

Chan 9610

Songs  
for  
Tenor

Volume

7

GRAINGER



*Percy Grainger*

**CHANDOS**

THE GRAINGER  
EDITION  
VOLUME SEVEN

Songs  
for  
Tenor

Martyn Hill *tenor*

Penelope Thwaites *piano*



Percy Grainger

The Percy Grainger Society

**Percy Grainger (1882–1961)**

**Nine settings of Rudyard Kipling (1865–1936) 31:33**

*premiere recordings*

- |   |   |      |
|---|---|------|
| 1 | Dedication II [KS unnum.]*                | 1:25 |
| 2 | Anchor Song (first setting) [KS unnum.]*  | 3:30 |
| 3 | The Sea-Wife (first setting) [KS unnum.]* | 4:29 |
| 4 | Ganges Pilot [KS unnum.]*                 | 2:26 |
| 5 | The First Chantey [KS unnum.]*            | 4:00 |

*premiere recording in this version*

- |   |                              |      |
|---|------------------------------|------|
| 6 | The Widow's Party [KS No. 7] | 3:36 |
|---|------------------------------|------|

John Lavender second piano

*premiere recordings*

- |   |  |      |
|---|--|------|
| 7 | Soldier, Soldier (second setting) [KS unnum.]* | 2:45 |
| 8 | The Young British Soldier [KS unnum.]*         | 7:17 |
| 9 | Dedication I [KS No. 1]                        | 1:42 |

*premiere recordings*

**Three settings of Robert Burns (1759–1796) 13:10**

- |    |                           |      |
|----|---------------------------|------|
| 10 | Yon Wild Mossy Mountains* | 3:51 |
| 11 | Evan Banks*               | 3:14 |
| 12 | Afton Water*              | 5:58 |

*premiere recordings*

**Four settings from *Songs of the North* 10:09**

Trad.

- |    |   |      |
|----|---|------|
| 13 | My Faithful Fond One (Mo Run Gealdileas) [SON No. 10] | 3:15 |
|----|---|------|

Trad.

- |    |   |      |
|----|---|------|
| 14 | The Woman Are A Gane Wud (An Anti-Jacobite Scottish Song) [SON No. 9] | 1:20 |
|----|---|------|

15	A.C. MacLeod O'er the Moor [SON No. 12]	2:19
16	A.C. MacLeod Fair Young Mary (Mairi Bhan Og) [SON No. 7]	3:06
17	Trad. The Power of Love (Kjærlighedens Styrke) [DFMS No. 4]	4:30
18	Trad. from <i>The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border</i> The Twa Corbies	3:27
19	<i>premiere recording</i> Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837–1909) A Reiver's Neck-Verse	2:16
20	<i>premiere recording in this version</i> Trad. from <i>The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border</i> Lord Maxwell's Goodnight [BFMS No. 42]	3:38 TT 69:12

Martyn Hill tenor  
Penelope Thwaites piano

\*edited for performance by Barry Peter Ould

BFMS – British Folk Music Setting  
DFMS – Danish Folk Music Setting  
KS – Kipling Setting  
SON – Song of the North

### Percy Grainger: Songs for Tenor

When the young Percy Grainger enrolled at Dr Hoch's Conservatoire in Frankfurt-am-Main and had begun his piano studies with James Kwast, he had just reached the prescribed minimum age for entry (thirteen years). He had of course already appeared in his native homeland, Australia, as a pianist and had won suitable admiration. His student days lasted from the autumn of 1895 to spring 1900. From surviving records, Grainger's lessons in counterpoint with Ivan Knorr did not take place until the 1897/98 term but were not pursued for the whole year. Up to this period, Grainger had already composed a small collection of what he was to call later 'Childhood Works' which were presented in an album as a 'birthday gift' to his mother in 1893. These consisted of various anthems and piano pieces all very much in the style of Handel or similar. One little song about his imaginary friend Shot-a-tee appears with words alluding to the fact that his 'little friend' was of Scottish origin. Things Scottish had fascinated the young Grainger since his mother had taken in a brother and sister by the name of McKechnie

as boarders. Percy made efforts to mimic their dialect so it is not surprising that Scotland would later play such an important role in the composer's development.

An unfinished Piano Concerto appeared in 1896 which was to be followed in 1897 by a Rondo for piano four hands, a *Klavier Quartette* based on the same material as used in the Rondo and the *Drei Klavierstücke* for piano solo. The following year there was an explosion of composition from the sixteen-year-old and between then and 1899 Grainger had composed fourteen vocal pieces based on Kipling's poems, three Burns settings and four orchestral pieces inspired by the Kipling texts (CHAN 9493 and CHAN 9584 (*Eastern Intermezzo*)) plus many orchestral sketches which were to be used and developed in later years. These included sketches for works based on Longfellow's epic poem, *The Saga of King Olaf*, a piano duet and an orchestral piece based on the same poem, a vocal setting of Longfellow's *The Secret of the Sea* (CHAN 9503), a *Scherzo* for string orchestra, an orchestral piece based on Björnsterne

Björnson's 'Blossom's Weihnachtsfahrt' from *Throned*, his first setting of a folk song, *Willow, Willow*, the orchestration of three of Grieg's Op. 12 *Lyric Pieces*, the two piano pieces *Peace* and *Saxon Twiplay* and the harmonization of twenty-six melodies from Augener's *Minstrelsy of England*. On top of this Grainger at sometime during this period broke his collarbone as well as losing the tip off the first finger of his right hand during an unfortunate struggle with a bike chain!

Grainger's tremendous musical talent can be likened to a wild vine which thrives without the need for pruning. Of the nine Kipling settings for solo voice and piano and the three Burns settings recorded here for the first time one can sample the fruits of this period of his life. They are varied as one would expect but his setting of Kipling's *The First Chantey* must surely rank high amongst his earliest original creations!

*Dedication* comes from the dedication of Kipling's *The Light That Failed* and was planned by Grainger as the dedication to his published series of Kipling settings which in turn are all dedicated to Grainger's mother, Rose. Both settings date from March 1901 but only the first setting was published by Schott & Co. Ltd in 1912 as Kipling Setting

No. 1. The second setting designated here as unnumbered was finished on 2 April 1901. Similar rhythmic and melodic features exist between both settings.

*Anchor Song* comes from Kipling's 'Many Inventions' in *The Seven Seas* and the voice and piano version recorded here is Grainger's first setting which dates from between the 3rd and 7th February 1899. Like many of Grainger's compositions, this work went through several revisions and finally appeared in a setting for baritone solo, men's chorus and piano as Kipling Setting No. 6 (CHAN 9499).

*The Sea-Wife* is also from Kipling's *The Seven Seas* and is Grainger's first setting of this poem which he completed between the 10th and 11th November 1898. A version with a different musical setting for mixed chorus and brass band was completed in 1905 and underwent various revisions until 1956 when it finally appeared as Kipling Setting No. 22 (CHAN 9554).

*Ganges Pilot* comes from Kipling's *The Light That Failed* where it is one of the Nilghai's songs. Grainger's setting was begun on 12 November 1899 and finished the following day. This almost music-hall style song is certainly one of Grainger's instant hits with its rousing chorus and evocative accompaniment!

*The First Chantey* comes from Kipling's *The Seven Seas* and Grainger's setting dates from 7–8 February, 1899. In 1903 Grainger began work on an instrumental setting based on the version recorded here which he went back to from time to time over a number of years. Regrettably, the instrumental setting was never completed and exists only in the form of several sketches. As the song unfolds Grainger's music manages to capture perfectly in sound the mood of this unusual poem.

*The Widow's Party* as recorded here is Grainger's second setting of Kipling's poem from his *Barrack-Room Ballads* and dates from the end of June to 2 July 1906. It was presented to Grainger's mother as a birthday gift the following day. Although originally composed for men's chorus, wind and brass band a later revision allowed for the minimum accompaniment of a piano two-some (duet). An editorial liberty has been taken for this recording by reducing the choral lines to one voice, however, the accompaniment has been retained in full! The full version can be heard on CHAN 9554.

*Soldier, Soldier*, from Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads*, is Grainger's second setting of this poem, composed between the 21st and 23rd February 1899. The first setting can be heard on CHAN 9503. Here a woman asks

her lover's comrade if he has any news of him. Knowing full well that her lover is dead he evades the truth finally suggesting that she take him for her 'new love'!

*The Young British Soldier* comes from Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads* and was composed on 21 February 1899. In the manuscript, only the first and last verses are written out with repeat signs at the end of the first verse suggesting that the other verses were to be included. The repetition of the last line of each verse drums home the message relentlessly.

The *Three Burns Songs* date from late 1898 although it appears that certain bars of *Afton Water* were composed in 1896/7. It was during this period that Grainger entered into his first romantic association with Mimi Kwast, James Kwast's daughter by his first marriage. *Yon Wild Mossy Mountains* with its youthful exuberance and continuing reference to the 'dear lassie' is self-explanatory, whilst in *Afton Water* the poems reference to Mary may be seen as an euphonism for Mimi. *Evan Banks* on the other hand is more reflective as the poet thinks back to the days of his youth by the banks of the river Evan.

*Fair Young Mary* (Mairi Bhan Og), *My Faithful Fond One* (Mo Run Gealdileas),

O'er the Moor and The Woman Are A Gane Wud are all settings of Scottish songs that Grainger took from the published collection *Songs of the North* (edited by A.C. McLeod and Harold Boulton with music arranged by Malcolm Lawson). Grainger's accompaniments to these songs are on a higher plane than his previous settings of English folk songs and he imbues each of the songs with a totally new, richer harmony whilst rejecting the pentatonic leanings of their original harmonizations. On his manuscript of *Songs of the North* Grainger inscribed:

Karl Klimsch (of Frankfurt) interested P.G. in folksong by showing him 'Songs of the North' around 1898–1900...

and later elsewhere wrote

His furious criticisms of my compositions when I was about 15 were the only really helpful lessons in composition I ever had.

**The Power of Love** tells the story of a maiden who has a clandestine lover. Her seven brothers challenge their sister's lover to combat because he has made love to her without 'asking their rede'. In the fight that ensues he kills the seven brothers and the maiden swears that even if he had killed her father she would not be minded to leave him. Grainger collected this ballad during

his 'folk-fishing' trip to Jutland with the Danish folklorist, Evald Tang Kristensen on 25 August 1922. The singer, Mrs Ane Nielsen Post, remembered only the last verse. Grainger composed his setting for solo voice with instrumental accompaniment in a burst of inspiration during the period 3–6 September 1922 in memory of his mother who had committed suicide the previous April. Of this work Grainger wrote

Love's sway is firm and ruthless. The tune and words of *The Power of Love* seemed to me to match my soul-seared mood of that time – my new born awareness of the doom-fraught undertow that lurks in all deep love.

**The Twa Corbies** (The Two Ravens) is another folk-ballad which come from Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (words communicated by C.K. Sharpe, as written down from tradition by a lady). Grainger composed his original melody to these words between the 25th and 28th February, 1903 and later scored it for voice and seven strings in November, 1909. The eerie picture of the ravens contemplating their dinner is chillingly captured by the desolate nature of Grainger's stark accompaniment. The work bears the dedication: 'For my dear friend Roger Quilter'.

**A Reivers Neck-Verse** is an original setting of a poem which comes from Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads, 3rd series*. It was composed between February and March 1908. A 'reiver' in Scottish parlance is a robber or plunderer and his 'neck-verse' is the reading made by him in Latin claiming 'benefit of clergy' – the clergyman could save the robber from the gallows if the robber was able to read the 'neck-verse' in fluent Latin (usually this is the beginning of Psalm 51). Swinburne's clever verse is turned by Grainger into a big song with rich harmonies and fistfuls of chords.

**Lord Maxwell's Goodnight** is based on a folk-ballad appearing in Scott's *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (ed. 1803). Eight bars of an extant melody from an unspecified source were used by Grainger to which he added eight bars of his own and finished the whole work in November 1904 for tenor voice, violin, viola and two cellos. Grainger's composite work uses eight out of the original sixteen verses and his voice and piano transcription was made on 2 January, 1958. The Lord Maxwell in question is John, ninth Lord Maxwell who killed Sir James Johnstone, with whom he had an old feud, in 1608. Maxwell fled the country, but was sentenced to death in his absence.

Returning after four years, he was betrayed by a kinsman, and was beheaded at Edinburgh, on 21 May, 1613.

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**Martyn Hill** was born in Kent and studied at King's College, Cambridge and at the Royal College of Music. He has sung with many of the world's leading orchestras including the London Symphony Orchestra, Sydney Symphony Orchestra, Cleveland Orchestra, National Symphony Orchestra of Washington, and l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. His wide concert repertory includes Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius*, Berlioz's *The Damnation of Faust*, Bruckner's *Te Deum*, Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*, Britten's *War Requiem*, and contemporary works including Schoenberg's *Von heute auf morgen*, Elliott Carter's *In Sleep, in Thunder*. His opera repertory includes *Idomeneo*, Alessandro (*Il re pastore*), Tom Rakewell, the title role in *Oedipus Rex* and Eumene (*Il ritorno d'Ulisse in patria*). He has made many recordings.

**Penelope Thwaites** is a leading authority on Percy Grainger and was awarded the International Percy Grainger Society's Medallion in 1991 in recognition of her

work. She graduated with a First Class Honours degree in music from Melbourne University, also the site of the Grainger Museum. As concerto soloist, she has appeared with the London Philharmonic, the Philharmonia, the BBC Concert Orchestra and with leading orchestras in the USA and Australia, touring several times for the

Australian Broadcasting Corporation. She gave the opening concert at the 1997 International Melbourne Festival's Grainger weekend. Her recordings of Grainger's solo and two piano music (with John Lavender) have won the highest praise in the musical press. She is a featured artist in this historic Chandos Grainger Series.

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### Percy Grainger: Lieder für Tenor

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Als der junge Percy Grainger sich am Konservatorium Dr. Hoch in Frankfurt am Main einschrieb und bei James Kwast Klavierunterricht zu nehmen begann, hatte er gerade erst das vorgeschriebene Mindestalter (dreizehn Jahre) erreicht. Er war natürlich bereits in seinem Heimatland Australien als Pianist aufgetreten und dafür angemessen bewundert worden. Seine Studienzeit dauerte von Herbst 1895 bis Frühjahr 1900. Aus den erhaltenen Unterlagen geht hervor, daß Graingers Unterricht im Fach Kontrapunkt bei Ivan Knorr erst im Wintersemester 1897/98 stattfand und dann auch nicht das ganze Jahr fortgesetzt wurde. Bis dahin hatte Grainger bereits eine kleine Sammlung von ihm selbst später so genannter "Kindheitswerke" komponiert, die er seiner Mutter 1893 in einem Album als Geburtstagsgeschenk überreichte. Sie setzte sich zusammen aus verschiedenen Anthems und Klavierstücken, die alle sehr dem Händelschen bzw. einem Händel ähnlichen Stil verhafter sind.

Ein unvollendetes Klavierkonzert entstand 1896, im Jahre 1897 gefolgt von einem

*Rondo* für Klavier zu vier Händen, einem *Klavierquartett*, das auf dem gleichen Material beruht wie das *Rondo*, und den *Drei Klavierstücken* für Soloklavier. Im folgenden Jahr brachte der Sechzehnjährige eine explosionsartige Fülle von Kompositionen hervor und bis 1899 komponierte er eine Vielzahl verschiedener Stücke, darunter auch seine erste Vertonung einer volkstümlichen Melodie. Im selben Zeitraum brach er sich das Schlüsselbein und verlor die Spitze des Zeigefingers seiner rechten Hand beim unseligen Kampf mit einer Fahrradkette!

Graingers ungeheures musikalisches Talent läßt sich mit einer wilden Kletterpflanze vergleichen, die gedeiht, ohne daß man sie beschneiden müßte. Sein damaliges Schaffen als Komponist ist, wie nicht anders zu erwarten, natürlich breit gefächert, doch seine Vertonung von Kiplings *The First Chantey* (Das erste Lied) muß unter seinen frühesten originellen Schöpfungen auf jeden Fall einen hohen Rang einnehmen!

*Dedication* (Zueignung) geht auf die Widmung von Kiplings *The Light That*

*Failed* zurück und war von Grainger als Widmung seiner veröffentlichten Reihe von Kipling-Vertonungen vorgesehen, die wiederum allesamt Graingers Mutter Rose zugeeignet sind. Beide Vertonungen sind im März 1901 entstanden, doch nur die erste wurde von Schott & Co. Ltd 1912 als Kipling-Vertonung Nr. 1 herausgegeben. Die zweite, hier als unnummeriert bezeichnete Vertonung wurde am 2. April 1901 fertiggestellt. Beide Vertonungen weisen rhythmische und melodische Ähnlichkeiten auf.

**Anchor Song** (Ankerlied) geht auf Kiplings "Many Inventions" in *The Seven Seas* zurück, und die hier aufgenommene Version für Gesangsstimme und Klavier ist Graingers erste Vertonung aus dem Zeitraum 3.–7. Februar 1899. Wie viele von Graingers Kompositionen durchlief auch diese mehrere Revisionen, ehe sie in einer Fassung für Baritonsolist, Männerchor und Klavier als Kipling-Vertonung Nr. 6 (CHAN 9499) herauskam.

**The Sea-Wife** (Das Meeresweib) stammt ebenfalls aus Kiplings *The Seven Seas* und ist Graingers erste Vertonung des Gedichts, vorgenommen zwischen dem 10. und 11. November 1898. Eine Version mit anderer Vertonung für gemischten Chor und

Blaskapelle wurde 1905 fertiggestellt, aber bis 1956 immer wieder überarbeitet und erst dann als Kipling-Vertonung Nr. 22 (CHAN 9554) herausgegeben.

**Ganges Pilot** (Der Lotse vom Ganges) stammt aus Kiplings *The Light That Failed*, wo es ein von Nilghai gesungenes Lied ist. Graingers Vertonung wurde am 12. November 1899 begonnen und am folgenden Tag fertiggestellt. Das fast im Music-Hall-Stil abgefaßte Lied ist mit seinem zündenden Refrain und der einprägsamen Begleitung mit Sicherheit eines von Graingers unmittelbaren Erfolgsstücken!

**The First Chantey** (Das erste Lied) geht auf Kiplings *The Seven Seas* zurück, und Graingers Vertonung entstand am 7./8. Februar 1899. Im Jahr 1903 nahm Grainger eine Instrumentalbearbeitung der vorliegenden Fassung in Angriff, auf die er während mehrerer Jahre immer wieder zurückkam.

**The Widow's Party** (Das Witwenfest) wurde hier in Graingers zweiter Vertonung des Kipling-Gedichts aus den *Barrack-Room Ballads* eingespielt, die im Zeitraum Ende Juni bis 2. Juli 1906 entstand. Tags darauf wurde das Stück Graingers Mutter als Geburtstagsgeschenk überreicht. Es ist ursprünglich für Männerchor, Holz- und

Blechbläser geschrieben, während eine spätere Bearbeitung die Minimalbegleitung durch ein Klavierduett vorsah. Die Ensemblefassung ist auf CHAN 9554 zu hören.

**Soldier, Soldier** (Soldat, Soldat) aus Kiplings *Barrack-Room Ballads* ist Graingers zweite Vertonung ein und desselben Gedichts, komponiert zwischen dem 21. und 23. Februar 1899. Die erste Vertonung ist auf CHAN 9503 zu hören. Hier fragt eine Frau den Kameraden ihres Liebsten, ob er Nachricht von ihm hat – der jedoch weicht in der Gewißheit, daß ihr Geliebter tot ist, der Wahrheit aus und schlägt schließlich vor, doch lieber ihn zu ihrer "neuen Liebe" zu erwählen!

**The Young British Soldier** (Der junge britische Soldat) stammt aus Kiplings *Barrack-Room Ballads* und wurde am 21. Februar 1899 komponiert. Im Manuskript sind nur die erste und letzte Strophe niedergeschrieben, allerdings mit Wiederholungszeichen am Ende der ersten, was darauf hindeutet, daß die übrigen Strophen einbezogen werden sollten.

Die **Three Burns Songs** (Drei Burns-Lieder) gehen auf Ende 1898 zurück, aber wie es scheint, wurden einige Takte von *Afion Water* bereits 1896/97 komponiert. Während

dieser Zeit ging Grainger seine erste romantische Beziehung zu Mimi Kwast ein, der Tochter von James Kwast aus erster Ehe. *Yon Wild Mossy Mountains* (Die wilden bemoosten Berge dort) mit seinem jugendlichen Überschwang und den wiederholten Verweisen auf das "dear lassie", das liebe Mädchen, erklärt sich von selbst, während die Anspielung im Text von *Afion Water* auf eine gewisse Mary eine klangliche Assoziation auf Mimi sein könnte. *Evan Banks* (Die Ufer des Evan) ist dagegen ein besinnlicheres Werk, in dem der Dichter an seine Jugendzeit am Ufer des Flusses Evan zurückdenkt.

**Fair Young Mary** (Schöne junge Mary), **My Faithful Fond One** (Meine Treue und Zärtliche), **O'er the Moor** (Übers Moor) und **The Woman Are A Gane Wud** (Die Frauen sind fort) sind allesamt Vertonungen schottischer Lieder, die Grainger der veröffentlichten Sammlung *Songs of the North* entnommen hat (herausgegeben von A.C. McLeod und Harold Boulton und musikalisch bearbeitet von Malcolm Lawson). Graingers Begleitungen zu diesen Liedern sind auf höherer Ebene angesiedelt als seine vorherigen Vertonungen englischer Volkslieder, und er verleiht jedem der Lieder eine völlig neue, reichhaltigere Harmonik.

**The Power of Love** (Die Macht der Liebe) erzählt die Geschichte einer Maid, die einen heimlichen Geliebten hat. Ihre sieben Brüder fordern den Liebhaber ihrer Schwester zum Kampf heraus, weil er ihr den Hof gemacht hat, ohne zuvor um Erlaubnis zu bitten. In der daraufhin ausbrechenden Auseinandersetzung tötet er die sieben Brüder, worauf die Maid schwört, sie wäre nicht einmal dann gewillt, ihn zu verlassen, wenn er ihren Vater getötet hätte. Grainger hat diese Ballade auf einem "volksmusikalischen Angelausflug" nach Jütland mit dem dänischen Folkloristen Evald Tang Kristensen am 25. August 1922 gesammelt. Die Sängerin, Anne Nielsen Post, konnte sich nur noch an die letzte Strophe erinnern. Grainger hat seine Vertonung für Solostimme mit Instrumentalbegleitung in einem kreativen Schub im Zeitraum 3. bis 6. September 1922 im Andenken an seine Mutter komponiert, die im April des Jahres Selbstmord begangen hatte.

**The Twa Corbies** (Die zwei Raben) ist eine weitere volkstümliche Ballade, diesmal aus Sir Walter Scotts *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (der Text wurde von C.K. Sharpe übermittelt, anhand der Niederschrift einer namentlich nicht genannten Dame nach mündlicher Überlieferung). Grainger

hat seine Originalmelodie zu diesem Text zwischen dem 25. und 28. Februar 1903 komponiert und sie später im November 1909 für Gesangstimme und sieben Streicher bearbeitet.

**A Reivers Neck-Verse** ist die Originalvertonung eines Gedichts aus der dritten Serie von Swinburnes *Poems and Ballads*. Sie wurde zwischen Februar und März 1908 vorgenommen. Ein "reiver" ist im schottischen Sprachgebrauch ein Räuber oder Plünderer, und sein "neck-verse" ist seine Lesung in lateinischer Sprache, mit der er Anspruch auf Hilfestellung durch den Kleriker erhebt – ein Geistlicher könnte den Räuber vor dem Galgen retten, wenn es ihm gelänge, den "neck-verse" in fließendem Latein vorzulesen. Gewöhnlich diene als "neck-verse" der Anfang des 51. Psalms, aber Swinburnes raffinierter Text wird von Grainger in ein umfangreiches Lied mit üppigen Harmonien und zahlreichen Akkorden verwandelt.

**Lord Maxwell's Goodnight** (Lord Maxwells gute Nacht) beruht auf einer volkstümlichen Ballade aus Scotts *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (hrsg. 1803). Grainger hat acht Takte einer existierenden Melodie aus unbekannter Quelle verwendet, acht eigene Takte hinzugefügt und im November 1904

das ganze Werk für Tenorstimme, Violine, Bratsche und zwei Celli fertiggestellt. Graingers zusammengesetztes Werk nutzt acht der ursprünglichen sechzehn Strophen, und seine Transkription für Gesangstimme und Klavier trägt das Datum des 2. Januar 1958.

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Übersetzung Anne Steeb/Bernd Müller

**Martyn Hill** wurde in der englischen Grafschaft Kent geboren und studierte am King's College in Cambridge sowie am Royal College of Music. Er hat mit vielen weltweit führenden Orchestern gesungen, darunter das London Symphony Orchestra, das Sydney Symphony Orchestra, das Cleveland Orchestra, das National Symphony Orchestra of Washington und das Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. Sein großes Konzertrepertoire umfaßt Elgars *The Dream of Gerontius*, Berlioz' *La damnation de Faust*, Bruckners *Te Deum*, Mahlers *Lied von der Erde*, Britten's *War Requiem* sowie zeitgenössische Werke wie Schönbergs *Von heute auf morgen* und Elliott Carters *In sleep, in thunder*. Zu seinem Opernrepertoire gehören Rollen wie *Idomeneo*, Alessandro in

*Il re pastore*, Tom Rakewell, die Titelrolle in *Oedipus Rex* und Eumene in *Il ritorno d'Ulisse in patria*. Er kann auf zahlreiche Aufnahmen auf Tonträger zurückblicken.

**Penelope Thwaites** ist eine anerkannte Autorität über Percy Grainger und wurde 1991 in Anerkennung ihrer Leistungen mit der Medaille der Internationalen Percy-Grainger-Gesellschaft ausgezeichnet. Sie absolvierte *summa cum laude* in Musik an der Universität Melbourne, Standort des Grainger-Museums. Als Konzertsolistin ist sie zusammen mit dem London Philharmonic, dem Philharmonia und dem BBC Concert Orchestra sowie mit bedeutenden Orchestern in den USA und Australien aufgetreten und war mehrmals im Auftrag der Australian Broadcasting Corporation auf Tournee. Beim internationalen Melbourne Festival 1997 hat sie das Eröffnungskonzert des Grainger-Wochenendes bestritten. Ihre Einspielungen von Graingers Werken für ein oder zwei Klaviere (mit John Lavender) wurden von den Fachzeitschriften in den höchsten Tönen gepriesen. In dieser historischen Grainger-Reihe der Firma Chandos spielt sie eine maßgebende Rolle.



## Percy Grainger: Chants pour tenor

Lorsque le jeune Percy Grainger entra au Conservatoire du Dr Hoch de Francfort-sur-le-Main et commença ses études de piano avec James Kwast, il venait juste d'atteindre l'âge minimum autorisé pour y entrer (treize ans). Il avait naturellement déjà fait des apparitions en tant que pianiste dans son pays d'origine, l'Australie, et avait gagné une certaine admiration auprès de son public. Ces études s'étalèrent de l'automne 1895 au printemps 1900. D'après les souvenirs de quelques témoins encore vivants, les leçons de contrepoint de Grainger auprès d'Ivan Knorr n'eurent pas lieu avant 1897–1898 et ne durèrent pas l'année entière. Durant cette période, Grainger avait déjà composé une petite collection de ce qu'il appellerait plus tard "Childhood Works" et qui furent présentés dans un album en guise de "cadeau d'anniversaire" à sa mère en 1893. Ces œuvres consistaient en divers motets et pièces pour piano tout à fait dans le style de Haendel ou de compositeurs du même genre.

Un Concerto pour piano inachevé vit le jour en 1896 qui fut suivi en 1897 par un

*Rondo* pour piano à quatre mains, un *Quatuor avec piano* basé sur le même matériau que le *Rondo* et les *Drei Klavierstücke* pour piano solo. L'année suivante, le jeune garçon âgé de seize ans produisit une profusion de compositions et jusque en 1899, Grainger composa une multitude d'œuvres différentes comprenant son premier travail sur une mélodie populaire. Durant cette période, il se brisa la clavicule et perdit également la première phalange de son index droit dans une lutte malencontreuse avec une chaîne de vélo.

L'énorme talent musical de Grainger peut-être comparé à une plante sauvage qui se développerait sans qu'on ait besoin de l'élaguer. A cette époque, sa production compositionnelle est naturellement d'une très grande variété, comme on peut l'imaginer, mais la mise en musique de *The First Chantey* (Le premier chant) de Kipling est sûrement à classer parmi ses toutes premières créations originales!

**Dedication** (Dédicace) provient de la dédicace de Kipling pour *The Light That Failed* et fut envisagée par Grainger comme

dédicace pour la publication de son recueil de mises en musique de poèmes de Kipling, elles-mêmes dédiées à la mère de Grainger, Rose. Les deux mises en musiques datent de mars 1901 mais seule la première fut publiée par Schott & Co. Ltd en 1912 en tant que Kipling Setting no 1. La seconde mise en musique non numérotée évoquée ici fut terminée le 2 avril 1901. Les deux œuvres se ressemblent par des caractéristiques rythmiques et mélodiques similaires.

**Anchor Song** (Chanson de l'ancre) est tiré de "Many Inventions" dans les *Seven Seas* de Kipling et la version piano et chant enregistrée ici est sa première mise en musique par Grainger réalisée entre les 3 et 7 février 1899. A l'instar de nombreuses autres compositions de Grainger, cette œuvre subit plusieurs révisions et apparut finalement dans une version pour baryton solo, chœur d'hommes et piano en tant que Kipling Setting no 6 (CHAN 9499).

**The Sea-Wife** (L'épouse de la mer) est aussi tirée des *Seven Seas* de Kipling et est la première mise en musique de ce poème par Grainger qu'il acheva entre le 10 et le 11 novembre 1898. Une version comportant un arrangement musical pour chœur mixte et ensemble de cuivres fut achevée en 1905 et subit diverses révisions

jusque en 1956 lorsqu'elle apparut finalement sous l'appellation Kipling Setting no 22 (CHAN 9554).

**Ganges Pilot** (Le bateau-pilote du Ganges) est tiré de *The Light That Failed* de Kipling et est en fait l'une des chansons de Nilghai. La mise en musique par Grainger fut commencée le 12 novembre 1899 et achevée le jour suivant. Le style de cette chanson rappelle presque le music-hall et ses *crescendo* des chœur sur un accompagnement évocateur en font certainement l'un des succès instantanés de Grainger.

**The First Chantey** (Le premier chant) est extrait des *Seven Seas* de Kipling et la mise en musique de Grainger date des 7 et 8 février 1899. En 1903, Grainger commença à travailler sur une version instrumentale reposant sur la version enregistrée ici à laquelle il revenait de temps en temps au cours des années.

**The Widow's Party** (La réception de la veuve) telle qu'elle est enregistrée ici est la seconde mise en musique du poème de Kipling tiré des *Barrack-Room Ballads* et date de la période allant de fin juin au 2 juillet 1906. Elle fut présentée le jour suivant comme cadeau d'anniversaire pour la mère de Grainger. Bien que composée à l'origine pour chœur d'hommes, vents et cuivres, une

version plus tardive en permis l'exécution avec un accompagnement minimum de deux pianos (en duo). La version intégrale est disponible sous la référence CHAN 9554.

**Soldier, Soldier** (Soldat, Soldat), tiré des *Barrack-Room Ballads* de Kipling, est la seconde mise en musique de ce poème composée entre le 21 et le 23 février 1899. Le premier arrangement est disponible sous la référence CHAN 9503. Ici, une femme demande au camarade de son amant s'il a des nouvelles de celui-ci – sachant très bien que son amant est mort, le camarade élude la réponse en lui suggérant qu'elle le prenne lui-même pour son "nouvel amant".

**The Young British Soldier** (Le jeune soldat britannique) provient des *Barrack-Room Ballads* de Kipling et fut composé le 21 février 1899. Dans le manuscrit, seuls le premier et le dernier vers sont écrits, l'espace entre les deux comportant des signes de répétition afin de suggérer que les autres vers devaient y être insérés.

Les **Three Burns Songs** datent de la fin de 1898, bien qu'il semble que certaines mesures d'*Afton Water* aient été composées en 1896/97. Ce fut durant cette période que Grainger entama sa première association romantique avec Mimi Kwast, la fille de James Kwast issue de son premier mariage.

L'exubérance juvénile et les allusions permanentes à la "dear lassie" que l'on perçoit dans *Yon Wild Mossy Mountains* (Cettes montagnes sauvages moussues) sont aussi transparentes que faire se peut, tandis que les références poétiques à Mary dans *Afton Water* pourraient être un jeu euphonique avec le prénom de Mimi? *Evan Banks* (Les rives de la Evan), en revanche, est d'un caractère plus réfléchi puisque le poète se remémore les jours de sa jeunesse au bord de la rivière Evan.

**Fair Young Mary** (Jolie Mary), **My Faithful Fond One** (Ma tendre fidèle), **O'er the Moor** (Au-delà des bruyères) et **The Woman Are A Gane Wud** (Les femmes sont parties) sont toutes des mises en musique de chansons traditionnelles écossaises que Grainger tira de l'édition des *Songs of the North* (éditée par A.C. McLeod et Harold Boulton sur des musiques arrangées par Malcolm Lawson). Les accompagnements de Grainger sont d'un niveau plus élevé que ses précédentes mises en musique de chants traditionnels anglais et il imprègne chacune des chansons d'une harmonie totalement nouvelle et plus riche.

**The Power of Love** (La puissance de l'amour) narre l'histoire d'une jeune fille qui mène une relation amoureuse secrète. Ses

sept frères provoquent au combat l'amant de leur sœur parce qu'il a fait l'amour avec elle sans "avoir demandé leur assentiment". Dans la lutte qui s'ensuit, il tue les sept frères et la jeune fille jure que même s'il avait tué son père elle ne pourrait envisager de le quitter. Grainger découvrit cette ballade durant son périple de "pêche à la tradition" en Jutland en compagnie du spécialiste du folklore danois Evald Tang Kristensen le 22 août 1922. La chanteuse, Anne Nielsen Post, ne se rappelle que le dernier vers. Grainger composa cette œuvre pour voix seule avec accompagnement musical dans un élan d'inspiration durant la période s'étalant entre le 3 et le 6 septembre 1992 en mémoire de sa mère qui s'était suicidée en avril de la même année.

**The Twa Corbies** (Les deux corbeaux) est une autre ballade populaire également tirée d'une recueil de Sir Walter Scott *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (dont les paroles, d'après C.K. Sharpe et conformément à la tradition, ont été écrites par une femme). Grainger composa la mélodie originale sur ce texte entre les 25 et 28 février 1903, et plus tard la réécrivit pour voix et sept cordes en novembre 1909.

**A Reivers Neck-Verse** est une mise en musique originale d'un poème provenant des

*Poems and Ballads, 3rd series* de Swinburne. Elle fut composée entre février et mars 1908. Un "reiver" en dialecte écossais est un voleur ou un piller et ses "neck-verse" consistent à lire un texte en Latin afin de quémander les bienfaits du clergé – un prêtre pouvait sauver le voleur de la potence s'il était capable de lire les "neck-verse" en latin courant. Les "neck-verse" sont en fait les premières lignes du Psaume 51 mais les vers subtils de Swinburne sont transformés par Grainger en une proluxe chanson empreinte de riches harmonies et de multitudes d'accords.

**Lord Maxwell's Goodnight** (Le bonsoir de lord Maxwell) est basé sur une ballade populaire extraite du recueil de *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* de Scott (édité en 1803). Huit mesures d'une longue mélodie de source non spécifiée furent utilisées par Grainger; il leur ajouta huit mesures de son propre cru et acheva toute l'œuvre en novembre 1904 pour voix de ténor, violon, alto et deux violoncelles. L'œuvre composite de Grainger utilise huit des seize vers d'origine; sa transcription pour voix et piano fut réalisée le 2 janvier 1958.

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Traduction: Karin Py

Né dans le Kent, **Martyn Hill** a étudié à King's College, Cambridge, et au Royal College of Music. Il a chanté avec nombre des plus grands orchestres du monde, dont l'Orchestre symphonique de Londres, l'Orchestre symphonique de Sydney, l'Orchestre de Cleveland, l'Orchestre symphonique national de Washington et l'Orchestre de la Suisse romande. Son vaste répertoire de concert comprend *The Dream of Gerontius* d'Elgar, *La damnation de Faust* de Berlioz, le *Te Deum* de Bruckner, *Das Lied von der Erde* de Mahler. *War Requiem* de Britten et des œuvres contemporaines – dont *Von heute auf morgen* de Schoenberg, *In sleep, in thunder* d'Elliott Carter. Son répertoire d'opéra comprend *Idomeneo*, Alessandro (*Il re pastore*), Tom Rakewell, le rôle-titre d'*Oedipus Rex* et Eumete (*Il ritorno d'Ulisse in patria*). Il a de nombreux enregistrements à son actif.

**Penelope Thwaites**, une grand spécialiste de

Percy Grainger, a reçu en 1991 la médaille internationale de la Percy Grainger Society, qui lui a été décernée en reconnaissance de ses travaux. Elle a obtenu une licence de musique avec mention très bien de l'Université de Melbourne (où se trouve aussi le Musée Grainger). En concerto, elle s'est produite avec le London Philharmonic, le Philharmonia, le BBC Concert Orchestra, ainsi qu'avec de grands orchestres aux États-Unis et en Australie où elle effectua plusieurs tournées pour l'Australian Broadcasting Corporation. Elle donna le concert d'ouverture du Week-end Grainger dans le cadre du festival international de Melbourne de 1997. Les enregistrements qu'elle a effectués de la musique de Grainger pour piano seul et pour deux pianos (interprétée en compagnie de John Lavender) lui ont valu de recevoir les plus grands éloges de la presse musicale. On la retrouvera tout au long de cette historique série que Chandos consacre à Grainger.



Penelope Thwaites

### 1 Dedication

If I were hanged on the highest hill,  
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!  
I know whose love would follow me still,  
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,  
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!  
I know whose tears would come down to me,  
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!

If I were damned in body and soul,  
I know whose prayers would make me whole,  
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!

*Rudyard Kipling from  
'The Light that Failed'*

### 2 Anchor Song

Heh! Walk her round.  
Heave, ah heave her short again!  
Over, snatch her over, there and hold her on the pawl.  
Loose all sail, and brace your yards aback and full  
Ready jib to pay her off and heave short all!  
Well, ah fare you well;

We can stay no more with you, my love  
Down, set down your liquor and your girl from off  
your knee;

For the wind has come to say:  
'You must take me while you may,  
If you'd go to Mother Carey  
(Walk her down to Mother Carey!)  
Oh, we're bound for Mother Carey where she feeds her  
chicks at sea!'

Heh! Tally on,  
Aft and walk away with her!  
Handsome to the cathead, now; tally on the fall!  
Stop, seize and fish, and easy on the davit guy.  
Up, well up the fluke of her, and inboard haul!

Well, ah fare you well,  
For the Channel winds took hold of us,  
Choking down our voices as we snatch the gaskets free.  
And it's blowing up for night,  
And she's dropping Light on Light.  
And she's snorting under bonnets for a breath of open  
sea.

Wheel, full and by;  
But she'll smell her road alone to night.  
Sick she is and harbour sick, O sick to clear the land!  
Roll down to Brest with the old Red Ensign over us  
Carey on and thrash her out with all she'll stand!  
Well, ah fare you well;  
And it's Ushant gives the door to us,  
Whirling like a windmill on the dirty sand to lea:  
Till the last, last flicker goes  
From the tumbling water rows,  
And we're off to Mother Carey  
(Walk her down to Mother Carey!)  
Oh, we're bound for Mother Carey where she feeds her  
chicks at sea!

*Rudyard Kipling's  
'Many Inventions' from 'The Seven Seas'*

### 3 The Sea-Wife

There dwells a wife by the Northern gate,  
And a wealthy wife is she;  
She breeds a breed o' rovin' men  
And casts them o'er the sea.

And some are drowned in deep water,  
And some in sight o' shore,  
And word goes back to the weary wife  
And ever she sends more.

For since that wife had gate or gear,  
Or hearth or garth or field,  
She willed her sons to the white harvest,  
And that is a bitter yield.

She wills her sons to the wet ploughing,  
To ride the horse of tree;  
And syne her sons come back again  
Far spent from out the sea.

The good wife's sons come home again  
With little into their hands,  
But the lore of men that have dealt with men  
In the new and naked lands;

But the faith of men that have brothered men  
By more than easy breath,  
And the eyes of men that have read with men  
In the open books of Death.

Rich are they, rich in wonders seen,  
But poor in the goods of men;  
So what they have got by the skin of their teeth  
They sell for their teeth again.

And whether they lose to the naked life  
Or win to their heart's desire,  
They tell it to the weary wife  
That nods beside the fire.

Her hearth is wide to ev'ry wind  
That makes the white ash spin;  
And tide and tide and 'twen the tides  
Her sons go out and in;

(Out with great mirth that do desire  
Hazard of trackless ways  
In with content to wait their watch  
And warm before the blaze);

And some return by failing light,  
And some in waking dream,  
For she hears the heels of the dripping ghosts  
That ride the rough roof beam.

Home, they come home from all the ports,  
The living and the dead;  
The good wife's sons come home again  
For her blessing on their head.

*Rudyard Kipling from  
'The Seven Seas'*

### Ganges Pilot

4 I have slipped my cable, messmates, I'm drifting down  
with the tide,  
I have my sailing orders, while ye at anchor ride.  
And never on fair June morning have I put out to sea  
With clearer conscience or better hope, or a heart more  
light and free.

Shoulder to shoulder, Joe, my boy, into the crown like  
a wedge  
Strike with the hangers, messmates but do not cut with  
the edge.  
Cries Charnock, 'Scatter the faggots, double the  
Brahmin in two.  
The tall pale widow for me, Joe, the little brown girl  
for you!

Young Joe (you're nearing sixty), is your hide so dark?  
Katie has soft fair blue eyes, who blackened yours?  
Why, hark!

The morning gun Ho, steady! The arquebuses to me!  
I ha' sounded the Duth High admiral's heart as my lead  
cloth sound the sea.

Sounding, sounding the Ganges, floating down with  
the tide,  
Moor me close to Charnock, next to my nut-brown  
bride.

My blessing to Kate at Fairlight Holywell, my thanks to  
you:  
Steady! We steer for heaven, through sand drifts cold  
and blue.

*Rudyard Kipling from  
'The Light That Failed'*

### The First Chantey

5 Mine was the woman to me, darkling I found her:  
Hailing her dumb from the camp, held her and bound  
her.

Hot rose her tribe on our track ere I had proved her;  
Hearing her laugh in the gloom, greatly I loved her.

Swift through the forest we ran, none stood to guard  
us,

Few were my people and far; then the flood barred us  
Him we call Son of the Sea, stullen and swollen.  
Panting we waited the death, stealer and stolen.

Yet ere they came to my lance laid for the slaughter,  
Lightly she leaped to a log lapped in the water;  
Holding on high and apart skins that arrayed her,  
Called she the God of Wind that He should aid her.

Light had the tree at that word (Praise we the Giver!),  
Otter-like left he the bank for the full river.  
Far fell their axes behind, flashing and ringing,  
Wonder was on me and fear yet she was singing!

Low lay the land we had left. Now the blue bound us,  
Even the Floor of the Gods level around us.  
Whisper there was not, nor word, shadow nor showing,  
Till the light stirred on the deep, glowing and growing.

Then did He leap to His place flaring from under,  
He the Compeller, the Sun, bared to our wonder.  
Nay, not a league from our eyes blinded with gazing,  
Cleared He the Gate of the World, huge and amazing!

This we beheld (and we live) the Pit of the Burning!  
Then the God spoke to the tree for our returning:  
Back to the beach of our flight, fearless and slowly,  
Back to our slayers went he; but we were holy.

Men that were hot in that hunt, women that followed,  
Babes that were promised our bones, trembled and  
wallowed

Over the necks of the Tribe crouching and fawning  
Prophet and priestess we came back from the dawning!

*Rudyard Kipling from  
'The Seven Seas'*

### The Widow's Party

6 'Where have you been this while away, Johnnie,  
Johnnie?'

'Out with the rest on a picnic lay, Johnnie, my Johnnie,  
aha!

They called us out of the Barrack yard  
To Gawd knows where from Gosport Hard,  
And you can't refuse when you get the card,  
And the Widow give the party.'

'What did you get to eat and drink, Johnnie, Johnnie?'  
'Standing water as thick as ink, Johnnie, my Johnnie,  
aha!

A bit o' beef that were three years stored,  
A bit o' mutton as tough as a board,  
And a fowl we killed with a sergeant's sword,  
When the Widow give the party.'

'What did you do for knives and forks, Johnnie,  
Johnnie?'

'We carries 'em with us wherever we walks, Johnnie,  
my Johnnie, aha!  
And some was sliced and some was halved,  
And some was crimped and some was carved,  
And some was gutted and some was starved,  
When the Widow give the party.'

'What ha' you done with half your mess, Johnnie,  
Johnnie?'

'They couldn't do more and they wouldn't do less,  
Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!  
They ate their whack and they drank their fill,  
And I think the rations has made them ill,  
For half my comp'ny's lying still

Where the Widow give, the Widow give, the Widow  
give the party.'

'How did you get away, away, Johnnie, Johnnie?'  
'On the broad o' my back at the end o' the day,  
Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!

I comed away like a bleedin' toff,  
For I got four niggers to carry me off,  
As I lay in the bight of a canvas trough,  
When the Widow give the party.'

'What was the end of all the show, Johnnie, Johnnie?'  
'Ask my Colonel for I don't know, Johnnie, my  
Johnnie, aha!

We broke a King and we built a road,  
A court-house stands where the reg'ment goed,  
And the river's clean where the raw blood flowed,  
When the Widow give, the Widow give, the Widow  
give the party.'

*Rudyard Kipling from  
'Barrack-Room Ballads'*

### Soldier, Soldier

7 'Soldier soldier come from the wars,  
Why don't you march with my true love?'  
'We're fresh from off the ship  
An' 'e's maybe give the slip.  
An' you'd best go look for a new love.

New love! True love!  
Best go look for a new love.  
The dead they cannot rise,  
An' you'd better dry your eyes,  
An' you'd best go look for a new love.'

'Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,  
What did you see o' my true love?'  
'I seed 'im serve the Queen  
In an suit o' rifle green,  
An' you'd best go look for a new love.'

'Soldier, soldier, come from the wars  
Did ought take harm to my true love?'  
'I couldn't see the fight  
For the smoke it lay so white  
An' you'd best go look for a new love.'

'Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,  
I'll up and tend to my true love?'  
'E's lying on the dead  
With a bullet through 'is head,  
An' you'd best go look for a new love.'

'Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
Do you bring no sign from my true love?'  
'I bring a lock of 'air,  
That 'e allus used to wear,  
An' you'd best go look for a new love.'

'Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,  
O then I know it's true, I've lost my true love!'  
'An' I tell you truth again  
When you've lost the feel o' pain  
You'd best take me for your true love.'

True love! New love!  
Best take me for a new love.  
The dead they cannot rise,  
An' you'd better dry your eyes,  
An' you'd best take me for your true love.'

*Rudyard Kipling from  
'Barrack-Room Ballads'*

### The Young British Soldier

8 When the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the East  
'E acts like a babe an' 'e drinks like a beast,  
An' 'e wonders because 'e is frequent deceased  
Ere 'e's fit to serve as a soldier.  
Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,  
Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,  
Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,  
Soldier of the Queen!

Now all you recruits what's drafted today,  
You shut up your rag-box an' 'ark to my lay.  
An' I'll sing you a soldier as far as I may:  
A soldier what's fit for a soldier.  
Fit, fit, fit for a soldier, *etc.*

First mind you steer clear o' the grog-sellers' huts,  
For they sell you Fixed Bay'nets that rots out your guts  
Ay, drink that 'ud eat the live steel from your butts  
An' it's bad for the young British soldier.  
Bad, bad, bad for the soldier, *etc.*

When the cholera comes – as it will past a doubt  
Keep out of the wet and don't go on the shout,  
For the sickness gets in as the liquor dies out,  
An' it crumples the young British soldier.  
Crum-, crum-, crumples the soldier, *etc.*

But the worst o' your foes is the sun over'ead:  
You must wear your 'elmet for all that is said:  
If 'e finds you uncovered 'e'll knock you down dead,  
An' you'll die like a fool of a soldier.  
Fool, fool, fool of a soldier, *etc.*

If you're cast for fatigue by a sergeant unkind,  
Don't grouse like a woman nor crack on nor blind;  
Be handy and civil, and then you will find  
That it's beer for the young British soldier.  
Beer, beer, beer for the soldier, *etc.*

Now, if you must marry, take care she is old –  
A troop-sergeant's widow's the nicest, I'm told,  
For beauty won't help if your rations is cold,  
Nor love ain't enough for a soldier.  
'Nough, 'nough, 'nough for a soldier, *etc.*

If the wife should go wrong with a comrade, be loth  
To shoot when you catch 'em – you'll swing, on my  
oath! –  
Make 'im take 'er and keep 'er: that's Hell for them  
both,

An' you're shut o' the curse of a soldier.  
Curse, curse, curse of a soldier, *etc.*

When your first under fire an' you're wishful to duck  
Don't look nor take 'eed at the man that is struck.  
Be thankful you're livin', and trust to your luck  
And march to your front like a soldier.  
Front, front, front like a soldier, *etc.*

When 'arf of your bullets fly wide in the ditch,  
Don't call your Martini a cross-eyed old bitch;  
She's human as you are – you treat her as sich,  
An' she'll fight for the young British soldier.  
Fight, fight, fight for the soldier, *etc.*

When shakin' their bustles like ladies so fine,  
The guns o' the enemy wheel into line,  
Shoot low at the limbers an' don't mind the shine,  
For noise never startles the soldier.  
Start-, start-, startles the soldier, *etc.*

If your officer's dead and the sergeants look white,  
Remember it's ruin to run from a fight:  
So take open order, lie down, and sit tight,  
And wait for supports like a soldier.  
Wait, wait, wait like a soldier, *etc.*

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,  
And the women come out to cut up what remains,  
Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains  
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.  
Go, go, go like a soldier, *etc.*

*Rudyard Kipling from  
'Barrack-Room Ballads'*

#### Dedication

- 9 If I were hanged on the highest hill,  
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!  
I know whose love would follow me still,  
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,  
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!  
I know whose tears would come down to me,  
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!  
If I were damned in body and soul,  
I know whose prayers would make me whole.  
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!

*Rudyard Kipling from  
'The Light that Failed'*

- 10 **Yon Wild Mossy Mountains**  
Yon wild, mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,  
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde;  
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to  
feed,  
And the shepherd tends his flock as he pipes on his  
reed.  
Where the grouse lead their coveys *etc.*

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,  
To me hae the charms o' yon wild mossy moors,  
For there, by a lanely, sequestered clear stream,  
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.  
For there, by a lanely *etc.*

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,  
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green narrow strath;  
For there, wi' my lassie, the daylang I rove,  
While o'er us, unheeded, flee the swift hours o' love.  
For there, wi' my lassie *etc.*

She is not the fairest, although she is fair;  
O' nice education but sma' is her share;  
Her parentage humble as humble can be;  
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.  
Her parentage humble *etc.*

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,  
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs?

And when wit and refinement hae polished her darts,  
They dazzle our een as they flee to our hearts.  
And when wit and refinement *etc.*

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,  
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;  
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasped in her arms,  
O, these are my lassie's all conquering charms!  
And the heart-beating love *etc.*

*Robert Burns*

- 11 **Evan Banks**  
Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,  
The sun from India's shore retires:  
To Evan banks with temprate ray,  
Home of my youth, he leads the day.

Oh banks to me for ever dear!  
Oh stream, whose murmurs still I hear!  
All, all my hopes of bliss reside  
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,  
Whose image lives within my breast:  
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,  
And long pursued me with her eye:

Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,  
Of in the vocal bowers recline?  
Or, where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,  
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound,  
Ye lavish woods that wave around,  
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,  
Which sweetly winds so far below:

What secret charm to mem'ry brings  
All that on Evan's border springs!  
Sweet banks! Ye bloom by Mary's side:  
Blest stream! She views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast  
Atone for years in absence lost!  
Return, ye moments of delight,  
With richer treasures bless my sight!

Swift from this desert let me part,  
And fly to meet a kindred heart!  
No more may aught my steps divide  
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde!

*Robert Burns*

#### Afton Water

12 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,  
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,  
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,  
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;  
There daily I wander as noon rises high,  
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,  
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;  
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps o'er the lea,  
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;  
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

*Robert Burns*

#### My Faithful Fond One

13 My fair and rare one, my faithful fond one,  
My faithful fair, wilt not come to me  
On bed of pain here who remain here,  
With weary longing for a sight of thee?

If wings were mine now to skim the brine now,  
And like a sea-gull to float me free,  
To Islay's shore now they'd bear me o'er now,  
Where dwells the maiden that's dear to me.

My fair and rare one, etc.

O were I yonder with her to wander  
Beneath the green hills beside the sea,  
With birds in chorus that warble o'er us,  
And rith of kisses so sweet to me!

My fair and rare one, etc.

What though the sky here be wet or dry here,  
With peaceful breeze here, or windy war,  
In winter glooming or summer blooming  
'Tis all one season, love, when thou art far.

My fair and rare one, etc.

*Translated from the Gaelic by Professor Blackie*

#### The Women Are A Gane Wud

14 The women are a gane wud,  
O! That he had bidden awa,  
He's turned their heads, the lad,  
And ruin will bring on us a;  
I aye was a peaceable man,  
My wife she did doucely behave,  
But now, do a that I can,  
She's just as wild as the lave.

My wife she wears the cockade,  
Though she kens it's the thing that I hate,  
There's ane too preened on her maid,

And baith will tak the gate.  
The senseless creatures ne'er think  
What ill the lad will bring back;  
We'd ha'e the Pope and the De'il,  
And a the rest o' the pack.

The wild Hielan lads they did pass,  
The yetts wide open they flee,  
They ate the very house bare,  
And ne'er speered the leave o me.  
But when the red-coats gaed by  
D'ye think they'd let them alane?  
They a the louder did cry  
'Prince Charlie will soon get his ain.'

#### O'er The Moor

15 O'er the moor I wander lonely,  
Ochonarie, my heart is sore;  
Where are all the joys I cherished?  
With my darling they have perished,  
And they will return no more.

I loved thee first, I loved thee only,  
Ochonarie, my heart is sore;  
I loved thee from the day I met thee,  
What care I though all forget thee?  
I will love thee evermore.

*A.C. MacLeod*

#### Fair Young Mary

16 Mary my fair, my ain only dearie,  
My winsome, my bonnie wee bride,  
Let the world gang and a the lave wi it,  
Gin ye art but left by my side.

The lark to its nest, the stream to its ocean,  
The star to its home in the west,  
And I to my Mary, and I to my darling,  
And I to the aye I lo'e best.  
Time sall na touch thee, nor trouble come near thee,

Thou mauna grow old like the lave,  
And gin ye gang Mary, the way o the weary,  
I'll follow thee soon to the grave.

A glance o thy e'en wad banish a sorrow,  
A smile, and farewell to a' strife,  
For peace is beside thee, and joy is around thee,  
And love is the light o thy life.

*A.C. MacLeod*

#### The Power of Love

17 A green growing tree in my father's orchard stands,  
I really do believe it is a willow tree.  
It's branches twine together so close from root to top,  
And so do likewise true love and fond heart's desire in  
summertime.

#### The Twa Corbies

18 As I was walking all alane,  
I heard two corbies making a mane;  
The tane unto the t'other say,  
'Where sall we gang and dine today?'

'In behint yon auld fail dyke,  
I wot there lies a new slain knight;  
And naobody kens that he lies there,  
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

His hound is to the hunting gane,  
His hawk, to fetch the wild-fowl hame,  
His lady's ta'en another mare,  
So we may make our dinner sweet.

Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,  
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een;  
Wi ae lock o his gowden hair  
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

Many a one for him makes mane,  
But nane sall ken where he is gane:

O'er his white banes, when they are bare,  
The wind sall blaw for evermair.'

*Sir Walter Scott  
from 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border'*

**A Reiver's Neck-Verse**

19 Some die singing, and some die swinging, and weel  
mot a' they be:

Some die playing, and some die praying, and I wot sae  
winna we, my dear, and I wot sae winna we.

Some die sailing, and some die wailing, and some die  
fair and free.

Some die flying, and some die fighting, but I for a  
fause love's fee, my dear, but I for a fause love's fee.

Some die laughing, and some die quaffing, and some  
die high on tree:

Some die spinning, and some die sinning, but faggot  
and fire for ye, my dear, faggot and fire for ye.

Some die weeping, and some die sleeping, and some  
die under the sea:

Some die ganging, and some die hanging, and a twine  
of a tow for me, my dear, a twine of a tow for me.

*Charles Algernon Swinburne*

**Lord Maxwell's Goodnight**

20 Adieu, Madame, my mother dear,  
But and my sisters three O!  
Adieu, fair Robert of Orchardstane,  
My heart is wae for thee O!  
Adieu the lily and the rose,

The primrose fair to see, O!  
Adieu my ladye and only joy,  
For I may not stay with thee, O!

Tho I hae slain the Lord Johnstone  
Whar care I for his feid, O!  
My noble mind their wrath disdains,  
He was my father's deid, O!  
Both night and day I labor'd oft  
Of him avenged to be, O!  
But now I've got what lang I sought,  
And I may not stay with thee, O!

Then he tuk off a gay gold ring,  
Thereat hung signets three, O!  
'Hae, tak thee that mine ain dear thing,  
And still hae mind o me O!  
But if thou take another lord  
Ere I come ower the sea, O!  
His life is but a three days lease,  
Tho I may not stay wi thee, O!

The wind was fair, the ship was clear,  
That good lord went away, O!  
And most part of his friends were there  
To give him a fair convey, O!  
They drank the wine, they didna spair,  
E'en in that gude lord's sight, O!  
Sae now he's o'er the flood's sae grey  
And Lord Maxwell's ta'en his goodnight, O!

*Sir Walter Scott  
from 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border'*

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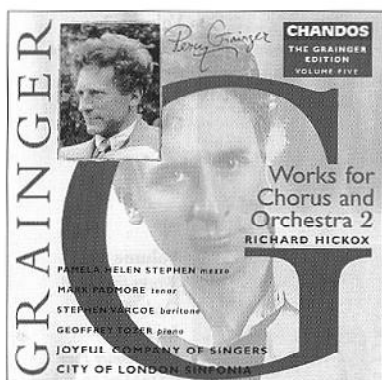
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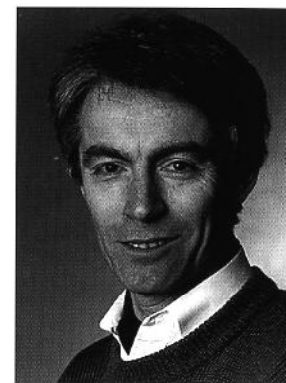
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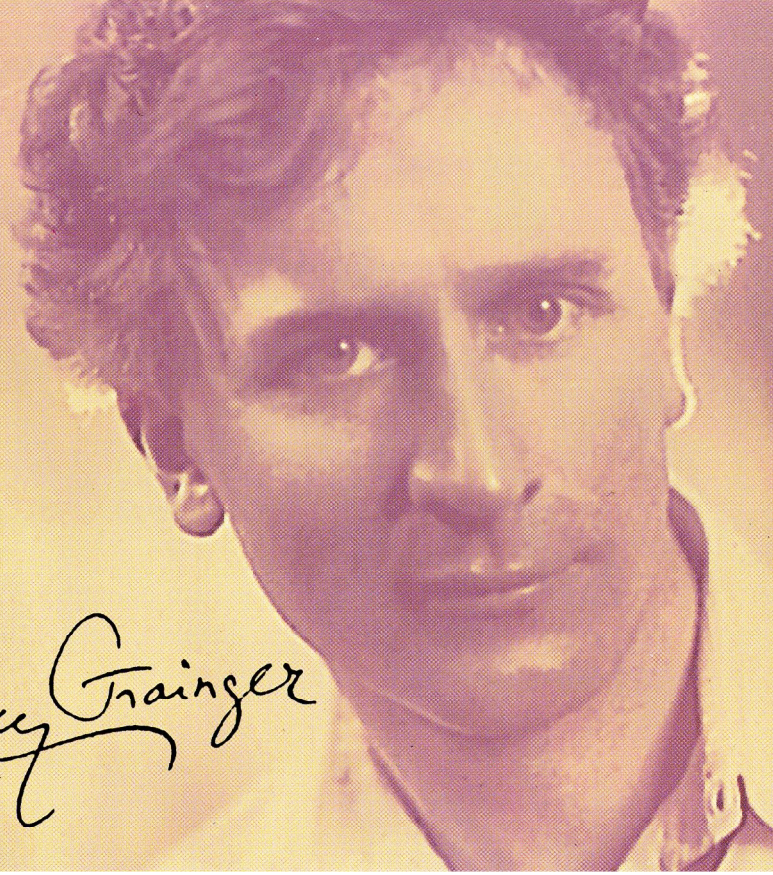
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THE GRAINGER EDITION VOLUME SEVEN

*Percy Grainger*



GRAINGER EDITION VOL. 7: SONGS FOR TENOR - Hill/Thwaites



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GRAINGER EDITION VOL. 7: SONGS FOR TENOR - Hill/Thwaites

**Percy Grainger** (1882–1961)

- |         |  |          |
|---------|--|----------|
| 1 – 9   | Nine settings of Rudyard Kipling (1865–1936)*† | 31:33    |
| 10 – 12 | Three settings of Robert Burns (1759–1796)*    | 13:10    |
| 13 – 16 | Four settings from 'Songs of the North'        | 10:09    |
|         | Trad.  |          |
| 17      | The Power of Love                              | 4:30     |
|         | Trad. (The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border)  |          |
| 18      | The Twa Corbies                                | 3:27     |
|         | Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837–1909)         |          |
| 19      | A Reiver's Neck-Verse*                         | 2:16     |
|         | Trad. (The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border)  |          |
| 20      | Lord Maxwell's Goodnight†                      | 3:38     |
|         |  | TT 69:12 |

Martyn Hill tenor  
Penelope Thwaites piano

\* premiere recordings  
† premiere recordings in this version

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