



ORCHID CLASSICS



# Heart & Hereafter

Collected songs of  
**Samuel Coleridge-Taylor**

Elizabeth Llewellyn, *soprano*  
Simon Lepper, *piano*

## HEART & HEREAFTER

### Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875-1912)

Six Sorrow Songs, Op.57

|   |                                  |      |
|---|----------------------------------|------|
| 1 | Oh, what comes over the sea      | 1.33 |
| 2 | When I am dead, my dearest       | 2.19 |
| 3 | Oh, roses for the flush of youth | 2.39 |
| 4 | She sat and sang alway           | 2.15 |
| 5 | Unmindful of the roses           | 2.07 |
| 6 | Too late for love!               | 4.49 |

from "Southern Love Songs", Op.12

|   |                              |      |
|---|------------------------------|------|
| 7 | Minguillo                    | 1.50 |
| 8 | If thou art sleeping, maiden | 1.03 |
| 9 | Tears                        | 2.23 |

African Romances, Op.17

|    |                      |      |
|----|----------------------|------|
| 10 | An African love song | 2.15 |
| 11 | A prayer             | 1.23 |
| 12 | A starry night       | 1.01 |
| 13 | Dawn                 | 1.10 |
| 14 | Ballad               | 2.37 |
| 15 | Over the hills       | 1.44 |
| 16 | How shall I woo thee | 2.38 |

from "Five Fairy Ballads"

|    |               |      |
|----|---------------|------|
| 17 | Big Lady Moon | 2.07 |
|----|---------------|------|

## LITERARY FIGURES

from "Songs of Sun and Shade"

|    |   |      |
|----|---|------|
| 18 | Thou art risen, my beloved                                    | 2.16 |
| 19 | You lay so still in the sunshine                              | 2.52 |
| 20 | Thou hast bewitched me, beloved                               | 1.32 |
| 21 | A king there lived in Thule<br>(after Goethe's <i>Faust</i> ) | 3.47 |
| 22 | A Lament  | 2.59 |

from "Six Songs", Op.37

|    |                    |      |
|----|--------------------|------|
| 23 | Canoe Song         | 1.40 |
| 24 | You'll love me yet | 2.32 |
| 25 | Life and Death     | 1.51 |

### Total time

**55.34**

Elizabeth Llewellyn, *soprano*

Simon Lepper, *piano*

I first met Samuel Coleridge-Taylor on a wet March day in 2012. I had asked Simon Lepper to coach me on a few Schubert songs for Radio 3's "Spirit of Schubert" series. At the end of our session, Simon had asked me, "Have you come across this composer? These songs are lovely – we should have a bash through them sometime..."

Fast-forward to 2018, which found me undertaking some initial research into the life, times, and works of Coleridge-Taylor, specifically his songs. Where I had initially thought there were thirty or so songs, I had discovered that there are hundreds...and many of them very fine indeed. During a long 'phone-call with Simon, it became clear that my idea of recording an album of quality, which showcased the best of Coleridge-Taylor's songs, had "legs" ...

And so began the journey which culminates here.

My research yielded some important information: that most of Coleridge-Taylor's songs were out of print. I spent hours at the British Library, or on emails to the US. Recordings were patchy – the odd song would turn up on albums by such singers as Stuart Burrows or Felicity Palmer, or on very old recordings of recitals by Dorothy Maynor or Webster Booth; also, a few semi-professional recordings. I felt that the quality and breadth of Coleridge-Taylor's song output deserved more careful curation and a much more passionate advocacy.

I am aware that this is a most unusual premise for a debut album! True, I could have recorded some Puccini or Verdi – these composers have loomed large in my career. But I felt passionately then as I do now that, if I was going to spend much time, energy, and money on an album, it was important to create something which had not existed before. There is certainly scope (and my hope!) to record to entire song output of this wonderful British composer.

Elizabeth Llewellyn

## Six Sorrow Songs

Whilst researching and preparing these songs, I have often remarked at the sensitivity with which Coleridge-Taylor sets the poetry of female writers. Along with Elizabeth Barrett Browning (whose poetry is employed for his collections of songs entitled *The Soul's Expression*), Christina Rossetti's life was one of eventual hardship – familial poverty, ill-health, and bouts of depression. In this album, Rossetti features heavily, being the author of what became known as the composer's *Six Sorrow Songs*, and *A Lament* which appears later in the track-list. The poetry for the *Sorrow Songs* comes from a variety of collections – “Goblin Market and other Poems” first published in 1862 and “New Poems”, first published in 1896. “One Sea-Side Grave” was the original incarnation of *Unmindful of the roses*. The highly idiosyncratic final song of this collection is a setting of the final, bride-song section of Rossetti's epic poem “The Prince's Progress”. Although Coleridge-Taylor chose to set only three of the six stanzas, it is clear that the subject was a “queen of hearts”, and the mourning depicted here is bittersweet:

“We never heard her speak in haste;  
Her tones were sweet,  
And modulated just so much  
As it was meet:  
Her heart sat silent through the noise  
And concourse of the street.  
There was no hurry in her hands,  
No hurry in her feet;  
There was no bliss drew nigh to her,  
That she might run to greet.”

(from *The Prince's Progress* by Christina Rossetti, 1866)

## **Southern Love Songs**

Bound together in full black morocco, a published score of *Southern Love Songs* is inscribed in ink at the head of the titlepage: “To Miss Mamie Fraser / with all best wishes for the New Year / from S. Coleridge Taylor [sic] / Jan 1897”. Also included is the score of Coleridge-Taylor’s *African Romances*, inscribed to the same woman. Mamie Fraser was a fellow-student and evidently a close friend of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor at the Royal College of Music in 1897.

The collection of *Southern Love Songs* themselves are an intriguing glimpse into the Victorian obsession with “exoticism”. Made up chiefly of translations by J. G. Lockhart of ancient Spanish ballads, the collection also includes offerings by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in *If thou art sleeping, maiden*, after a Portuguese source, and *My Love*, and even a “turn” by Byron in the form of the melancholic *Oh! My lonely pillow*. What is fascinating about the songs I have chosen here is the skill with which Coleridge-Taylor infuses them with Latin flavour – a lean and nimbly-played flamenco guitar in *If thou art sleeping*, and an infectious, flirtatious swish of a dancing-skirt in *Minguillo* – but something altogether more profound and delicately balanced in the face of abandonment in *Tears*.

## **African Romances**

In his British Library feature entitled “Black Europeans”, Mike Phillips writes: “In 1896, the African-American poet and novelist Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906) visited London. His meeting with Coleridge-Taylor began a series of collaborations between the two. In some ways the partnership was logical, given Coleridge-Taylor’s later interest in African America, and the ‘crossover’ reputation of Dunbar’s genial but shallow verse. On the other hand, Coleridge-Taylor’s frequent use of the label ‘African’ is deceptive. The songs *Seven African Romances* (1897) which opened the collaboration are light and tuneful, with hardly a dash of exoticism.”

Almost all of the poems here by Dunbar appear in his collected works *Majors and Minors*, first published in 1895. The penultimate song in Coleridge-Taylor's collection appears in Dunbar's *Lyrics of the Hearthside* some four years later, and is suggestive of the very gentle, domestic nature of these songs. *Dawn* and *A starry night* are strongly reminiscent of the Jamaican *Anansi* stories of my childhood. Notated between 1919 and 1921 in the remote country districts of Jamaica, the *Anansi* stories represented true folk art – an oral tradition of stories from Africa, about “the spider Anansi as the trickster hero of the Gold Coast”. Laced with riddles, they often had an element of both fun and the cautionary tale, but also assumed the task of explaining how much of the animal or natural world came to be – “*Why Rocks at the River are covered with Moss*” or “*Why Hog is always grunting*”.

### **Big Lady Moon**

Kathleen Mary Easmon (1891-1924) was a talented cultural-dance performer, artist, musician, and intended missionary who was the first West African to earn a diploma from the Royal College of Arts. She was the niece of Adelaide Casle-Hayford – a pioneer of women's education in Sierra Leone – and was a personal friend of Coleridge-Taylor, whose father was also Sierra Leonian. The Easmon family was among the wealthy and aristocratic Creole families, known locally as the “Aristos” and descended from one of the original black American founding-families which established Freetown in Sierra Leone in 1792.

Coleridge-Taylor's charming setting of five of Easmon's children's poems in *Five Fairy Ballads* have more than a touch of the easy flow and familiarity of the musical-hall and were reputedly performed at the Royal Albert Hall in 1914.

The three **Songs of Sun & Shade** performed on this album – settings of poems by Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall (1880-1943) – are compelling when we know something of her life. An English poet and author born into a wealthy family, she is best known for the novel *The Well of Loneliness*. As a young woman of

means following the death of her father, she began to do as she pleased, dressing in typical-men's fashion of the times, and living openly as a lesbian. Having reached adulthood without a vocation, she spent much of her twenties pursuing women she eventually lost to marriage. Hall and her lovers were "...undeterred by the Church's admonitions on same-sex relationships. Hall's Catholicism sat beside a life-long attachment to spiritualism and reincarnation."

The songs included here are incredibly intimate and sensual – *You lay so still* – or full of barely-repressed longing and Gothic passion – *Thou art risen, my beloved*. The final song of the three, *Thou hast bewitched me*, is breathless with delight and youthful exuberance.

Coleridge-Taylor wrote a great deal of incidental music for the stage (see his *Othello Suite* for orchestra, Op.79). Translated from Goethe's *Faust* by playwrights Stephen Phillips and J. Comyns Carr, **A king there lived in Thule** was one of many songs which were performed on London's stages. Dedicated to the leading West End star Marie Löhr, this was sung by her (as Marguerite) at His Majesty's Theatre in Phillips and Carr's version of Goethe's *Faust*. The song is notable as it showcases Coleridge-Taylor's powers of understatement; an elegant handling of the text without "overgilding the lily", creating an atmosphere of mist and legend.

**A Lament** is another setting of poetry by Rossetti – "A dirge" (a poem also set to music by John Ireland). A deeply religious person, opposed to slavery, and the exploitation of women and girls in prostitution, Rossetti is perhaps most famous for writing the words of *In the Bleak Midwinter* set to music by Holst. This mourning for a lost child, however, strikes a note perhaps closer to that of her *Sing-Song: A Nursery Rhyme Book*, from which Ireland set poetry for his song-cycle *Mother and Child*. Here, Coleridge-Taylor's sensitivity to the text is exquisite, along with his understanding of writing for the female voice.

## Canoe Song

*Malcolm's Katie* "...is a long, narrative poem in blank verse, dealing mainly with the love and trials of young Max and Katie in the 19th-century Canadian bush... and a collection of love-songs in different stanza forms." It is one of these love-songs which Coleridge-Taylor chose to set to music. The writing for the piano is notable here in its delicacy and transparency, arguably more the central figure than the singer. Robin Mathews comments that "the canoe sits in the centre of the globe, implying perfection in the love of the protagonists". The author was Isabella Valancy Crawford (1846-1887), an Irish-born Canadian writer and poet, one of the first of her countrymen to make a living as a freelance writer, and whose epic poem earned her "a central place in the canon of nineteenth-century Canadian poetry." Her source for this poem was "O légère hirondelle" from Gounod's opera *Mirielle*, but Robert Alan Burns comments that, in her version, "the canoe moves through an ambiguous and illusory medium to become a vehicle of communion, an image of containment whose destination is uncertain."

## You'll love me yet!

The English poet and playwright Robert Browning (1812-1889) was known for the "irony, characterisation, dark humour, social commentary" of his poems; the words to this song are no exception – direct, confident, and with a half-wry smile. It is interesting, therefore, that Coleridge-Taylor chose the opposite route with his setting of the poem – uncertain, falling, sometimes hesitant phrases. However, one cannot deny that Browning's own life – the meeting and wooing of Elizabeth Barrett, who was six years his senior, and lived as a semi-invalid with her domineering father who disapproved of marriage for any of his children – seems to be echoed here as the singer commits to playing a "long-game" in the pursuit of the object of his affections.

As the finisher for the album, remarkably little is known about the author of the lyrics for **Life and Death**. The name of Jessie Adelaide Middleton (1864-1933) is



well-regarded amongst aficionados of supernatural literature, chiefly for her *Ghost Book Trilogy*. Coleridge-Taylor's setting of the poetry almost comes straight out of the 1930s film-music playbook, with great sweeping lines and impassioned vocal leaps. Given that the composer died prematurely more than twenty years before this era in 1912, it begs the question what sort of music he might have written had he lived.

### **Elizabeth Llewellyn**

*Soprano*

Known for her vivid portrayals and her full, distinctive voice, since making her debut as Mimi/*La Boheme* in 2010 at the English National Opera, Elizabeth has established herself internationally as a dramatic and vocal artist of distinction.

Specialising in the Italian repertoire, her roles have included *Manon Lescaut*, *Madama Butterfly*, *Magda/La Rondine*, *Giorgetta/Il Tabarro*, *Tosca*, *Suor Angelica*, *Aida*, *Luisa Miller*, and *Amelia/Simon Boccanegra* for which Elizabeth was nominated for "Singer of the Year 2013" in *OpernWelt*. In 2019, Elizabeth made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera, New York in the title role of Bess in *Porgy and Bess*.

Elizabeth also is a sought-after concert artist. Recent appearances have included debut recitals at London's Wigmore Hall and Snape Maltings in Aldeburgh.

Orchestral performances include Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, Mahler's *Symphony No. 8*, Verdi's *Requiem*, Elgar's *Caractacus* and Vaughan Williams' *A Sea Symphony* with Martyn Brabbins (both recorded for Hyperion), and a live performance of Strauss' *Vier Letzte Lieder* on BBC Radio 3 with the BBCSO and Donald Runnicles.

Future plans include a series of recitals at the Wigmore Hall, centred around the songs of Coleridge-Taylor, her French debut as *Tosca* with Opera Dijon, and her role debuts as three Verdi heroines: *Desdemona/Otello*, *Alice Ford/Falstaff*, and *Leonora/Il Trovatore*.

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## **Simon Lepper**

*Piano*

Simon read music at King's College, Cambridge before studying collaborative piano with Michael Dussek at the Royal Academy of Music in London and later with Ruben Lifschitz at the Académie de Royaumont, France.

Specialising in song accompaniment, he has regularly collaborated with singers including Benjamin Appl, Ilker Arcayürek, Christiane Karg, Karen Cargill, Stéphane Degout, Angelika Kirchschrager, Sally Matthews and Mark Padmore. He performs extensively in venues around the world including Carnegie Hall, the Concertgebouw, the festivals of Verbier, Ravinia and Edinburgh, and the Opera houses of Frankfurt, Geneva, Bordeaux and La Monnaie. In his home country, he is often heard on BBC Radio 3 and regularly performs at the Wigmore Hall where he has also curated a series on the songs of Joseph Marx.

He is a committed teacher and is currently professor of collaborative piano and a vocal repertoire coach at the Royal College of Music, London where he also co-ordinates the collaborative piano course. Since 2003 he has been the official accompanist for the BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition.

His discography includes a live recital disc with Stéphane Degout and a disc of Ballades, Mahler songs and a French Song recital with Karen Cargill, 2 volumes of Debussy Songs and a Strauss disc with Gillian Keith, the complete songs of Jonathan Dove with Kitty Whately, Schubert Songs with Ilker Arcayürek and a recital disc with Dame Felicity Palmer.

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

## **Six Sorrow Songs, Op.57 (1904)**

### **1 Oh what comes over the sea**

Oh what comes over the sea,  
Shoals and quicksands past;  
And what comes home to me,  
Sailing slow, sailing fast?

A wind comes over the sea  
With a moan in its blast;  
But nothing comes home to me,  
Sailing slow, sailing fast.

Let me be, let me be,  
For my lot is cast:  
Land or sea all's one to me,  
And sail it slow or fast.

### **2 When I am dead, my dearest**

When I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me;  
Plant thou no roses at my head,  
Nor shady cypress tree:  
Be the green grass above me  
With showers and dewdrops wet;  
And if thou wilt, remember,  
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,  
I shall not feel the rain;  
I shall not hear the nightingale

Sing on, as if in pain:  
And dreaming through the twilight  
That doth not rise nor set,  
Haply I may remember,  
And haply may forget.

### **3 Oh roses for the flush of youth**

O roses for the flush of youth,  
And laurel for the perfect prime;  
But pluck an ivy branch for me  
Grown old before my time.

O violets for the grave of youth,  
And bay for those dead in their prime;  
Give me the withered leaves I chose  
Before in the old time.

### **4 She sat and sang alway**

She sat and sang alway  
By the green margin of a stream,  
Watching the fishes leap and play  
Beneath the glad sunbeam.

I sat and wept alway  
Beneath the moon's most shadowy beam,  
Watching the blossoms of the May  
Weep leaves into the stream.

I wept for memory;  
She sang for hope that is so fair:  
My tears were swallowed by the sea;  
Her songs died on the air.

### **5 Unmindful of the roses**

Unmindful of the roses,  
Unmindful of the thorn,  
A reaper tired reposes  
Among his gathered corn:  
So might I, till the morn!

Cold as the cold Decembers,  
Past as the days that set,  
While only one remembers  
And all the rest forget, --  
But one remembers yet.

### **6 Too late for love**

'Too late for love, too late for joy,  
Too late, too late!  
You loitered on the [road]1 too long,  
You trifled at the gate:  
The enchanted dove upon her branc  
Died without a mate;  
The enchanted princess in her tower  
Slept, died, behind the grate;  
Her heart was starving all this while  
You made it wait.

'Ten years ago, five years ago,  
One year ago,  
E'en then you had arrived in time,  
Though somewhat slow;  
Then you had known her living face  
Which now you cannot know:

The frozen fountain would have leaped,  
The buds gone on to blow,  
The warm south wind would have awaked  
To melt the snow.

'You should have wept her yesterday,  
Wasting upon her bed:  
But wherefore should you weep to-day  
That she is dead?  
Lo, we who love weep not to-day,  
But crown her royal head.  
Let be these poppies that we strew,  
Your roses are too red:  
Let be these poppies, not for you  
Cut down and spread.'

**from "Southern Love Songs", Op.12 (1896)**

### **7 Minguillo**

Since for kissing thee, Minguillo,  
My mother scolds me all the day,  
Let me have it quickly, darling;  
Give me back my kiss, I pray.

If we have done ought amiss  
Let's undo it while we may --  
Quickly give me back the kiss  
That she may have nought to say.

Do! She keeps so great a pother,  
Chides so sharply, looks so grave;

Do, my love, to please my mother,  
Give me back the kiss I gave.

Out upon you, false Minguillo!  
One you give, but two you take;  
Give me back the two, my darling,  
Give them, for my mother's sake.

### **8 If thou art sleeping, maiden**

If thou art sleeping, maiden,  
Awake, and open thy door;  
'Tis the break of day  
And we must away  
O'er meadow and mount and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,  
But, come with thy naked feet;  
We shall have to pass  
Through the dewy grass  
And waters wide and fleet.

### **9 Tears**

In tremor, ere the morning  
With Orient light is grey,  
I tarried at the window  
And looked for coming day.

Full in the glow of noontide  
I shed a bitter tear,  
And to my fond heart whispered,  
"My love will soon be here"

The night, the night is o'er me  
Who gleams I shun in dread;  
The day has now departed –  
My dream of joy is fled.

## **African Romances, Op.17 (1897)**

### **10 An African love song**

My heart to thy heart,  
My hand to thine;  
My lip to thy lips,  
Kisses are wine  
Brewed for the lover in sunshine and shade;  
Let me drink deep, then, my African maid.

Lily to lily,  
Rose unto rose;  
My love to thy love  
Tenderly grows.  
Rend not the oak and the ivy in twain,  
Nor the swart maid from her swarthier swain.

### **11 A Prayer**

O Lord, the hard-won miles  
Language: English  
O Lord, the hard-won miles  
Have worn my stumbling feet:  
Oh, soothe me with thy smiles,  
And make my life complete.

The thorns were thick and keen  
Where'er I trembling trod;  
The way was long between  
My wounded feet and God.

### **12 A starry night**

A cloud fell down from the heavens,  
And broke on the mountain's brow;  
It scattered the dusky fragments  
All over the vale below.

The moon and the stars were anxious  
To know what its fate might be;  
So they rushed to the azure op'ning,  
And all peered down to see.

### **13 Dawn**

An angel, robed in spotless white,  
Bent down and kissed the sleeping night.  
Night woke to blush; the sprite was gone.  
Men saw the blush and called it *Dawn*.

### **14 Ballad**

I know my love is true,  
And, oh, the day is fair.  
The sky is clear and blue,  
The flowers are rich of hue,  
The air I breathe is rare,  
I have no grief or care;  
For my own love is true,  
And oh, the day is fair.

My love is false I find,  
And oh the day is dark.  
Blows sadly down the wind,  
While sorrow holds my mind;  
I do not hear the lark,  
For quenched is life's sweet spark, --  
My love is false I find,  
And oh the day is dark!

For love doth make the day  
Or dark or doubly bright;  
Her beams along the way  
Dispel the gloom and gray.  
She lives and all is bright,  
She dies and life is night.  
For love doth make the day,  
Or dark or doubly bright.

### **15 Over the hills**

Over the hills and the valleys of dreaming  
Slowly I take my way.  
Life is the night with its dream-visions  
teeming,  
Death is the waking at day.

Down thro' the dales and the bowers  
of loving,  
Singing, I roam afar.  
Daytime or night-time, I constantly roving, -  
Dearest one, thou art my star!



### **16 How shall I woo thee**

How shall I woo thee to win thee, mine  
own?  
Say in what tongue shall I tell of my love.  
I who was fearless so timid have grown,  
All that was eagle has turned into dove.  
The path from the meadow that leads to  
the bars  
Is more to me now than the path of the  
stars.

How shall I woo thee to win thee, mine  
own,  
Thou who art fair and as far as the moon?  
Had I the strength of the torrent's wild  
tone,  
Had I the sweetness of warblers in June;  
The strength and the sweetness might  
charm and persuade,  
But neither have I my petition to aid.

How shall I woo thee to win thee, mine  
own?  
How shall I traverse the distance  
between  
My humble cot and your glorious  
throne?  
How shall a clown gain the ear of a  
queen?

Oh teach me the tongue that shall  
please thee the best,  
For till I have won thee my heart may  
not rest.

### **from "Five Fairy Ballads" (1909)**

#### **17 Big Lady Moon**

I can see you up on high,  
Big ady Moon!  
Sweetly shining in the sky,  
Big Lady Moon!  
Is it 'cos you're glad I'm here?  
Like to feel that I am near?  
That you shine so bright and clear?  
Big Lady Moon, Big Lady Moon!  
  
Hark! I hear my nursie calling,  
Big Lady Moon!  
For she says the dew is falling,  
Big Lady Moon!  
So you see I'll have to go,  
I hope you won't be lonely though,  
'Cos I love you ever so,  
Big Lady Moon, Big Lady Moon!

## LITERARY FIGURES

### from "Songs of Sun and Shade" (1911)

#### 18 Thou art risen, my beloved

Thou art risen, my beloved,  
And thou callest me to follow,  
Follow thro' the chilly twilight  
Of this silent virgin morning.

Whither, whither wouldst thou lead me,  
To what place of new enchantment?  
Can the day that thou art seeking  
Give such rapture as the darkness?

Thou art warm with many kisses,  
With the hand clasps of thy lover,  
Turn again unto my bosom,  
I would have it night for ever!

#### 19 You lay so still in the sunshine

You lay so still in the sunshine,  
So still in that hot sweet hour –  
That the timid things of the forest land  
Came close; a butterfly lit on your  
hand,  
Mistaking it for a flow'r.

You scarcely breath'd in your slumber,  
So dreamless it was, so deep–  
While the warm air stirr'd in my veins  
like wine,  
The air that had blown thro' a jasmine  
vine,  
But you slept – and I let you sleep.

#### 20 Thou hast bewitched me, beloved

Thou hast bewitched me, beloved,  
Till I am weaker than water,  
Water that drips from the fountain,  
Through thy white tapering fingers.

Yet as the waters together  
Gather and grow to a torrent,  
Gathers the flood of my passion,  
Bearing thee forth on its bosom!

#### 21 A king there lived in Thule (1908) (after Goethe's Faust)

A king there lived in Thule,  
Was faithful till the grave,  
To whom his mistress, dying,  
A golden goblet gave.  
Before all things he prized it;  
He drained it at every bout,  
The tears his eyes o'erflowing,  
Whene'er he drank thereout.

And when he came to dying,  
His towns he reckoned up.  
All to his heir he left them,  
But not the golden cup!  
He sat at his royal table  
With his knights of high degree,  
In the proud hall of his fathers,  
In his castle by the sea.

There stood the old carouser  
As he drank life's parting glow;  
He hurled the hallowed goblet  
Into the surf below.  
He watched it filling and sinking,  
Deep into the sea it sank;  
His eyelids closed, and never  
Again a draught he drank.

### **22 A Lament (1910)**

Why were you born when the snow was  
falling?  
You should have come to the cuckoo's  
calling  
Or when grapes are green in the cluster,  
Or, at least, when lithe swallows muster  
For their far-off flying  
From summer dying.

Why did you die when the lambs were  
cropping?  
You should have died at the apples'  
dropping,  
When the grasshopper comes to trouble,  
And the wheat-fields are sodden stubble,  
And all winds go sighing  
For sweet things dying.

### **from "Six Songs", Op.37 (1898)**

#### **23 Canoe Song**

O, light canoe, where dost thou glide?  
Below thee gleams no silver'd tide,  
But concave Heaven's chiefest pride.

Above thee burns Eve's rosy bar;  
Below thee throbs her darling star;  
Deep 'neath thy keel her round worlds  
are!

Above, below, O sweet surprise,  
To gladden happy lover's eyes;  
No earth, no wave—all jewell'd skies!

## **24 You'll love me yet**

You'll love me yet! — and I can tarry  
Your love's protracted growing:  
June rear'd that bunch of flowers you carry,  
From seeds of April's sowing.

I plant a heartfelt now: some seed  
At least is sure to strike,  
And yield — what you'll not pluck indeed,  
Not love, but, may be, like.

You'll look at least on love's remains,  
A grave 's one violet:  
Your look?—that pays a thousand pains.  
What 's death? You'll love me yet!

## **25 Life and Death (1914)**

To look for thee, cry for thee, sigh for thee,  
Under my breath,  
To clasp but a shade  
Where thy head has been laid,  
It is death.

To long for thee, yearn for thee, burn for thee,  
Sorrow and strife,  
But to have thee, to have thee,  
And hold thee and fold thee,  
It is life.



Producer & engineer: Patrick Allen – Opera Omnia

Recorded at Potton Hall, Suffolk, UK, on 24-26 November 2020

Album cover photography: Lucy Cartwright

Booklet photography: Patrick Allen – Opera Omnia

This album was rehearsed, recorded, and produced during lockdown in the UK, in the COVID-19 pandemic of 2020.

### **With special thanks**

To my dear friend Christine Wilson, and my equally dear friend, the late Howard Wilson – thank you!

To Penny Cobham and David Mellor, for their enthusiasm for and support of British music...and of me!

To the students and staff at Streatham & Clapham High School for their unerring support of my career in general, and of this album in particular.

And lastly, to my dear colleague and friend Simon Lepper, without whom this album would not exist! Thank you for lending your incredible artistry to these songs.

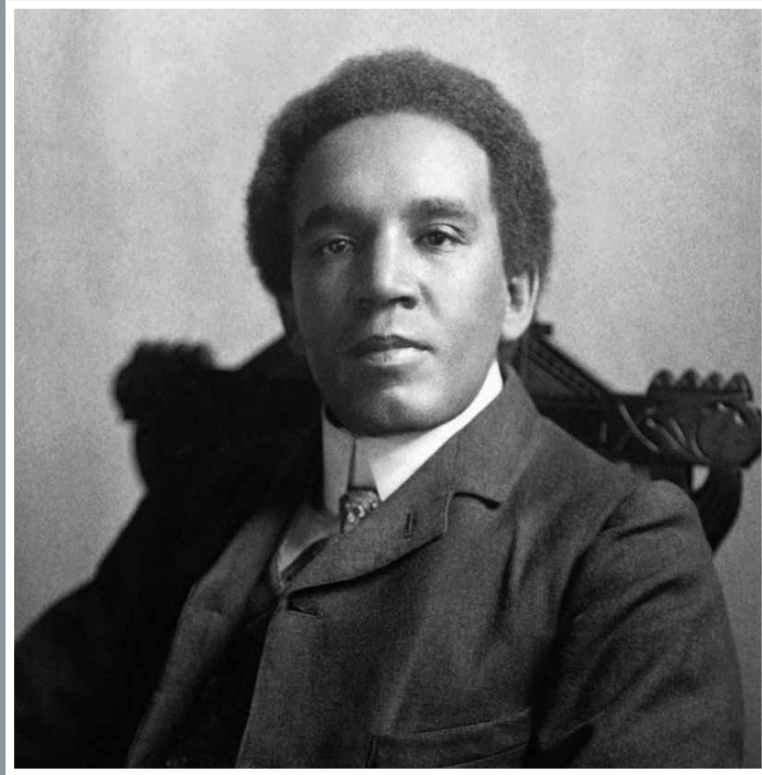
This album is dedicated to my teachers, past and present: Denis Lakey, Caroline Crawshaw and Lillian Watson.

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