus ac yn llon
Ni wyr am gu y galon hon
Ond pan fwy'n rhodio'm min yr whyr
Mae hiraeth bron am llethu'n llwyr.

Gwyn fyd na chawn ni rodio'n rhydd
A chwrdd a meinwen dan y gwydd
A gwrando pyncio'r adar man
Am breichiau'n dyn am Lisa lân.

*When I walk in the evening
my little heart melts like wax
to hear the little birds sing
brings a great longing for fair Lisa.*

*Lisa is joyous and happy,
she knows not the pain of my heart
but when I walk at dusk
longing near overpowers me.*

*I would be blessed if I could but walk out and meet
a fair maid in the trees
and listen to the song of the little birds
with my arms tight around fair Lisa.*

2 The Blue Bird

The lake lay blue below the hill.
O'er it, as I looked, there flew
across the waters, cold and still,
there flew a bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,
the sky beneath me blue in blue.
A moment, ere the bird had passed,
it caught his image as he flew.
The lake lay blue below the hill.

3 The Banks of My Own Lovely Lee

Oh how oft do my thoughts in their fancy take flight
to the home of my childhood away,
to the days when each patriot's vision
seem'd bright
ere I dreamed that those joys should decay.
When my heart was as light as the wild winds
that blow
down the Mardyke through each elm tree,
where I sported and play'd 'neath each green
leafy shade
on the banks of my own lovely Lee.

And then in the springtime of laughter and song
can I ever forget the sweet hours?
With the friends of my youth as we rambled along
'mongst the green mossy banks and wild flowers.
Then too, when the evening sun's sinking to rest
shed its golden light over the sea
the maid with her lover the wild daisies pressed
on the banks of my own lovely Lee

'Tis a beautiful land this dear isle of song
its gems shed their light to the world,
and ye faithful sons bore thro' ages of wrong,
the standard St. Patrick unfurled.
Oh! Would I were there with the friends I love best
and my fond bosom's partner with me

we'd roam thy banks over, and when weary
we'd rest
by thy waters, my own lovely Lee,

Oh! What joys should be mine ere this life
should decline
to seek shells on thy sea-girdled shore.
While the steel-feathered eagle, oft splashing
the brine
brings longing for freedom once more.
Oh! All that on earth I wish for or crave
that my last crimson drop be for thee,
to moisten the grass on my forefathers' grave,
on the banks of my own lovely Lee.

4 She Moved Through the Fair

My own love said to me, my mother won't mind
and my father won't slight you for your lack
of kind,
she went away from me and this she did say:
it will not be long love till our wedding day.

She went away from me and she moved
through the fair,
and slowly I watched her move here
and move there,
she went away homeward with one star awake,
as the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

I dreamed last night my own love came in,
she came in so sweetly her feet made no din,
she came close beside me and this she did say:
it will not be long love till our wedding day.

The people were saying that we two were wed,
but one had a sorrow that never was said,
and I smiled as she passed with her goods
and her gear,
and that was the last that I saw of my dear.

5 Lay a Garland

Lay a garland on her hearse
of dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches wear;
Say, say she died true.
Her love was false, but she was firm.
Upon her buried body lie lightly,
thou gentle earth.

6 Sweet Kitty

As he was a-riding and a-riding one day,
he met with sweet Kitty all on the highway;
Sing fol the diddle dero, fol the diddle dero,
Sing lero, i day.

She blinded his eyes and she troubled his dreams:
And nothing henceforward is just what it seems.
Sing fol the diddle dero, fol the diddle dero,
Sing lero, i day.

Come saddle my horse and away I will ride
to meet with sweet Kitty down by the sea side.
Sing fol the diddle dero, fol the diddle dero,
Sing lero, i day.

He rode round her six times, but never did know;
Though she smiled in his face and said:
Theregoes my Beau.
Sing fol the diddle dero, fol the diddle dero,
Sing lero, i day.

He gazed in her face and he asked her name,
but he never had ears for the sound of the same.
Sing fol the diddle dero, fol the diddle dero,
Sing lero, i day.

If you would know my name you must go
and inquire.
I was born in old England, brought up in Yorkshire.
Sing fol the diddle dero, fol the diddle dero,
Sing lero, i day.

Now all you young fellows, just bear this in mind,
and don't miss you sweethearts, for Love

he is blind.
Sing fol the diddle dero, fol the diddle dero,
Sing lero, i day.

7 Suo Gân

Huna blentyn ar fy mynwes
Clyd a chynnes ydw hon;
Breichiau mam sy'n dynn amdanat,
cariad mam sy dan fy mron;
Ni chaiff dim amharu'th gyntun,
ni wna undyn â thi gam;
Huna'n dawel, annwyl blentyn,
Huna'n fwyn ar fron dy fam.

Huna'n dawel, heno, huna,
Huna'n fwyn, y tlws ei lub;
Pam yr wyt yn awr yn gwenu,
gwenu'n dirion yn dy hun?
Ai angylion fry sy'n gwenu,
Paid ag ofni, dim ond deilen
gura, gura ar y ddôr;
Paid ag ofni, ton fach u nig
sua, sua ar lan y môr;
Huna blentyn, ddim i roddi iti fraw;
Gwena'n dawel yn fy mynwes
ar yr engyl gwynion draw.

*Sleep child on my bosom
Cozy and warm is this;
Mother's arms are tight around you,
Mother's love is under my breast;
Nothing may affect your napping,
No man will cross you;
Sleep quietly, dear child,
Sleep sweetly on your mother's breast.*

*Sleep quietly, tonight, sleep;
Sleep sweetly, the pretty of his picture;
Why are you now smiling,
Smiling softly in your sleep?
Are angels above smiling,
Do not fear, nothing but a leaf
Knocks, knocks on the door;
Do not fear, a small lonely wave
Murmurs, murmurs on the seashore;
Sleep child, there's nothing here
Smile quietly in my bosom,
On the angels white yonder.*

8 I Love my Love

Abroad as I was walking,
one evening in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam
so sweetly for to sing;
Her chain she rattled with her hands,
and thus replied she:
*I love my love
because I know
my love loves me.*

Oh cruel were his parents
who sent my love to sea,
and cruel was the ship
that bore my love from me;
Yet I love his parents since they're his
although they've ruined me:
*I love my love
because I know
my love loves me.*

With straw I'll weave a garland,
I'll weave it very fine;
With roses, lillies, daisies,
I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll present it to my love
when he returns from sea.
*For I love my love
because I know
my love loves me.*

Just as she there sat weeping,
her love he came on land,
then, hearing she was in Bedlam,
he ran straight out of hand;
He flew into her snow-white arms,
And thus replied he
*I love my love
because I know
my love loves me!*

She said: "My love don't frighten me;
are you my love or no?"
"O yes, my dearest Nancy,
I am your love, also
I am returned to make amends
for all your injury.
*I love my love
because I know
my love loves me!*

So now these two are married,
And happy may they be
like turtle doves together,
in love and unity.
All pretty maids with patience wait
That have got loves at sea;
*I love my love
because I know
my love loves me!*

9 Dadl Dau

Trigai gwraig bur gysglyd gynt
Yn Llan Math afarn Eithaf
Bloedd iai'r gwr nes colli wynt
Hi gysgai er ei waethaf
Hei ho medd hi fel teisen fri
Medd yntau wedi sorri
Os nad wyd sal cwyd o dy wâl
Neu aros tan y fore

Tw'r o blant am ddeg o'r gloch
Ddechreusant sw'n a chyffro,
Gwedi bloeddio creulon croch,
Medd hithau'n hanner effro;
Am saldra'n awr, nis gwyddoch fawr,
Medd yntau, gwn o'r gore,
Dylyfu gêr yw'th saldra hen,
A'th glefyd di bob bore.

Yna gŵr y wraig ddi fudd
Darawyd gan y clefyd,
Cysgai'r plant tan hanner dydd,
A chysgai yntau hefyd;
Ddoi'r un o'i glwyd i'w fore fwyd,
Na chynnau tân y bore,
Ac felly siwr, y wraig a'r gwr
Wnaent gysgu am y gore.
Heiho!

10 Now is the Month of Maying

Now is the month of maying,
when merry lads are playing,
Fa la la la la la la la la,
fa la la la la la la la.

Each with his bonny lass
upon the greeny grass.
Fa la la la la la la la la,
fa la la la la la la la.

The Spring, clad all in gladness,
doth laugh at Winter's sadness,
Fa la la la la la la la la,
fa la la la la la la la.

And to the bagpipe's sound
the nymphs tread out their ground.
Fa la la la la la la la la,
fa la la la la la la la.

Fie then! Why sit we musing,
youth's sweet delight refusing?
Fa la la la la la la la la,
fa la la la la la la la.

Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,
shall we play barley-break?
Fa la la la la la la la la,
fa la la la la la la la.

11 An Rosen Wyn

My agaran rosen wyn mar whek
mar dek del dyfhy,
An rosen wyn mar splan mar
vryntyn a dhre dha gof aoma dhevy!
Kensa pan whelys ow whek oll,
yth esta mar dek avel ros;
Mes lemmyn mar dhys lyw dha vejeth,
mar wyn avel rosen mayth os.

12 Greensleeves

Alas, my love, ye do me wrong,
to cast me off discourteously.
And I have loved you so long,
delighting in your company.

*Greensleeves was all my joy
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
and who but my lady Greensleeves.*

I have been ready at your hand,
to grant whatever you would crave,
I have both wagered life and land,
your love and good-will for to have.

The first time I met you my love,
your face was as fair as the rose!

But now your face has grown paler;

As pale as the lily white rose.

Greensleeves...

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
but still thou hadst it readily.
Thy music still to play and sing;
and yet thou wouldst not love me.

Greensleeves...

Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu,
God I pray to prosper thee:
For I am still thy lover true,
come once again and love me.

Greensleeves...

13 Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks and yon bonnie braes,
where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
on the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

*O you'll take the high road, and I'll take
the low road,
and I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
but me and my true love will never meet again,
on the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.*

'Twas there that we parted, in yon shady glen,
on the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
where, in purple hue, the highland hills we view,
and the moon coming out in the gloaming.

O you'll take the high road...

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
and in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
but the broken heart it kens nae second
spring again,
tho' the woeful may cease frae their greeting.

O you'll take the high road...

14 O Love, 'tis a Calm Starry Night

O love, 'tis a calm starry night;
No breath stirs the leaves below;
My steed is at the door,
and my ship is at the shore,
then come down to me, my darling, and away,
away we'll go;
Then come down and far, and far away we'll go.

O your guardian is sleeping above,
base churl, with his taunt and blow!
The house is all at rest
only you that I love best,
like a busy mouse keep rustling to and fro,
and to and fro
to make ready still keep rustling to and fro.

Now soft you come stealing down the stair.
My heart it is all in a glow
O stay your silent tears,
O cease your maiden fears!
For the world's wealth I'd never from you go,
or work you woe
For the world's worth how could I use you so?

15 Wraggle Taggle Gypsies, O!

There were three gypsies a-come to my door,
And downstairs ran this a-lady, O!
One sang high and another sang low,
And the other sang bonny, bonny, Biscay, O!

Then she pulled off her silk finished gown
and put on hose of leather, O!
The ragged, ragged, rags about our door,
she's gone with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O!

It was late last night, when my Lord came home,
enquiring for his a-lady, O!
The servants said, on every hand,
she's gone with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O!

O saddle to me my milk-white steed,
go and fetch me my pony, O!
That I may ride and seek my bride,
who is gone with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O!

O he rode high and he rode low,
he rode through woods and copses too,
until he came to an open field,
and there he espied his a-lady, O!

What makes you leave your house and land?
What makes you leave your money, O?
What makes you leave your new wedded Lord?
To go with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O!

What care I for my house and my land?
What care I for my money, O?
What care I for my new wedded Lord?
I'm off with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O!

Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
with the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
And to-night you'll sleep in a cold open field,
along with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O!

What care I for a goose-feather bed?
with the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field,
along with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O!



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ARMONICO CONSORT

Soprano

Jenni Harper
Eloise Irving ^{1, 7}
Philippa Murray ^{2, 3, 6, 12}
Felicity Rose Rogers

Alto

Felicity Buckland
Clara Kanter ⁴

Tenor

Guy Simcock ⁷
Matthew Vine ^{1, 3, 4, 6, 13}

Bass

Francis Brett ¹²
Toby Young

Numbers indicate tracks on which singer performs as a soloist.



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One of the largest and most innovative organisations of its kind in the UK, Armonico Consort aims to inspire audiences across the country and beyond with its unique programmes.

Performing with the finest singers and instrumentalists using authentic period instruments, the group regularly works with some of the world's greatest musicians, including Sir Willard White, Dame Emma Kirby, Nicola Benedetti and Elin Manahan Thomas. Critically acclaimed for its performances and recordings, with several five star reviews from The Times, The Independent, The Guardian and Financial Times, Armonico Consort brings exceptional music to as broad an audience as possible.

Past highlights include *The Magic Flute* at the Barbican, Vivaldi's *Violin Concertos* with Nicola Benedetti at the Hampton Court Palace Festival, Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* with The Philharmonia and large scale performances with thousands of AC Academy members at the Royal Albert Hall. The group has also worked with many inspirational names over the years, including Jeremy Irons, Dame Judi Dench and Dame Evelyn Glennie.

Armonico Consort is the proud founder of AC Academy, an educational programme to provide free, first-class music education opportunities to children from all backgrounds across the UK. Over 150,000 children have benefitted from the AC Academy thus far, and the scheme currently reaches 15,000 young people a year.

CHRISTOPHER MONKS

A dynamic and innovative conductor and keyboard player, Christopher Monks is the founder and Artistic Director of Armonico Consort.

He has conducted at many of the major concert halls in the UK and abroad, including the Royal Albert Hall, the Barbican, Wigmore Hall, Cadogan Hall, the Bridgwater Hall in Manchester, the Symphony Hall in Birmingham, Tel Aviv, Naples, Paris, Dublin and Sardinia. In addition to his work with Armonico, he has conducted ensembles including the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, the Philharmonia, and European Union Chamber Orchestra, and has worked regularly with many of the major UK festivals.

Christopher studied music at the University of Cambridge, and then with David Hill at Winchester Cathedral, before collaborating with many of the world's greatest conductors as a keyboard player with the CBSO.

Specialising in the music from the Renaissance, Baroque and Classical, Christopher's performances have earned him several five star reviews in The Times and The Independent, and his



recordings are played regularly on Classic FM, BBC Radio 3, and on radio stations across the globe.

Christopher is also founder of the AC Academy education network, which has delivered free first class musical opportunities to over 150,000 children across the UK since it began in 2004.

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