

Songs by Warlock & Howe

RUBICON



Anna
Harvey

Mark
Austin

Peter Warlock (Philip Heseltine) 1894–1930

1	Pretty Ring Time	1.39
2	The Bayly Berith the Bell Away	3.05
3	Autumn Twilight	2.56
4	Little Trotty Wagtail*	1.19
5	Late Summer	2.36
6	Sleep	3.04
7	The Water Lily	2.01
8	The Magpie*	2.05

Frederick Howe b.1951

Folk song arrangements based on traditional texts*

9	Master Kilby	2.01
10	The Banks of Sweet Primroses	3.06
11	Bushes and Briars	2.41
12	Sweet William	2.42

Peter Warlock

13	The Birds	1.17
14	Balulalow	2.10
15	The Night	2.39
16	The First Mercy	2.23
17	Adam Lay Ybounden	1.10

Frederick Howe

Folk song arrangements based on traditional texts*

18	Six Dukes Went a-Fishing	3.33
19	The Unquiet Grave	4.42
20	Farewell, My Dearest Nancy	3.44
21	Geordie	5.23
22	My Boy Willie	1.23

Peter Warlock

23	Bright Is the Ring of Words	1.45
24	Romance	1.43
25	The Everlasting Voices	1.56
26	Queen Anne	1.02
27	And Wilt Thou Leave Me Thus	2.10
28	As Ever I Saw	1.40
29	The Contented Lover	1.50
30	Fair and True	2.47

**world-premiere recordings*

Anna Harvey mezzo-soprano

Mark Austin piano



f the many composers who contributed to the rich palette of 20th-century English song, Peter Warlock – the pseudonym of Philip Heseltine (1894–1930) – was one of the most prolific and distinctive. Largely self-taught, Warlock developed a style inspired by composers of the 16th and 17th centuries as well as those of his own day including Delius, Quilter and his early mentor, Bernard van Dieren.

Two early works, *The Everlasting Voices* (1915) and *The Water Lily* (1917) find Warlock experimenting with a late Romantic style but already display traits characteristic of his later output. The following year saw a marked development in the composer's technique with the production of some highly assured and accomplished pieces. *As Ever I Saw* draws inspiration from a collection of medieval verse, *Early English Lyrics*, which was to become a favoured source: a pleasing melodic line combines with graceful contrapuntal touches in the piano. In contrast, *The Bayly Berith the Bell Away* has an air of wistful melancholy, its modulations and archaic overtones perfectly capturing the elusive symbolism of the text. *Bright Is the Ring of Words* (later revised and renamed *To the Memory of a Great Singer*) represents a further contrast in mood, with its blend of measured optimism and pensiveness. The original song as recorded here has many subtle qualities lost in the later version.

Romance (1919), like the latter a setting of Stevenson, provides further proof of Warlock's gift for melody. In the same year *Balulalow*, dedicated to Ralph Vaughan Williams, once again saw Warlock at his most subtle, its mood of quiet reverence conveyed by a gentle lullaby rhythm and slightly unsettling, shifting harmonies. His extended stay in Wales in 1921 produced a sheaf of new songs amongst which *Late Summer*, to words by Edward Shanks, is wonderfully atmospheric, with its rich chords and relaxed, languorous feel. A similar mood permeates *Autumn Twilight* (1922), while *Adam Lay Ybounden*, composed in the same year and often sung in its later choral arrangement, illustrates Warlock's ability to convey irony as well as his close engagement with medieval texts.

That instinctive sympathy with words is nowhere better revealed than in *Sleep*, one of Warlock's finest songs – a masterly blend of Elizabethan and 20th-century cadences. Also from 1922, but different altogether, is the seldom heard *Little Trotty Wagtail* – a beautifully judged exercise in light comedy. The music of *The Magpie*, recorded here with its original text for the first time, again shows Warlock at his most skilled. For reasons of copyright the original lyrics had to be abandoned: instead, the tune, supposedly made up by a Norfolk road-mender, was fitted to entirely new words by Hal Collins before its eventual publication as *Yarmouth Fair*.

The popular *Pretty Ring Time*, dating from 1925, is a prime example of Warlock's gift for marrying poetry – this time Shakespeare's – with a tune and accompaniment ideally suited to it. The delicacy of his compositional style is equally evident in *The Birds* (1926), while *Fair and True* from the same year – sometimes criticised for its sentimentality – is a sensitive setting of some affecting verses.

For almost four years, between 1925 and 1928, Warlock shared a house in Eynsford, Kent, with, amongst others, his fellow composer E.J. Moeran. The year 1927 produced three superb settings of poems by Hilaire Belloc, of which *The Night* is perhaps the most inspired. The monotone of the opening vocal line evokes an image of a priest intoning a prayer at evensong. Reverence and joyousness are beautifully captured in *The First Mercy*, a carol written by Warlock's friend, Bruce Blunt, while the setting of *Queen Anne*, a children's poem by another friend, Cyril Winn, provides an opportunity for gentle parody.

In *The Contented Lover* we see Warlock exploring a new, expansive style to convey a fitting atmosphere of calm. Similar emotional depths are apparent in his final song from the Eynsford period, *And Wilt Thou Leave Me Thus*, the words by the Tudor poet, Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Commentators have often suggested that Warlock was less drawn to folksong than his contemporaries. However, many of the songs on this album contain features that would suggest otherwise. My nine folk song arrangements are included here to dovetail with this aspect of Warlock's work. They seek to exemplify what is most attractive about such songs – beautiful melodic lines as well as themes that speak to our enduring human emotions: love, desire, grief and our sense of natural justice.

Master Kilby, from Somerset, is a love song that brims over with affectionate innocence. *The Banks of Sweet Primroses*, on the other hand, is a love song that is not so innocent, its sunny tone turning sour as the story progresses. The lovely *Bushes and Briars* tells of the helpless indecision of a woman whose undeclared love may not be requited. *Sweet William* takes us into the harsh world of the sea and the Navy, where the consequences of an obsessive love lead to tragedy.

The theme of *Six Dukes Went a-Fishing* is the solemnity and dignity of death. In *The Unquiet Grave* we enter the world of the supernatural, the reality of death being exposed in all its bleakness. *Farewell, My Dearest Nancy* tells of a sailor whose lady love dreams in vain of accompanying him on his forthcoming voyage. *Geordie* is a graphic depiction of despair in the face of harsh justice. The sequence ends on a lighter note with *My Boy Willie*: an inquisitive mother cross-questions her increasingly exasperated son on the suitability of his new girlfriend – only to be fobbed off!

Frederick Howe

Unter den vielen Komponisten, die etwas zum reichen Spektrum von englischen Liedern im 20. Jahrhundert beigetragen haben, war Peter Warlock – ein Pseudonym für Philip Heseltine (1894–1930) – einer der produktivsten und markantesten. Warlock, der größtenteils Autodidakt war, entwickelte einen Stil, der sowohl von Komponisten des 16. und 17. Jahrhunderts als auch von jenen seiner eigenen Zeit inspiriert war, etwa Delius, Quilter oder seinem frühen Mentor, Bernard van Dieren.

In den zwei frühen Werken *The Everlasting Voices* (1915) und *The Water Lily* (1917) experimentiert Warlock noch mit einem spätromantischen Stil, der aber bereits Merkmale aufweist, die dann in seinem späteren Schaffen charakteristisch werden sollten. Schon im darauffolgenden Jahr kann man einen markanten Entwicklungsschritt der Kompositionstechnik in einigen äußerst versierten und kunstvollen Stücken wahrnehmen. Bei *As Ever I Saw* ließ sich Warlock von einer Sammlung mittelalterliche Verse inspirieren, nämlich *Early English Lyrics*, die zu einer bevorzugten Quelle werden sollte: eine gefällige Melodielinie kombiniert mit anmutigen kontrapunktischen Tupfern im Klaviersatz. Im Gegensatz dazu zeichnet sich *The Bayly Berith the Bell Away* durch eine Atmosphäre wehmütiger Melancholie aus, wobei die Modulationen und archaischen Zwischentöne perfekt den schwer zu fassenden Symbolismus des Textes widerspiegeln. *Bright Is the Ring of Words* (später revidiert und neu betitelt mit *To the Memory of a Great Singer*) repräsentiert mit seiner Mischung aus gemäßigtem Optimismus und Nachdenklichkeit einen weiteren Stimmungskontrast. Die ursprüngliche, hier aufgenommene Version des Liedes verfügt über viele subtile Qualitäten, die in der späteren Fassung verloren gingen.

Romance (1919), ebenfalls eine Vertonung eines Gedichts von Stevenson, ist ein weiterer Beleg für Warlocks Sinn für Melodien. Aus demselben Jahr stammt das Ralph Vaughan Williams gewidmete *Balulalow*, das Warlocks subtile Seite zeigt, wobei die Stimmung stiller Andacht durch den sanften Rhythmus eines Wiegenliedes und die ein wenig verstörend wirkenden, wechselnden Harmonien vermittelt wird. Während seines ausgedehnten Aufenthalts in Wales im Jahr 1921 schuf Warlock eine ganze Reihe neuer Lieder, so auch *Late Summer* auf Worte von Edward Shanks, ein mit seinen üppigen Akkorden und der entspannten, wohligen Stimmung wunderbar atmosphärisches Lied. Eine ähnliche Stimmung zeichnet auch *Autumn Twilight* (1922) aus, wohingegen *Adam Lay Ybounden* aus demselben Jahr (und häufig in der später entstandenen Chorfassung aufgeführt) neben Warlocks enger Verbindung zu mittelalterlichen Texten auch seine Gabe, Ironie zu vermitteln, zeigt.

Dieses gleichsam instinktive Verständnis von Worten wird nirgendwo deutlicher als in *Sleep*, einem der wohl gelungensten Lieder Warlocks, das in seinem Tonfall als eine meisterhafte Verschmelzung des Elisabethanischen Zeitalters und des 20. Jahrhunderts daherkommt. Ebenfalls aus dem Jahr 1922, aber insgesamt vollkommen anders, ist das eher selten zu hörende *Little Trotty Wagtail*, ein wunderbar ausgeführtes Beispiel von leichtem Humor. Die Musik zu *The Magpie*, ein Lied, das hier erstmals mit dem Originaltext eingespielt wurde, zeigt Warlock wiederum auf der Höhe seines Könnens. Aus Gründen des Urheberrechts konnte der ursprüngliche Text nicht verwendet werden: stattdessen wurde der mutmaßlich von einem Straßenbauarbeiter aus Norfolk ersonnenen Weise ein gänzlich neuer Text von Hal Collins unterlegt, ehe es dann schließlich unter dem Titel *Yarmouth Fair* veröffentlicht wurde.

Das beliebte *Pretty Ring Time* von 1925 ist ein weiteres gutes Beispiel für Warlocks Gabe, Poesie – in diesem Falle aus der Feder Shakespeares – mit einer Melodie und einer Begleitung zu verbinden, die dem Inhalt auf nachgerade ideale Weise gerecht wird. Die Subtilität seines Kompositionsstils zeigt sich gleichermaßen in *The Birds* (1926), wohingegen *Fair and True* aus demselben Jahr, das bisweilen ob seiner Sentimentalität kritisiert wird, eine durchaus sensible Umsetzung einiger berührender Verse ist.

Beinahe über vier Jahre hinweg, zwischen 1925 und 1928, lebte Warlock in Eynsford, Kent, unter einem Dach mit (unter anderen) seinem Komponistenfreund EJ Moeran. Im Jahr 1927 entstanden drei wunderbare Vertonungen von Gedichten Hilaire Bellocs, von denen *The Night* die wohl inspirierteste ist. Die Monotonie der einleitenden Gesangslinie gemahnt an einen Priester, der bei der Abendandacht ein Gebet intoniert. Andacht und Freude werden wunderschön in *The First Mercy* zum Ausdruck gebracht, einem Choral aus der Feder von Warlocks Freund Bruce Blunt, während *Queen Anne*, ein Kinderreim eines weiteren Freundes, Cyril Winn, Gelegenheit für milde Parodie bietet.

In *The Contented Lover* erleben wir Warlock, wie er einen neuen, ausladenden Stil erkundet, um eine angemessene Atmosphäre der Ruhe zu schaffen. Ähnliche emotionale Tiefen leuchtet das letzte Lied der Eynsford-Periode aus, *And Wilt Thou Leave Me Thus*, wobei die Worte hier vom Tudor-Dichter Sir Thomas Wyatt stammen.

Man hat verschiedentlich darauf hingewiesen, dass Warlock sich weniger mit Volksliedern beschäftigt hat als andere seiner Zeitgenossen. Etliche Lieder dieser Aufnahme verfügen indes über Merkmale, die diese These widerlegen. Meine neun Folksong-Arrangements sind hier inkludiert, um sich mit diesem Aspekt von Warlocks Schaffen zusammenzufügen. Sie sollen beispielhaft veranschaulichen, was diese Lieder so attraktiv macht – wunderbare melodische Linien und Inhalte, die ewig aktuelle menschliche Emotionen ansprechen: Liebe, Verlangen, Kummer und unser natürlicher Sinn für Gerechtigkeit.

Master Kilby aus Somerset ist ein Liebeslied, das vor liebevoller Unschuld gleichsam übersprudelt. *The Banks of Sweet Primroses* hingegen ist ein deutlich weniger unschuldiges Liebeslied, und der süße Ton wird im Verlauf der Geschichte allmählich sauer. Das reizende *Bushes and Briars* erzählt von der hilflosen Unentschlossenheit einer Frau, deren unausgesprochene Liebe möglicherweise unerwidert bleiben könnte. *Sweet William* führt uns in die raue Welt der Seefahrt und der Marine, wo die Auswirkungen obsessiver Liebe tragisch enden.

Das Thema von *Six Dukes Went a-Fishing* ist der Ernst und die Erhabenheit des Todes. In *The Unquiet Grave* betreten wir die Welt des Übernatürlichen, wobei die Realität des Todes in all ihrer Trostlosigkeit bloßgelegt wird. *Farewell, my Dearest Nancy* erzählt die Geschichte eines Matrosen, dessen Geliebte vergeblich davon träumt, ihn auf seiner nächsten Reise begleiten zu können. Bei *Geordie* wiederum handelt es sich um die plastische Darstellung von Verzweiflung angesichts eines strengen Rechtsspruchs. Der Zyklus schließt in einem leichteren Ton mit *My Boy Willie*: eine neugierige Mutter nimmt ihren zusehends entnervten Sohn ins Kreuzverhör, was die Angemessenheit seiner neuen Freundin angeht – nur um von ihm abgeseigt zu werden.

Frederick Howe

Übersetzung: Matthias Lehmann

Pretty Ring Time

- 1 It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
That o'er the green corn-field did pass.
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

The Bayly Berith the Bell Away

- 2 The maidens came when I was in my mother's bow'r;
I had all that I would.
The bayly berith the bell away;
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.

The silver is white, red is the gold;
The robes they lay in fold.
The bayly berith the bell away;
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.

And through the glass window shines the sun.
How should I love, and I so young?
The bayly berith the bell away;
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.

anonymous (15th century)

Autumn Twilight

- 3 The long September evening dies
In mist along the fields and lanes.
Only a few faint stars surprise
The lingering twilight as it wanes.

Night creeps across the darkening vale;
On the horizon tree by tree
Fades into shadowy skies as pale
As moonlight on a shadowy sea.

And down the mist-enfolded lanes,
Grown pensive now with evening,
See, lingering as the twilight wanes,
Lover with lover wandering.

Arthur Symons (1865–1945)

- 4 **Little Trotty Wagtail** he went in the rain
And twittering, tottering sideways he ne'er got straight again,
He stooped to get a worm and looked up to get a fly,
And then he flew away ere his feathers they were dry.

Little Trotty Wagtail he waddled in the mud,
And left his little footmarks, trample where he would.
He waddled in the water pudge and waggle went his tail,
And chirrup up his wings to dry upon the garden rail.

Little Trotty Wagtail, you nimble all about,
And in the dimpling water pudge you waddle in and out;
Your home is nigh at hand and in the warm pig sty,
So, little Master Wagtail, I'll bid you a goodbye.

John Clare (1793–1864)

Late Summer

- 5 The fields are full of summer still
And breathe again upon the air
From brown dry side of hedge and hill
More sweetness than the sense can bear.
So some old couple, who in youth
With love were filled and over-full,
And loved with strength and loved with truth,
In heavy age are beautiful.

Edward Shanks (1892–1953)

Sleep

- 6 Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies; that from hence
I may feel an influence
All my powers of care bereaving.

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle fancy wrought:
O let my joys have some abiding!

John Fletcher (1579–1625)

The Water Lily

- 7 The Lily floated white and red
Pouring its scent up to the sun;
The rapt sun watching overhead
Watched no such other one.

None marked it when it spread abroad
And beautifully learn'd to cease:
For Beauty is its own reward,
Being a form of Peace.

Robert Nichols (1893–1944)

The Magpie

- 8 I lingered near a cottage door,
And the magpie said 'Come in! Come in!'

The door was open, I went in
And I saw standing there
A maiden with a dimpled chin
A-combing her back hair.

A sweet surprise was in her eyes,
But still she did not frown,
But even smiled, the pretty child,
And the magpie said 'Sit down! Sit down!'

I sat down in her father's chair
And the magpie said 'Kiss her! Kiss her!'

And yet the maiden didn't speak
Which made me think 'I will!'
For as the red rushed to her cheek
She looked more lovely still, still, still.

But when in haste I clasped her waist
She screamed out 'No!'
But 'twas so nice I kissed her twice
And the magpie said 'Bravo! Bravo!'

Her father then came rushing in,
And the magpie said 'Get out Get out!'

Her father's voice was like a rasp
And swearing he began –
And I experienced the grasp,
The grasp of an honest man, man, man.

He rained such blows upon my clothes
I feel them to this day;
He kicked me too as out I flew,
And the magpie said 'Hooray! Hooray!'

Harry Hunter (1841–1906)

Master Kilby

9 In the heat of the day
When the sun shines so freely
There I met Master Kilby
So fine and so gay.

Then I pulled off my hat
And I bowed to the ground,
And I said, 'Master Kilby,
Pray where are you bound?'

'I am bound for the West,
There in hopes to find rest,
And in Nancy's soft bosom
I will build a new nest.

She's the fairest of girls,
She's the choice of my own heart,
She's painted like waxwork
In every part.

And if I were the master
Of ten thousand pounds
All in gay gold and silver
Or in King William's crowns,

I would part with it all
With my own heart so freely:
But it's all for the sake
Of my charming Nancy.

Then I gave her more kisses,
It was on the seashore,
But still she lay asking,
Lay asking for more.'

The Banks of Sweet Primroses

10 As I walked out one midsummer's morning
To view the fields and to take the air
Down by the banks of the sweet primroses
There I beheld a most lovely fair.

I said: 'Fair maid, where are you a-going?
And what's the occasion of all your grief?
I'll make you as happy as any lady
If you will grant to me one small relief.'

'Stand off, stand off, thou false deceiver!
You're a false deceitful man, 'tis plain.
'Tis you that's causing my poor heart to wander
And to give me comfort is all in vain.'

'Now I'll go down to some lonesome valley
Where no man on earth there shall me find,
Where the pretty little small birds do change their voices
And every moment blows a blust'rous wind.'

Bushes and Briars

11 Through bushes and through briars of late I took my way;
All for to hear the small birds sing and the lambs to skip
and play.

I overheard my own true love, her voice it was so clear;
'Long time I have been waiting for the coming of my dear.

Sometimes I am uneasy and troubled in my mind,
Sometimes I think I'll go to my love and tell to him my mind.

And if I should go to my love, my love he will say nay,
If I show to him my boldness, he'll ne'er love me again.'

Sweet William

12 A sailor's life is a weary life
They rob young women of their heart's delight
They go and leave them for to sife and mourn
And you never know when they might return.

'O father, father, build me a boat
That on the ocean that I may float,
And the first Queen's ship that I pass by
I will enquire of my sailor boy.'

She had not sailed far on all the deep
When the first Queen's ship she chanced to meet.
'O all you jolly sailors, come tell me true,
Is my Sweet William on board with you?'

'O no, fair lady, he is not here
He is drowned, greatly we fear;
On yonder island as we passed by,
There we lost sight of your sailor boy.'

She kneeled down and she wrote a song.
She wrote it neat and she wrote it long.
And at every line, O she shed a tear,
And at the end, 'fare you well, my dear'.

'O father, father come dig my grave,
Come dig it wide, both long and deep,
And on my tombstone put two turtle doves
That the world may see that I died for love.'

The Birds

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

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

Tu creasti, Domine.
Jesus Christ, Thou child so wise,
Bless mine hands and fill mine eyes,
And bring my soul to Paradise.

Hilaire Belloc (1870–1953)

Balulalow

- 14 O my deir hert, young Jesus sweet,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee in my hert,
And never mair from thee depart.

But I sall praise thee evermoir
With sangis sweit unto thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt Balulalow!

*James, John and Robert Wedderburn (16th century),
transl. from Martin Luther's 'Vom Himmel hoch, da komm ich her'*

The Night

- 15 Most Holy Night, that still dost keep
The keys of all the doors of sleep,
To me when my tired eyelids close
Give thou repose.

And let the far lament of them
That chaunt the dead day's requiem
Make in my ears, who wakeful lie,
Soft lullaby.

Let them that guard the hornèd moon
By my bedside their memories croon.
So shall I have new dreams and blest
In my brief rest.

Fold your great wings about my face,
Hide dawning from my resting-place,
And cheat me with your false delight,
Most Holy Night.

Hilaire Belloc

The First Mercy

16 Ox and ass at Bethlehem
On a night, ye know of them.
We were only creatures small,
Hid by shadows on the wall.

We were swallow, moth and mouse;
The Child was born in our house,
And the bright eyes of us three
Peeped at His nativity.

Hands of peace upon that place
Hushed our beings for a space
Quiet feet and folded wing,
Nor a sound of anything.

With a moving star we crept
Closer when the Baby slept;
Men who guarded where He lay
Moved to frighten us away.

But the Babe, awakened, laid
Love on things that were afraid;
With so sweet a gesture He
Called us to His company.

Bruce Blunt (1899–1957)

17 **Adam lay ybounden,**
Bounden in a bond,
Four thousand winter
Thought he not too long;

And all was for an apple,
An apple that he took,
As clerkes finden
Written in their book.

Ne had the apple taken been,
The apple taken been,
Ne had never Our Lady
Abeen heavenè Queen.

Blessed be the time
That apple takèn was.
Therefore we moun singen:
Deo gratias!

anonymous

18 **Six dukes went a-fishing,**

Down by yon sea-side,
One of them spied a dead body,
Lain by the waterside.

The one said to the other,
These words I heard them say,
'It's the royal Duke of Grantham,
That the tide has washed away.'

They took him up to Portsmouth,
To a place where he was known;
And from there up to London,
To the place where he was born.

They took out his bowels,
And stretched out his feet,
And they balmed his body,
With roses so sweet.

Black was their mourning,
And white were the wands,
And so yellow were the flamboys,
That they carried in their hands.

He now lies betwixt two towers,
He now lies in cold clay,
And the royal Queen of Grantham,
Went weeping away.

The Unquiet Grave

19 Cold blows the wind tonight, true love,
And gently drops the rain;
I never had but one sweetheart,
In greenwood she is lain.

I'll do as much for my sweetheart
As any young man may;
I'll sit and mourn all on her grave
For a twelvemonth and a day.

When the twelvemonth and one day were past,
The ghost began to speak:
'Why sittest thou here all on my grave,
And will not let me sleep?'

'There is one thing that I crave, sweetheart,
One thing is all I crave;
And that is a kiss from thy cold, pale lips
And I will go from thy grave.'

'My lips are cold as clay, sweetheart
My breath smells heavy and strong;
If you were to kiss my pale, cold lips,
Your time would not be long.'

'When shall we meet again, sweetheart?
When shall we meet again?'
'When the oaken leaves fall from the trees
And green springs up again.'

20 **Farewell, my dearest Nancy**, since I must now leave you,
Unto the salt seas I am bound for to go.
Don't let my long absence be no trouble to you,
For I shall return in the spring as you know.'

'Like some pretty little sea boy I'll dress and go with you,
In the deepest of danger I'll stand as your friend,
In the cold stormy weather, love, when
the winds are a-blowing,
My dear, I'll be willing to wait upon you then.'

'Your pretty little hands cannot handle our tackle,
Nor your pretty little feet on our topmast can't go;
Nor the cold stormy weather, love, you never can endure;
Therefore, dearest Nancy, to the seas do not go.'

'My own, dearest Nancy, it's now I must now leave you,
Unto the West Indies my course I must steer;
But although we are parted I'll always be loyal;
And we will get married when I do return.'

Geordie

21 'Come bridle me my milk white steed,
Come bridle me my pony,
That I may ride to fair London town
To plead for my Geordie.'

And when she entered in the hall,
There were lords and ladies plenty.
Down on her bended knees she did fall
To plead for the life of Geordie.

'It's six pretty babes that I have got,
The seventh lies in my body;
I'd freely part with them every one
If you'll spare me the life of Geordie.'

Then Geordie looked round the court
And saw his dearest Polly.
He said 'My dear, you've come too late,
For I'm condemned already.'

Then the judge he looked down on him
And said: 'I'm sorry for thee.
'Tis thine own confession hath hanged thee,
May the Lord have mercy on thee.'

O Geordie stole no cow nor calf,
Nor he never stole any money.
But he stole sixteen of the King's wild deer
And sold them in Bohenny.

Let Geordie hang in golden chains,
His crimes were never many,
Because he came from the royal blood
And courted a virtuous lady.

My Boy Willie

22 'O where have you been all the day, my boy Willie?
O where have you been all the day?
O Willie, won't you tell me now?'

'I've been all the day, courting of a lady gay,
But she is too young to be taken from her mammy.'

'O can she brew and can she bake, my boy Willie?
O can she brew and can she bake?
O Willie, won't you tell me now?'

'She can brew and she can bake
and she can bake a wedding cake,
But she is too young to be taken from her mammy.'

'O can she knit and can she spin, my boy Willie?
O can she knit and can she spin?
O Willie, won't you tell me now?'

'She can knit and she can spin,
and she can do most anything,
But she is too young to be taken from her mammy.'

'O how old is she now, my boy Willie?
O how old is she now? O Willie, won't you tell me now?'

'Twice six, twice seven, twice twenty and eleven,
But she is too young to be taken from her mammy.'

23 **Bright is the ring of words**

When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them,
Still they are carolled and said –
On wings they are carried –
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894)

Romance

24 I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, and only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Robert Louis Stevenson

The Everlasting Voices

25 O sweet everlasting Voices, be still;
Go to the guards of the heavenly fold
And bid them wander obeying your will,
Flame under flame, till Time be no more;
Have you not heard that our hearts are old,
That you call in birds, in wind on the hill,
In shaken boughs, in tide on the shore?
O sweet everlasting Voices, be still.

William Butler Yeats (1865–1939)

Queen Anne

26 I am Queen Anne, of whom 'tis said,
I'm chiefly fam'd for being dead.
Queen Anne, Queen Anne, she sits in the sun,
As fair as a lily, as brown as a bun.

anonymous

27 **And wilt thou leave me thus!**
Say nay, say nay, for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long
In wealth and woe among:
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart
Neither for pain nor smart:
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
On him that loveth thee?
Alas, thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

Thomas Wyatt (1503–1542)

As Ever I Saw

28 She is gentle and also wise;
Of all other she beareth the prize,
That ever I saw.

To hear her sing, to see her dance!
She will the best herself advance,
That ever I saw.

To see her fingers that be so small!
In my conceit she passeth all
That ever I saw.

Nature in her hath wonderly wrought,
Christ never such another bought,
That ever I saw.

I have seen many that have beauty,
Yet is there none like to my lady
That ever I saw.

Therefore I dare this boldly say,
I shall have the best and fairest may
That ever I saw.

anonymous (16th century)

The Contented Lover

29 Now sleep, and take thy rest,
Once grieved and painèd wight,
Since she now loves thee best
Who is thy heart's delight.
Let joy be thy soul's guest,
And care be banish'd quite,
Since she hath thee express'd
To be her favourite.

*Fernando de Rojas,
transl. James Mabbe (1572–1642)*

Fair and True

30 Lovely kind, and kindly loving,
Such a mind were worth the moving;
Truly fair, and fairly true –
Where are all these but in you?

Wisely kind, and kindly wise;
Blessed life, where such love lies!
Wise, and kind, and fair, and true –
Lovely live all these in you.

Sweetly dear, and dearly sweet,
Blessed, where these blessings meet,
Sweet, fair, wise, kind, blessed, true –
Blessed be all these in you!

Nicholas Breton (1542–1626)





Executive producer for Rubicon:
Matthew Cosgrove

Executive producer:
Flora Curzon

Producer, Engineer, Mixing & Mastering:
Oscar Torres

Recording:
Penn House, Buckinghamshire, 27–29 August 2020

Photography:
© Klaudia Taday

Cover design:
Paul Marc Mitchell for WLP London Ltd

Booklet editorial:
WLP London Ltd



RCD1095