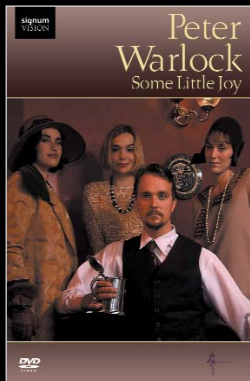


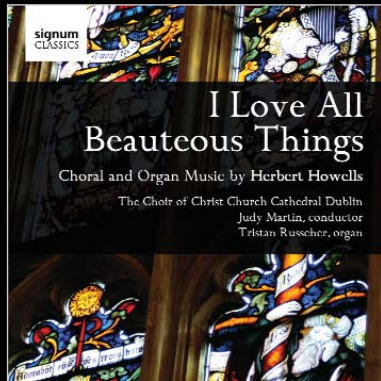
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The Frostbound Wood

British Songs by Warlock,
Howells, Howard and Roe

Tim Traversers-Brown
counter-tenor

Jeremy Filsell
piano

THE FROSTBOUND WOOD

1. My Little Sweet Darling	Peter Warlock	[1.59]
2. Take, O Take Those Lips Away	Peter Warlock	[1.35]
3. And Wilt Thou Leave Me Thus?	Peter Warlock	[1.59]
4. Sleep	Peter Warlock	[2.10]
5. The Droll Lover	Peter Warlock	[0.57]
6. Mourn No More	Peter Warlock	[1.39]
7. My Own Country	Peter Warlock	[2.16]
The Painted Rose *	Michael Howard	
8. The Painted Rose		[2.16]
9. So By My Singing Am I Comforted		[2.57]
10. Before Sleep		[1.03]
11. David's Lament for Johnathan		[2.33]
Three Middle English Songs *	Michael Howard	
12. A Hymn to the Virgin		[2.24]
13. May in the Grenewode		[1.31]
14. This Worldes Joie		[2.45]
15. Mrs. MacQueen	Herbert Howells	[1.44]

16. When the Dew is Falling	Herbert Howells	[3.36]
17. Full Moon	Herbert Howells	[2.59]
Noble Numbers	Betty Roe	
18. To His Saviour, a Child; a Present, by a Child		[1.35]
19. To God; An anthem sung before the King in the chapel at Whitehall		[2.43]
20. To God		[0.53]
21. To His Angrie God		[1.41]
22. To His Sweet Saviour		[3.55]
23. My Gostly Fader	Peter Warlock	[1.57]
24. The Frostbound Wood	Peter Warlock	[2.53]
25. Bethlehem Down	Peter Warlock	[4.07]
26. The Night	Peter Warlock	[2.05]
Total Timings		[58.15]

* WORLD PREMIERE RECORDING

TIM TRAVERS-BROWN COUNTER-TENOR

JEREMY FILSELL PIANO

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ARTIST'S NOTE

Throughout my career I have been involved in performing and recording music from the Renaissance, Baroque and Classical periods. Although the countertenor voice remains indelibly associated with this earlier repertoire, I have always felt equally inspired by the romantic lyricism of much 19th and 20th Century fare. What drew me to these four composers was the clarity and simplicity of their respective word setting. The songs on this disc have a wonderful translucent quality, which allows the meaning of the text to shine through. The gilded quality of much early music was not lost on either Warlock or Howells, both of whom were influenced by music of the Renaissance and Tudor periods. This 'backward glance' is seen in Michael Howard's work, who found inspiration in Early English poetry, and also in Betty Roe, who set her music to the religious verse of 17th Century poet, Robert Herrick.

Whilst Roe and Howard wrote specifically with the counter-tenor voice in mind, Warlock and Howells did not, yet their referential approach to 'old style' music hopefully gives some credence to their music's translation to the ethereal yet very human qualities of the counter-tenor voice.

I have felt an affinity with the purity and elegance of Howells music since first encountering it as a cathedral chorister - his music is, for me, a personal evocation of a bygone era. When I first performed the 'Noble Numbers' I was charmed by the innocence and honesty of the textual and musical settings, and it is a pleasure to include them here. On first hearing the songs of Peter Warlock I was excited by the wealth of colour I heard in the music. His easy juxtaposition of jazz elements with a Tudor-style Consort idiom is unique. Jeremy Filsell introduced me to the music of Michael Howard, and I was immediately struck by the songs profound intimacy, and the compelling manner in which the piano weaves and floats around the unusually low vocal tessitura.

I would especially like to thank Jeremy who, with his own pianistic sensitivity and brilliance, has brought these songs to life. I also wish to thank Betty Roe and the late Michael Howard for permission to record their songs. I would like to extend my gratitude to Nigel Short, Steven, Alison and Henry for their advice, Andrew and Adrian for their skills as engineer, producer and editor, and to my father for all his patience and support.

Tim Travers-Brown, 2009.



PROGRAMME NOTE

'Music is neither old nor modern: it is either good or bad music, and the date at which it was written has no significance whatever. Dates and periods are of interest only to the student of musical history ... All old music was modern once, and much more of the music of yesterday already sounds more old-fashioned than works which were written three centuries ago. All good music, whatever its date, is ageless - as alive and significant today as it was when it was written' (Warlock, *The Sackbut*, 1926). Bridging the Victorian, Edwardian and neo-Georgian eras, dying before Delius, Elgar and Holst, **Peter Warlock** - the pseudonym/*alter ego* of Philip Heseltine (1894-1930) - was a Londoner of acerbic tongue and many colours. Born in the Savoy Hotel to a family of stockbrokers, solicitors and art lovers, he attended Eton (1908-11), followed by two unsuccessful spells at university (1913-14: Christ Church Oxford, University College London). Failing to further his musical education or obtain a degree, he got a job as a music critic on the *Daily Mail* in 1915 but lasted only four months. A conscientious objector, he spent the First World War researching and editing early music in the British Museum, dividing his time between Cornwall and 'bohemian' Battersea, and, to avoid conscription,

living in Dublin (1917-18). During these years he associated with DH Lawrence, met the Anglo-Dutch composer Bernard van Dieren (in whom he had implicit faith and defended to the hilt), and got married - to one Minnie Lucy Channing ('Puma'), an artist's model with whom he already had a son. Dabbling in the occult (Scriabin, Cyril Scott territory), he first used the name 'Warlock' (male witch, sorcerer) in November 1916 (as a writer) and August 1918 (composer): among his friends was Aleister Crowley's lover and acolyte Victor Neuburg (the 'discoverer' of Dylan Thomas).

During the 1920s Warlock undertook sporadic journalism; wrote books on Delius (his mentor and friend since 1911) and Gesualdo (with Cecil Gray); and composed *The Curlew* song cycle after Yeats, (1923, his masterpiece) and the Renaissance-inspired *Capriol Suite* for strings (1926/28). A deal of time was spent with his mother and step-father in Cefn Bryntalch in the Severn valley, the family home in Wales. But there was also a scandalous sojourn of hedonism and womanising in Eynsford near Swanley, Kent (1925-28), where he and E.J. Moeran rented a house in the High Street. Walton and Augustus John visited, the baritone John Goss too and barefooted girls fresh from the metropolis. A 'zest for sin', 'wild, drunken anarchy', threesomes at dawn.

'Here lies Peter Warlock the composer Who lived next door to Munn the grocer He died of drink and copulation A sad discredit to the nation' (autoepitaph). In December 1930, just over a week before Christmas, he was found unconscious in his Chelsea flat in Tite Street, dying later in hospital, from gas poisoning. Given 'insufficient evidence on which to decide whether death was the result of suicide or accident,' an open verdict was returned, reported in the press. From the witness box John Ireland believed he'd been 'worried about his work as a composer. I think that he felt, as I suppose many composers do, that he had not yet received the recognition his work deserved.' A young woman who preferred to remain anonymous, living at the time with Warlock (Barbara Peache), said 'he had threatened to [take his life], but I thought it was just talk ... He said he felt he was a failure ... and that he could not go on. He said he seemed not to be able to do any more ... He seemed to worry about things' (*Times*, 23 December 1930).

'Mr Philip Heseltine Composer and Song Writer,' the *Manchester Guardian* obituary, contributed by Neville Cardus and Eric Blom, focussed both on composer and personality (18 December 1930). 'Many of his songs will live for their sensibility to the words to which they are set. Without the aid of a superficial "Englishness" such as can be

exploited by the use of folk-song idioms, Peter Warlock's songs are definitely of this country. They take their English character from the music's kinship with the rise and fall of the language. Warlock's rhythms are born an identification of melody and rhythm with the verbal stresses, yet we never feel that the composer has slavishly followed the accents of verse; the fusion is entirely musical; the composer has recreated his poetic content in terms of his own art ... Perhaps Warlock was too critically minded ever to write music of bigness: a composer cannot hope to burn a hot flame of inspiration if some part of his mind is withdrawn from the sphere of creative activity and is on the watch for faults of taste' (NC). 'He was a man from whom anything might be expected ... his appearance - tall, fair-bearded, and rather overbearing - was that of an Elizabethan courtier or an Italian Renaissance prince rather than a 20th Century musician. Unlike most of them, he was a connoisseur, a controversialist, an epicure, and a roisterer. It may be doubted whether there is anyone in Chelsea who can take part in a carousal as he could with an air and a style ... Peter Warlock, the figure of fiction, was the man who wrote innumerable songs to Old English poetry, always chosen with unflinching taste. Philip Heseltine was responsible, one felt, for the smaller amount of music in a modern style' (EB).

A man of prodigious musical and literary output, whose word settings have been compared with Purcell's and Britten's, and who stood in the tradition of Schubert, Fauré, Duparc, Wolf, Vaughan Williams and Quilter, Warlock was influenced by Delius, van Dieren, Bartók, the Tudors and Elizabethans, folk music and parlour song, his Celtic sympathies and travels through North Africa and Eastern Europe no doubt adding other dimensions. Reviewing his Memorial Concert at the Wigmore Hall, the *Musical Times* concluded (April 1931): 'if [Warlock] was dissatisfied because he could not develop an extended musical argument, we for our part are content to have had him capable of exposing a thought briefly, lucidly, and gracefully'.

Eleven Songs 1) *My little sweet darling* (? 1918-19) Anon, late 16th Century. Inspired by William Byrd, to whom a setting of these words is attributed. In 1922 Warlock transcribed and edited this setting - 'from an early 16th Century set of viol part-books in the British Museum (Add MSS 17,786-91)' - including it in his seven *Elizabethan Songs* for voice and string quartet (published 1926). The present piano introduction comes from the quartet version. 2) *Take, o take those lips away* (2nd setting 1918) William Shakespeare (*Measure for Measure* Act IV sc 1. 3) *And wilt thou leave me*

thus? (1928) Sir Thomas Wyatt, *The Appeal - An Earnest Suit to his Unkind Mistress, not to Forsake him*. 4) *Sleep* (1922) John Fletcher, *The Woman Hater*. 5) *The Droll Lover from Seven Songs of Summer* (1928) Anon, 17th Century. 6) *Mourn no more* (1919) Fletcher, *The Queen of Corinth*. 'In the autumn of 1927, Warlock arranged this song for voice and string quartet (unpublished), adding two bars of introduction - the original possessing none - and having second thoughts about the vocal line. 7) *My Own Country* from *Three Belloc Songs* (1927) Hilaire Belloc, *The Four Men. A farrago*. 8) *My Gostly Fader* (1918) Charles Duc d'Orléans. 9) *The Frostbound Wood [Sacred Song]* (1929) Bruce Blunt (1899-1957). This first appeared in the Christmas 1928 issue of *Radio Times*, replacing, at Warlock's request, a four-part setting of a poem by Frank Kendon, *The Rich Cavalcade*, with which he was unhappy. 10) *Bethlehem Down* (1930 from the 1927 SATB original) Blunt. Warlock penned this solo version, his last-known work, for Arnold Dowbiggin, an amateur singer and close friend who'd championed his music in Lancaster. 11) *The Night* from *Three Belloc Songs* (1927).

For over half a century **Michael (Stockwin) Howard** (1922-2002) was one of Britain's leading lights. As organist, conductor, composer, scholar and

lecturer, and as No 2 to Deryck Cooke in the BBC's Radio 3 Music Presentation Unit (from 1968). From an artistic/musical family, he attended the Royal Academy of Music, studying composition with William Alwyn and organ with George Dorrington Cunningham. He completed his training under Ralph Downes (Brompton Oratory) and Marcel Dupré (St Sulpice, Paris). His principal Anglican appointments were at Tewkesbury Abbey (1943, Organist) and Ely Cathedral (1953-58, Organist and Master of the Choristers). Pursuing a passion for early music and performance practice, he founded The Renaissance Society and Singers (1944-64) and, at the suggestion of Basil Lam, Cantores in Ecclesia (1964-86). The last thirty years of his life consolidated his roots and sympathies. Organist of St Marylebone Parish Church (1972); co-founder, with George Dushkin, of the Rye Spring Music Festival (1976); Organist to the Franciscans of Rye (1979); Rector Chori of St Michael's Abbey, Farnborough (1984). 'Here, as custodian of a magnificent Cavallé-Coll organ, his series of 1989 [Herald] recordings of Widor, Vierne, Tournemire, Saint-Saëns and Franck, reveal him as an organ virtuoso at the height of his powers' (K Shenton, *Independent obituary*, 17 January 2002). 'Registrations, tempos, dynamics, phrasing are given meticulous attention ... the real stamp of authenticity' (*Gramophone*, June

1990). He also found time to write two volumes of memoirs, appropriately titled *The Private Inferno* (1974) and *Thine Adversaries Roar* (2001).

'One of the defining choral conductors of his generation [playing] a significant role in the revival of Renaissance music in post-war Britain' (Shenton). 'Howard,' Alistair Dixon elaborates, 'developed a new system of choir training that concentrated on the production of pure, open "Italianate" vowels that were consistent from the bottom to the top notes ... "Lips Tongue and Teeth" was his favourite *aide memoire*. Diction was perhaps his greatest preoccupation and his legacy of recordings demonstrates the extent to which he demanded that his singers project their consonants ... Howard brought a new quality to Anglican church music. Cathedral organists had traditionally accompanied their choirs from the organ loft, leaving the singers to conduct themselves. Howard conducted the Ely choir whilst his assistant [Arthur Wills] played. Most cathedrals have now adopted this pattern and 16th Century music is now always to be found on the music lists' (The Renaissance Society, January/June 2002).

Michael Howard never got a university degree. But his scholarship was formidable. At the BBC - where William Glock's Music Division amounted to a creative, debating university forum, with the likes of Basil Lam, Hans Keller, Robert Simpson, Leo Black, Julian Budden and Robert Layton on the 'faculty' - he flourished. In the nicotine/alcohol fumed Presentation Unit at Yalding House, where a 9-5 routine rarely applied, he carried his erudition quietly, crafting scripts accommodating independence of phrase within changing guidelines, and counseling younger colleagues (the present writer not least). He was British to the core. Publicly, in his dapper style and Queen's English. Privately, in his Chelsonian/Bloomsburian disposition - his 'Byronesque approach to the opposite sex'. At Ely it forced his resignation. At Yalding House it fragranced the hours. He married six times.

The Painted Rose (1951 rev 1973) Dedicated to James Bowman. The first two songs draw on the goliard love and vagabond texts of the medieval Carmina Burana codex, discovered in the Abbey at Benedictbeuern in 1803. The third sets a text by Aurelius Prudentius Clemens (4th/5th Century), the last one by Peter Abelard (12th Century). 'Here Abelard, whose love for Eloisa has been immortalized as a central and beautiful heterosexual love story, writes movingly of David and Jonathan' (TT-B). First commercial recording.

Three Middle English Songs (1951 rev 1973) Dedicated to James Bowman. 'When I spoke to Michael Howard about these songs, a year before his death, he told me that he'd chosen the texts by looking through The Oxford Book of English Verse, using those he liked best!' (TT-B). *A Hymn to the Virgin* sets a text from c 1300. *May in the Grenewode* uses words from the beginning of The Ballad of Robin Hood and the Monk, one of the earliest extant of the Robin Hood ballads (MS c 1450). *This Worldes Joie* (Anon, Ludlow 1340) 'dates from just before the Black Death swept across England, when the the needs of the population exceeded agricultural production, when winters were longer and colder, and summers wetter, preventing the grain from ripening, and leaving the roots to rot in the ground' (TT-B). First commercial recording.

'I have composed out of sheer love of trying to make nice sounds.' From Gloucestershire **Herbert Howells** (1892-1983) studied with Stanford, Charles Wood and Parry at the Royal College of Music. He caught public attention with his russified First Piano Concerto, premiered by Arthur Benjamin at the Queen's Hall in 1914. He taught at the RCM for over fifty years (from 1920), succeeded Holst at St Paul's Girls' School (1936-62), and in 1950 was appointed King Edward VII

Professor of Music at the University of London. A retiring, kindly man, more at home in the cathedral close and university chapel than London, valuing the support and encouragement of Vaughan Williams, his very personal music was English without being folkloristic. 'Inner echoes and half-tones', 'intricate but luminous counterpoint', 'veiled melancholy' (Hugo Cole) ... an 'idea of paradise ... far more than just languid' (Edward Greenfield) ... 'Music of life and life's transience' (Christopher Palmer) convey something of the mood and nuance informing an exquisitely thought-out corpus of work. 'The finest-grained of the Georgians' (Hugh Ottoway).

Three Songs 1) *Mrs MacQueen or the Lollie-Shop* from *Peacock Pie* (1919) Walter de la Mare. 2) *When the dew is falling* from *Songs for Low Voice* Op 7 (1913) Fiona Macleod. This comes from a collection composed while Howells was a student at the RCM. For his text he turned to Macleod, the pen-name of the Scottish poet William Sharp (an associate of Rossetti and Yeats). Sharp was one of the Celtic Revivalists, a fraternity whose poems Howells admired but grew to have misgivings about setting. 'Their work, as poetry, is on a high level,' he wrote. 'But the music of words is in it so evidently, so sonorously, so delicately, that the addition of music proper is in most cases wrong

because it is superfluous. And such an imposition of one essentially musical expression on another which is itself already unmistakably musical leads to that sort of essence of beauty which, commendable enough as an oasis of beauty in a desert of ugliness, is out of place and unnecessary in modern British settings ... It were less unhealthy to set blatant jingoism such as *Land of Hope and Glory* ... than to steep our musical selves in the vague, slender, highly imaginative, and mystical poems of the Fiona Macleod type' (*The Athenaeum*, December 1916). By 1919 he had disowned the Op 7 songs. Consigned to oblivion, their existence forgotten, they were only to re-surface in 1998. 3) *Full Moon from Peacock Pie* (1919) de la Mare.

Contrasting her peers, and predecessors (the Liz Lutyens generation), **Betty Roe** (born 1930), grew up in modest surroundings. Her father was a fishmonger in Shepherd's Bush Market, her mother a book-keeper in the local butcher's. Her early piano lessons, in the years leading up to the Second World War, were with one 'Madam Dorina'. In 1942, despite her audition pieces (Ketelby) being judged unsuitable, she gained a Junior Exhibitionership to the Royal Academy of Music. At the RAM proper (from 1949), she studied piano with York Bowen, cello with Alison Dalrymple

(Jaqueline du Pré's first teacher), and singing under Jean McKenzie-Grieve. Later Lennox Berkeley gave her some composition lessons. From 1968 to '78 she was Director of Music at LAMDA, the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art. Her website interestingly reflects the way she sees herself: 'Musician, Composer, Performer, Teacher, Adjudicator'. A jobbing professional skilled at anything from playing the organ and directing choirs to session singing and working with Cliff Richard and Cilla Black. Church hall to intimate review to Top of the Pops. Pantomime to show-song, opera to ballet. *Songs from the Betty Roe Shows* (the school stage) to *Noble Numbers* (the concert room). 'I recognise myself as a miniaturist,' she writes, 'and have been described as a natural word-setter ... My composing life started by accident, around the people I was singing and playing with at the time. I loved the music of Peter Warlock, Benjamin Britten, Bach, Monteverdi, Purcell, Quilter, and eventually recognised my love for English music, particularly of the 20th Century. I don't enjoy big music - I find large-scale orchestral works overwhelming and frightening to my ears, so it is unlikely that I will ever compose a symphony. Strangely enough, I do like jazz and the big-band sound ... I do not like *vibrato* in voices; well, just enough to keep them interesting, but not so much that I cannot define the actual pitch of

the note ... I aim to entertain' (October 2008). A Londoner all her life, she lives today next-door but one to the house where she was born: in North Kensington near Ladbroke Grove.

Noble Numbers (published 1972) Robert Herrick. 'Pious pieces' from 'the greatest song-writer ... ever born of English race' (Swinburne), each set for a different counter-tenor: 1) David Ross (*To his Saviour, A Child; A Present by a child*). 2) James Bowman (*To God: an Anthem, sung in the Chappell at White-hall, before the King*). 3) Paul Esswood (*To God*). 4) Ian Hunter (*To his angrie God*). 5) Owen Wynne (*To his sweet Saviour*).

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TEXTS

1 My Little sweet darling

My little sweet darling, my comfort and joy,
(Sing lullaby, lulla!)
In beauty surpassing the princes of Troy,
(Sing lullaby, lulla!)
Now suck, child, and sleep, child, thy mother's
sweet boy,
(Sing lullaby, lulla!)
The gods bless and keep thee from cruel annoy.
(Sing lullaby, lulla!)
Sweet baby, lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla!

Anonymous, c. 16th Century

2 Take, O take those lips away

Take, o take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

From William Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, c. 1604.

3 And wilt thou leave me thus?

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

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

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

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

From Sir Thomas Wyatt's *The Appeal*, c. 16th Century.

4 Sleep

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies, that from thence
There may steal an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving.

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

From John Fletcher's *The Woman Hater*, 1607.

5 The Droll Lover

I love for thy fickleness,
And great inconstancy;
For had'st thou been a constant lass,
Then thou had'st ne'er loved me.

I love thee for thy wantonness,
And for thy drollery,
For if thou had'st not loved to sport,
Then thou had'st ne'er loved me.

I love thee for thy poverty,
And for thy want of coin,
For if thou had'st been worth a groat,
Then thou had'st ne'er been mine.

I love thee for thy ugliness,
And for thy foolery,
For if thou had'st been fair or wise,
Then thou had'st ne'er loved me.

Anonymous, c. 17th Century.

6 Mourn No More

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;
Fate's hid ends eyes can not see.
Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no more.

From John Fletcher's *The Queen of Corinth*, 1607.

7 My Own Country

I shall go without companions,
And with nothing in my hand;
I shall pass through many places
That I cannot understand -
Until I come to my own country,
Which is a pleasant land!

The trees that grow in my own country
Are the beech tree and the yew;
Many stand together,
And some stand few.
In the month of May in my own country
All the woods are new.

When I get to my own country
I shall lie down and sleep;
I shall watch in the valleys
The long flocks of sheep.
And then I shall dream for ever and all,
A good dream and deep.

From Hilaire Belloc's *The Four Men*.

8 - 11 The Painted Rose

8 The Painted Rose

Take thou this Rose, O Rose,
Since Love's own flower it is,
And by that rose thy Lover captive is.

Smell thou this rose, O rose,
And know thyself as sweet as dawn is sweet.

Look on this Rose, O Rose,
And looking laugh on me,
And in thy laughter's ring
The Nightingale shall sing.

Kiss thou this Rose, O Rose,
That it may know the scarlet of thy mouth.
O Rose, this painted rose is not the whole;
Who paints the flower paints not its fragrant soul.

Benedictbeuern

9 So by my singing am I comforted

So by my singing am I comforted
Even as the swan that singing makes death sweet
For from my face is gone the wholesome red and
soft grief
In my heart is sunken deep.

For sorrow still increasing and travail unreleasing
And strength fast from me flying,
And I for sorrow dying, dying, dying, dying,
Since she I love cares nothing for my sighing.

Innocent breasts when I have looked upon them,
Would that my hands were there:
How I have craved and dreaming thus upon them
Love wakened from despair.

Beauty on her lips flaming,
Rose red with her shaming,
And I with passion burning
And with my whole heart yearning for her mouth,
That on her beauty I might slake my drouth.

Benedictbeuern

10 Before Sleep

The toil of day is ebbing,
The quiet comes again,
In slumber deep relaxing
The limbs of tired men.

And minds with anguish shaken
And spirits racked with Grief,
The cup of all forgetting
Have drunk and found relief.

The still Lethean waters
Now steal through every vein,
And men no more remember
The meaning of their pain.

Let the weary body lie
Sunk in slumber deep,
The heart shall still remember Christ
In it's very sleep.

Prudentius

11 David's Lament for Johnathan

Low in thy grave with thee
Happy to lie,
Since there's no greater thing left Love to do:
And to live after thee
Is but to die,
For with but half a soul what can Life do?

So share thy victory
Or else thy grave,
Either to rescue thee or with thee lie:
Ending that life for thee,
That thou didst save,
So Death that sundereth might bring thee
more nigh.

Peace, O my stricken lute!
Thy strings are sleeping.
Would that my heart could still
Its' bitter weeping

Poem by Peter Abelard (1079-1142)

12 - 14 Three Middle English Songs

12 A Hymn to the Virgin

Of one that is so fayr and bright
Velut maris stella,
Brighter than the dayes light
Parens et puella:
Ic crie to the, thou see to me,
Levedy, preye thi Sone for me,
Tam pia,
That ich mote come to thee,
Maria.

Levedy, flour of alle thing,
Rosa sine spina,
Thu bere Jhesu, hevене king,
Gratia divina:
Of alle thu berst the pris,
Levedy, quene of Parays
Electa,
Maide milde, Moder es
Effecta.

c. 1300

13 May in the Grenewode

In Somer when the shawes be sheyne,
And leves be large and long,
Hit is full merry in feyre foreste
To here the foullys songe.

To se the dere draw to the dale
And leve the hilles so hee,
And shadow him in the leves grene
Under the grenewode tree.

Hit befell on Whitsontide
Early in a May morning,
The Sonne up faire can shyne,
And the briddis mery can syng.

"This is a mery mornynge" said litulle Johne,
"Be Hym that dyed on tre;
A more mery man than I am one
Lyves not in Christiantè.

Pluk up thi hert, my dere mayster,"
Litulle Johne can say,
"And thynk hit is a full fayre tyme
In a mornynge of May."

From the 15th Century Ballad of *Robin Hood and the Monk*

[14] This Worldes Joie (circa 1300)

Winter wakeneth al my care,
Now thise leves waxeth bare;
Ofte I sike and mourne sare
When hit cometh in my thoht
Of this worldes joie, hou hit geth al to noht.

Nou hit is, and nou hit nys,
Al so hit ner nere, ywys;
Al goth bote Godes wille:
Alle we shule deye, thah us like ylle.

Al that gren me graveth grene,
Nou hit faleweth al bydene:
Jehsu, help that hit be sene,
And shild us from helle!
For y not whider y shal, ne hou longe her duelle.

[sike: sigh]

Anon. Ludlow, 1340

[15] **Mrs. MacQueen**

With glass like a bull's-eye,
And shutters of green,
Down on the cobbles
Lives Mrs. MacQueen,

At six she rises;
At nine you see
Her candle shine out
In the linden tree:

And at half-past nine
Not a sound is nigh
But the bright moon's creeping
Across the sky;

Or a far dog baying;
Or a twittering bird
In its drowsy nest,
In the darkness stirred;

Or like the roar
Of a distant sea
A long-drawn S-s-sh
In the linden tree.

Poem by Walter de la Mare (1873 - 1956)

[16] **When the dew is falling**

When the dew is falling
I have heard a calling
Of aerial sweet voices o'er the low green hill;
And when the moon is dying
I have heard a crying

Where the brown burn slippeth thro' the hollows
green and still.

And O the sorrow upon me,
The grey grief upon me,
For a voice that whispered once, and now for aye
is still:
O heart forsaken, calling
When the dew is falling,
To the one that comes not ever o'er the low
green hill.

Poem by Fiona Macleod (William Sharp, 1855 - 1905)

[17] **Full Moon**

One night as Dick lay half asleep,
Into his drowsy eyes
A great still light began to creep
From out the silent skies.
It was the lovely moon's, for when
He raised his dreamy head,
Her surge of silver filled the pane
And streamed across his bed.
So, for a while, each gazed at each -
Dick and the solemn moon -
Till, climbing slowly on her way,
She vanished, and was gone.

Poem by Walter de la Mare

[18] - [22] **Noble Numbers**

Set to poems by Robert Herrick (1591 - 1634)

[18] To His Saviour, a Child; a Present, by a Child

Go prettie child, and beare this Flower
Unto thy little Saviour;
And tell Him, by that bud now blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known:
When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon his Bibb, his Bibb or Stomacher:
And tell Him, (for good hand-sell too)
That thou hast brought a whistle new,
Made of a clean, strait oaten reed,
To charme his cries at time of need:
Tell Him, for Corall, thou hast none;
But if thou hadst, He sho'd have one;
But poore thou art, and knowne to be
Even as moniless, as He.
Lastly, if thou canst win a kisse
From those mellifluous lips of his;
Then never take a second on
To spoile the first impression.

[19] To God; An anthem sung in the Chappell at
Whitehall before the King

My God, I'm wounded by my sin,
And sore without, and sick within:

I come to Thee, in hope to find
Salve for my body and my mind.
In Gilead though no balme be found,
To ease this smart, or cure this wound,
Yet, Lord, I know there is with Thee
All saving health, and help for me.
Then reach Thou forth that hand of Thine,
That powes in oyle, as well as wine.
And let it work, for I'll endure
The utmost smart, so Thou wilt cure My God

[20] To God

God gives not onely corne, for need,
But likewise sup'rabundant seed;
Bread for our service, bread for shew;
Meat for our meales, and fragments too:
He gives not poorly, taking some
Between the finger and the thumb;
But, for our glut, and for our store,
Fine flowre preste down, and running o'er.

[21] To His Angrie God

Through all the night
Thou dost me fright,
And hold'st mine eyes from sleeping;
And day by day,
My cup can say,
My wine is mixt with weeping.

Thou dost my bread
With ashes knead,
Each evening and each morrow:
Mine eye and eare
Do see, and heare
The coming in of sorrow.

Thy scourge of steele,
(Aye me!) I feele,
Upon me beating ever:
While my sick heart
With dismall smarte
Is disacquainted never.

Long, long, I'm sure,
This can't endure;
But in short time 'twill please Thee,
My gentle God,
To burn the rod,
O strike so as to ease me.

[22] To His Sweet Saviour

Night hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep;
And Time seems then, not for to flie, but creep;
Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she
Had broke her wheele, or crackt her axel tree.
Just so it is with me, who list'ning, pray
The winds to blow the tedious night away;

That I may see the cheerfull peeping day.
Sick is my heart! O Saviour! do Thou please
To make my bed soft in my sicknesses:
Highten my candle, so that I beneath
Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death:
Let me Thy voice betimes i'the morning heare;
Call and I'll come; say Thou, the when, and where:
Draw me, but first, and after Thee I'll run,
And make no-one stop, till my race be done.

[23] My Gostly Fader

My gostly fader, I me confesse,
First to God and then to you,
That at a window (wot ye how?)
I stale a cosse of grete sweteness,
Which don was out avisèness;
But hit is doon, not undoon now.
My gostly fader, I me confesse
First to God and then to you.

But I restore it shall doutless
Agein, if so be that I mow;
And that to God I make a vow
And elles I axè for yefness.
My gostly fader, I me confesse
First to God and then to you.

Poem by Charles Duc d'Orleans (1391 - 1466)

[24] The Frostbound Wood

Mary that was the Child's mother
Met me in the frostbound wood:
Her face was lovely and care-laden
Under a white hood.

She who once was heaven's chosen
Moved in lowliness to me,
With a slow grace and weary beauty
Pitiful to see.

Bethlehem could hear sweet singing,
'Peace on earth, a Saviour's come.'
Here the trees were dark, the heavens
Without stars, and dumb.

Past she went with no word spoken,
Past the grave of Him I slew,
Myself the sower of the woodland
And my heart the yew,

Mary that was the Child's mother
Met me in the frostbound wood:
Her face was lovely and care-laden
Under a white hood.

Poem by Bruce Blunt (1899 - 1957)

25 Bethlehem Down

"When He is King we will give Him the Kings' gifts,
Myrrh for its sweetness, and gold for a crown,
Beautiful robes," said the young girl to Joseph,
Fair with her firstborn on Bethlehem Down.

Bethlehem Down is full of the starlight,
Winds for the spices, and stars for the gold,
Mary for sleep, and for lullaby music
Songs of a shepherd by Bethlehem fold.

When He is King, they will clothe Him in
grave-sheets,
Myrrh for embalming, and wood for a crown,
He that lies now in the white arms of Mary
Sleeping so lightly on Bethlehem Down.

Here He has peace and a short while for dreaming,
Close huddled oxen to keep Him from cold,
Mary for love, and for lullaby music
Songs of a shepherd by Bethlehem fold.

Poem by Bruce Blunt

26 The Night

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

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

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

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

Poem by Hilaire Belloc (1870 - 1953)

BIOGRAPHIES

TIM TRAVERS-BROWN

Tim Travers-Brown studied at the Royal Academy of Music and is now a Professor of Vocal Studies at Trinity College of Music, London. He works with many of the foremost early music groups, orchestras and conductors.

His opera engagements include chorus in Lorin Maazel's *1984* and the *Dido & Aeneas/Acis & Galatea* double bill production at the Royal Opera

House. He has sung title roles in Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice*, and Purcell's *The Fairy Queen* and *King Arthur*. He sang Didymus (*Theodora*) at the Dartington International Summer School and *The Fairy Queen* for Christopher Hogwood.

He has appeared regularly with The Parley of Instruments under Peter Holman, and performs frequently with the Monteverdi Choir, the Gabrieli



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Consort and Tenebrae. Other engagements include Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* for Nicholas Kraemer, Bach's *St. John Passion* for Harry Christophers, Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* for Laurence Cummings, John Blow's *Ode on the Death of Henry Purcell* with Michael Chance, Handel's *Dixit Dominus* with the English Concert, and Purcell's *Ode for St. Cecilia* for Paul McCreech.

Chamber music includes a recital of 20th Century English music in Oslo with pianist Jonathan Beatty, a Scottish Tour of cantatas by Bach, Buxtehude and Beamish with 'The Dunedin Consort', a recital with lutenist Jacob Heringman for BBC Radio 3, and a recital at the Handel House Museum, London.

His recordings include two discs with the Parley of Instruments for Hyperion, 'Handel and his Italian contemporaries' with the Musicke Companye for Intim Musik, a disc of Bach Cantatas with Bach Collegium Japan for BIS, 'Mother and Child' with Tenebrae for Signum, a disc of music for 'Vespers' by the 18th Century Spanish composer, José de Nebra with La Grand Chappelle for Lauda Musica and 'Pilgrimage to Santiago' with The Monteverdi Choir for Soli Deo Gloria.

JEREMY FILSELL

Jeremy Filsell enjoys a concert career as one of only a few virtuoso performers on both the Piano and the Organ. He has performed as a solo pianist in Russia, the USA and throughout the UK and has appeared regularly at St John's Smith Square and the Conway and Wigmore Halls in London. His Concerto repertoire encompasses Mozart and Beethoven through to Rachmaninov (2nd and 3rd Concertos), Shostakovich and John Ireland and in recent years, he has recorded the solo piano music of Carl Johann Eschmann, Eugene Goossens and the two Sonatas of Liszt's pupil Julius Reubke. In the piano music of Herbert Howells and Bernard Stevens, Classic CD magazine commented that "he does not attract for his virtuosity but for his ability to make the music unfold with irresistible logic and clarity: music-making of the highest calibre." He is pianist with the London-based Burghersh Piano Trio and performs regularly with Oliver Lewis (Violin), with whom he has recorded discs of Elgar, Ireland, Ferguson and Goossens for Guild. With Michael Bundy (Baritone), two discs of *Mélodies* by Widor, Vierne and Dupré are due for release by Naxos.

Jeremy Filsell has recorded for BBC Radio 3, USA and Scandinavian radio networks in solo and

concerto roles as both a pianist and organist and, as an organist specifically, has a discography comprising over 20 solo recordings for labels Signum, Guild, Gamut, Herald and ASV. Gramophone magazine, writing on the series of 12 CDs comprising the premiere recordings of Marcel Dupré's complete organ works for Guild in 2000, praised his performance as "one of the greatest achievements in organ recording...Filsell's

astonishing interpretative and technical skills make for compulsive listening ... truly distinguished, compelling and unquestionably authoritative performances; Filsell has phenomenal technique." In 2005, Signum released a 3-disc set on the famous 1890 Cavallé-Coll organ in St. Ouen Rouen of the complete organ symphonies of Louis Vierne. These were BBC Radio 3's Disc of the Week in September of that year.



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Jeremy studied as a music scholar at Oxford University, then as a post-graduate pianist under David Parkhouse and Hilary McNamara at the Royal College of Music before completing a PhD at Birmingham Conservatoire researching aesthetic and interpretative issues in the organ music of Marcel Dupré. Over the course of his career, he has taught piano, organ and academic studies at Cranleigh, Eton and the London Oratory School, given masterclasses at universities and summer schools in both the UK and USA, served twice on international competition juries and, until recently, held lectureships at the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester and London's Royal Academy of Music. He lives currently in the USA and is Principal Organist at the Basilica of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington D.C., one of the largest churches in the world and the flagship Catholic Church in North America.

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