

AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN The Oriental Song-Cycles

Four Indian Love Lyrics (1902)

1	I	The Temple Bells	1.49
2	II	Less than the dust	1.35
3	III	Kashmiri Song	3.27
4	IV	'Till I wake	2.32

A Lover in Damascus (1904)

5	I	Far across the desert sands –	2.46
6	II	Where the Abana flows –	2.44
7	III	Beloved, in your absence –	1.37
8	IV	How many a lonely caravan	2.27
9	V	If in the great bazaars –	2.38
10	VI	Allah be with us	3.02

Six Songs from 'On Jhelum River' (1906)

11	I	Jhelum Boat Song	2.40
12	II	The song of the Bride	2.33
13	III	Will the red sun never set?	3.25
14	IV	Ashoo at her Lattice	2.33
15	V	Only a Rose	2.14
16	VI	Kingfisher Blue	2.14

17	I	Beside the lonely Nile –	3.51
18	II	Within the Sphinx's solemn shade	3.00
19	III	Pomegranate is your mouth	1.55
20	IV	I envy every circlet	1.41
21	V	I wakened when the moon	2.59

Stars of the Desert (1911)

22	I	Stars of the Desert	3.57
23	II	You are all that is lovely	2.10
24	III	The rice was under water	3.29
25	IV	Fate	2.45

The Myrtles of Damascus (1918)

26	I	The Myrtles of Damascus	2.16
27	II	After Drought	1.45
28	III	At Nightfall	2.28
29	IV	I did not know	1.57
30	V	L'envoi	2.19

TT 78.04

Michael Halliwell, baritone
David Miller, piano

Amy WOODFORDE-FINDEN

The Oriental Song-Cycles

Four Indian Love Lyrics

A Lover in Damascus

Six Songs from
'On Jhelum River'

A Dream of Egypt

Stars of the Desert

The Myrtles of Damascus

Michael Halliwell, baritone
David Miller, piano

INCLUDES FIRST RECORDINGS



AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN'S ORIENTAL SONG-CYCLES

by Michael Halliwell

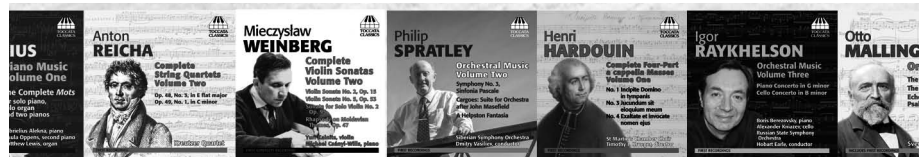
The 'exotic Orient' and its many variations was omnipresent in European culture in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. From a British perspective the Orient could encompass almost anything south-east of Dover and extend to the Far East, but in general terms it usually stretched from Egypt to Japan, with the Indian subcontinent being a central focal point. There were two dominant aspects to this fascination: the Orient could have negative connotations, frequently suggesting an exotic, mysterious, even menacing unknown, or it might have an attractive allure, often embodying what was for late Victorian mores an unconstrained sexuality. This phenomenon was brilliantly illuminated by Edward Said in his book *Orientalism*, who notes that 'the Orient was a place where one could look for sexual experience unobtainable in Europe', maintaining that the Orient 'still seems to suggest not only fecundity but sexual promise (and threat), untiring sensuality [and] unlimited desire'.¹ Gerry Farrell notes that

the India of the romantic imagination is a place where actions take place that would be unthinkable back in middle England. [...] this dangerous but appealing cultural ambience was just the thing to send girdled hearts racing within the safety of a parlour song.²

Aspects of both these perspectives of the orient were reflected in the popular music of this period, but it was the more enticing suggestions that frequently found their way into music, particularly popular songs, including those sung in the music halls as well as the art-song repertoire that was beginning to emerge in Britain, rather later than in the German-speaking lands. As the nineteenth century drew to a close, the English art-song was moving in two directions. The ballads that had been sung in the home were now expanded into the concert hall, with the larger publishing companies such as Boosey & Co. and Chappell & Co. programming ballad-concerts in capacious venues in which many of the opera and oratorio stars of the time were engaged to sing and, of course, lend their glamorous names to the sheet music. Naturally, it was the aim of the publishers to sell as many copies of these songs as possible – it was a satisfactory arrangement all round.

¹ *Orientalism*, Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, 1991, p. 190.

² *Indian Music and the West*, Oxford University Press, Oxford, 1997, pp. 106–7.



Explore Unknown Music with the Toccata Discovery Club

Since you're reading this booklet, you're obviously someone who likes to explore music more widely than the mainstream offerings of most other labels allow. Toccata Classics was set up explicitly to release recordings of music – from the Renaissance to the present day – that the microphones have been ignoring. How often have you heard a piece of music you didn't know and wondered why it hadn't been recorded before? Well, Toccata Classics aims to bring this kind of neglected treasure to the public waiting for the chance to hear it – from the major musical centres and from less-well-known cultures in northern and eastern Europe, from all the Americas, and from further afield: basically, if it's good music and it hasn't yet been recorded, Toccata Classics is exploring it.

To link label and listener directly we run the Toccata Discovery Club, which brings its members substantial discounts on all Toccata Classics recordings, whether CDs or downloads, and also on the range of pioneering books on music published by its sister company, Toccata Press. A modest annual membership fee brings you, free on joining, two CDs, a Toccata Press book or a number of album downloads (so you are saving from the start) and opens up the entire Toccata Classics catalogue to you, both new recordings and existing releases as CDs or downloads, as you prefer. Frequent special offers bring further discounts. If you are interested in joining, please visit the Toccata Classics website at www.toccataclassics.com and click on the 'Discovery Club' tab for more details.





Recorded on 2–5 December 2013, in Recital Hall West, Sydney Conservatorium of Music
Recording engineer and producer: David Kim-Boyle

Booklet notes by Michael Halliwell
Design and layout: Paul Brooks, paulmbrooks@virginmedia.com

Executive producer: Martin Anderson

TOCC 0236

© 2014, Toccata Classics, London

© 2014, Toccata Classics, London

Come and explore unknown music with us by joining the Toccata Discovery Club. Membership brings you two free CDs, big discounts on all Toccata Classics recordings and Toccata Press books, early ordering on all Toccata releases and a host of other benefits, for a modest annual fee of £20. You start saving as soon as you join. You can sign up online at the Toccata Classics website at www.toccataclassics.com.

Toccata Classics CDs are also available in the shops and can be ordered from our distributors around the world, a list of whom can be found at www.toccataclassics.com. If we have no representation in your country, please contact: Toccata Classics, 16 Dalkeith Court, Vincent Street, London SW1P 4HH, UK
Tel: +44/0 207 821 5020 E-mail: info@toccataclassics.com

On the other hand, the parlour song that had evolved from home entertainment was gradually growing in sophistication and ambition. Hubert Parry (1848–1918) was at the forefront of extending the format of song using models derived primarily from the German Lied tradition – many of the younger composers gradually making their mark had trained in Germany, and these influences were pervasive. Arthur Somervell (1863–1937) pioneered the song-cycle format in Britain with his settings of Tennyson's *Maud* (1898) and Housman's *A Shropshire Lad* (1904). It is out of this tradition that Amy Woodforde-Finden emerges early in the new century.

She was born Amelia Ward in 1860, one of nine children of an American officer who happened to be the British consul in Valparaiso, Chile; her mother was British. When her father died, her mother relocated the family to London where they were naturalised as British. Young Amy displayed an early aptitude for composition and became a student of Adolph Schloesser and Amy Horrocks.³ She described herself as a 'child prodigy' and her first song was composed when she was nine.⁴ Her early work was published as by Amy Ward, and though regarded as promising, was not received with unusual enthusiasm. At the age of 34, she married Lieutenant-Colonel Woodford Woodforde-Finden, a surgeon in the Indian Army; they lived in India for several years. During this time she travelled widely in the Kashmir, and her husband served with Colonel Malcolm Nicholson, the husband of the poet 'Lawrence Hope'.

On returning to England with her husband in 1901, Woodforde-Finden began to set four poems from *The Garden of Kama*, which had just been published and had caused a sensation. This poetry collection was the product of Lawrence Hope: Adela Florence Cory (1865–1904), who was born in Gloucester in the same year as Rudyard Kipling. Like Kipling, after school in England she joined her parents in India, and she worked on her father's newspaper in Karachi from the age of sixteen. She met the romantic Colonel Nicholson, over twenty years her senior, and famous for, among many other exploits, supposedly crossing the Mango Pir River by hopping from the back of one crocodile to another. They married and five years of adventure followed, including travels through the wild passes of the Afghan border region with her disguised as a Pathan boy. She began to write poetry with a strong undercurrent of eroticism and unrequited longing. A rumour circulated that Cory was infatuated with the son of an Indian rajah, a passion reflected in the 'Kashmiri Song'. Gerry Farrell disputes the veracity of this suggestion, claiming that

³ The pianist and composer Adolf Schlösser (1830–1913) was born in Darmstadt, Germany, and taught at the Royal Academy of Music. Amy Horrocks (1867–1920) was a student of his and also taught at the Royal Academy.

⁴ Michael R. Turner and Anthony Miall (eds.), *The Edwardian Song Book: Drawing-Room Ballads, 1900–1914, from the catalogue of Boosey & Co., Methuen, London, 1983*, p. 140.

only by masquerading as a man Cory felt able to tell her story. So here is the work of a man who is really a married woman describing a forbidden interracial love-affair at the height of Empire – surely an explosive mix of subject-matter for any song. And the lyrics do not disappoint.⁵

Cory initially tried to pass off these poems as translations of various local poets but this assertion was met with skepticism, and the scandal that followed was later turned into a short story by Somerset Maugham called ‘The Colonel’s Lady’. The poems incorporated imagery used by Indian poets as well as Sufi poets of Persia and were well regarded by several prominent literary figures, Thomas Hardy among them. Farrell argues that this poetry collection is an example of the ‘uncomfortable fact of sexual attraction between the races’ in India, which reflected a world ‘in which love is doomed to wilt under the same relentless heat that has ignited it’.⁶

Upon publication of *The Garden of Kama*, Woodforde-Finden had immediately written to ‘Lawrence Hope’ requesting permission to set the poems, and she received a reply to her telegram from Morocco: ‘Yes, with pleasure. No fee. Lawrence Hope’.⁷ The settings, the *Four Indian Love Lyrics* [1]–[4], were self-published in 1902. The writer and poet Harold Simpson, writing a few years later, observed that

for about a year they enjoyed a private circulation, and then they were brought to the notice of [the bass] Hamilton Earle, who liked them immensely, and sang them everywhere in the provinces. They met with so favourable a reception that the singer spoke to Mr. Arthur Boosey about them, with the result that the latter decided eventually to republish them, after having refused them at the outset.⁸

Republished in 1903, the songs were immensely popular, particularly the third number of the cycle, ‘Kashmiri Song’ [3], with its evocative first line, ‘Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar’. By all accounts this song could be reckoned as the big hit of the Edwardian years, and went on to an afterlife down the century with interpreters as diverse as Peter Dawson, John McCormack, Rudolf Valentino and Deanna Durbin, among many others. The passionate eroticism of the words and the evocative music led to the rumour that Woodforde-Finden and Cory were lovers and had run away together while both were living in India. The truth is more mundane – they met only when both were back in England.

Sophie Fuller has perceptively noticed both the ‘erotic sensuality and thinly veiled masochism’ of

⁵ *Op. cit.*, p. 106.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 106.

⁷ Turner and Miall, *op. cit.*, p. 140.

⁸ Harold Simpson, *A Century of Ballads, 1810–1910: Their Composers and Singers, with Some Introductory Chapters on Old Ballads and Balladmakers*, Mills & Boon, London, 1910, p. 145.

[30] No. 5, ‘L’envoi’

O in that hour when both of us are dead,
When all of life and Love at last is said,
Will some red rose bloom o’er our graves to tell how our hearts bled?

Or will a lily, in the star-lit night,
Lift its pale wonder and its waxen light,
To tell the world how our poor hearts loved with a love most white?

The Temples lay deserted for the people left the town.

Yet I was more than happy, though passing strange it seems,

For I spent my nights with Krishna, who loved me – in my dreams.

[25] No. 4, 'Fate'

Somewhere, Oh, My Beloved One, the house is standing,

Waiting for thee and me; for our first caresses.

It may be a river-boat, or a wave-washed landing,

Some far-off mountain tent, ill-pitched and lonely,

Or the naked vault of the purple heavens only.

But the Place is waiting there; till the Hour shall show it,

And our footsteps, following Fate, find it and know it.

The Myrtles of Damascus

[26] No. 1, 'The Myrtles of Damascus'

The Myrtles of Damascus, when they smile,

Exalt my soul to some remote, high place –

But O, thy face!

Oh, my love!

Roses of Baghdad, roses bathed in moonlight dew,

Make my heart faint when all their joy it sips –

But O, thy lips!

Oh, my love!

[27] No. 2, 'After Drought'

There came an army from the sky,

And surged across the parched plain;

I saw the hurrying hosts go by –

The blue battalions of the rain.

O mighty army bringing peace!

How bright your helmets seem'd to shine!

Your cavalcades brought glad release

For God was Captain of the line!

[28] No. 3, 'At Nightfall'

I need so much the quiet of your love,

After the day's loud strife;

I need your calm all other things above,

After the stress of life.

I crave the haven that in your dear heart lies,

After all toil is done,

I need the star-shine of your heavenly eyes,

After the day's great sun!

[29] No. 4, 'I did not know'

I did not know the nightingale could fling

Into one song the whole wild soul of spring;

I did not know until I heard him sing.

I did not know.

I did not know that Love held all of bliss –

Yea, all that ever was, and all that is;

I did not know until I felt your kiss!

I did not know.

the songs, but also the 'gender confusion'.⁹ Only in the first song does the gender of a heterosexual male appear certain, but in the other three a variety of possibilities are present; but, as Fuller notes, 'such play with gender and sexuality is perhaps only to be expected in an age when gender roles and presumptions of heterosexuality were being questioned and debated as never before'.¹⁰ Farrell observes that the song takes place in a garden as

the only place where the forbidden lovers can meet in safety. Shielded from prying eyes, the passions flow freely like the waters in the garden [...]. Such transgressions, real or imagined, were part of the ambiguous cultural world inhabited by colonizer and colonized.¹¹

The popularity of these songs at the time is illustrated by the fact that they were soon arranged for all manner of instrumental and vocal combinations including violin and piano, salon orchestra and military band – there was even an arrangement for a trio of women's voices, as late as 1955. An interesting side-note is that the second song, 'Less than the dust' [2], became the inspiration for a 1916 silent film of the same name, directed by John Emerson and starring Mary Pickford as Radha, an abandoned English girl who believes she is Hindu, with David Powell as Richard Townsend, the British army captain saved by her and whom eventually she marries.

There soon followed a second song-cycle, *A Lover in Damascus* [5]–[10], in 1904, which had almost the same degree of popularity as the *Indian Love Lyrics*, although it generated no single hit tune. These songs show an advance in Woodforde-Finden's musical ambition and in her compositional technique – most of the six songs, for example, are linked by optional, but effective, brief linking passages in the piano, increasing the sense of continuity. The critic Anne Ozorio comments rather dismissively that Woodforde-Finden

typified the Englishwoman Abroad, living in the colonies, but as a privileged observer from outside. Eroticism is 'safe' if the cultural context is alien and Empire is unchallenged. Her *If in the great bazaars* [9] is pastiche Arabic, complete with a chorus of 'la, la, la' imitating an Arabic call. The subject may be Moorish but the perspective is unwaveringly Home Counties middle class.¹²

This view is somewhat reductive: there is often genuine musical inventiveness and originality in between

⁹ 'Creative Women and "Exoticism" at the Last *Fin-de-siècle*', in Martin Clayton and Bennett Zon (eds.), *Music and Orientalism in the British Empire, 1780s–1940s*, Ashgate, Aldershot, 2007, pp. 244–45.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 245.

¹¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 106.

¹² 'Songs from the Exotic', review online at www.musicweb-international.com/SandH/2004/May-Aug04/weekend3.htm.

the more clichéd responses to the poetry, and in many ways Woodforde-Finden's musical ambition shows a marked progression over the sixteen-year period of her 'oriental' output.¹³

For *A Lover in Damascus* she had turned to the poems of Charles Hanson Towne, born in 1877, who enjoyed a long career as a poet, author, editor and general celebrity. His family moved to New York from Kentucky to when he was three years old, and he spent nearly all his life there. After attending City College in New York, he had a long career writing for and editing several important magazines, among them *Harper's Bazaar*. He taught poetry at Columbia University where his students included J. D. Salinger. Towne died in 1949, leaving behind a body of simple, direct poems.

In 1906 Woodforde-Finden set five poems by Lieutenant Colonel Frederick John Fraser in *On Jhelum River: A Kashmiri Love Story* [11]–[16]. Not much detailed information about Fraser seems to have survived, but it would appear that he was an Indian Army officer at the turn of the century in the 33rd Punjabis.¹⁴

On Jhelum River is written for an alternating combination of mezzo-soprano and bass or soprano and baritone, but was also published in an edition for solo voice and piano. For this recording of the complete cycles we have taken the liberty of assuming a feminine persona for several of the songs in the cycle (though sung by a baritone here, of course).

After the success of these three cycles a new one, *A Dream of Egypt* [17]–[21], appeared in 1910. Again Woodforde-Finden found her source in Towne's poems and she creates a sense of exoticism familiar from the previous cycles. In all of these works, there is the frequent evocation of an 'oriental' milieu in the piano part, through the use of particular harmonic and melodic effects which had come to possess these connotations. Most of the songs then evolve into passionate and conventional ballads of love and loss, using many of the clichéd musical devices common at that time. She has been described as

something of a mina bird, metaphorically speaking. She seems to have been able to slip into a sari or kimono as the subject required and to draw on a great wealth of half-remembered musical phrases to suit the particular poetry she was setting.¹⁵

¹³ Woodforde-Finden also composed the Japanese song-cycles *Five Little Japanese Songs* (1906) and *The Pagoda of Flowers* (1907) but their *Japoniserie* sets them aside from the other 'oriental' song-cycles discussed here and is best considered in the perspective of the fashion for Japanese poetry of which the Hans Bethge adaptations set by Mahler in *Das Lied von der Erde* (1908–9) are the best-known example. Other collections include *Aziza: Three Oriental Songs* (1909); *The Eyes of Firozée: Two songs, the words suggested by a Persian Romance* (1914); *Three Little Mexican Songs* (1912); and *Little Cactus Flower: A Musical Scene in a Mexican Garden* (1913). *Aziza* and *The Eyes of Firozée* are groupings of musically and textually unrelated songs and do not constitute cycles as do the works on this CD.

¹⁴ With Fraser she again collaborated on *The Pagoda of Flowers*, for four singers and piano, much in the vein of Liza Lehmann's hugely popular *In a Persian Garden* of 1896, which employs the same forces and was the obvious model.

¹⁵ Turner and Miall, *op. cit.*, p. 140.

I envy every jewel on your throat,
And every bloom you crush beneath your feet.
O Love, would I might learn their magic joy,
Their rapture wild and sweet!

[21] No. 5, 'I wakened when the moon'

I wakened when the moon, with silver feet,
Swept down the purple sky;
Dear Love, 'twas but a dream – yet how complete –
A dream that cannot die.

You are not with me now; the palm-trees chime
A solemn song and low;
But we were lovers in that long-lost time....
Dear heart, it must be so.

Stars of the Desert

[22] No. 1, 'Stars of the Desert'

Here, at the doorway of my tent, I linger
To watch in yours the shadow and the light,
The hungry soul within me burning, burning,
As the stars burn throughout the Eastern night.

Sleep on, I sit and watch your tent in silence,
White as a sail upon this sandy sea,
And know the Desert's self is not more boundless
Than is the distance 'twixt yourself and me.

Sleep on, the Desert sleeps around you, quiet,
Watched by the restless, golden stars above,

Ay, let us sleep; you to your careless waking,
I, with my dreams of unrequited love.

[23] No. 2, 'You are all that is lovely'

You are all that is lovely and light,
Aziza, whom I adore,
And, waking, after the night
I am weary with dreams of you.

I dream of your luminous eyes,
Aziza, whom I adore!
Of the ruffled silk of your hair,
I dream, and the dreams are lies.

But I love them, knowing no more
Will ever be mine of you.
Aziza, my life's despair.

[24] No. 3, 'The rice was under water'

The rice was under water and the land was
scourged with rain,
The nights were desolation and the day was born
in pain.
Ah the famine and the fever and the cruel swollen
streams,
I had died, except for Krishna, who consoled me –
in my dreams.

The Burning Ghats⁹ were smoking and the jewels
melted down.

⁹ Ghats are steps leading down to holy rivers such as the Ganges and are thus often used for cremations.

My love and I,
To share thy freedom yonder.

Bulbul,⁸ whose note
O'er lily fields doth float,
Rapture untold to list'ning lovers bringing,
In well remember'd bow'rs,
Of sweet wild flow'rs,
We roam where thou art singing,
Bulbul of love,
Bird of the starlight.

A Dream of Egypt

- [17] No. 1, 'Beside the lonely Nile'
Beside the lonely Nile,
I heard the whispering breeze
That sang beyond the desert's rim
And thro' the swaying trees.

It called me in the dusk
And in the sunset light,
And thro' the purple dark I went
Out in the velvet night.

I seemed to sleep – and then,
I was awake at last
In olden Egypt, Love, with you
In that mysterious past.

- [18] No. 2, 'Within the Sphinx's solemn shade'
Within the Sphinx's solemn shade
In Pharaoh's golden prime,
I fold you to my breast, dear heart,
And live Love's glowing rhyme.
And Grief and Death are naught to us,
And naught to us is Time.

I know the wonder of your eyes,
The glory of your hair –
That perfumed darkness on your brow,
My joy and my despair.
Our love is one long ecstasy,
One glorious, white prayer.

- [19] No. 3, 'Pomegranate is your mouth'
Pomegranate is your mouth
And honey are your lips;
I plunder from the golden store –
A bee that sips and sips.

O Lily of delight,
O Jasmine-flower, you hold
The hoarded sweet of all the world,
And all Love's fabled gold.

- [20] No. 4, 'I envy every circlet'
I envy every circlet on your arm,
I envy every flower in your hair;
O Love, the deep delight that each must know
The hours they linger there!

The cycles are all between four and six songs in length, of ten to fifteen minutes' duration, often with a 'dramatic' piano introduction to the cycle. Yet it seems that Woodforde-Finden was unable to repeat the huge success of the two early cycles, and there is little reference to her later works in this genre in the press, and few performances of the later work seem to have occurred.

In 1911 *Stars of the Desert*, subtitled *Four more Indian Love Lyrics set to words of Lawrence Hope* [22]–[25], was published by Boosey & Co. Although they, too, failed to capture her earlier success, here Woodforde-Finden has certainly expanded her musical palette; in many ways the drama and the narrative is carried in the piano part rather than the vocal line. This cycle is probably the most musically inventive of all.

After all the acclaim she had enjoyed with the success of her poetry, Lawrence Hope left London to return to India early in 1904. Her husband died during a prostate operation in Madras soon after arriving in India, and after she had arranged for the publication of her last book of poems, two months after her husband's death she took her own life at the age of 39. The couple lies buried in St Mary's Cemetery in Madras.

The story was drawing to a close for Woodforde-Finden as well. Her husband died in 1916 and she published her last song-cycle, *The Myrtles of Damascus* [26]–[30], again to Towne's words, in 1918. There is much pathos in this cycle, particularly in the last song, 'L'envoi' [30], with its sense of finality and closure. She had moved back to London after her husband's death and she died there in 1919, but was buried in Hampsthwaite in Yorkshire, the home of her husband's family, where both lie in the churchyard – and it is Amy, not her husband, who has a rather grand memorial in the church. Her songs seem to have quickly faded from popularity, the most prominent event in the years before her death apparently being of a concert of her music in the Aeolian Hall in 1914. An obituary in *The Times* on 14 March 1919 states that she 'is the composer of one type of song and nothing else', but rather grudgingly observes: 'The songs showed an easy flow of melody and some workmanship.'

Of course, it is unlikely that these songs will re-enter the recital repertoire, and it is difficult at this perspective even to imagine how popular the *Four Indian Love Lyrics* were – even the distance of a century and more has not lessened the sense of unease at what might be seen as a patronising attempt to appropriate superficial features of non-western music and incorporate them into what are essentially fairly standard examples of the popular ballad of the period. But the songs deserve respect; Woodforde-Finden would have had exposure to Indian music and absorbed elements of its essence. As Sophie Fuller notes, 'On closer inspection their complexity of gender representation and skillful incorporation of the exotic repays the more respectful attention that they are beginning to attract'. Perhaps even more important than this is the fact that these songs are enormous fun to sing and play and, we hope, to discover and enjoy as listeners.

⁸ The bulbuls are the Pycnonotidae family of songbirds, consisting of some 130 species spread across the Middle East and Asia.

¹⁶ *Loc. cit.*, pp. 245–46.

Michael Halliwell studied music and literature at the University of the Witwatersrand in Johannesburg, and at the London Opera Centre with Otakar Kraus, as well as with Tito Gobbi in Florence. He has sung in Europe, North America, South Africa and Australia and was principal baritone for many years with the Netherlands Opera, the Nürnberg Municipal Opera and the Hamburg State Opera. He has sung over fifty major operatic roles, including Don Giovanni, Papageno, Count Almaviva, Guglielmo, Posa, Germont, Gianni Schicci, Ford and Escamillo, and has participated in several world premieres and had frequent appearances at major European festivals in opera, oratorio and song recitals. He has published widely on music and literature and is Vice President and Editorial Board Member of The International Association for Word and Music Studies (WMA), regularly giving lectures and seminars on the operatic adaptation of literature into opera. His book, *Opera and the Novel*, was published by Rodopi Press (Amsterdam/New York) in 2005. Currently on the staff at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music, he has served as Chair of Vocal Studies and Opera, Pro-Dean and Head of School, and Associate Dean (Research). A double CD of settings of Kipling ballads and Boer War songs, *When the Empire Calls*, was released by ABC Classics in September 2005. His recording of Australian settings of Shakespeare, *O for a Muse of Fire*, was released in 2013. He has recently premiered Lawrence Kramer's song-cycles, *Five Songs and an Epilogue from The Wings of the Dove* (Edinburgh), *Nine Songs to Ezra Pound* (Vienna), *Crossing the Water* (Santa Fe) and *Sounds and Silences* (London).



David Miller is widely recognised as one of Australia's leading chamber musicians and vocal accompanists. He has been appointed as a member of the Order of Australia for his service to music. His distinguished career has included partnerships with many internationally renowned string-players including Boris Belkin, Roger Benedict, Sue Blake, Chris Kimber, Takako Nishisaki, Igor Osim, Georg Pedersen and Raphael Wallfisch. He has also been involved with a number of chamber ensembles including the Elizabethan Piano Trio, the Grevillia Ensemble and the Huntington Piano Trio; he has partnered members of the Australia Ensemble, Australian Chamber Orchestra and the Sydney Symphony. He has worked regularly for the ABC and Musica Viva Australia, and records for Walsingham Classics, Tall Poppies, Vox Australis, 2MBS-FM and ABC

[13] No. 3, 'Will the red sun never set?'
Will the red sun never set?
Will the daylight never die?
I am mad with a wild regret,
There is blood in the angry sky.
Mine errand is dark as the night!
Oh bridegroom I bear thee a gift;
Mine arm is strong and my steel is bright,
And my dagger is sure and swift.

Thou hast purchased thee a maid;
But the maid shall ne'er be wife
Till her lover in full be paid
With thy life, poor fool, with thy life.
Mine errand, etc.

[14] No. 4, 'Ashoo at her Lattice'
My sad eyes gaze o'er the river,
They are dim and wet with tears;
Lonely and dark as the river –
The long, long years.
Soubahna!⁷

My jasmine chains are faded
And their fragrance pass'd away.
Does thy love, like a flower, Soubahna,
But last a day?
Soubahna!

But, hush! a boat on the waters,
And a voice that softly sings,
A boat like a bird o'er the waters,
For love hath wings,
Row hither, Soubahna!
'Neath my casement the river flows;
I send thee a message, Soubahna,
I fling thee a rose!

[15] No. 5, 'Only a Rose'
A crimson rose
From the lattice softly fell,
My love is at the lattice –
What has the rose to tell?
Ah! Only a rose may fall;
But to the happy lover
The rose tells all.

Within my rose
I sought and found a tear!
Like dew in the rose it lay,
And made love's message clear.
Ah! Only a tear may fall;
But to the tender lover
The tear tells all.

[16] No. 6, 'Kingfisher Blue'
Kingfisher Blue!
Bird of the sunlight, who
Over the silent stream at will dost wander,
On joyous wing we fly,

⁷ A woman's name.

If wealth could buy the mist
By Dawn's pale, pearl lips kissed,
Beloved, there should be
A white veil wrought for thee,
More marvelous than that faint film which hangs
above the sea.

[10] No. 6, 'Allah be with us'

Ah, when the dark on many a heart descends,
Our joy more swiftly runs;
Heart of my heart, our great love never ends,
Though set ten thousand suns!

Allah be with us when that last deep night
Shall wrap us round about;
And Love be with us with her steadfast light,
When death our lamp burns out.

Six Songs from 'On Jhelum River'

[11] No. 1, 'Jhelum Boat Song'

Swiftly the light shikara⁴
From sunny Bijbehara⁵
With sweet fruit freighted
To the silent city glides;
Through maze of lotus
The lacquered paddle glides
Swiftly the light shikara
From sunny Bijbehara,
Ah, Jhelum River.⁶

⁴ The shikara is a wooden taxi-boat found on the lakes of Kashmir and the surrounding area.

⁵ A town on the Jhelum River in Jammu and Kashmir.

⁶ The Jhelum originates near Srinagar and flows for 450 miles until it meets the Chenab, which in turn empties into the Indus.

Cutting the cool green rushes,
Robbing the wild rose bushes,
Beating the branches of the weighted walnut trees;
Clipping the silver willows that ramble in the breeze,
Cutting the cool green rushes,
Robbing the wild rose bushes,
Ah, Jhelum River.

But hark! 'tis the hum of the city!
Ah! would I might linger yet,
A journey, alas, lies before me,
Dear love, thou wilt not forget!

[12] No. 2, 'The Song of the Bride'

Earrings set with rubies rare,
Anklets, bangles of fine gold,
Silken robes today I wear,
Who has sent the gems where-with
For the bridal I am decked?
'Tis Ramzan the silversmith!

Little mirror on my ring,
Tell me am I beautiful
As the hired minstrels sing
Tell me am I beautiful?
If my father's heart be glad,
If my mother weep for joy,
Surely I may not be sad!

Classics. David Miller has been on the staff of Sydney Conservatorium of Music since 1980 and in 1995 was appointed Chair of the Ensemble Studies Unit. He has introduced an innovative programme of study for graduate and under-graduate students and promotes a variety of performance opportunities for student ensembles. He has also been a panel member for the Melbourne Song Recital Awards on two occasions, and a guest artist on the staff of the Australian National Academy of Music. His studio has produced many of Australia's finest piano accompanists and he has been instrumental in setting up the Geoffrey Parsons Australian Scholarship to assist all young accompanists and répétiteurs in the development of their careers.



*Michael Halliwell at the memorial to Amy Woodforde-Finden
in the Parish Church of St Thomas à Becket, Hampsthwaite, Yorkshire*

Four Indian Love Lyrics

[1] No. 1, 'The Temple Bells'

The temple bells are ringing,
The young green corn is springing,
And the marriage month is drawing very near.
I lie hidden in the grass,
And I count the moments pass,
For the month of marriages is falling near.

She is young and very sweet,
From the silver on her feet
To the silver and the flowers in her hair,
And her beauty makes me swoon,
As the Moghra¹ trees at noon
Intoxicate the hot and quivering air.

Ah, I would the hours were fleet
As her silver circled feet,
I am weary of the daytime and the night;
I am weary unto death,
Oh my rose with Jasmin breath,
With this longing for your beauty and your light.

[2] No. 2, 'Less than the dust'

Less than the dust beneath thy Chariot wheel,
Less than the rust that never stained thy Sword,
Less than the trust thou hast in me, my Lord,
Even less than these!

¹ Moghra is the Hindi name for the shrub *Jasminum sambac*, cultivated for its fragrant flowers.

² There are Shalimar Gardens in Lahore in Pakistan, in Jammu and Kashmir, and in Delhi and Uttar Pradesh in India.

Texts

Less than the weed that grows beside thy door,
Less than the speed of hours spent far from thee,
Less than the need thou hast in life of me.
Even less am I.

Since I, my Lord, am nothing unto thee,
See here thy Sword, I make it keen and bright,
Love's last reward, Death, comes to me to-night,
Farewell, Zahir-u-din.

[3] No. 3, 'Kashmiri Song'

Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,²
Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?
Whom do you lead on Rapture's roadway, far,
Before you agonise them in farewell?

Pale hands, pink-tipped, like lotus-buds that float
On those cool waters where we used to dwell,
I would have rather felt you round my throat
Crushing out life than waving me farewell!

[4] No. 4, 'Till I wake'

When I am dying, lean over me tenderly, softly...
Stoop, as the yellow roses droop
In the wind from the south;
So I may when I wake – if there be an awakening –
Keep what lulled me to sleep –
The touch of your lips on my mouth.

A Lover in Damascus

[5] No. 1, 'Far across the desert sands'

Far, far across the desert sands
I hear the camel bells;
Merchants have come from alien lands,
With stuffs and gems and silken bands,
Back where their old love dwells.

O my beloved, far away
Are cities by the sea;
Yet should I go to far Cathay
For many a weary night and day,
My dreams were still of thee.

[6] No. 2, 'Where the Abana flows'

Through the old city's silence,
Where the Abana³ flows,
Oh, hearken to the nightingale
Singing lyrics to the rose.

But through the dusk no answer
Is ever breathed or sung,
Though the bird's heart with pleading
The whole long night is wrong.

Yet well the lonely songster
Knows that the red rose hears.
Ah, love, I need no answer,
But let me see your tears.

³ The Abana is the Biblical name for the Barada, the main river in Damascus.

[7] No. 3, 'Beloved, in your absence'

Beloved, in your absence I have told
My love for you to every little flower,
Vermillion, pink and purple, red and gold,
That blossoms in our fragrant-hearted bower.

And should I die ere you come back again,
Would not the rose my golden vows repeat?
Yes, every bloom would whisper through the rain,
And fling its perfumed message at your feet!

[8] No. 4, 'How many a lonely caravan'

How many a lonely caravan sets out
On its long journey o'er the desert, Doubt,
Yet comes back home laded with ivory,
With gold and gums and scarfs from oversea.

So went my lonely heart forth on its quest;
Through torrid wastes and parched ways it pressed.
Empty and sad it left the city gate,
But came back with your precious love for freight!

[9] No. 5, 'If in the great bazaars'

If in the great bazaars
They sold the golden stars,
Beloved, there should be
A necklace strung for thee,
More wonderful than any known or dreamed of,
Love, by me.