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PETER WARLOCK

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WARLOCK SONGS

Lieder • Chansons

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 The Wind from the West (2:17) | 17 Rest, Sweet Nymphs (2:15) |
| 2 Whenas the Rye (0:33) | 18 Piggesnie (0:49) |
| 3 My Gostly Fader (1:48) | 19 Sleep (2:35) |
| 4 Lullaby (1:12) | 20 Autumn Twilight (3:19) |
| 5 As Ever I Saw (1:11) | 21 Milkmaids (1:49) |
| 6 Take, O Take Those Lips
Away (2:01) | Two Short Songs: |
| 7 The Bayly Berith the Bell
Away (2:26) | 22 I Held Love's Head (1:05) |
| 8 Sweet Content (1:30) | 23 Thou Gav'st Me Leave to Kiss (0:41) |
| 9 Mourn no Moe (1:55) | 24 Yarmouth Fair (1:55) |
| 10 There is a Lady Sweet and
Kind (1:33) | Three Belloc Songs: |
| 11 Play-Acting (1:21) | 25 Ha'nacker Mill (2:55) |
| 12 Captain Stratton's Fancy (1:48) | 26 The Night (2:46) |
| 13 Mr Belloc's Fancy (1:38) | 27 My Own Country (2:24) |
| 14 Late Summer (2:20) | 28 Walking the Woods (1:46) |
| 15 Hey, Troly Loly Lo (1:36) | 29 The First Mercy (2:33) |
| 16 The Bachelor (0:46) | 30 The Jolly Shepherd (2:27) |
| | 31 Passing By (2:29) |
| | 32 The Fox (3:01) |
- TT = 62:45

BENJAMIN LUXON *baritone*
DAVID WILLISON *piano*

PETER WARLOCK (1894-1930)

Peter Warlock was a man of many talents. His books and articles are still valued; his transcriptions of Elizabethan and Jacobean music were among the forerunners which led to the revival of interest in "early music" which rescued English music after centuries of Germanic dominance; he composed many choral items, including some of the most beautiful carols of the century and several orchestral works, notably *Capriol*.

But it was as a songwriter he will mostly be remembered. From his schooldays to the last months of his tragically short life he wrote songs. Those on this record, presented in chronological order of their composition, take us from one of his earliest efforts to his very last, enabling us to follow his transition through various phases and influences.

His real name was Philip Heseltine. He was interested in music from childhood but never considered it as a career until Colin Taylor, his music teacher at Eton, introduced him to the music of Delius and later to the composer himself. The two older men persuaded Philip's mother to let him study music seriously. He had already written songs while at Eton but none has survived. His earliest known song is *The Wind from the West*, written in 1911 in Cologne, where he was studying. The influence of Quilter is clear.

Cologne was not a success. Philip returned to England and continued his formal education at Christ Church, Oxford, for just three terms, then at University College, London. Music still occupied much of his spare time. Every Delius score he could get he transcribed for piano, piano duet, or both. In London he met Thomas Beecham, who promised him so much journalistic work that education was abandoned in 1915.

The next musical influence on Philip was Bernard van Dieren. They met in 1917 and Philip learned to simplify his piano parts and think more contrapuntally. It was in Ireland in 1918 that he suddenly assimilated all the influences and produced his first mature songs. They were sent to Winthrop Rogers under the pseudonym Peter Warlock. Six were published that same year, the next six songs on our record. All are settings of early English poems. *Whenas the Rye* and *The Bayly Berith the Bell Away* are pianistic

but the other four are conceived contrapuntally. *My Gostly Fader* and *Take, O Take Those Lips Away* were scored for string quartet accompaniment in 1918, *Lullaby* was rewritten for that combination in 1928 and a month before his death Warlock recomposed *As Ever I Saw* in $\frac{6}{8}$ time for the same medium.

The songs were an immediate success and Rogers published more the following year, including *Sweet Content*, *Mourn no Moe* and *There is a Lady Sweet and Kind*. The second of these was rewritten for string quartet in 1927 and arranged for 3-part female voices the following year. *Play-Acting*, composed early in 1920, is something of a mystery. We do not know the author of the words or even what their dialect is, possibly Cumbrian or Northumbrian. Wherever it came from, the lyric inspired a remarkably dramatic setting, quite unlike anything else Warlock wrote.

For most of 1920 and 1921 journalism again occupied much of Heseltine's life. He edited a splendid musical monthly which he called *The Sackbut*. He persuaded several of his friends to contribute articles, while he himself wrote under a bewildering but amusing set of pseudonyms. His real name was only used in books, articles and Delius transcriptions. All his music appeared under the Warlock nom-de-plume.

Financial difficulties ended this project for Philip and in Autumn 1921 he moved to his mother's home in mid-Wales. For most of his life he rarely stayed longer than a few months at any address, but for the next year and a half he remained there, producing an astonishing output. He completed the first ever full-length book on Delius, transcribed several of his compositions and wrote a *Serenade for Strings* for his 60th birthday; in collaboration with Philip Wilson he transcribed hundreds of lute-songs, some for voice and piano, many as choral songs; he completed the revised version of *The Curlew*, surely his masterwork, and about thirty songs, some of which are among his very best.

Always self-disparaging about his compositions, he tended to group them under frivolous titles. *Two True Toper's Tunes to Troll with Trulls and Trollops in a Tavern* was the name given to *Captain Stratton's Fancy* (Rum) and *Mr Belloc's Fancy* (Beer). Other light-hearted songs he called his *Little*

Peterisms, which included *Late Summer*, *Hey, Troly Loly Lo*, *The Bachelor* and *Piggesnie*. These were soon published by Augener but as single items.

Early in 1923 Warlock was back in London to negotiate with various publishers. The Oxford University Press at that time was just expanding its music department from text-books to part-songs for schools. *Sleep and Rest*, *Sweet Nymphs* were first published as unison songs as were many of the Warlock/Wilson transcriptions. *Autumn Twilight*, also written in the Welsh year, had to wait until the OUP decided to publish art songs as well as choral songs. *Milkmaids* was originally published by Enoch, who also took more of the Warlock/Wilson efforts.

I Held Love's Head While it Did Ache and *Thou Gav'st Me Leave to Kiss* are collectively entitled *Two Short Songs*. This is one of the four Warlock sets that should be performed as such.

1925 saw the start of a second comparatively stable period in Warlock's life, when he moved to Eynsford with his friend E.J. Moeran. *Yarmouth Fair* has a curious history connecting the two, and bringing in their factotum, Hal Collins, an aborigine with a flair for woodcuts, music and verse. Moeran, on one of his East Anglian trips collecting folk-songs, had taken down this song from a roadmender. It is not a folk-song. The labourer had found the words and the tune had "just come to him". Moeran suggested Warlock might like to write an accompaniment. Unfortunately when this had been done the publishers of the original song refused to allow their words to be used. Collins wrote a new set of words to fit the melody and *The Magpie* became *Yarmouth Fair*.

Biographies and articles give the impression that life at Eynsford was largely wine and women with little song. Warlock and Moeran were prepared to be festive at times, particularly when visited by friends such as Lord Berners and Constant Lambert, but from 1925 to 1928 both of them did much useful work. Warlock's, apart from the three versions of *Capriol*, was mostly transcriptions and journalism, but in January 1927 he set the *Three Belloc Songs: Ha'nacker Mill, The Night* and *My Own Country*, another set of songs that works as a performing group. This is the first time the three songs have been recorded together — a welcome first.

Another welcome first was *The First Mercy*, Warlock's setting of Bruce Blunt's verses. Composer and poet were obviously convivial, having been arrested in February 1927 for drunk and disorderly conduct and fined ten shillings each for shouting and singing. In spite of this, their collaborations produced some wonderfully moving results.

A flurry of activity towards the end of the Eynsford era included *The Jolly Shepherd* and *Passing By*, another setting of *There is a Lady Sweet and Kind*. Two other Warlock settings of these words have not survived.

The Fox has a remarkable history. Warlock was staying with Blunt in Hampshire in July 1930. After an evening in the local "The Fox Inn", where there was a fox's mask mounted behind the bar, they walked home chatting about it. Warlock went straight to bed but Blunt, helped by a bottle of Chablis, wrote the verses and left them on the table. Warlock arose before Blunt, found the poem and set it to music there and then. In the afternoon the accompaniment was checked in a music studio and the song, from conception to completion, had taken under eighteen hours.

It was to be his last original composition. In December 1930 he died by gas poisoning. The coroner recorded an open verdict. Arguments go on to this day whether or not he took his own life.

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Chairman: Peter Warlock Society

Born in Cornwall, **Benjamin Luxon** studied at the Guildhall School of Music where he won the school's Gold Medal. He went on to become a prizewinner at the International Competition in Munich. During the latter part of the 1960s and throughout the 1970s, he developed a versatile career, working with major orchestras both in the UK and abroad, and appearing in most of this country's major festivals. He is now established as one of Britain's most popular singers for opera, concerts and *Lieder*, and has appeared frequently on television.

He is a regular visitor to both Covent Garden and Glyndebourne Festival Opera. His appearances at Covent Garden include the title role in *Eugene Onegin*, Wolfram in *Tannhäuser*, Marcello in *La Bohème* and Falke in a production of *Die Fledermaus* which was televised throughout Western Europe and the USA. He has sung three major Mozart roles in Peter Hall productions at Glyndebourne: Don Giovanni, Papageno and the Count in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. He is a regular guest at the Frankfurt and Holland Opera companies and has appeared in various productions at the Metropolitan Opera, New York, following his début there singing Onegin.

During the past few seasons Benjamin Luxon has appeared with all the major US orchestras, as well as other major orchestras including the London Philharmonic, the Concertgebouw and the Israel Philharmonic. He has performed *Elijah* with Ozawa and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and also with the Philharmonia Orchestra. In addition to his operatic singing, his repertoire includes works by Britten, Bach, Stravinsky and Walton, and he has made well over eighty recordings.

David Willison has come to the fore by his work with such distinguished musicians as Galway, Luxon, Palmer, Rolfe Johnson, Schwarzkopf and Tear. His principal partnership has been with Benjamin Luxon, a collaboration that now extends to twenty-five years of recital giving, over 150 broadcasts with much television, including the BBC Schubert anniversary tribute performing *Die Winterreise*, and travelling worldwide to the leading musical centres and festivals. Together they have given many first performances as well as the standard *Lieder* and song repertoire.

David Willison also plays in the family piano trio with his brothers John and Peter. He devotes much of his time to students at the Royal Academy of Music, London in his role as Professor of Piano Chamber Music. He is a director of the music publishers Alfred Lengnick & Co.

PETER WARLOCK (1894-1930)

Peter Warlock war vielseitig begabt: Seine Bücher und Aufsätze finden heute noch ihre Leser; seine Transkriptionen englischer Renaissancemusik machen ihn zu einem Vorläufer der Bewegung, die zur Wiederentdeckung der "Alten Musik" Großbritanniens führte und die langjährige Vorherrschaft der deutschen Schule beendete, und er schrieb zahlreiche Chorwerke, darunter einige der schönsten modernen Weihnachtslieder, und mehrere Orchesterkompositionen, etwa die populäre *Capriol-Suite*.

Aber man erinnert sich seiner vor allem als Liederkomponist. Die hier eingespielten Stücke, angeordnet in chronologischer Reihenfolge, führen von seinen Anfängen bis zu seinen letzten Werken; dabei lassen sich die verschiedenen Phasen und Einflüsse seines Werdegangs anschaulich verfolgen.

Warlocks richtiger Name war Philip Heseltine. Er war schon in seiner Kindheit musikalisch interessiert, entschied sich aber erst während seiner Schulzeit für eine Laufbahn auf diesem Gebiet, als sein Musiklehrer ihm Werke von Delius vorstellte und ihn später auch persönlich mit diesem Komponisten bekanntmachte. Sein frühestes erhaltenes Lied ist *The Wind from the West*, 1911 in Köln geschrieben, wo er damals studierte; der Einfluß Quilters ist unverkennbar.

Er kehrte nach England zurück und setzte seine Ausbildung in Oxford und London fort. Seine Freizeit widmete er nach wie vor größtenteils der Musik; er schuf Auszüge von Delius' Kompositionen für Klavier solo oder zu vier Händen. Das nächste wichtige Vorbild war Bernard van Dieren. Philip traf ihn 1917 und lernte von ihm, seinen Klaviersatz zu vereinfachen und stärker kontrapunktisch anzulegen. 1918 konnte er in Irland die verschiedenen Einflüsse miteinander verbinden, und er schuf seine ersten reifen Lieder. Er schickte sie unter dem Pseudonym Peter Warlock an Winthrop Rogers; sechs wurden im gleichen Jahr veröffentlicht, und dies sind die nächsten sechs Lieder in dieser Aufnahme. Es handelt sich um Vertonungen früher englischer Gedichte: *Whenas the Rye* und *The Bayly Berith the Bell Away* sind pianistisch empfunden, aber in den übrigen vier fällt die kontrapunktische

Struktur auf. *My Gostly Fader* und *Take, o Take Those Lips Away* wurden 1918 für eine Begleitung durch Streichquartett bearbeitet, *Lullaby* erfuhr 1928 die gleiche Behandlung, und noch einen Monat vor seinem Tod schrieb Warlock *As Ever I Saw* im 6/8-Takt für dieses Medium neu.

Die Lieder erzielten sofort einen durchschlagenden Erfolg, und Rogers brachte im folgenden Jahr weitere heraus, darunter *Sweet Content*, *Mourn no Moe* und *There is a Lady Sweet and Kind*. Das zweite dieser Lieder wurde 1927 für Streichquartett umgeschrieben und ein Jahr später in einer Fassung für dreistimmigen Frauenchor bearbeitet. *Play Acting* nach einem anonymen Gedicht wurde 1920 vertont und inspirierte den Komponisten zu einer erstaunlich dramatischen Musik, die in Warlocks Oeuvre keine Parallele hat.

1920/21 war Warlock der Herausgeber der monatlich erscheinenden Musikzeitschrift *The Sackbut*. Er überredete zahlreiche Freunde, ihm Artikel zu schreiben, wobei er selbst immer unter Pseudonymen veröffentlichte; mit seinem richtigen Namen zeichnete er lediglich seine Bücher, Artikel und Delius-Transkriptionen, während alle seine Kompositionen als Autor Peter Warlock nannten.

Das Projekt wurde aus finanziellen Gründen abgebrochen, und im Herbst 1921 zog der Komponist in das Haus seiner Mutter in Wales, wo er die erste Monographie über Delius fertigstellte, viele von dessen Kompositionen transkribierte und zum 60. Geburtstag seines großen Vorbilds eine Streicherserenade schrieb. Gemeinsam mit Philip Wilson transkribierte er Hunderte von Lautenliedern, vollendete die Bearbeitung seines Meisterwerks *The Curlew* und schuf etwa 30 eigene Lieder.

Warlock stand seinen eigenen Kompositionen durchaus selbstkritisch und oft ironisch-distanziert gegenüber, und er gab den zusammengestellten Zyklen oft recht launige Titel: *Two True Toper's Tunes to Troll with Trulls and Trollops in a Tavern* war beispielsweise der Titel für *Captain Stratton's Fancy* (Rum) und *Mr Belloc's Fancy* (Bier); eine andere scherzhafte Bezeichnung für seine Lieder war *Little Peterisms*, zu denen auch *Late Summer*, *Hey Troly Loly Lo*, *The Bachelor* und *Piggesnie* gehörten.

Anfang 1923 war Warlock wieder in London, um mit verschiedenen

Verlegern zu verhandeln. Bei der Oxford University Press kamen *Sleep* und *Rest, Sweet Nymphs* als mehrstimmige Unisono-Lieder heraus, wie viele der Transkriptionen von Warlock und Wilson. *Autumn Twilight* erschien erst, als O.U.P. sich entschloß, neben Chorstücken auch Lieder für Solostimme zu verlegen. *Milkmaids* kam ursprünglich bei Enoch heraus, wo mehrere Stücke von Warlock und Wilson erschienen. *I Held Love's Head While I Did Ache* und *Thou Gav'st me Leave to Kiss* tragen den gemeinsamen Titel *Two Short Songs*, den Warlock insgesamt viermal verwendete.

1925 zog Warlock mit seinem Freund, dem Komponisten E.J. Moeran, nach Eynsford. *Yarmouth Fair* hat eine kuriose Entstehungsgeschichte, in der neben den beiden Freunden auch ihr Faktotum Hal Collins eine Rolle spielt: Moeran hatte sich von einem Straßenarbeiter in East Anglia ein Lied vorsingen lassen, das er aufzeichnete; der Sänger hatte den Text gefunden, und die Melodie, erklärte er, sei ihm "einfach zugeflogen". Moeran bat Warlock um eine Begleitung, aber die Verleger des Textes weigerten sich, einer Verwendung zuzustimmen. Collins schrieb einen neuen für die Melodie, und aus *The Magpie* wurde *Yarmouth Fair*.

Von 1925 bis 1928 schrieb Warlock die drei Fassungen von *Capriol* und die *Three Belloc Songs* (*Ha'nacker Mill*, *The Night* und *My Own Country*), die er ebenfalls zyklisch aufgefaßt wissen wollte; hier wurden sie erstmals gemeinsam eingespielt. Auch *The First Mercy* erlebt hier eine erste Aufnahme, eine Vertonung eines Textes von Bruce Blunt. Das Ende der Zeit in Eynsford war außerordentlich fruchtbar; Warlock schrieb damals u.a. *The Jolly Shepherd* und *Passing By*, eine weitere Vertonung von *There is a Lady Sweet and Kind*.

The Fox hat eine interessante Geschichte. Warlock hielt sich im Juli 1930 bei Blunt auf; der Komponist ging nach einem feuchtföhlichen Abend im "Fox Inn" gleich zu Bett, aber der Dichter schrieb über einer weiteren Flasche Chablis ein Gedicht, das er auf dem Tisch liegen ließ. Warlock fand es am nächsten Tag und vertonte es sofort. Am Nachmittag spielte er die Begleitung in einem Studio durch, und die gesamte Entstehung des Liedes hatte nicht mehr als 18 Stunden gedauert.

Es war Warlocks letzte Komposition. Im Dezember 1930 starb er an

Gasvergiftung; eine behördliche Untersuchung der Todesumstände fand keine eindeutige Erklärung.

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Benjamin Luxon stammt aus Cornwall und studierte an der Londoner Guildhall School of Music, wo er die Goldmedaille gewann; später war er der Sieger beim Internationalen Münchner Gesangswettbewerb. Ende der 60er Jahre und während der 70er baute er seine vielseitige Laufbahn aus; er sang mit führenden Orchestern im in- und Ausland und trat bei den wichtigsten britischen Musikfestspielen auf. Heute ist er einer der populärsten britischen Opern-, Konzert- und Liedersänger, der auch häufig im Fernsehen auftritt.

Benjamin Luxon singt regelmäßig in Covent Garden und bei den Festspielen von Glyndebourne. In London trat er u.a. in der Titelpartie von *Eugen Onegin*, als Wolfram in *Tannhäuser*, Marcellino in *La Bohème* und Falke in einer Neuinszenierung der *Fledermaus* auf, die in Westeuropa und den USA im Fernsehen übertragen wurde. In Glyndebourne wirkte er bei drei Mozart-Inszenierungen von Peter Hall mit, als Don Giovanni, Papageno und Graf Almaviva. Er ist ständiger Gast bei der Holland-Oper und dem Frankfurter Ensemble und ist nach seinem New Yorker Debüt (als Onegin) mehrmals an der Metropolitan Opera aufgetreten.

In jüngster Zeit hat Benjamin Luxon mit den wichtigsten Orchestern der USA sowie mit dem London Philharmonic, dem Amsterdamer Concertgebouw und dem Israel Philharmonic Orchestra musiziert. Unter Seiji Ozawa sang er mit den Berliner Philharmonikern und dem Londoner Philharmonia Orchestra die Titelpartie in Mendelssohns *Elias*. Neben seinen zahlreichen Opernrollen umfaßt sein Repertoire Werke von Britten, Bach, Strawinsky und Walton, und er hat bisher mehr als 80 Schallplattenaufnahmen gemacht.

David Willison hat sich durch seine Zusammenarbeit mit so bedeutenden Interpreten wie James Galway, Benjamin Luxon, Felicity Palmer, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf und Robert Tear einen Namen gemacht. Sein häufigster Partner ist Benjamin Luxon, mit dem er schon seit 25 Jahren auftritt, in Konzerten, bei mehr als 150 Rundfunkübertragungen und in zahlreichen Fernsehsendungen (darunter eine Interpretation von Schuberts *Winterreise* für die BBC) sowie weltweit in den führenden Musikzentren und bei den wichtigen Festspielen. Gemeinsam haben sie auch zahlreiche zeitgenössische Beiträge zum Liederrepertoire zur Uraufführung gebracht.

David Willison spielt mit seinen Brüdern John und Peter in ihrem Familientrio. Er widmet einen Großteil seiner Zeit der Ausbildung von Studenten der Londoner Royal Academy of Music, wo er als Professor für Kammermusik mit Klavier unterrichtet. Außerdem ist er einer der Direktoren des Musikverlags Alfred Lengnick & Co.

PETER WARLOCK (1894-1930)

Peter Warlock était un homme aux talents variés. Ses livres et ses articles sont toujours appréciés; ses transcriptions de la musique des règnes d'Elisabeth et de Jacques Ier figurent parmi les précurseurs qui amenèrent le renouveau d'intérêt pour la musique ancienne qui sauva la musique anglaise après des siècles de domination germanique; il a composé de nombreuses œuvres chorales, dont quelques-uns des plus beaux noëls de ce siècle, et plusieurs œuvres instrumentales, dont la plus notable est *Capriol*.

Mais il est surtout connu pour ses mélodies. Les mélodies de cet enregistrement, qui suivent l'ordre chronologique de leur composition, nous amènent de l'un de ses premiers essais à son tout dernier, nous permettant ainsi de suivre les diverses phases et influences de sa carrière.

Son vrai nom était Philip Heseltine. Il s'intéressa à la musique dès l'enfance mais ne songea à en faire son métier que lorsque son professeur de musique à Eton lui fit connaître la musique de Delius et le présenta ensuite au compositeur en personne. Sa première mélodie connue est *The Wind from the West*, écrite en 1911 à Cologne où il était étudiant. L'influence de Quilter y est évidente.

Philip rentra en Angleterre et poursuivit ses études à Christ Church à Oxford, puis à University College à Londres. La musique occupait encore une grande partie de ses loisirs. Il transposait pour le piano, pour piano à quatre mains, ou les deux, toutes les partitions de Delius qu'il pouvait obtenir.

L'influence musicale suivante fut celle de Bernard van Dieren. Ils se rencontrèrent en 1917 et Philip apprit à simplifier ses parties de piano et à utiliser davantage le contrepoint. C'est en Irlande en 1918 qu'il assimila soudain toutes ces influences et produisit ses premières mélodies d'une maturité incontestable. Il les envoya à Winthrop Rogers sous le pseudonyme de Peter Warlock. Six furent publiées cette même année, les six mélodies qui suivent sur cet enregistrement. Toutes mettent en musique des poèmes anglais anciens. Le caractère de *Whenas the Rye* et de *The Bayly Berith*

the Bell Away est pianistique mais celui des quatre autres est contrapuntique. *My Gostly Fader* et *Take, o Take Those Lips Away* furent orchestrées pour accompagnement de quatuor à cordes en 1918, *Lullaby* fut réécrit de même en 1928 et un mois avant sa mort Warlock recomposa *As Ever I Saw* en 6/8 pour le même accompagnement.

Ces mélodies eurent un succès immédiat et Rogers en publia d'autres l'année suivante, dont *Sweet Content*, *Mourn no More* et *There is a Lady Sweet and Kind*. Cette dernière fut réécrite pour quatuor à cordes en 1927 et arrangée pour trois voix féminines l'année suivante. *Play Acting*, composée en 1920 sur des paroles anonymes, est une mélodie remarquablement dramatique qui n'a pas son pareil dans l'œuvre de Warlock.

En 1920 et 1921 il dirigea un splendide mensuel musical intitulé *The Sackbut*. Il persuada plusieurs de ses amis d'y apporter leur contribution sous forme d'articles, et lui-même écrivit sous divers pseudonymes. Il n'utilisait son vrai nom que pour ses livres, ses articles et ses transcriptions de Delius. Toute sa musique est parue sous le pseudonyme de Warlock.

Des difficultés financières mirent fin à ce projet pour Philip, et à l'automne 1921 il s'installa dans la maison de sa mère au pays de Galles, où il termina le premier livre jamais publié sur Delius, transcrivit plusieurs de ses compositions et lui écrivit une *Serenade for Strings* pour son 60ème anniversaire; en collaboration avec Philip Wilson il transcrivit des centaines d'airs de luth; et il termina la version révisée de *The Curlew*, assurément son chef d'œuvre, ainsi qu'une trentaine de mélodies.

Toujours prêt à déprécier ses compositions, il avait tendance à les grouper sous des titres frivoles. *Two True Toper's Tunes to Troll with Trulls and Trollops in a Tavern* était le nom donné à *Captain Stratton's Fancy* (le rhum) et à *Mr Bellocs Fancy* (la bière). Il surnomma *Little Peterisms* d'autres mélodies légères, qui comprennent *Late Summer*, *Hey Troly Loly Lo*, *The Batchelor* et *Piggiesnie*.

Au début de 1923 Warlock était de retour à Londres pour négocier avec divers éditeurs. Oxford University Press publia d'abord *Sleep* et *Rest* comme chants à l'unisson, ce qu'était nombreuses des transcriptions de Warlock et Wilson. *Autumn Twilight* dut attendre que ce même éditeur

décide de publier aussi bien des mélodies accompagnées que des mélodies chorales. *Milkmaids* fut initialement publié par Enoch, qui publia également d'autres transcriptions de Warlock et Wilson. *I Held Love's Head While it did Ache* et *Thou Gav'st Me Leave to Kiss* sont intitulées collectivement *Two Short Songs*. C'est l'une des quatre séries de Warlock qui doivent être exécutées comme telles.

En 1925 il s'installa à Eynsford avec son ami E.J. Moeran. *Yarmouth Fair* a une histoire curieuse qui les met en scène tous deux, ainsi que leur factotum aborigène Hal Collins. Moeran avait noté cette chanson d'un cantonnier de l'East Anglia, qui lui avait déclaré que les paroles et l'air "lui étaient venus comme ça". Moeran suggéra à Warlock d'écrire un accompagnement mais les éditeurs de la chanson originale refusèrent la permission d'utiliser leurs paroles. Collins écrivit alors de nouvelles paroles pour aller avec la musique, et *The Magpie* devint *Yarmouth Fair*.

Entre 1925 et 1928 Warlock écrivit les trois versions de *Capriol* et les *Three Belloc Songs: Ha'nacker Mill, The Night* et *My Own Country*, un autre groupe de mélodies. C'est la première fois que les trois mélodies ont été enregistrées ensemble — une première bienvenue.

Egalement bienvenue est *The First Mercy*, la mise en musique d'un poème de Bruce Blunt. Compositeur et poète produisirent un résultat merveilleusement émouvant. Une grande activité vers la fin de l'époque d'Eynsford vit entre autres la composition de *The Jolly Shepherd* et de *Passing By*, un autre arrangement de *There is a Lady Sweet and Kind*.

The Fox a une histoire remarquable. Warlock séjournait chez Blunt dans le Hampshire en juillet 1930. Après une soirée au bistrot du coin, "The Fox Inn", Warlock alla directement se coucher mais Blunt, aidé d'une bouteille de Chablis, écrivit un poème qu'il laissa sur la table. Warlock l'y trouva et le mit immédiatement en musique. Ce même après-midi, l'accompagnement était vérifié en studio: la mélodie avait été créée en moins de 18 heures.

Ce devait être sa dernière composition originale. En décembre 1930 il mourut asphyxié au gaz. Le coroner ne formula aucune conclusion quant aux circonstances de sa mort.

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Benjamin Luxon, né en Cornouailles, a fait ses études à la Guildhall School of Music, dont il remporta la médaille d'or. Puis il fut l'un des lauréats du Concours international de Munich. Durant la deuxième moitié des années soixante et les années soixante-dix, il mena une carrière très variée, travaillant avec de grands orchestres tant au Royaume-Uni qu'à l'étranger et participant à la plupart des grands festivals de ce pays. Il est aujourd'hui l'un des chanteurs britanniques d'opéras, de concerts et de lieder les plus populaires, et il a souvent paru à la télévision.

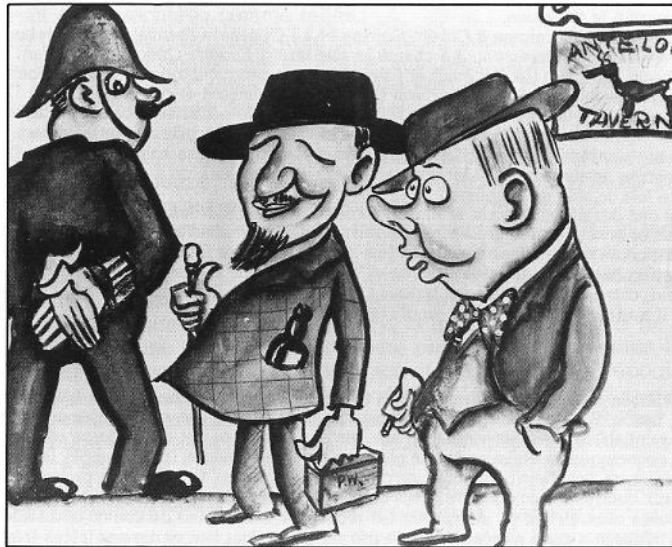
Il se produit régulièrement à Covent Garden et à l'Opéra du Festival de Glyndebourne. Dans le premier établissement, il a chanté le rôle-titre d'*Eugène Onéguine*, Wolfram (*Tannhäuser*), Marcello (*La Bohème*) et Falke dans une production de *La Chauve-Souris* retransmise sur les chaînes de télévision d'Europe occidentale et des Etats-Unis. A Glyndebourne, il a chanté trois grands rôles de Mozart dans les mises en scène de Peter Hall: Don Giovanni, Papageno et le Comte des *Noces de Figaro*. Benjamin Luxon est également l'un des fidèles de l'Opera de Francfort et de l'opéra hollandais, et il a figuré dans diverses productions du Metropolitan Opera de New York où il y interpréta, la première fois, le rôle d'Onéguine.

Durant ces dernières saisons, M. Luxon a collaboré avec tous les grands orchestres des Etats-Unis et avec d'autres orchestres de renom, dont le Philharmonique de Londres, le Concertgebouw et le Philharmonique d'Israël. Il a interprété *Elijah* avec Ozawa et l'Orchestre philharmonique de Berlin et le Philharmonia de Londres. Son répertoire comprend, outre des personnages lyriques, des œuvres de Britten, Bach, Stravinsky et Walton. Il a réalisé plus de quatre-vingts enregistrements.

David Willison s'est fait connaître par son travail avec des musiciens aussi renommés que Galway, Luxon, Palmer, Rolfe Johnson, Schwarzkopf et Tear. C'est avec Benjamin Luxon qu'il a le plus collaboré: pendant vingt-cinq ans, les deux hommes ont donné force récitals, réalisé plus de cent-cinquante émissions, dont plusieurs pour la télévision (par exemple, le programme anniversaire de Schubert où ils ont interprété la *Winterreise*), et ils se sont produits dans les principaux centres musicaux et festivals du monde entier. Ensemble, ils ont créé de nombreuses œuvres tout en interprétant le répertoire traditionnel de chants et de lieder.

David Willison a aussi sa place dans le trio de piano dont font partie ses frères John et Peter. Il consacre une grande partie de son temps aux étudiants de la Royal Academy of Music de Londres en sa qualité de professeur de musique de chambre pour piano. Il est l'un des directeurs de la maison d'édition musicale Alfred Lengnick & Co.

PETER WARLOCK with his friend BRUCE BLUNT



Drawing by ANTHONY WYARD

The Wind from the West

Blow high, blow low,
O wind from the West:
You come from the country
I love the best.
O say have the lilies
Yet lifted their heads
Above the lake-water
That ripples and spreads?
Do the little sedges
Still shake with delight,
And whisper together
All through the night?
Have the mountains the purple
I used to love,
And peace about them,
Around and above?
O wind from the West,
Blow high, blow low,
You come from the country
I loved long ago.

Poem by Ella Young

Wheneas the Rye Reach to the Chin

Wheneas the rye reach to the chin,
And chop-cherry, chop-cherry ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the cream,
And schoolboys playing in the stream;
Then, O, then, O, then, O, my true-love said,
Till that time come again
She could not live a maid.

From *The Old Wives' Tale* by George Peele

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 aviseness;
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 doubtless;
Agein, if so be that I mow;
And that to God I make a vow
And elles I axe forgefness.
My gostly fader, I me confesse,
First to God and then to you.

Poem by Charles D'Orléans

Lullaby

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby;
Rock them, rock a lulla, lullaby.
Care is heavy, therefore sleep you,
You are care, and care must keep you,
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby;
Rock them, rock a lulla, lullaby

Poem by Thomas Dekker

As ever I saw

She is gentle and also wise;
Of all other she beareth the prize,
That ever I saw.
To hear her sing, to see her dance!
She will the best herself advance,
That ever I saw.
To see her fingers that be so small!
In my conceit she passeth all
That ever I saw.
Nature in her hath wonderly wrought
Christ never such another bought,
That ever I saw.
I have seen many that have beauty
Yet is there none like to my lady
That ever I saw.
Therefore I dare this boldly say
I shall have the best and fairest may
That ever I saw

Anon

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, bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain!

From *Measure for Measure* by W. Shakespeare

The Bayly Berith the Bell Away

The maydens came
When I was in my mother's bower;
I hade all that I wolde.
The bayly berith the bell away,
The lylle the rose the rose I lay,
The sylver is whit, red is the golde,
The robes that lay in fold.
The bayly berith the bell away,
The lilly the rose the rose I lay,
And through the glasse wyndow
Shines the sone.
How shuld I love, and I so young?
The bayly berith the bell away,
The lilly the lilly the rose I lay.

Anon

Sweet Content

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexèd
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face,
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!
Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
O sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own
tears?

O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face,
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Poem by Thomas Dekker

Mourn no Moe

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 cannot see.
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe:
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn, no moe.

**From *The Queen of Corinth*
by Beaumont and Fletcher**

There is a Lady Sweet and Kind

There is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.
Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my head beguiles,
Beguiles my heart I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.
Cupid is winged and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change:
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

Poem by Thomas Ford

Play-Acting

There's a jolly lot of laughter
If yar gaw inter the barn,
They're playin' there und actin'
An owld an' merry yarn.
A big mun loves a woman
Whom a fool loves an' nan dafter,
An' the big mun tricks the fool aht,
An' the audience rack wi' laughter.
Yar go in an' yar watch it
An' may yar laugh ter see;
But oi will wark the lang road,
It's a bit too true for me.

Anon

Captain Stratton's Fancy

Oh, some are fond of red wine
and some are fond of white,
And some are all for dancing
by the pale moon-light,
But rum alone's the tippie
and the heart's delight
Of the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.
Oh, some are fond of Spanish wine
and some are fond of French,
And some'll swallow tay
and stuff fit only for a wench,
But I'm for right Jamaica
till I roll beneath the bench,
Says the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.
Oh, some are for the lily
and some are for the rose,
But I am for the sugar cane
that in Jamaica grows,
For it's that that makes the bonny drink
to warm my copper nose,
Says the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.
Oh, some are fond of fiddles
and a song well sung
And some are all for music
for to lilt upon the tongue,
But mouths were made for tankards
and for sucking at the bung,
Says the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Poem by John Masefield

Mr Belloc's Fancy

At Martinmas, when I was born,
Hey diddle, Ho diddle, Do,
There came a cow with a crumpled horn,
Hey diddle, Ho diddle, Do,
She stood agape and said, "My dear,
You're a very fine child for this time of year,
And I think you'll have a taste in beer."
Hey diddle, Ho diddle, Ho, do, do, da,
Hey diddle, Ho diddle, Do
A taste in beer I've certainly got,
Hey diddle, Ho diddle, Do,
A very fine taste that the Jews have not,
Hey diddle, Ho diddle, Do,
And though I travel on the hills of Spain,
And Val-Pont-Côte and Belle Fontaine,
With lusty lungs I shall still maintain.
Hey diddle, Ho diddle, Ho, do, do, da,
Hey diddle, Ho diddle, Do,
So Sussex men, wherever you be,
hey diddle, Ho diddle, Do,
I pray you sing this song with me,
Hey diddle, Ho diddle, Do;
That of all the shires she is the queen,
And they brew at the "Chequers" at
Chanctonbury Green
The very best beer that ever was seen.
Hey, Dominus, Domine, Dominum, Domini
Hey, diddle diddle, Domino.

Poem by J.C. Squire

Late Summer

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

Poem by Edward Shanks

Hey, Trolly Loly Lo

"Hey, trolly loly lo, maid, whither go you?"
"I go to the meadow to milk my cow."
"Then at the meadow I will you meet,
To gather the flowers both rare and sweet."
"Nay, God forbid, that may not be!
I wis my mother then shall us see."
"Now in this meadow fair and green
We may us sport and not be seen;
Sith I love you, love me again;
Let us make one, though we be twain!"
"Nay in good faith, I'll not mell with you!
I pray you, sir, let me go milk my cow."
"Then for this once I shall you spare;
But the next time ye must beware,
How in the meadow ye milk your cow.
Adieu, farewell, and kiss me now!"
Nay, God forbid, that may not be!
I wis my mother then shall us see."

Anon, Early XVI Century

The Bachelor

In all this world nis* a meriar life
Than is a yong man withouten a wife;
For he may liven withouten strife,
In every place where so he go.

In every place he is loved over all,
Among (the) maidens grete and small,
In dauncing, in piping, and renning at the ball,
In every place where so he go.
Then sey maidens "Farewell, Jacke!
Thy love is pressed all in thy pake;
Thou berest thy love behind thy back,"
In every place where so he go.

*is not

Anon, Early XV Century

Rest, Sweet Nymphs

Rest, sweet nymphs, let golden sleep
Charm your star-brighter eyes,
While my lute her watch doth keep
With pleasing sympathies.
Lullaby, lullaby,
Sleep sweetly, sleep sweetly,
Let nothing affright ye,
In calm contentments lie.
Thus, dear damsels, I do give
Goodnight, and so am gone;
With your hearts desires long live,
Still joy and never mourn.
Lullaby, lullaby,
Hath eas'd you
And pleas'd you,
And sweet slumber seiz'd you;
And now to bed I hie.

Anon

Piggiesnie

She is proper and so pure,
Full steadfast, stable and demure,
There is none such, ye may be sure,
As my sweet sweetening.

When I behold my sweetening sweet,
Her face, her hands, her minion feet,
They seem to me there's none so meet
As my sweet sweetening.

In all this world, as thinketh me,
Is none so pleasant to my eye,
That I am glad so oft to see,
As my sweet sweetening.

Above all other praise must I
And love my pretty piggiesnie,
For none I find so womanly
As my sweet sweetening.

Anon, XVI Century

Sleep

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing
With your hearts desires long live,
Still joy and never mourn.
Lullaby, lullaby,
Hath eas'd you
And pleas'd you,
And sweet slumber seiz'd you,
And now to bed I hie.

From *The Woman Hater* by John Fletcher

Autumn Twilight

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

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

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

Poem by Arthur Symons

Milkmaids

Walking betimes close by a green woodside,
Hy tranonny, nonny with hy tranonny no;
A payre of lovely milkmaidens there by chance
I spide,

With hy tranonny nonny no, with tranonny no.
One of them was faire, as fair as fair might bee;
Hy tranonny, nonny with hy tranonny no;
The other she was browne, with wanton rowling
eye,

With hy tranonny nonny no, with tranonny no.
Syder to make sillibubs they carryed in their
pailles;

Hy tranonny, nonny with hy tranonny no;
And suggar in their purses hung dangling at
their tailles,

With hy tranonny nonny no, with tranonny no.

Wastcoats of flannel and pettycoats of redd,
Hy tranonny, nonny with hy tranonny no;
Before them milk-white aprons and straw-hats
on their heads,
With hy tranonny nonny no, with tranonny no
Well fare you, merry milkmaidens that dable in
the dew,

Hy tranonny, nonny with hy tranonny no.
For you have kisses plenty, when Ladies
have but few,
With hy tranonny nonny no, with tranonny no.

Poem by Dr James Smith

Two Short Songs (Herrick):

I

I held Love's head while it did ache;
But so it chanced to be;
The cruel pain did his forsake,
And forthwith came to me.
Ay me! how shall my grief be stilled?
Or where else shall we find
One like to me, who must be killed
For being too-too-kind?

Upon Love from Hesperides

II

Thou gav'st me leave to kiss;
Thou gav'st me leave to woo;
Thou mad'st me think by this,
And that, thou lov'dst me too.
But I shall ne'er forget,
How for to make thee merry;
Thou mad'st me chop, but yet,
Another snapt the cherry.

Chop-cherry from Hesperides

Yarmouth Fair

As I rode down to Yarmouth fair
The birds they sang "Good day, good day",
And the birds they sang "Good day!"
O, I spied a maid with golden hair
A-walking along my way -
A tidy little maid so trim and fair,
And the birds they sang "Good day, good day",
And the birds they sang "Good day!"
I said: "My dear, will you ride with me?"
And the birds they sang "Go on!"
She didn't say "yes" and she didn't say "no",
And the birds they sang "Heigh ho, heigh ho!"
And the birds they sang "Heigh ho!"

I lifted her right on to my mare,
O light as a feather was she,
I'd never set eyes on a girl so fair,
So I kiss'd her bravely one, two three,
O I kiss'd her one, two, three.
Then on we rode to Yarmouth fair
Past field and green hedge row,
And in our hearts no fret nor care,
And the birds they sang "Hullo, hullo!"
And the birds they sang "Hullo!"
At the fair the fun was fast and free,
And the birds they sang "Hurray, hurray!"
And the birds they sang "Hurray!"
The band struck up a lively air
On fiddle and fife and drum.
The maid and me we made a pair,
And we danced to kingdom come, Hoho!
And we danced to kingdom come.
The lads and lasses cheer'd us on,
My bonny maid and me,
We danced till stars were in the sky,
And the birds they sang "Goodbye, goodbye!"
And the birds they sang "Goodbye!"

Words by Hal Collins

Three Belloc Songs:

Ha'nacker Mill

Sally is gone that was so kindly,
Sally is gone from Ha'nacker Hill,
And the Briar grows ever since then so blindly
And ever since then the clapper is still,
And the sweeps have fallen from
Ha'nacker Mill.
Ha'nacker Hill is in Desolation:
Ruin a-top and a field unploughed,
And Spirits that call on a fallen nation,
Spirits that loved her calling aloud:
Spirits abroad in a windy cloud.
Spirits that call and no one answers;
Ha'nacker's down and England's done.
Wind and Thistle for pipe and dancers
And never a ploughman under the Sun,
Never a ploughman. Never a one.

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 chaunt 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.

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.

Walking the Woods

I would I were Actæon whom Diana did
disguise,
To walk the woods unknown whereas my lady
lies:
A hart of pleasant hue I wish that I were so,
So that my lady knew alone me and no mo.
To follow thick and plain, by hill and dale alov,
To drink the water fain, and feed me with the
sloe;
I would not fear the frost, to lie upon the ground,
Delight should quite the cost, what pain so
that I found.

The shaling nuts and mast that falleth from the
tree
Should serve for my repast, might I my lady see;
Sometime that I might say when I saw her alone,
"Behold thy slave, alone, that walks these woods
unknown!"

Anon

The First Mercy

Ox and ass at Bethlehem
On a night, ye know of them:
We were only creatures small
Hid by shadows on the wall.
We were swallow, moth and mouse;
The Child was born in our house,
And the bright eyes of us three
Peeped at His Nativity.
Hands of peace upon that place
Hushed our beings for a space—
Quiet feet and folded wing,
Nor a sound of anything.
With a moving star we crept
Closer when the Babe slept:
Men who guarded where He lay
Moved to frighten us away.
But the Babe, awakened, laid
Love on things that were afraid,
With so sweet a gesture He
Called us to His company.

Poem by Bruce Blunt

The Jolly Shepherd

The life of a shepherd is void of all care-a,
With his bag and his bottle he maketh good
fare-a.
He ruffles, he shuffles in all extreme wind-a,
His flock sometimes before him, and sometimes
behind-a.
He hath the green meadows to walk at his will-a,
With a pair of fine bagpipes upon the green
hill-a;
Trangdilla, trangdilla, trang down a down dilla,
With a pair of fine bagpipes upon the green
hill-a.
His sheep round about him do feed on the
dale-a,
His bag full of cake bread, his bottle of ale-a,
A cante of cheese that is good and old-a,
Because that he walketh all day in the cold-a;
With his cloak and his sheep-hook thus
marcheth he still-a,
With a pair of fine bagpipes upon the green
hill-a;
Trangdilla, trangdilla, trang down a down dilla,
With a pair of fine bagpipes upon the green
hill-a.
If cold doth oppress him to cabin goeth he-a,
If heat doth molest him, then under green
tree-a;
If his sheep chance to range over the plain-a,
His little dog Lightfoot doth fetch them again-a,
For there he attendeth his master's own will-a,
With a pair of bagpipes upon the green hill-a;
Trangdilla, trangdilla, trang down a down dilla,
With a pair of fine bagpipes upon the green
hill-a.

If Phillida chance come tripping aside-a,
A most friendly welcome he doth her betide-a,
He straightways presents her a poor shepherd's
fees-a,
His bottle of good ale, his cake and his
cheese-a.
He pipeth, she danceth all at their own will-a,
With a pair of fine bagpipes upon the green
hill-a;
Trangdilla, trangdilla, trang down a down dilla,
With a pair of fine bagpipes upon the green
hill-a.

From Wit and Drollery

Passing By

There is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.
Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love till I die.
Her free behaviour, winning looks,
Will make a lawyer burn his books;
I touched her not, alas! not I,
And yet I love her till I die.
Had I her fast betwixt mine arms,
Judge you that think such sports were harms.
Were't any harm? No, no, fie, fie!
For I will love her till I die.
Should I remain confinèd there
So long as Phoebus in his sphere,
I to request, she to deny,
Yet I would love her till I die.

Cupid is wingèd and doth range:
Her country so my love doth change;
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

Anon

The Fox

At "The Fox Inn"
The tattered ears,
The fox's grin
Mock the dead years.
High on the wall
Above the cask
Laughs at you all
The fox's mask.
The horn is still,
The huntsmen gone;
After the kill
The fox lives on.
Death's date is there
in faded gold;
His eyes outstare
The dead of old.
Beneath this roof
His eyes mistrust
The crumbled hoof,
The hounds of dust.
You will not call,
I shall not stir
When the fangs fall
From that brown fur
Poem by Bruce Blunt

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WARLOCK: SONGS - Luxon & Willison

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WARLOCK SONGS

Lieder • Chansons



- 1 The Wind from the West (2:17)
- 2 Whenas the Rye (0:33)
- 3 My Gostly Fader (1:48)
- 4 Lullaby (1:12)
- 5 As Ever I Saw (1:11)
- 6 Take, O Take Those Lips Away (2:01)
- 7 The Bayly Berith the Bell Away (2:26)
- 8 Sweet Content (1:30)
- 9 Mourn no Moe (1:55)
- 10 There is a Lady Sweet and Kind (1:33)
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- 22 I Held Love's Head (1:05)
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Three Belloc Songs:

- 25 Ha'nacker Mill (2:55)
- 26 The Night (2:46)
- 27 My Own Country (2:24)
- 28 Walking the Woods (1:46)
- 29 The First Mercy (2:33)
- 30 The Jolly Shepherd (2:27)
- 31 Passing By (2:29)
- 32 The Fox (3:01)

DDD
TT = 62:45

BENJAMIN LUXON *baritone*

DAVID WILLISON *piano*

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