

**NAXOS**

John **IRELAND** E.J. **MOERAN**

**Choral Music**

**A Cradle Song • Sea Fever • Songs of Springtime**

**David Owen Norris, Piano**

**The Carice Singers • George Parris**



**John Ireland (1879-1962)**

**E.J. Moeran (1892-1950)**

1 A Cradle Song (1912)	2:34	Songs of Springtime (1929)	13:16
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13 They told me, Heraclitus (1925)	2:45	25 I. Phyllida and Corydon – Madrigal	3:14
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**John Ireland (1879-1962) and E.J. Moeran (1892-1950)**

**Choral Music**

Renowned for his outstanding catalogue of piano miniatures and solo songs, John Ireland is little known these days as a composer of partsongs, but though his output was slender, he brought a polish and artistry to the genre which evinces a consummate understanding of choral forces gained from many years as organist at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Square and St Luke's, Chelsea. His first effort, a setting of Thomas Campion's *The Peaceful Western Wind* [4] dates from the late 1890s when he was still a student. Unpublished until 1994, it reveals a stylistic deference to the partsongs of his masters, Parry and Stanford. The Campion text is also typical of the reawakening of interest in Elizabethan and Jacobean texts (as already shown in Parry's two sets of *Elizabethan Lyrics* and Stanford's *Elizabethan Pastorales*) and this predilection continued for Ireland in Thomas Nashe's *Spring, the sweet Spring* (1908) [5], an attractive modified strophic design with suitably onomatopoeic refrain (dedicated to Lionel Benson and the Magpie Minstrel Society), the plangent *Weep you no more, sad fountains* [2] (1909) and a further Campion setting for voices and piano, *In praise of Neptune* (1911) [6], a muscular, unison tune (probably intended for use in schools) which he later orchestrated. Between 1910 and 1912 Ireland turned to the poetry of William Blake's magical *Songs of Innocence* and set three of the poems. The first, *Laughing Song* (1910) [3], left in manuscript by the composer, is a joyous (and demanding) *Scherzo* in which nature joins in the human experience of merriment; *Cupid* [7], probably written in or around 1912, though not published until 1961, is another *Scherzo* but more wryly quizzical in its questioning demeanour. In marked contrast to the skittish humour of the two *scherzi*, *A Cradle Song* (1912) [1] is an exquisite lullaby. Ireland's handling of material here is masterly – a simple melody, a gentle rocking 'charm', tender suspensions, brief yet telling modulations suggestive of a disturbing darkness – in its evocation of protective childhood innocence, far from the taint of adulthood. The setting of *Sea Fever* [8] from John

Masefield's *Saltwater Poems and Ballads* of 1902 remains one of Ireland's best known and most frequently performed songs. Written in 1913, its later arrangement for baritone, male-voice choir and piano by Mansel Thomas was clearly intended for the tradition of Welsh male-voice choirs which Thomas knew well, though the arrangement also lends itself well to the rough-hewn, male-orientated, maritime world that Masefield envisaged in his poetry.

After the First World War, Ireland provided tunes for two hymns devoted to the peace across the continents. *Irene*, a full-bodied unison melody, was written for Alfred Moss's *Hymns for the Celebration of Peace* in 1918. Implicit in the text and music is a lingering sentiment of patriotism. *Fraternity*, on the other hand, written a year later, explored a very different world. Published in the first volume of the official publication of the League of the Arts for National and Civic Ceremony, *The Motherland Song Book*, the words of this unusual hymn were selected from verses from John Addington Symonds's poem *A vista*. There is little or no religious allusion here; instead, the poem – entitled *These things shall be* [9] (which Ireland would later use for his eponymous choral work in 1937) – expresses those aspirations of a war-torn Britain emerging from an unprecedented world conflagration in which mankind will live 'unarmed... as comrades free' in search of a better world. They were sentiments of a new democratic order, a new race of men, imbued with a socialist, not to say communist idealism (which Ireland later firmly rejected) and a renewed sense of pacifism that had been rejected in the years before 1914.

Ireland did not compose any partsongs until after the First World War when a distinct change in his style is observable. For *When May is in his prime* [6], an element of sixteenth-century modality is detectable – more so than in his earlier forays with English renaissance poetry – a stylistic feature appropriate to the literary source of the Tudor poet (and composer) Richard Edwardes. This reference to England's madrigalian past (which is

particularly evident in the becalmed refrains) is, however, exploited in search of a more acerbic harmonic vocabulary in which modality and chromaticism mingle in greater concentration with a more dissonant control of diatonicism. These linguistic aspects were already forming part of Ireland's more advanced vocabulary in his solo songs of the period, notably in his cycle *The Land of Lost Content* (1920-21), and this is also palpable in his partsong setting of Tobias Hume's passionate declaration of love, *Fain would I change that note* (1921) [8]. Christina Rossetti's romantic and devotional poetry had already manifested its appeal to Ireland in his song cycle *Mother and Child* (1918), and once again it proved to be an inspiration for *Twilight Night* (1922) [9], a heartfelt narrative of close friendship severed by distance and duty, yet imbued with the yearning hope of future meeting and remembrance. Deeply moving in its evocation of a melancholy nostalgia, and so redolent of a war-weary Britain of the early 1920s, this is Ireland at his best. Three years later, another setting about the remembrance of friendship, this time of William Cory's splendid translation of *Heraclitus* [13] (by Callimachus of Hallicarnassus), was composed for Herbert Hughes and the De Reszke Singers (a group of singers who had all been pupils of the renowned Polish tenor, Jean de Reszke). A brooding, sinuous elegy in B flat minor, the partsong has much in common thematically (especially in the last phrase of each verse) with the rueful *Epilogue of The Land of Lost Content* published just a few years before and also presaged similar material in the forthcoming song collections of *Five Poems by Thomas Hardy* (1926) and *Songs Sacred and Profane* (1929-30).

After his evacuation from Guernsey in June 1940 (and he was one of the last to escape with his former pupils John Longmire and Percy Turnbull), Ireland resided with friends, first in Hertfordshire and then in Essex. It was during this time, in 1942, that he responded to a request from Leslie Woodgate and the BBC Singers with a setting of Henry Compton's *Immortality* [12]. Looking back to the robust diatonic languages of Parry, Stanford and Elgar, the song, with its message of determination and steadfastness, shares a good deal with the style Ireland

forged in the 1930s in choral works such as *These things shall be* (1936-37) [10]. The national fervency of *Immortality* found voice again in James Kirkup's *The Hills* [11] which Ireland contributed to *A Garland for the Queen* (a set of partsongs by a cross-section of living British composers to celebrate the coronation of Elizabeth II in 1953). A gentle tribute to the monarch, its opening and closing gestures seem to quote, nostalgically, from the slow movement of Elgar's *First Symphony*.

Having begun his studies as a composer with Charles Villiers Stanford at the Royal College of Music in 1913, Ernest John Moeran joined the Norfolk Regiment and saw active service in France during the First World War. After being wounded and later demobilised, he resumed his studies at the RCM with John Ireland in 1920. Ireland's influence on Moeran was certainly strong, but it was the music critic and writer Philip Heseltine (otherwise known as the composer Peter Warlock) who made the strongest impression during their friendship of the 1920s. Heseltine's passion for Elizabethan and Jacobean song and poetry clearly infected the emerging Moeran whose own solo songs and partsongs amply reflect the same enthusiasm. This is certainly evident from the three early settings he wrote in 1922 and 1923. *Weep you no more, sad fountains* [14] and especially the extraordinarily intense lament *Robin Hood borne on his bier* (which bears comparison with Warlock's *A Full Heart*) already show Moeran's propensity for introspective melancholy and the use of trenchant chromaticism influenced by the harmonic experiment of Warlock and his mentor, Bernard van Dieren. The more buoyant setting of Herrick's famous lyric *Gather ye rosebuds* reveals an assimilation of metrical fluidity gained from a knowledge of the Elizabethan madrigal, and it was this affinity that led to the completion of *Songs of Springtime* [15] in 1929. While evincing techniques of imitation and word-painting common to the madrigals of his Elizabethan forbears, and a refinement of his musical language, the individual songs also betray a deference towards the renaissance dance (as essayed in Warlock's *Capriol Suite* of 1926). Shakespeare's *Under the greenwood tree* [16] is a basse dance, *The River-God's Song* [17] a pavane, *Spring, the sweet spring* [18] its partnering

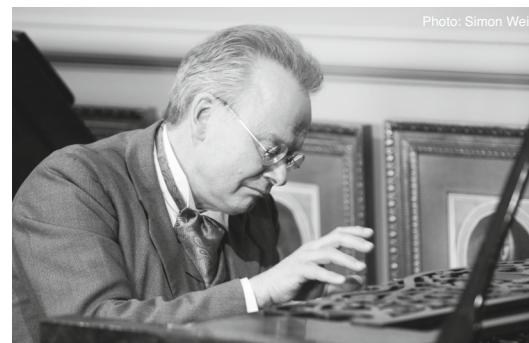
*galliard* and *Sigh no more ladies* [20], for all its irregular 5/8 metre, a ballet; while *Good Wine* [21] (which surely presages the *Galop* in Moeran's later *Serenade* for orchestra) is a drinking song, a genre much favoured by Warlock. *Love is a sickness* [19] betrays an affinity with the airs of Dowland and Campion, not only in its melancholic melody but also through its affecting chromaticisms. A similar vein of melancholy haunts the last of the set, *To Daffodils* [22], in which Moeran succinctly captures the valedictory disposition of Herrick's well-known poem.

This Elizabethan trend continued in *Blue-eyed Spring* (1931) [23], a song for solo tenor (with pastiche lyrics by Robert Nichols) and a choral ballet-like 'fa la' accompaniment, and, in 1939, with a second collection (dubbed a 'Choral Suite') entitled *Phyllida and Corydon*, dedicated to another passionate lover of Elizabethan music, Constant Lambert. Choosing his poems with great care (in which the love-sick youths Corydon and Phyllida are central to the theme of love and all its foibles) Moeran is much more specific with his genres, assigning

'madrigal' to three, 'pastoral' to two, 'air' to two with one 'canzonet' and one 'ballet'. Some of the pieces are conspicuously more ambitious in scope and difficulty as is evident from the amusing encounter of the lovers, Phyllis and Corydon, in the opening number [25], the sensuous *Beauty sat bathing by a spring* [26] with its rueful refrain and the lively *Corydon, arise* [27]. Others such as the ravishing pastoral *On a hill there grows a flower* [28] (which looks forward to the central episode of *Overture to a Masque* of 1944), the jaunty ballet *Said I that Amaryllis* [29] and the metrically quirky canzonet *The treasure of my heart* [30] are shorter and more concise like those of *Songs of Springtime*. Also in this category is the air *While she lies sleeping* [31] (actually another setting of 'Weep you no more, sad fountains'), a true gem and, in its deeply pensive interpretation of the text, powerfully characteristic of the brooding chromatic language the composer had explored so potently in his *Symphony in G minor* of 1937.

Jeremy Dibble

## David Owen Norris



David Owen Norris is a pianist, composer and broadcaster. He has performed all over the world since his appointment as the first Gilmore Artist in 1991. His compositions include a *Symphony*, a gloriously tuneful *Piano Concerto*, the oratorios *Prayerbook* and *Turning Points*, and the multi-media tribute to the passing seasons, *HengeMusic*. His *Inside the Score* programmes on BBC2 television are a popular feature of the Proms.

## The Carice Singers



The Carice Singers are an ensemble comprised of some of the United Kingdom's best young professional singers, noted for their "freshness of tone" and "careful musicality" (*Gramophone*). Named after the daughter of Sir Edward Elgar, the choir aims to bring an imaginative approach to choral music of the Romantic period and beyond, frequently drawing upon the latest academic research to produce original and insightful programmes. Launched in 2011 with an inaugural recital of Elgar's choral works in the Cotswolds, the choir maintains a tradition of performing in rural areas, as well as making appearances at more familiar venues. Among The Carice Singers' ongoing projects is a mini-series of recordings for Naxos featuring choral music by lesser-known British composers, including Peter Warlock, E.J. Moeran and Arnold Bax.

## George Parris



George Parris is a singer, conductor and student of early twentieth-century Anglo-Irish music. In 2011 he was awarded the Elgar Society's Certificate of Merit for initiating an Elgar Festival at his school, St Edward's, Oxford. In the same year, he founded The Carice Singers, and has since directed the choir in a number of concerts and one critically acclaimed recording. He has recently completed a Master's Degree at the University of Oxford, in which he focussed on the 'Irish' music of Sir Arnold Bax. George Parris now works as an artistic administrator for Longborough Festival Opera, which he combines with a Lay Clerkship at Magdalen College, Oxford.

### 1 A Cradle Song

Sleep, Sleep, beauty bright,  
Dreaming in the joys of night;  
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep  
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face  
Soft desires I can trace,  
Secret joys and secret smiles,  
Little pretty infant whiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel  
Smiles as of the morning steel  
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast  
Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh the cunning wiles that creep  
In thy little heart asleep!  
When thy little heart doth wake,  
Then the dreadful night shall break.

*William Blake (1757-1827)*

### 2 Weep you no more (Ireland)

Weep you no more, sad fountains;  
What need you flow so fast?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!  
But my sun's heavenly eyes  
View not your weeping,  
That now lies sleeping,  
Softly now, softly lies  
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,  
A rest that peace begets;  
Doth not the sun rise smiling  
When fair at e'en he sets?  
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!  
Melt not in weeping,  
While she lies sleeping,  
Softly now, softly lies  
Sleeping.

*Anon., 16th Century*

### 3 Laughing Song

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,  
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;  
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,  
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,  
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;  
When Mary and Susan and Emily  
With their sweet round mouths sing "Ha ha he!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,  
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread:  
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,  
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha ha he!"

*William Blake*

### 4 The Peaceful Western Wind

The peaceful western wind  
The winter storms hath tamed  
And Nature in each kind  
The kind heart hath inflamed  
The forward buds so sweetly breathe  
Out of their earthly bow'rs  
That heav'n which views their pomp beneath  
Would fain be deck'd with flow'rs.

See how the morning smiles  
On her bright eastern hill  
And with soft steps beguiles  
Them that lie slumbering still!  
The music loving birds are come  
From cliffs and rocks unknown  
To me the trees and briars bloom  
That late were overthrown.

What Saturn did destroy  
Love's Queen revives again  
And now her naked Boy  
Doth in the fields remain  
When he such pleasing change doth view  
In ev'ry living thing  
As if the world were born anew  
To gratify the Spring.

*Thomas Campion (1567-1620)*

### 5 Spring, the sweet Spring

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!  
Spring! The sweet Spring!

*Thomas Nashe (1567-1601)*

### 6 When May is in his prime

When May is in his prime, then may each heart rejoice,  
When May bedecks each branch with green,  
each bird strains forth his voice.  
The lively sap creeps up into the blooming thorn,  
The flowers, which cold in prison kept,  
now laugh the frost to scorn.  
All nature's imps triumph which joyful May doth last,  
When May is gone, of all the year the pleasant time is past.

May makes the cheerful hue,  
May breeds and brings new blood,  
May marches throughout every limb,  
May makes the merry mood.  
May pricketh tender hearts, their warbling notes to tune,  
Full strange it is yet some we see do make their May in June.  
Thus things are strangely wrought while joyful May does last,  
When May is gone, of all the year the pleasant time is past.

All you that live on earth, and have your May at will,  
Rejoice in May, as I do now, and use your May with skill.  
Use May while that you may, for May has but his time,  
When all the fruit is gone it is too late the tree to climb.  
Your liking and your lust is fresh while May doth last,  
Take May in time,  
when May is gone the pleasant time is past.

*Richard Edwardes (1525-1566)*

### 7 Cupid

Why was Cupid a boy,  
And why a boy was he?  
He should have been a girl,  
For aught that I can see.

For he shoots with his bow,  
And the girl shoots with her eye,  
And they both are merry and glad,  
And laugh when we do cry.

Then to make Cupid a boy  
Was surely a woman's plan;  
For a boy never learns so much  
Till he has become a man.

And then he's so plex'd with cares,  
And wounded with arrowy smarts,  
That the whole business of his life  
Is to pick out the heads of the darts.

*William Blake*

### 8 Fain would I change that note

Fain would I change that note  
To which fond Love hath charm'd me  
Long, long to sing by rote,  
Fancying that that harm'd me:  
Yet when this thought doth come  
'Love is the perfect sum  
Of all delight!'  
I have no other choice  
Either for pen or voice  
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much  
That say thy fruit is bitter,  
When thy rich fruit is such  
As nothing can be sweeter.  
Fair house of joy and bliss,  
Where truest pleasure is,  
I do adore thee:  
I know thee what thou art,  
I serve thee with my heart,  
And fall before thee.

*Tobias Hume (1579-1645)*

### 9 Twilight Night

We met hand to hand,  
We clasped hands close and fast,  
As close as oak and ivy stand  
But it is past;  
Come day, come night, day comes at last.

We loosed hand from hand,  
We parted face from face:  
Each went his way to his own land  
At his own pace,  
Each went to fill his separate place.

If we should meet one day,  
If both should not forget,  
We shall clasp hands the accustomed way,  
As when we met,  
So long ago, as I remember yet.

*Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)*

### 10 These things shall be

These things shall be! A loftier race  
Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise,  
With flame of freedom in their souls,  
And light of science in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong,  
To spill no drop of blood, but dare  
All that may plant man's lordship firm  
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,  
In-armed shall live as comrades free;  
In every heart and brain shall throb  
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould  
And mightier music thrill the skies,  
And every life shall be a song,  
When all the earth is paradise.

These things – they are no dream – shall be  
For happier men when we are gone:  
These golden days for them shall dawn,  
Transcending aught we gaze upon.

*John Addington Symonds (1840-1893)*

### 12 Immortality

These fields, which now lie smiling in the sun,  
Were tamed and schooled to harvest long ago  
By men whose lives, whose names, we cannot know,  
Who went in silence when their work was done.

Their furrows, slowly traced, their crops, hard-won,  
Have vanished like some ancient winter's snow,  
Their hearts, dispersed in dust, have ceased to glow,  
Mere random bones declare their race is run.

And yet within the fields there lie in wait  
Strange virtues which to them, not us, belong,  
And as we plod behind the plough, which bares  
The gracious earth they wooed, we know the strong  
Compulsion laid by them on all their heirs,  
And cannot choose but plough our furrows straight.

*Henry P. Compton*

### 13 They told me, Heraclitus

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,  
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.  
I wept as I remember'd how often you and I  
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,  
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,  
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake;  
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

*William Cory (1823-1892)*

### 15 In praise of Neptune

Of Neptune's empire let us sing,  
At whose command the waves obey;  
To whom the rivers tribute pay,  
Down the high mountains sliding:  
To whom the scaly nation yields  
Homage for the crystal fields  
Wherein they dwell:  
And every sea-dog pays a gem  
Yearly out of his wat'ry cell  
To deck great Neptune's diadem.

The Tritons dancing in a ring  
Before his palace gates do make  
The water with their echoes quake,  
Like the great thunder sounding:  
The sea-nymphs chant their accents shrill,  
And the sirens, taught to kill  
With their sweet voice,  
Make ev'ry echoing rock reply  
Unto their gentle murmuring noise  
The praise of Neptune's empery.

*Thomas Campion*

### Songs of Springtime

#### 16 Under the greenwood tree

Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleas'd with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

*William Shakespeare (1564-1616)*

### 17 The River-God's Song

Do not fear to put thy feet  
Naked in the river sweet;  
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,  
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;  
Nor let the water, rising high,  
As thou wadest, make thee cry  
And sob; but ever live with me,  
And not a wave shall trouble thee!

*John Fletcher (1579-1625)*

### 18 Spring, the sweet Spring

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!  
Spring! The sweet Spring!

*Thomas Nashe*

### 19 Love is a sickness

Love is a sickness full of woes,  
All remedies refusing;  
A plant that with most cutting grows,  
Most barren with best using,  
Why so?  
More we enjoy it, more it dies;  
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries —  
Heigh ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,  
A tempest everlasting;  
And Jove hath made it of a kind  
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.  
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;  
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries —  
Heigh ho!

*Samuel Daniel (1562-1619)*

**20 Sigh no more, ladies**

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever;  
One foot in sea and one on shore;  
To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so,  
But let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny;  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into Hey nonny, nonny.  
Sing no more ditties, sing no more,  
Of dumps so dull and heavy;  
The fraud of men was ever so  
Since summer first was leavy.  
Then sigh not so,  
But let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny;  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

*William Shakespeare*

**21 Good Wine**

Now that the Spring hath filled our veins  
With kind and active fire,  
And made green liveries for the plains,  
And every grove a choir;

Sing we a song of merry glee,  
And Bacchus fill the bowl.  
Then here's to thee! And thou to me  
And every thirsty soul.

*Robert Herrick (1591-1674)*

Nor care nor sorrow e'er paid debt,  
Nor never shall do mine;  
I have no cradle going yet,  
Not I, by this good wine.

No wife at home to send for me,  
No hogs are in my ground,  
No suit at law to pay a fee;  
Then round, old jockey, round!

Shear sheep that have them, cry we still,  
But see that no man 'scape  
To drink of the sherry  
That makes us so merry,  
And plump as the lusty grape.

*William Browne, of Tavistock (1590-1645)*

**22 To Daffodils**

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attain'd his noon.  
Stay, stay  
Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to the evensong,  
And, having pray'd together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,  
We have as short a spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or anything.  
We die,  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away,  
Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

**23 Blue-eyed Spring**

Now has the blue-eyed Spring  
Sped dancing through the plain.  
Girls weave a daisy chain;  
Boys race beside the sedge;  
Dust fills the blinding lane;  
May lies upon the hedge:  
All creatures love the spring!

The clouds laugh on, and would  
Dance with us if they could;  
The larks ascend and shrill;  
A woodpecker fills the wood;  
Jays laugh crossing the hill:  
All creatures love the spring!

The lithe cloud-shadows chase  
Over the whole earth's face,  
And where winds ruffling veer  
O'er wooded streams' dark ways  
Mad fish upscudding steer:  
All creatures love the spring!

Into the dairy cool  
Run, girls, to drink thick cream!  
Race, boys, to where the stream  
Winds through a rumbling pool,  
And your bright bodies fling  
Into the foaming cool!  
For we'll enjoy our spring!

*Robert Nichols (1893-1944)*

**24 Weep you no more (Moeran)**

Weep you no more, sad fountains;  
What need you flow so fast?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!  
But my sun's heavenly eyes  
View not your weeping,  
That now lies sleeping,  
Softly now, softly lies  
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,  
A rest that peace begets;  
Doth not the sun rise smiling  
When fair at e'en he sets?  
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!  
Melt not in weeping,  
While she lies sleeping,  
Softly now, softly lies  
Sleeping.

*Anon., 16th Century*

**Phyllida and Corydon**

**25 Phyllida and Corydon**  
In the merry month of May,  
In a morn by break of day,  
Forth I walked by the woodside,  
When as May was in his pride:  
There I spied all alone  
Phyllida and Corydon.  
Much ado there was, God wot!  
He would love and she would not.

She said, never man was true;  
He said, none was false to you.  
He said, he had loved her long;  
She said, Love should have no wrong.  
Corydon would kiss her then;  
She said, maids must kiss no men  
Till they did for good and all.  
Then she made the shepherd call  
All the heavens to witness truth  
Never loved a truer youth.

Thus with many a pretty oath,  
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,  
Such as silly shepherds use  
When they will not love abuse.  
Love, which long hath been deluded,  
Was with kisses sweet concluded;  
And Phyllida with garlands gay,  
Was made the Lady of the May.

*Nicholas Breton (1545-1626)*

**26 Beauty sat bathing by a spring**

Beauty sat bathing by a spring,  
Where fairest shades did hide her,  
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,  
The cool streams ran beside her.  
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye  
To see what was forbidden:  
But better memory said Fie,  
So vain desire was chidden.

*Hey nonny nonny.*

Into a slumber then I fell,  
And fond imagination  
Seemed to see, but could not tell  
Her feature or her fashion.  
But even as babes in dreams do smile  
And sometimes fall a-weeping,  
So I awaked as wise that while  
As when I fell a-sleeping.

*Hey nonny nonny.*

*Anthony Munday (c. 1560-1633)*

**27 On a hill there grows a flower**

On a hill there grows a flower,  
Fair befall the dainty sweet:  
By that flower there is a Bower,  
Where the heavenly Muses meet.  
In that Bower there is a chair,  
Fringed all about with gold,  
Where doth sit the fairest fair  
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phyllis, fair and bright,  
She that is the shepherds' joy,  
She that Venus did despise  
And did blind her little boy.  
O fair eyes yet let me see  
One good look and I am gone;  
Look on me, for I am he,  
Thy poor silly Corydon.

Thou that art the Shepherds' Queen,  
Look upon thy silly swain;  
By thy comfort have been seen  
Dead men brought to life again

*Nicholas Breton*

**28 Phyllis innamorata**

Come, be my valentine!  
I'll gather eglantine,  
Cowslips and sops in wine  
With fragrant roses;  
Down by thy Phyllis sit,  
She will white lilies get,  
And daffadillies fit  
To make thee posies.

I bear, in sign of love,  
A sparrow in my glove,  
And in my breast a dove,  
This shall be all thine.  
Besides, of sheep a flock,  
Which yieldeth many a lock,  
And this shall be thy stock,  
Come, be my valentine!

*Lancelot Andrewes (1555-1626)*

**29 Said I that Amaryllis**

Said I that Amaryllis  
Was fairer than is Phyllis?  
Upon my death I take it,  
Sweet Phyll, I never spake it.

But if you think I did then,  
Take me and hang me,  
Yet let more and more love,  
More love and beauty pang me.

*Anon., 16th century*

**30 The treasure of my heart**

Lock up, fairs lids, the treasure of my heart,  
Preserve those beams, this age's only light.  
To her sweet sense, sweet sleep, some ease impart,  
Her sense too weak to bear her spirit's might.

And while, O sleep, thou closest up her sight,  
Her light where love did forge his fairest dart,  
O harbour all her parts in easeful plight,  
Let no strange dream make her fair body start.

But yet, O dream, if though wilt not depart,  
In this rare subject from thy common right,  
But wilt thyself in such a seat delight,  
Then take my shape and play and lover's part:  
Kiss her from me, and say unto her sprite,  
Till her eyes shine, I live in darkest night.

*Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586)*

**31 While she lies sleeping**

Weep you no more, sad fountains;  
What need you flow so fast?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!  
But my sun's heavenly eyes  
View not your weeping,  
That now lies sleeping,  
Now softly lies sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,  
A rest that peace begets;  
Doth not the sun rise smiling  
When fair at even her sets?  
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes!  
Melt not in weeping,  
While she lies sleeping,  
Now softly lies sleeping.

*Anon., 16th century*

**32 Corydon, arise**

Corydon, arise, my Corydon.  
Titian shineth clear.  
Who is it that calleth Corydon,  
Who is it that I hear?  
Phyllida, thy true love calleth thee,  
Arise then and keep thy flock with me.  
Phyllida, my true love, is it she?  
I come then and keep my flock with thee.

Here are cherries ripe for my Corydon,  
Eat them for my sake.  
Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,  
Sport for thee to make.  
Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk,  
To knit thee a pair of stockings white as milk.  
Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,  
To make thee a bonnet to withstand the heat.

I will gather flowers, my Corydon,  
I will gather flowers to set in thy cap.  
I will gather pears, my lovely one,  
I will gather pears to put in thy lap.  
I will buy thy true love garters gay,  
For Sundays, to wear about his legs so tall.  
I will buy my true love yellow say,  
For Sundays, to wear about her middle small.

Yonder comes my mother, Corydon,  
Whither shall I fly?  
Under yonder beech, my lovely one,  
While she passes by.  
Say to her thy true love was not here:  
Remember, tomorrow is another day.  
Doubt me not, my true love, do not fear:  
Farewell then, Heaven keep our loves always.

*Anon., 16th century*



**To meadows**

Ye have been fresh and green,  
Ye have been filled with flowers:  
And ye the walks have been  
Where maids have spent their hours.

Ye have beheld how they  
With wicker arks did come  
To kiss and bear away,  
The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,  
And seen them in a round,  
Each virgin, like a spring,  
With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here  
Whose silvery feet did tread,  
And with dishevelled hair  
Adorned this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent  
Your stock, and needy grown,  
You're left here to lament  
Your poor estates alone.

*Robert Herrick*

THE **CARICE**  
SINGERS

**Artistic Director: George Parris**

**Trustees: Jeremy Dibble, Clare Finzi, John Graham-Hall, Daniel Grimley,  
David Hodges, David Owen Norris, Jeremy Summerly**

**Soprano**

Emily Burnett  
Ellie Carnegie Brown  
Elinor Cooper  
Bethany Partridge  
Fleur Smith

**Alto**

Helena Cooke  
Lucy Curzon  
Natasha Cutler  
Rosalind Isaacs  
Sarah Maxted  
Rosie Parker

**Tenor**

James Beddoe  
Laurence Booth-Clibborn  
Oliver Clarke  
Josh Cooter  
Toby Ward

**Bass**

Will Ford  
Tom Herring  
Tom Lowen  
Hugo Popplewell

Renowned for his outstanding piano miniatures and solo songs, John Ireland is little known these days as a composer of partsongs. His deep understanding of choral forces brings a unique polish and artistry to the genre, his early style reflecting a deference to his masters Parry and Stanford, and deeply moving post-war masterpieces such as *Twilight Night* exploiting a more acerbic harmonic vocabulary. E.J. Moeran's inclination towards introspective melancholy blends with his knowledge of Elizabethan madrigal and renaissance dance, resulting in true gems on themes of love such as *While she lies sleeping*.

THE CARICE  
SINGERS  
Director George Parris

John  
IRELAND  
(1879-1962)



1 A Cradle Song	2:34	8 Fain would I change that note	2:16
2 Weep you no more, sad fountains	2:07	9 Twilight Night	2:54
3 Laughing Song	1:00	10 These things shall be	2:48
4 The Peaceful Western Wind	2:01	11 The Hills	2:44
5 Spring, the sweet Spring	1:39	12 Immortality	3:47
6 When May is in his prime	2:56	13 They told me, Heraclitus	2:45
7 Cupid	1:06	14 Sea Fever (arr. Mansel Thomas)	2:40
		15 In praise of Neptune	1:55

E.J.  
MOERAN  
(1892-1950)

16-22 Songs of Springtime	13:16	24 Weep you no more, sad fountains	2:05
23 The Blue-eyed Spring	1:06	25-33 Phyllida and Corydon	26:06

David Owen Norris, Piano

The Carice Singers • George Parris

A detailed track list can be found on page 2 of the booklet. The available sung texts can be found inside the booklet, and may also be accessed at [www.naxos.com/libretti/573584.htm](http://www.naxos.com/libretti/573584.htm)

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Academic advisors: Bruce Phillips, Barry Marsh, Jeremy Dibble

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