

An impressionistic painting of a woman in a white dress standing by a window at night, looking out. The scene is dimly lit, with a warm glow from a light source inside the room. The brushstrokes are visible and expressive, creating a dreamlike atmosphere. The background is dark and textured, suggesting a night scene.

**CHANDOS**

# *Come to Me in My Dreams*

*Dame  
Sarah Connolly*  
mezzo-soprano

*Joseph Middleton*  
piano





Benjamin Britten, centre, 1946, at Glyndebourne, during the first production of 'The Rape of Lucretia', with the librettist, Ronald Duncan, right

## Come to Me in My Dreams

120 Years of Song from the Royal College of Music

**Muriel Herbert** (1897 – 1984)

[ 1 ]

**The Lost Nightingale** (1938 – 39)

2:12

[   ]

**John Ireland** (1879 – 1962)

[ 2 ]

**Earth's Call** (1918)

4:57

Silvan Rhapsody

Con moto moderato – Meno mosso – Tempo I

[ 3 ]

**The Three Ravens** (1920)

3:47

In free time (Moderato)

**Thomas Frederick Dunhill** (1877 – 1946)

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|---|---|
| <div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 15px; height: 15px; display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center; margin: 0 auto;">4</div> | <p><b>The Cloths of Heaven</b> (before 1912) <span style="float: right;"><b>2:08</b></span><br/>No. 3 from <i>The Wind among the Reeds</i> (published 1905)<br/>Moderato, ma con moto</p> |
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**Herbert Howells** (1892 – 1983)

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| <div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 15px; height: 15px; display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center; margin: 0 auto;">5</div> | <p><b>Goddess of Night</b> (1920) <span style="float: right;"><b>2:14</b></span><br/>To Gladys Moger<br/>Poco lento, assai tranquillo</p> |
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**Frank Bridge** (1879 – 1941)

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| <div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 15px; height: 15px; display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center; margin: 0 auto;">6</div> | <p><b>Journey's End</b> (1925) <span style="float: right;"><b>3:42</b></span><br/>Andante moderato – Animato – Tempo I ma tranquillo</p> |
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### **Benjamin Britten (1913 – 1976)**

#### **A Charm of Lullabies, Op. 41 (1947) 11:55**

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|---------------|---|---|------|
| <div>7</div>  | 1 | A Cradle Song. Allegretto tranquillo  | 2:17 |
| <div>8</div>  | 2 | The Highland Balou. Andante sostenuto   | 1:53 |
| <div>9</div>  | 3 | Sephestia's Lullaby. Lento – Doppio movimento (allegretto) –<br>Come sopra (Lento) – Doppio movimento (allegretto) –<br>Come sopra (Lento) – Doppio movimento (allegretto)              | 1:54 |
| <div>10</div> | 4 | A Charm. Largamente, ad libitum – Prestissimo furioso –<br>Largamente (ad lib.) – Prestissimo –<br>Largamente, ad libitum – Prestissimo furioso –<br>Largamente (ad lib.) – Prestissimo | 1:44 |
| <div>11</div> | 5 | The Nurse's Song. Andante piacevole   | 4:06 |

### **Sir Arthur Somervell (1863 – 1937)**

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|---------------|---|-------------|
| <div>12</div> | <b>Into my heart an air that kills (1904)</b> | <b>2:00</b> |
|               | No. 9 from <i>A Shropshire Lad</i> (1904)     |             |
|               | Andante sostenuto – Con molto espressione     |             |

## **Gustav Holst** (1874 – 1934)

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|-----------|---|-------------|
| <b>13</b> | <b>Journey's End</b> (1929)<br>No. 9 from Twelve Songs, Op. 48, H 174<br>Molto adagio – Animato – Largo | <b>2:04</b> |
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## **Frank Bridge**

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|-----------|---|-------------|
| <b>14</b> | <b>Where she lies asleep</b> (1914)<br>Andante ben moderato                             | <b>3:25</b> |
| <b>15</b> | <b>Come to me in my dreams</b> (1906)<br>Andante moderato – Più mosso – Lento – Tempo I | <b>3:29</b> |

## **Benjamin Britten**

*premiere recording*

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|-----------|--|-------------|
| <b>16</b> | <b>A Sweet Lullaby</b> (1947)<br>Edited by Colin Matthews<br>Andante – Più mosso – Tempo I | <b>3:56</b> |
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*premiere recording*

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|-----------|--|-------------|
| <b>17</b> | <b>Somnus, the humble god</b> (1947)<br>Edited by Colin Matthews<br>[Flowing] – [Slower] | <b>2:06</b> |
|-----------|--|-------------|

**Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry** (1848 – 1918)

- 18 **Weep you no more, sad fountains** (1895 – 96) **2:19**  
No. 4 from *English Lyrics*, Fourth Set (Six Songs, 1896)  
To Mrs Robert Benson  
Lento sostenuto

**Sir Charles Villiers Stanford** (1852 – 1924)

- 19 **A soft day** (1913) **2:49**  
No. 3 from *A Sheaf of Songs from Leinster*, Op. 140 (1913)  
Lento moderato

**Cecil Armstrong Gibbs** (1889 – 1960)

- 20 **Sailing Homeward** (1934) **1:42**  
To Bruce Flegg  
Lento – [ ] – Tempo I

**E.J. (Ernest John) Moeran** (1894 – 1950)

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| <div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 15px; height: 15px; display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center; margin: 0 auto;">21</div> | <p><b>Twilight</b> (1920, revised 1936) <span style="float: right;"><b>2:09</b></span><br/>Lento moderato</p> |
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**Ivor Gurney** (1890 – 1937)

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| <div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 15px; height: 15px; display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center; margin: 0 auto;">22</div> | <p><b>Thou didst delight my eyes</b> (1921) <span style="float: right;"><b>3:05</b></span><br/>No. 8 from <i>A Third Volume of Ten Songs</i> (1952)<br/>Poco andante</p> |
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| <div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 15px; height: 15px; display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center; margin: 0 auto;">23</div> | <p><b>The fields are full</b> (1920) <span style="float: right;"><b>1:41</b></span><br/>Andante</p> |
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| <div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 15px; height: 15px; display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center; margin: 0 auto;">24</div> | <p><b>All night under the moon</b> (1918) <span style="float: right;"><b>3:25</b></span><br/>No. 5 from <i>A First Volume of Ten Songs</i> (1938)<br/>Dedicated to Geraldine Audrey Townsend<br/>Poco adagio</p> |
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**Rebecca Clarke** (1886 – 1979)

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| <div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 15px; height: 15px; display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center; margin: 0 auto;">25</div> | <p><b>The Cloths of Heaven</b> (c. 1912) <span style="float: right;"><b>2:13</b></span><br/>Dedicated to Gervase Elwes<br/>Moderato – Più lento</p> |
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## Sir Michael Tippett (1905 – 1998)

### Songs for Ariel (1962)

4:40

- |    |     |  |      |
|----|-----|--|------|
| 26 | I   | Come unto these yellow sands. Allegretto | 1:45 |
| 27 | II  | Full fathom five. Lento                  | 1:50 |
| 28 | III | Where the bee sucks. Allegro e gaio      | 1:04 |

## Mark-Anthony Turnage (b. 1960)

*premiere recording*

29

### Farewell (2016)

3:25

For Sarah Connolly

♩ = 60

TT 77:18

**Dame Sarah Connolly** mezzo-soprano

**Joseph Middleton** piano

Dame Sarah Connolly



Jan Capinski

## Come to Me in My Dreams: 120 Years of Song from the Royal College of Music

### Muriel Herbert

Muriel Herbert (1897–1984) grew up in Liverpool, where her mother was much involved with a church choir. Her eldest brother, Percy, a good musician, encouraged her to play the piano and sing, and she was soon writing down her own songs. A journalist from the *Liverpool Post*, Hugh Farrie, hoped to make her into a concert pianist, but she was primarily interested in composition, and began to study the songs of Debussy, Ravel, and Richard Strauss. By the time she was sixteen, she had completed settings of Herrick, Blake, Christina Rossetti, Byron, Browning, Bridges, and Swinburne, and in 1917 she won a scholarship to the Royal College of Music, where she was taught by Charles Villiers Stanford. She then taught for a while at Wycombe Abbey School for girls, had her voice trained, and gave a few recitals. In the early 1920s she met Roger Quilter, with whom she fell unrequitedly in love and to whom she dedicated her setting of Alice Meynell's 'Renouncement'. Quilter recommended her songs to Augener, who published five of them in 1922, and she was further encouraged by John Barbirolli who included two of her pieces

for violin and piano in a concert that took place in the 1920s. In 1925 she married Émile Delavenay, a French academic, and during her honeymoon in Paris was introduced to James Joyce who greatly admired her settings of his poems. 'The music is much too good for the words', he said after Herbert had sung to him 'I hear an army charging' and 'Lean out of the window'. He gave her inscribed copies of *Chamber Music* and *Pomes Pennyeach*, and permission to publish her settings, two of which have recently been published by BiblioFox Music Publishing (2014). 'The Lost Nightingale', which was published in 2017, sets a poem by Alcuin (736–804) in a translation by Helen Waddell.

### John Ireland

John Ireland (1879–1962) entered the Royal College of Music in 1893 and spent the next four years studying the piano with Frederick Cliffe. It soon became clear, however, that he was more interested in composition, and from 1897 to 1901 he studied under Stanford. Ireland wrote some ninety songs and, unlike many English composers who were active before the First World War, continued to

compose songs and develop his style after 1918.

A.E. Housman and Thomas Hardy were the most favoured poets, but there are also wonderful settings of lesser-known poets. One such is 'Earth's Call', on a poem by Harold Monro, the celebrated founder of The Poetry Bookshop, who championed the work of contemporary poets, and whose own poetry was admired by T.S. Eliot. 'Earth's Call', subtitled 'Silvan Rhapsody', is a sonnet that conveys not only the fresh beauty of nature but also the love of two country walkers for each other, as they hold hands and press their hearts against the ground. The piano's eighteen-bar interlude, which rises from a *ppp mistico* to a *fff* climax, expresses the rapture of sexual fulfilment as much as delight in the sylvan scene. 'The Three Ravens', composed and published in 1920, is an arrangement of an anonymous poem and melody. Marked *In free time*, the song tells of a dead knight who is watched over by his faithful hounds. Three ravens, 'black as they might be', decide to 'take their breakfast', and fly to the green field where the dead knight is lying. The corpse's hawks approach, and the ravens are frightened off; but a 'fallow doe, as great with young as she might goe', lifts up the dead knight's head, kisses his wounds, 'got him upon her back and carried him to

earthen lake', 'buried him before the prime', and was 'dead herself ere evensong time'. The poem ends with an apostrophe to such loyal animals: 'God send every gentleman such hounds, such hawks, and such a leman [sweetheart]'. The poem is both sinister and tender, the music largely chordal and set to simple rhythms.

#### **Thomas Frederick Dunhill**

Thomas Dunhill (1877 – 1946) began his studies at the Royal College of Music when he was just sixteen, studying piano under Franklin Taylor and composition under Charles Stanford, and his contemporaries at the College included Vaughan Williams, Holst, and Ireland. Apart from a Symphony in A minor, he mostly composed chamber music, piano pieces, and songs. He also wrote four books: an early biography of Elgar, a volume on chamber music, *Sullivan's Comic Operas*, and *Mozart String Quartets*. His songs, which are now enjoying something of a revival, were famous in their day, particularly the song cycle *The Wind among the Reeds*, from which 'The Cloths of Heaven' is taken. It was first performed by Gervase Elwes with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at Queen's Hall in 1912.

#### **Herbert Howells**

Herbert Howells (1892 – 1983) began music

lessons in 1905 with Herbert Brewer, the organist of Worcester Cathedral, and two years later won an open scholarship to the Royal College of Music where he was taught composition by Stanford and counterpoint by Charles Wood. He started teaching at the RCM in 1920 and remained there till 1979, numbering among his pupils Robert Simpson, Gordon Jacob, Madeleine Dring, and Imogen Holst. The best of his forty or so published songs are among the finest by English composers of the twentieth century. 'Goddess of Night' sets a poem by his friend Frederick William Harvey, immortalised by Gurney's 'In Flanders' ('I'm homesick for my hills again'). Howells wrote this exquisite nocturne in 1920, the year in which he started teaching at the RCM.

#### **Frank Bridge**

Frank Bridge (1879 – 1941) studied with Stanford at the Royal College of Music, the library of which houses some early songs in manuscript form, composed between 1899 and 1903. He wrote about sixty songs, not one of which is later than 1925. 'Come to me in my dreams' sets a poem by Matthew Arnold that was probably written in the autumn of 1850, immediately after his engagement to his future wife, Frances Lucy Wightman, had been forbidden by her father. His opposition

to their union meant that they could only contact each other through writing. Bridge's song dates from 1906 and successfully conveys the romantic atmosphere of the poem. 'Where she lies asleep' sets a poem by Mary Coleridge that was originally called 'Hush', and Bridge responds to this mood of peace and tranquillity with an *Andante ben moderato* song that is one of the most beautiful lullabies in the English repertoire. The setting of 'Journey's End', on a poem by Humbert Wolfe, to which Gustav Holst would also turn (see below), is one of Bridge's finest songs. As the child's questions become increasingly anxious, Bridge's harmonies grow ever more dissonant – and although the calm of the opening is finally restored, the song ends tellingly on an unresolved minor seventh.

#### **Benjamin Britten**

Benjamin Britten (1913 – 1976) entered the Royal College of Music in 1930, and was taught composition there by John Ireland. On meeting W.H. Auden in 1935, he became increasingly interested in vocal music, and over the next four decades he composed some of the finest songs and operas in the history of English music. *A Charm of Lullabies*, Op. 41 was completed at Aldeburgh in 1947, a month after the first performance of *Peter*



*Grimes* at Covent Garden. The mood of the poems, which were chosen by Britten from an anthology of lullabies edited by Dr F.E. Budd, is surprisingly varied. 'A Cradle Song' sets a poem by William Blake to an undulating bass which creates an effect of drowsiness that is disturbed at 'the dreadful lightnings' by a succession of clashing seconds. 'The Highland Balou' (Robert Burns), which Robert Schumann had set in German translation as 'Hochländisches Wiegenlied' in *Myrthen*, is, with its Scotch snap, less beguiling than Schumann's tender version. 'Sephestia's Lullaby' sets a poem by Robert Greene from his play *Camilla's Alarum to Slumbering Euphues* (1589), often called *Greene's Arcadia* in later editions. The accompaniment, marked *piangendo*, illustrates the child's tears, and Britten finds a most touching melody to which Sephestia rocks her child to sleep. His setting of Thomas Randolph's 'A Charm' must be the wildest lullaby in the canon. The child is threatened by a variety of classical characters: the Erinnyes, the Greek name of the Eumenides; Rhadamanthus, the son of Jupiter and Europa, who reigned with such justice and impartiality that he found employment in the infernal regions, making the dead confess their crimes; the hags of Tartary; Cerberus, Pluto's three-headed dog, which guarded the

entrance into hell; and Tisiphone, one of the Furies, who carried a whip in her hand and wore serpents in her hair and about her arms. 'The Nurse's Song', to a poem by John Phillip (fl. 1566 – 1591), is rather more traditional in mood, and sung, appropriately enough, by a nurse. There is a bewitching recording of the complete *A Charm of Lullabies* by Helen Watts (contralto), accompanied by Britten and broadcast on the Third Programme of the BBC on 3 December 1962.

When writing song cycles, Britten would very often compose more songs than were actually used in the final version, as we see in *Les Illuminations* (three extra completed songs), *Serenade* (one), *The Holy Sonnets of John Donne* (one), *Winter Words* (two), and *Who are these Children?* (one). For *A Charm of Lullabies* Britten wrote two extra songs that were not printed in the published version: 'Somnus, the humble god' and 'A Sweet Lullaby'. Both were catalogued years ago at the Britten-Pears Library, but it was not until Sarah Connolly asked to see the manuscripts that Colin Matthews set about preparing the songs for publication – Boosey & Hawkes will print them as an appendix in the next edition of *A Charm*. Both songs were more or less finished in sketch, and the main difficulty for Matthews was that both songs were occasionally lacking in accidentals,

and a fair number of notes in both were difficult to decipher. 'Somnus, the humble god' sets a famous poem by John Denham (1615 – 1669) that had already attracted William Lawes; there is no tempo direction. The poem, titled 'Song for Prince Mirza' by Denham, is sung in Act V of *The Sophy*, a blank verse historical tragedy, performed in 1641. 'A Sweet Lullaby' is an alternative title for 'Come, little babe, come, silly soul' by Nicholas Breton (1542 – 1626), first published in 1597 in *The Arbor of Amorous Devices*, a poetical miscellany compiled and edited by Richard Jones, the printer. Proof of Breton's authorship is contested in some quarters. Britten, who sets only strophes 1, 5, 7, and 8, marks the song *Andante*. The manuscripts of both 'Somnus, the humble god' and 'A Sweet Lullaby' are crossed through lightly by Britten, indicating that they were to be removed from the cycle, not that they were to be rejected. Colin Matthews considers that neither song is overshadowed by the published five.

#### **Sir Arthur Somervell**

Arthur Somervell (1863 – 1937) was educated at Uppingham and King's College, Cambridge, where he studied under Charles Stanford. Having spent two years at the Hochschule für Musik in Berlin (1883 – 85), he entered the Royal College of Music in 1894, and, on

leaving, became a pupil of Hubert Parry. He joined the teaching staff of the RCM in 1894. Somervell's greatest contribution to English music is in the realm of song, and in particular the song cycle: *Maud* (1898), *Love in Springtime* (1901), *A Shropshire Lad* (1904), *James Lee's Wife* (1907), and *A Broken Arc* (1923). Housman had published *A Shropshire Lad* at his own expense in 1896, and by 1902 it had only sold 1500 copies. It was, therefore, a pioneering achievement by Arthur Somervell to condense the volume into ten songs and publish the cycle as early as 1904, at a time when Housman's poetry was still far from widely known. In the ninth song, 'Into my heart an air that kills', Somervell, like Schumann in *Dichterliebe*, makes magical use of thematic cross-reference when he repeats, note for note, the music of the opening 'Loveliest of trees', a semitone lower and this time, according to the composer's own footnote, to be played at a 'much slower' pace. The effect is as overwhelming as any of Schumann's reprises in *Dichterliebe* or *Frauenliebe und -leben*, and conjures up in the mind of the dying man those images of blossoming cherry and woodland ride that he will never see again.

#### **Gustav Holst**

The Holst family, who emigrated from Riga

in 1799, had been professional musicians for several generations before Gustav (1874 – 1934) was born. He left home at seventeen and went to London to study composition under Stanford at the Royal College of Music. Imogen Holst listed 192 works when she catalogued her father's compositions, and 138 of these are settings of poetry. It was in 1927 that Holst began reading the poems of Humbert Wolfe who, born Umberto Wolff in Milan to a German-Jewish father and an Italian-Jewish mother, became a British national in 1891. Holst wrote to Wolfe, telling him how much he admired the poems, assuring him that there was no need to reply. 'But there is every reason to answer!', the poet wrote on 13 May 1927: 'If my verse has made an echo in that world which your music replenishes, it is crowned indeed.' 'Journey's End' sets a poem from Wolfe's *The Unknown Goddess* and forms part of Twelve Songs, Op. 48. This dialogue between a mother and her sick child is marked *Molto adagio* until the final strophe, when the frightened boy asks his mother in a rising *Animato*: 'Who calls me after sleeping?' The mother replies: 'Son! You are not called when journey's done.' And the music, having quickened to a *mezzo-forte* chord on 'Son', tails away to *pianissimo* and, in the final two bars, *ppp*.

#### **Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry**

When the Royal College of Music opened in 1883, Hubert Parry (1848 – 1918) was invited to join the staff and he remained there till his death in 1918. The twelve sets of *English Lyrics*, published between 1885 and 1920, represent a pioneering achievement in English art song. Inspired perhaps by his own love of German *Lieder* and his passion for English literature, Parry set about demonstrating that great English poetry could be enriched by serious musical settings. 'Weep you no more, sad fountains' comes from Set 4 of *English Lyrics*, the only poem there that does not belong to the nineteenth century. The anonymous text is taken from Dowland's *Third Book of Ayres* (1603). This famous poem, also set by Bernard van Dieren, Gurney, Gustav Holst, E.J. Moeran, Roger Quilter, and Arthur Somervell, is composed by Parry to music of great simplicity, the telling shift from the major in strophe one to the minor in strophe two reflecting the change of mood in the text.

#### **Sir Charles Villiers Stanford**

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852 – 1924), born into a highly musical and cultural Irish family, received a broad musical education at the Royal Irish Academy of Music. In 1870 he entered Queen's College, Cambridge,

as a choral scholar, and by 1873 had been appointed organist of Trinity College. In 1876 he began his studies under Friedrich Kiel in Berlin, and travelled extensively through Germany and France, meeting Brahms and many other celebrated composers. His reputation as a composer grew, and in 1883, at the opening of the Royal College of Music, he was offered the post of Professor of Composition. He remained at the RCM until his death, and during that time exercised a huge influence in the teaching of composition. Of the composers on this CD, Holst, Ireland, Bridge, Howells, Moeran, and Herbert all came under his sway. He composed more than 200 songs, and though he set many of the most important English poets, he had a penchant for lesser-known Irish poets such as Winifred Letts (1882–1972). She was born in County Wexford and educated in England before returning to Dublin, where she produced plays for the Gate Theatre. Her first volume of verse, *Songs from Leinster*, was published in 1913. It was an immediate success and Stanford, with his Irish roots, responded by composing a volume of six settings of Letts's verse in *A Sheaf of Songs from Leinster*, the finest song of which is 'A soft day'. 'Soft' in Irish means 'wet', and the song has a wonderfully melodic simplicity that is rare in Stanford's songs.

#### **Cecil Armstrong Gibbs**

Cecil Armstrong Gibbs (1889–1960), having decided not to enter the family soap business of D. & W. Gibbs, began teaching at The Wick, his old preparatory school, in Brighton, where he wrote the incidental music to Walter de la Mare's play *Crossings*, which was produced by Edward J. Dent and conducted by Adrian Boult. It was Boult who persuaded Gibbs to spend a year at the Royal College of Music, where he was taught composition by Vaughan Williams and conducting by Boult. He joined the staff of the RCM in 1921, and taught harmony and composition until 1939. He composed more than 100 solo songs, of which thirty are settings of de la Mare. 'Sailing Homeward', composed and published in 1934, sets a Chinese poem from the fourth century A.D. by Chan Fang-shêng in a translation by Arthur Waley.

#### **E.J. Moeran**

E.J. (Ernest John) Moeran (1894–1950) learned to play the violin at Uppingham School and entered the Royal College of Music in 1913. After eighteen months his studies were interrupted by the outbreak of the First World War; he joined up as a motorcycle despatch rider, was wounded severely in the head, and declared unfit for further active service. In 1919, he resumed his

studies at the RCM under John Ireland, until 1923. He wrote more than fifty songs and, like Butterworth, was deeply influenced by folksong, especially that of his native East Anglia. 'Twilight', to a poem by John Masefield, was composed in 1920 and revised for publication in 1936.

#### **Ivor Gurney**

The son of a tailor, Ivor Gurney (1890 – 1937) was educated at the Gloucester Choir School, before receiving a scholarship at the Royal College of Music, where from 1911 he studied under Stanford and started to write instrumental and vocal music, especially songs. At the outbreak of the First World War he joined the Yeomanry, fought at the Front, and was gassed at Passchendaele. He was sent to a mental hospital in Lancashire, where he partially recovered. In 1919, having returned to the RCM where he studied under Vaughan Williams, he became increasingly unsettled, took on various jobs, slept rough, and would several times walk back at night from London to Gloucestershire. His mind soon gave way; he was committed to a mental institution in 1922, spent the rest of his life in asylums in Gloucester and London, and died of consumption at the City of London Mental Hospital in 1937. He wrote more than 300 songs, and although too many

are flawed (an inconsistency that reflects his own unstable personality), his best songs rank with the finest that English Romantic Song has to offer. 'All night under the moon' sets a poem by Wilfrid Gibson, published in 1916 as 'G' in a volume called *Friends*. Gurney dedicated the song to his wife, Geraldine Audrey Townsend, whom he had met at Munro's bookshop and married in 1913. It is one of his loveliest songs, barely rising above *pianissimo*. 'The fields are full', composed two years later, sets a poem by Edward Shanks that likens the beauty of a late-summer landscape with the serenity of old age. The vocal line is characterised by simple rhythms, a few melismas, and, at the close, a long, sustained note on 'beautiful'. 'Thou didst delight my eyes' (Robert Bridges) expresses the poet's – and the composer's – need for love. It was composed in 1921, the year before Gurney himself became a 'castaway'.

#### **Rebecca Clarke**

Born in Harrow of American-German parentage (her father was from Boston, her mother from Bavaria), Rebecca Clarke (1886 – 1979) claimed that her love for music was first awakened by hearing Brahms's Opus 91 songs with viola accompaniment. She studied violin with Hans Wesseley at the Royal Academy of Music and harmony with



Percy Miles. When Miles proposed marriage, her father insisted that she leave. She returned home where she began to compose songs to mostly German texts, in particular poems by Richard Dehmel. In 1907 she entered the Royal College of Music where she became the first female student of Charles Stanford. She was the first female member of Sir Henry Wood's New Queen's Hall Orchestra, which she joined in 1912. Her output of nearly 100 pieces includes choral and chamber works, as well as music for solo piano. Her first songs (c. 1912) to reach a wider public were 'Shy One' and 'The Cloths of Heaven', both settings of Yeats and both dedicated to the famous tenor Gervase Elwes.

#### **Sir Michael Tippett**

Sir Michael Tippett (1905 – 1998), unlike Britten, only began to study music in his late adolescence, although he had taken piano lessons as a child. He entered the Royal College of Music during the summer term of 1923, where he studied composition with Charles Wood and conducting with Malcolm Sargent and Adrian Boult. *Songs for Ariel* were composed for a production of *The Tempest*, given at the Old Vic Theatre in 1962, and since they were to be performed by an actor (male or female) and not a singer, Tippett cleverly limited the vocal range of the pieces.

'Come unto these yellow sands' and 'Full fathom five' are both sung by Ferdinand – the first is an invitation to dance and love, the second a song of death and rebirth. 'Where the bee sucks' anticipates the freedom that Ariel eventually wins at the end of the play. The songs were originally conceived for a small instrumental ensemble, but the version with piano is the only one to have been published. Tippett used passages from the first two songs at the denouement of *The Knot Garden*.

#### **Mark-Anthony Turnage**

Mark-Anthony Turnage (b. 1960), the composer of 'Farewell', writes:

I have been a big fan of the English poet Stevie Smith since I saw a wonderful film starring Glenda Jackson and Mona Washbourne in the eighties. I chose 'Farewell' for its directness and emotional pull. I had unsuccessfully set 'Not waving but drowning' for chorus in the early nineties and always wanted to set more of her poetry.

The song was written for Sarah Connolly who created the role of Susie in the premiere production of Turnage's opera *The Silver Tassie*, at English National Opera, in 2000. Turnage studied at the junior department of the Royal College of Music from 1974 to 1978,

the senior department from 1978 to 1982, and is now Research Fellow in Composition.

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#### A note by the performer

I had a pretty good time at the Royal College of Music in the mid-1980s. As a joint first study student, while I loved singing in Sir David Willcocks's chamber choir, I probably saw myself principally as a pianist, hooked on song repertoire.

The cocoon-like basement library (where I spent at least half of each week sprawled on the cerise carpet among sheaves of music) houses an astonishing collection of British songs. It also keeps a wonderful discography from which I learned what makes a song come alive, particularly from Ben Luxon, Peter Pears and Britten, Janet Baker, and Kathleen Ferrier.

For this disc I have attempted to create a snapshot of over 120 years of song, tracing the lineage from Stanford to Turnage. I tried to find suitable songs by Coleridge-Taylor and Elizabeth Maconchy but no luck this time. However, two beautiful early compositions by Muriel Herbert and Rebecca Clarke stand proudly alongside songs by Frank Bridge, Thomas Dunhill, and Gustav Holst.

I am thrilled that Colin Matthews and the Britten Estate gave permission to Joseph

Middleton and me to record the world premiere of two unknown songs that Benjamin Britten had composed for but in the event excluded from *A Charm of Lullabies*.

Mark Turnage very kindly wrote me a song to bring the programme right up to the present day.

As he knew that Michael Tippett's 'Full fathom five' would be on the disc, I sense that Mark was inspired by similar ghostly chimes:

Hark! now I hear them, –  
Ding-dong, bell.

© 2018 Dame Sarah Connolly

Born in County Durham, the mezzo-soprano Dame **Sarah Connolly** studied piano and singing at the Royal College of Music, of which she is now a Fellow. Among many other roles she has sung Dido (*Dido and Aeneas*) at Teatro alla Scala, Milan and The Royal Opera, Covent Garden; the Composer (*Ariadne auf Naxos*) and Clairon (*Capriccio*) at The Metropolitan Opera, New York; Orfeo (*Orfeo ed Euridice*) and the title role in *The Rape of Lucretia* at Bayerische Staatsoper, Munich; the title role in *Giulio Cesare* and Phèdre (*Hippolyte et Aricie*) at Glyndebourne Festival Opera; Brangäne (*Tristan und Isolde*) at The Royal Opera, Glyndebourne Festival, Gran Teatre del

Liceu in Barcelona, and Festspielhaus Baden-Baden; the title role in *Ariodante* and *Sesto (La clemenza di Tito)* at the Festival d'Aix-en-Provence; Phèdre (*Hippolyte et Aricie*) at Opéra national de Paris; the title role in *Ariodante* for De Nationale Opera and Wiener Staatsoper, and Fricka (*Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre*) at The Royal Opera and Bayreuther Festspiele. She has also made frequent appearances at Scottish Opera, Welsh National Opera, Opera North, and, particularly, English National Opera. Regularly partnered by Eugene Asti, Julius Drake, Malcolm Martineau, and Joseph Middleton, she has appeared in recital in London, New York, Boston, Paris, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, San Francisco, Atlanta, and Stuttgart; at the BBC Proms, Incontri in Terra di Siena at La Foce, and Schubertiada de Vilabertran; and at the Aldeburgh, Cheltenham, Edinburgh, and Oxford Lieder festivals. In concert she has performed at the Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Lucerne, Salzburg, and Tanglewood festivals, and she is a frequent guest at the BBC Proms where, in 2009, she was a memorable guest soloist at the Last Night. She appears regularly with many of the world's great orchestras under conductors such as Ivor Bolton, Sir Colin Davis, Sir Mark Elder, Daniel Harding, Philippe Herreweghe, Vladimir Jurowski, Yannick Nézet-Séguin, Riccardo

Chailly, and Sir Simon Rattle. Sarah Connolly has recorded prolifically and twice been nominated for a Grammy Award. She was made a DBE in the 2017 Birthday Honours, having been made a CBE in the 2010 New Year Honours, and in 2012 received the Singer Award of the Royal Philharmonic Society.

The pianist **Joseph Middleton** specialises in the art of song accompaniment and chamber music and has been highly acclaimed within this field. Described by *BBC Music* as 'one of the brightest stars in the world of song and Lieder' and by *Opera* as 'rightful heir to legendary accompanist Gerald Moore', he has enjoyed fruitful partnerships with Dame Sarah Connolly, Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Felicity Lott, Carolyn Sampson, Ian Bostridge, Christopher Maltman, Kate Royal, Wolfgang Holzmair, Iestyn Davies, Christiane Karg, Angelika Kirchschlager, Louise Alder, Mark Padmore, and Katarina Karnéus. He is a frequent guest at Alice Tully Hall in New York, Wiener Konzerthaus, the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, Kölner Philharmonie, Musée d'Orsay in Paris, Oji Hall in Tokyo, Tonhalle in Zürich, Philharmonie in Luxembourg, and Wigmore Hall, London, where he will be a featured artist in 2018 / 19. He regularly appears at festivals in Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich, Stuttgart,

Frankfurt, Ravinia, Japan, San Francisco, Toronto, and Vancouver, as well as the BBC Proms, and is often heard in his own series on BBC Radio 3. Joseph Middleton is director of Leeds Lieder, musician in residence at Pembroke College, Cambridge, and a professor at his alma mater, the Royal Academy of Music, where he recently was made a Fellow. He has a fast-growing and award-winning discography, and in 2017 received the Young Artist of the Year Award of the Royal Philharmonic Society.

Rosanna Fish



**Joseph Middleton and Dame Sarah Connolly  
during the recording sessions**



Joseph Middleton

Susanne Ahlburg





Joseph Middleton and Dame Sarah Connolly at Britten's piano at the Red House, Britten's home in Aldeburgh

### **1 The Lost Nightingale**

Whoever stole you from that bush of  
broom,  
I think he envied me my happiness,  
O little nightingale, for many a time  
You lightened my sad heart from its  
distress,  
And flooded my whole soul with melody,  
And I would have the other birds all come,  
And sing along with me thy threnody.

So brown and dim that little body was,  
But none could scorn thy singing. In that  
throat,  
That tiny throat, what depth of harmony,  
And all night long, ringing that changing  
note,  
What marvel if the cherubim in heaven  
Continually do praise Him, when to thee,  
O small and happy, such a grace was  
given?

from *Medieval Latin Lyrics* (1929)  
by Helen Jane Waddell (1889–1965),  
translation of *Quae te dextra mihi rapuit*  
by Alcuin of York (736–804)  
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Helen Waddell

### **2 Earth's Call**

(Silvan Rhapsody)  
The fresh air moves like water round a  
boat.  
The white clouds wander. Let us wander  
too.  
The whining, wavering plover flap and  
float.  
That crow is flying after that cuckoo.

Look! Look!... they're gone. What are the  
great trees calling?  
Just come a little farther, by that edge  
Of green, to where the stormy ploughland,  
falling  
Wave upon wave, is lapping to the hedge.

Oh, what a lovely bank! Give me your hand.  
Lie down and press your heart against  
the ground.  
Let us both listen till we understand,  
Each through the other, ev'ry natural  
sound...

I can't hear anything today, can you,  
But, far and near: 'Cuckoo! Cuckoo!  
Cuckoo!'

from *Strange Meetings* (1917)  
by Harold Monro (1879–1932)

### **3 The Three Ravens**

There were three ravens sat on a tree,  
Down a-downe, hey downe, hey downe,  
They were as black as they might be.  
With a down.

The one of them said to his make,  
'Where shall we our breakfast take?'  
With a down, derrie, derrie, derrie downe,  
downe.

'Down in yonder greenè field,  
Down a-downe, hey downe, hey downe,  
There lies a knight slain under his shield.  
With a down.

'His hounds they lie down at his feet,  
So well they their master keep.  
With a down, derrie, derrie, derrie downe,  
downe.

'His hawks they fly so eagerly,  
Down a-downe, hey downe, hey downe,  
There's no fowle dare him come nigh.  
With a down.

'Down there comes a fallow doe,  
As great with young as she might goe.  
With a down, derrie, derrie, derrie downe,  
downe.

'She lift up his bloody head,  
Down a-downe, hey downe, hey downe,  
And kist his wounds that were so red.  
With a down.

'She got him upon her back  
And carried him to earthen lake [pit].  
With a down, derrie, derrie, derrie downe,  
downe.

'She buried him before the prime,  
Down a-downe, hey downe, hey downe,  
She was dead herself ere evensong time.  
With a down.

'God send every gentleman  
Such hounds, such hawks, and such a  
leman [sweetheart].'  
With a down, derrie, derrie, derrie downe,  
downe.

Traditional

### **4 The Cloths of Heaven**

& Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,  
25 Enwrought with golden and silver light,  
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths  
Of night and light and the half-light,

I would spread the cloths under your feet:  
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;  
I have spread my dreams under your feet;  
Tread softly because you tread on my  
dreams.

from *The Wind among the Reeds* (1899)  
by William Butler Yeats (1865–1939)

5 **Goddess of Night**

Calm with the calm of all old earth has  
taken  
To her peaceful breast  
And will not waken,  
Pale with passion of Life that never dies;  
You sit there watching us,  
Watching us with clear bright eyes.

by Frederick William Harvey (1888 – 1957)

6 **Journey's End**

8 & What will they give me, when journey's  
13 done?

Your own room to be quiet in, Son!

Who shares it with me? There is none  
Shares that cool dormitory, Son!

Who turns the sheets? There is but one,  
And no one needs to turn it, Son!

Who lights the candle? Ev'ryone  
Sleeps without candle all night, Son!

Who calls me after sleeping? Son!  
You are not called when journey's done.

from *The Unknown Goddess* (1925)  
by Humbert Wolfe (1885 – 1940)

7 **A Charm of Lullabies**

1. **A Cradle Song**

Sleep! Sleep! beauty bright,  
Dreaming o'er the joys of night;  
Sleep! Sleep! in thy sleep  
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet Babe, in thy face  
Soft desires I can trace,  
Secret joys and secret smiles,  
Little pretty infant wiles.

[...]

O! the cunning wiles that creep  
In thy little heart asleep.  
When thy little heart does wake  
Then the dreadful lightnings break,

From thy cheek and from thy eye,  
O'er the youthful harvests nigh.  
Infant wiles and infant smiles  
Heav'n and Earth of peace beguiles.

(c. 1793)  
from Notebook  
by William Blake (1757 – 1827)

**8 2. The Highland Balou**  
Hee Balou, my sweet wee Donald,  
Picture o' the great Clanronald!  
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief  
What gat my young Highland thief.  
(Hee Balou!)

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie!  
An thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,  
Travel the country thro' and thro',  
And bring hame a Carlisle cow!

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,  
Weel, my babie, may thou further!  
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,  
Syne to the Highlands hame to me!

by Robert Burns (1759 – 1796)

**9 3. Sephestia's Lullaby**  
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my  
knee;  
When thou art old there's grief enough  
for thee.  
Mother's wag, pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy;  
When thy father first did see  
Such a boy by him and me,  
He was glad, I was woe;  
Fortune changèd made him so,

When he left his pretty boy,  
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

[...]

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my  
knee;

When thou art old there's grief enough  
for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,  
Mother cried, baby leapt;  
More he crowèd, more we cried,  
Nature could not sorrow hide:  
He must go, he must kiss  
Child and mother, baby bliss,  
For he left his pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my  
knee,

When thou art old there's grief enough  
for thee.

from *Camilla's Alarum to Slumbering  
Euphues* (1589)  
by Robert Greene (1558 – 1592)



10

**4. A Charm**

Quiet!  
 Sleep! or I will make  
 Erinnys whip thee with a snake,  
 And cruel Rhadamanthus take  
 Thy body to the boiling lake,  
 Where fire and brimstone never slake;  
 Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ache,  
 And ev'ry joint about thee quake;  
 And therefore dare not yet to wake!  
 Quiet, sleep!  
 Quiet!

Quiet!  
 Sleep! or thou shalt see  
 The horrid hags of Tartary,  
 Whose tresses ugly serpents be,  
 And Cerberus shall bark at thee,  
 And all the Furies that are three  
 The worst is called Tisiphone,  
 Shall lash thee to eternity;  
 And therefore sleep thou peacefully.  
 Quiet, sleep!  
 Quiet!

by Thomas Randolph (1605 – 1635)

11

**5. The Nurse's Song**

Lullaby baby,  
 Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.  
 Lullaby baby!

Be still, my sweet sweetening, no longer  
 do cry;  
 Sing lullaby baby.  
 Let dolours be fleeting, I fancy thee, I...  
 To rock and to lull thee I will not delay me.

Lullaby baby,  
 Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.  
 Lullaby baby!

The gods be thy shield and comfort in  
 need!  
 Sing Lullaby baby!

They give thee good fortune and well for  
 to speed,  
 And this to desire... I will not delay me.

Lullaby baby,  
 Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.  
 Lullaby baby!

by John Phillip (*fl.* 1566 – 1591)

**12 Into my heart an air that kills**

Into my heart an air that kills  
From yon far country blows:  
What are those blue remember'd hills,  
What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,  
I see it shining plain,  
The happy highways where I went  
And cannot come again.

from *A Shropshire Lad* (1896)

by A.E. (Alfred Edward) Housman (1859 – 1936)

**14 Where she lies asleep**

She sleeps so lightly, that in trembling fear  
Beside her, where she lies asleep, I  
kneel,  
The rush of thought and supplication  
staying,  
Lest by some inward sense she see  
and hear,  
If I too clearly think, too loudly feel,  
And break her rest by praying.

'Hush' from *Poems* (1907)

by Mary Coleridge (1861 – 1907)

**15 Come to me in my dreams**

Come to me in my dreams, and then  
By day I shall be well again!  
For then the night will more than pay  
The hopeless longing of the day.

Come! as thou cam'st a thousand times,  
A messenger from radiant climes,  
And smile on thy new world, and be  
As kind to all the rest as me.

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,  
Come now, and let me dream it truth.  
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,  
And say, My love! why suff'rest thou?

from *Faded Leaves*, in *Poems* (1855),

by Matthew Arnold (1822 – 1888)

**16 A Sweet Lullaby**

Come, little babe; come, silly soul,  
Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,  
Born, as I doubt, to all our dole  
And to thyself unhappy chief:  
Sing lullaby, and lap it warm,  
Poor soul that thinks no creature harm.

[...]

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance  
Thy father home again to send,  
If death do strike me with his lance,  
Yet mayst thou me to him commend;  
If any ask thy mother's name,  
Tell how by love she purchased blame.

[...]

Then mayst thou joy and be right glad,  
Although in woe I seem to moan,  
Thy father is no rascal lad,  
A noble youth of blood and bone;  
His glancing looks, if he once smile,  
Right honest women may beguile.

Come, little boy, and rock asleep,  
Sing lullaby, and be thou still;  
I that can do nought else but weep  
Will sit by thee and wail my fill.  
God bless my babe, and lullaby,  
From this thy father's quality.

'Come, little babe, come, silly soul'  
from *The Arbor of Amorous Devices* (1597)  
by Nicholas Breton (1542–1626)

#### **17 Somnus, the humble god**

Somnus, the humble god that dwells  
In cottages and smoky cells,  
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;  
And, though he fears no prince's frown,  
Flies from his circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,  
And thy leaden charming rod,  
Dipped in the Lethean lake,  
O'er his wakeful temples shake,  
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature, alas, why art thou so  
Obliged to thy greatest foe?  
Sleep, that is thy best repast,  
Yet of death it bears the taste,  
And both are the same thing at last.

'Song for Prince Mirza'  
from Act V of *The Sophy* (1641)  
by John Denham (1615–1669)

18 **Weep you no more, sad  
fountains**

Weep you no more, sad fountains;  
What need you flow so fast?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!  
But my sun's heavenly eyes  
View not your weeping,  
That now lies sleeping,  
Softly, now softly lies  
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,  
A rest that peace begets;  
Doth not the sun rise smiling  
When fair at eve he sets?  
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes!  
Melt not in weeping,  
While she lies sleeping,  
Softly, now softly lies  
Sleeping.

by anonymous author (sixteenth century)  
*Third Book of Ayres* (1603)  
by John Dowland (1563–1626)

19 **A soft day**

A soft day, thank God!  
A wind from the south  
With a honey'd mouth;  
A scent of drenching leaves,  
Briar and beech and lime,  
White elderflower and thyme,  
And the soaking grass smells sweet,  
Crushed by my two bare feet,  
While the rain drips,  
Drips, drips, drips from the leaves.

A soft day, thank God!  
The hills wear a shroud  
Of silver cloud;  
The web the spider weaves  
Is a glitt'ring net;  
The woodland path is wet,  
And the soaking earth smells sweet  
Under my two bare feet,  
And the rain drips,  
Drips, drips, drips from the leaves.

from *Songs from Leinster* (1913)  
by Winifred Mary Letts (1882–1972)

<sup>20</sup> **Sailing Homeward**

Cliffs that rise a thousand feet  
Without a break,  
Lake that stretches a hundred miles  
Without a wave,  
[Sands that are white all through the year,  
Without a stain,]  
Pine-tree woods, winter and summer  
Ever-green,  
Streams that for ever flow and flow  
Without a pause,  
Trees that for twenty thousand years  
Your vows have kept,  
You have suddenly healed the pain of a  
traveller's heart,  
And moved his brush to write a new song.

(1919)

by Arthur Waley (1889 – 1966)

after Chan Fang-shêng (fourth century A.D.)

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<sup>21</sup> **Twilight**

Twilight it is, and the far woods are dim,  
and the rooks cry and call.  
Down in the valley the lamps, and the  
mist, and a star over all,  
There by the rick, where they thresh, is  
the drone at an end,  
Twilight it is, and I travel the road with  
my friend.

I think of the friends who are dead, who  
were dear long ago in the past,  
Beautiful friends who are dead, though I  
know that death cannot last;  
Friends with the beautiful eyes that the  
dust has defiled.

Beautiful souls who were gentle when I  
was a child.

from *Ballads and Poems* (1910)

by John Masefield (1878 – 1967)

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of the Estate of John Masefield

**22 Thou didst delight my eyes**

Thou didst delight my eyes:  
Yet who am I? nor first  
Nor last nor best, that durst  
Once dream of thee for prize;  
Nor this the only time  
Thou shalt set love to rhyme.

Thou didst delight my ear:  
Ah! little praise; thy voice  
Makes other hearts rejoice,  
Makes all ears glad that hear;  
And short my joy; but yet,  
O song, do not forget.

For what wert thou to me?  
How shall I say? The moon,  
That poured her midnight noon  
Upon his wrecking sea; –  
A sail, that for a day  
Has cheered the castaway.

from *Poems* (1880)  
by Robert Seymour Bridges (1844–1930)

**23 The fields are full**

The fields are full of summer still  
And breathe again upon the air,  
From brown dry side of hedge and hill,  
More sweetness than the sense  
can bear.

So some old couple, who in youth  
With love were filled and over-full,  
And loved with strength and loved with  
truth,  
In heavy age are beautiful.

from *The Queen of China and Other Poems* (1919)  
by Edward Shanks (1892–1953)

**24 All night under the moon**

All night under the moon  
Plovers are flying  
Over the dreaming meadows of silvery  
light,  
Over the meadows of June  
Calling and crying,  
Wandering voices of love in the hush of  
the night.

All night under the moon  
Love, though we are lying  
Quietly under the thatch, in the dreaming  
light

Over the meadows of June,  
Together we are flying,  
Wandering voices of love in the hush of  
the night.

'G' from *Friends* (1916)  
by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (1878 - 1962)  
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### Songs for Ariel

#### **I. Come unto these yellow sands**

Come unto these yellow sands:  
And then take hands.  
Curt'sied when you have and kissed,  
The wild waves whist:  
Foot it feately here and there:  
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Hark, hark!  
Bow-wow.  
The watch dogs bark;  
Bow-wow.  
Hark, hark!  
I hear the strain of strutting Chanticleer  
Cry, Cock-a-diddle dow.

from *The Tempest*, Act I, Scene 2  
by William Shakespeare (1564 - 1616)

#### **II. Full fathom five**

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange:  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,  
Ding-dong,  
Hark! now I hear them, -  
Ding-dong, bell.

from *The Tempest*, Act I, Scene 2  
by William Shakespeare

#### **III. Where the bee sucks**

Where the bee sucks there suck I;  
In a cow-slip's bell I lie;  
There I couch while owls do cry.  
On a bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily do I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the  
bough.

from *The Tempest*, Act V, Scene 1  
by William Shakespeare

29

### Farewell

Farewell dear friends  
I loved you so much  
But now I must leave you  
And spread over me the dust.

Fare life fare well  
Fare never ill  
Far I go now  
And say, Farewell.

Farewell dear world  
With the waters around you curled  
And the grass on your breast  
I loved you best.

Farewell fish and insect  
Bird, animal, swift mover  
Grim reptile as well  
I was your approver.

Wide sky, farewell,  
Sun, moon, stars in places  
Farewell all fair universes  
In far places.

Ding dong, ding dong  
As a bell is rung,  
Sing ding dong farewell  
As a sweet bell.

'Farewell'

from *Collected Poems and  
Drawings* by Stevie Smith

(1902 - 1971)

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Joseph Middleton and Dame Sarah Connolly during the recording sessions



Joseph Middleton and Dame Sarah Connolly reviewing Britten's sketches  
at the Red House, Britten's home in Aldeburgh

### **Parry writing to Howells, April 1917**

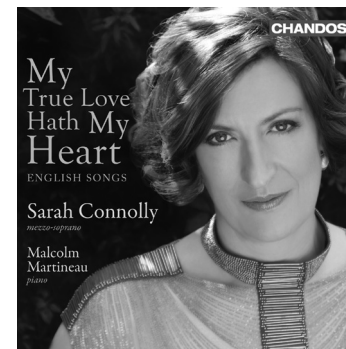
Sir Hubert Parry could not contain his concern for the safety and well-being of his pupils, and particularly for Gurney. In a letter of April 1917 he wrote to Herbert Howells, a former student at the Royal College of Music, who would join the faculty of that institution in 1920:

Stanford sent me your letter about Gurney. I fully share in your anxieties. The thought of so many very gifted boys being in danger, such as Gurney and Fox and Benjamin and even Vaughan Williams, is always present with me. This is what horrible senseless war means – and we can do nothing. To put our views, that such beings are capable of doing the world unique services, before the military authorities would surely appear to them absurd. I suppose there are thousands of others in other walks of life who are in the same case with us. Gurney's case I feel to be quite a special martyrdom. His mind is so full of thoughts and feeling far removed from crude barbarities that it seems almost monstrous. But war is monstrous and we have to take it as far as we can from the collective point of view. There is no consolation to be got out of that, but only something of the spirit which surprises those in the thick of it. I had a letter from Gurney yesterday full of Tolstoi and poetry and longings for the old beloved life, and a sight of the Cotswolds. It is cruel!

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**Chandos 24-bit / 96 kHz recording**

The Chandos policy of being at the forefront of technology is now further advanced by the use of 24-bit / 96 kHz recording. In order to reproduce the original waveform as closely as possible we use 24-bit, as it has a dynamic range that is up to 48 dB greater and up to 256 times the resolution of standard 16-bit recordings. Recording at the 44.1 kHz sample rate, the highest frequencies generated will be around 22 kHz. That is 2 kHz higher than can be heard by the typical human with excellent hearing. However, we use the 96 kHz sample rate, which will translate into the potentially highest frequency of 48 kHz. The theory is that, even though we do not hear it, audio energy exists, and it has an effect on the lower frequencies which we do hear, the higher sample rate thereby reproducing a better sound.

Steinway Model D (592 087) concert grand piano courtesy of Potton Hall  
Piano technicians: Toby Peacock (September 2017) and Graham Cooke DipMIT, MPTA (April 2018)  
Page turner: Peter Willsher

Recorded with generous support from the



Despite every effort, we have not been able to identify and contact the current holders of the copyright in the poems 'The fields are full' by Edward Shanks, 'A soft day' by Winifred Mary Letts, and 'Goddess of Night' by Frederick William Harvey. We should be pleased to hear from any such copyright holders so we may negotiate a reasonable fee for the privilege of reprinting the texts of these poems in this booklet.

**Recording producer** Jonathan Cooper

**Sound engineer** Jonathan Cooper

**Assistant engineer** Rosanna Fish

**Editor** Jonathan Cooper

**A & R administrator** Sue Shortridge

**Recording venue** Potton Hall, Dunwich, Suffolk; 7 April 2018 (*The Lost Nightingale*, *A Sweet Lullaby*, *Somnus, the humble god*) & 22, 23, and 25 September 2017 (other works)

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COME TO ME IN MY DREAMS – Connolly/Middleton

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## *Come to Me in My Dreams*

120 Years of Song from the Royal College of Music

- 1 *Muriel Herbert*: The Lost Nightingale (2:12)
- 2-3 *John Ireland*: 2 Earth's Call (4:57) 3 The Three Ravens (3:47)
- 4 *Thomas Frederick Dunhill*: The Cloths of Heaven (2:08)
- 5 *Herbert Howells*: Goddess of Night (2:14)
- 6 *Frank Bridge*: Journey's End (3:42)
- 7-11 *Benjamin Britten*: A Charm of Lullabies, Op. 41 (11:55)
- 12 *Sir Arthur Somervell*: Into my heart an air that kills (2:00)
- 13 *Gustav Holst*: Journey's End (2:04)
- 14-15 *Frank Bridge*: 14 Where she lies asleep (3:25) 15 Come to me in my dreams (3:29)  
*premiere recordings*
- 16-17 *Benjamin Britten*: 16 A Sweet Lullaby (3:56) 17 Somnus, the humble god (2:06)
- 18 *Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry*: Weep you no more, sad fountains (2:19)
- 19 *Sir Charles Villiers Stanford*: A soft day (2:49)
- 20 *Cecil Armstrong Gibbs*: Sailing Homeward (1:42)
- 21 *E.J. (Ernest John) Moeran*: Twilight (2:09)
- 22-24 *Ivor Gurney*: 22 Thou didst delight my eyes (3:05)  
23 The fields are full (1:41) 24 All night under the moon (3:25)
- 25 *Rebecca Clarke*: The Cloths of Heaven (2:13)
- 26-28 *Sir Michael Tippett*: Songs for Ariel (4:40)  
*premiere recording*
- 29 *Mark-Anthony Turnage*: Farewell (3:25) TT 77:18

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*Dame Sarah Connolly*  
mezzo-soprano  
*Joseph Middleton*  
piano

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*London*

COME TO ME IN MY DREAMS – Connolly/Middleton

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