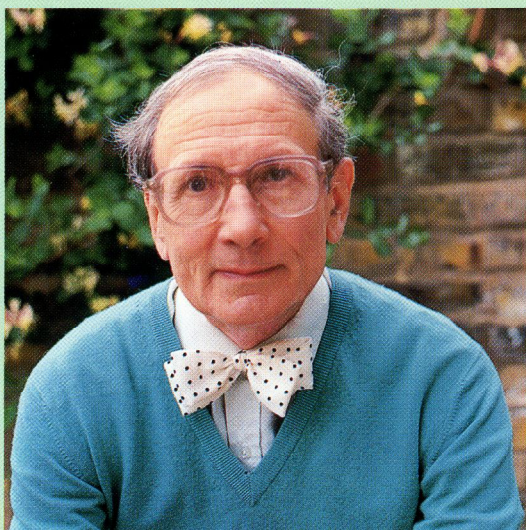


CHANDOS DIGITAL **CHAN 8830**



GEOFFREY BUSH

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Geoffrey Bush **CHANDOS**

A Little Love Music



Benjamin Luxon ~ baritone
Ian Partridge ~ tenor

Teresa Cabill ~ soprano
Geoffrey Bush ~ piano

A LITTLE LOVE MUSIC Songs by Geoffrey Bush

GREEK LOVE SONGS (13:54)

Words by Meleager, translated by Dudley Fitts

- 1 I Fanfare (1:10)
- 2 II Flowers (1:57)
- 3 III A Curse (2:00)
- 4 IV The Mosquito (1:30)
- 5 V Night (2:26)
- 6 VI Lullaby (2:17)
- 7 VII The Poet's Epitaph (2:18)

BENJAMIN LUXON, *baritone*

THE END OF LOVE (13:21)

Words by Kathleen Raine

- 8 I Lament (2:46)
- 9 II Far-darting Apollo (3:25)
- 10 III The End of Love (2:37)
- 11 IV Introspection (4:28)

BENJAMIN LUXON, *baritone*

SONGS OF WONDER (9:43)

Words traditional

- 12 I Here comes a lusty wooer (1:49)
- 13 II Polly Pillicote (2:48)
- 14 III The wonder of wonders (1:43)
- 15 IV Old Abram Brown (2:07)
- 16 V I had a little nut-tree (1:06)

IAN PARTRIDGE, *tenor*

A LITTLE LOVE MUSIC (12:05)

- 17 I Hide, Absalom, thy guilty tresses clear (*Chaucer*) (2:14)
- 18 II The maidens came when I was in my mother's bow'r (*Anon.*) (1:54)
- 19 III Merry Margaret (*Skelton*) (1:03)
- 20 IV With margerain gentle (*Skelton*) (2:08)
- 21 V Sweet, let me go! (*Anon.*) (0:39)
- 22 VI I love and I hate (*Catullus*) (0:35)
- 23 VII And wilt thou leave me thus? (*Wyatt*) (1:27)
- 24 VIII This is the key of the kingdom (*Anon.*) (1:38)

TERESA CAHILL, *soprano*

IAN PARTRIDGE, *tenor*

THREE SONGS OF BEN JONSON (6:08)

- 25 I Echo's lament for Narcissus (3:07)
- 26 II The Kiss (1:27)
- 27 III A Rebuke (1:28)

IAN PARTRIDGE, *tenor*

DDD TT = 55:34

GEOFFREY BUSH, *piano*

For me the chief problem in writing songs is to discover the right words. Once these are found the rest (eventually) follows. For my earlier cycles I explored mainly the lyrics of the 16th and 17th centuries, concentrating either on a single poet or a single unifying theme. This line of development culminated in my *Three Songs of Ben Jonson*, of 1952. Though it is (I hope) personal in style, the music stays firmly within the lyrical tradition established by earlier 20th century English songwriters. After its completion I felt that no further progress could be made along these lines, and decided to try my hand at setting words by a contemporary writer, Kathleen Raine — one of whose poems, published in a periodical, had impressed me greatly. The four poems which I eventually chose after reading and re-reading all her published work were darker in mood than anything which I had tackled hitherto; even *Far-darting Apollo*, which gave me the opportunity of writing a scherzo-like movement by way of contrast, portrays the sun-god as a sportsman playing lethal games with human destiny. The emotional centre of the cycle is the title song *The End of Love*. The vocal lament unfolds against an unchanging, unemotional sequence of piano chords; only when the voice has fallen silent do the harmonies gradually expand and then contract, resolving finally on a major chord. In the final song there is another brief moment of repose at the words 'Sorrow is not for ever'; but then the funeral march with which it began resumes its unrelenting progress.

Although the B.B.C. broadcast the work soon after its completion, I did not feel drawn to repeat the experiment of setting contemporary poetry. Copyright problems are discouraging for one thing, and for another publishers and audiences are doubly resistant to unfamiliar music combined with unfamiliar words. So instead I began to search among poems of the past for those whose modernity of feeling made them in a very real sense timeless. My first discovery was a collection of children's rhymes, whose surface simplicity conceals a wealth of mysterious and imaginative meanings. I set seven of them for high voice and string orchestra in 1959, under the title *Songs of Wonder*. I later made an alternative version with piano accompaniment, consisting of five songs only. My second discovery was a book of idiomatic translations from the Greek Anthology made by the American scholar and poet, Dudley Fitts. The opportunity to set these came in 1964 when, most appropriately, the Bridport and West Dorset Music Club decided to spend the prize which they had been awarded for their enterprising programmes

on commissioning a new work. I decided in the end to concentrate on a single writer from among the many represented in the Anthology: Meleager, who flourished around 160 B.C. Six of the poems concern his mercenary mistress Heliodora, and depict a variety of scenes with astonishing vividness. In the third, for instance, Meleager is seen praying that sleep will render his rival impotent, as it did the legendary Endymion; in the fourth a tiny mosquito who is to take a message to Heliodora is being promised the ridiculous reward of Hercules' gigantic club; in the fifth Meleager, lying sleepless and tormented by jealousy, reminds the lamp by the girl's bedside of its duty to prevent her unfaithfulness. The seventh and most touching poem of all is the epitaph written by the poet for his own grave.

In one sense the most recent cycle on this recording, *A Little Love Music* (1976) represents a step backward, because the words are chosen mostly from the classics of English poetry; but in another it is a step forward, because it is the furthest I have yet gone in the search for economy. Since the tenor and soprano sing (sometimes separately, sometimes together) without any accompaniment, the minimum number of notes have to convey the maximum of meaning. Many aspects of love — even the more sinister ones like seduction and jealousy — are explored; happiness finally prevails with an ecstatic setting for a traditional rhyme which I take to be symbolic of the search for love's supreme fulfilment: 'This is the key of the Kingdom'.

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Geoffrey Bush was born in London, 23rd March 1920. He began to learn the piano at the age of seven; the following year he was accepted as a (probationary) chorister at Salisbury Cathedral. At the age of ten he made his first attempt at composition; three years later he had made sufficient progress to be asked to write a short ballet for his aunt's dancing pupils to perform at their annual display. He was lucky enough to have as his music master at his next school (Lancing College) a former student of Vaughan Williams, who inspired his pupils with his own passionate interest in contemporary music and encouraged them to learn orchestral instruments, to conduct and to compose. He was even luckier to be introduced by the assistant chaplain to John Ireland. Ireland gave him unofficial lessons during the school holidays in which kindness and ruthless criticism were combined, and which led — despite

the disparity in ages — to a lifelong friendship. (Geoffrey Bush is currently Musical Adviser to the John Ireland Trust.) On Ireland's advice he entered for, and was awarded, the Nettleship Scholarship in musical composition and in classics at Balliol College, Oxford; he emerged in 1946 with degrees in both subjects and the award of the Masfield Memorial Studentship (commemorating the Poet Laureate's son who was killed in World War II). The war years were spent at the Hostel of the Good Shepherd, Tredegar, helping to look after children evacuated from the London blitz.

Since then (apart from a brief interlude as organist at John Ireland's former church, St. Luke's, Chelsea) his life has been divided between teaching and composing. He has lectured for the Adult Education departments of Oxford and London Universities successively, and also taught many undergraduates during a twenty year stint as Visiting Professor at King's College, London. As a composer his preference is for writing songs and operas (two of the latter to his own libretti, *The Equation* and *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime*, have had B.B.C. productions). Other works to be widely performed include his Overture *Yorick* and his Symphony No. 1, both played at the Cheltenham Festival and at the Proms, and his *Christmas Cantata* which has been sung by amateur and professional choirs throughout the English speaking world. In 1990 his *Summer Serenade* was issued on Chandos Records to high critical acclaim.

Geoffrey Bush is a frequent broadcaster, both as a speaker on musical topics and as a pianist in his own compositions. His firm belief in the strength and continuity of our musical tradition has resulted in several scholarly editions of British music, notably five volumes (four of them devoted to 19th century song) published by Musica Britannica. Outside music his interests include theatre, sport and detective fiction. The latter is not surprising as his father was Christopher Bush, novelist (under the pseudonym Michael Home) and detective story writer. He himself has collaborated with the composer Bruce Montgomery — better known as Edmund Crispin — in writing *Who Killed Baker?* a short detective story which has been printed in five anthologies. He has also written a number of critical and autobiographical essays, which have been issued by Thames Publishing (Novello) in two collections: *Left, Right and Centre* (1983) and *An Unsentimental Education* (1990).

GREEK LOVE SONGS

I Fanfare

I swear it, by Love I swear it!
More sweet to me is Heliodora's voice
Than the holy harp of Leto's golden Son.

II Flowers

White violets I'll bring
And soft narcissus
And myrtle and laughing lilies.
The innocent crocus,
Dark hyacinth also
And roses heavy with love.
And these I'll twine for Heliodora
And scatter the bright petals on her hair.

III A Curse

This thing I pray, dearest Night,
Mother of all the gods:
This thing only I pray, holy propitious Night:
If another man lies with her now: if
another
Close clasped beneath her cloak, is
touching her —
Heliodora, Heliodora, the sweet despair of
sleep —
Then the lights go out! Let his heavy
eyes fail him!
Let him fall asleep locked in her arms, a
second Endymion!
This thing I pray, dearest Night,
This thing only I pray, holy propitious Night.

6

IV The Mosquito

Fly to her swiftly fly,
Mosquito, bearing my greeting:
Perch on the tip of her ear, and whisper
it to her:
Say "He lies waking, waking, longing for you:
And you sleeping, sleeping, sleeping,
O shameless girl! have never a thought
for who loves you!"
Buzz! Chirr! Off to her, sweetest Musician!
Yet speak to her softly, lest her
bedfellow wake
and hurt her because of my love.
Or bring me the girl herself, Mosquito,
and I will crown your head with the lion's
mane
and give you strong Heracles' bludgeon
to brandish in your paw.

V Night

O Night, O Night, O sleepless tossing,
longing for Heliodora!
Poor eyes hot with tears in the lingering
white dawn!
Is she lonely too? is she dreaming of how
I kissed her,
And dreaming so, does she turn to kiss
the dream of me?
Or a new love? a newer toy?
Forbid it, lamp! See it never!
Did I not set you to guard her? Forbid it!
O Night, O sleepless tossing, longing etc.

VI Lullaby

Sleep, sleep dear girl, drowsy flower:
Ah, that I were the Lord of sleep, that so
Wingless, a whisper,
Under your shadowy eyelids I might creep:
Then, not even he who veils God's eyes
Could come into you:
you would be mine alone.

VII The Poet's Epitaph

Quietly O Stranger pass by: here sleeps
an old man
Cradled with the holy dead in the
common silence:
Meleagros: Eukrates' son: who joined in song
Sweet crying Love with the Muses and
smiling Graces:
Him divine Tyre and Gadara's sacred land
Sheltered till manhood: but his old age
was nursed by lovely
Kos of the Meropes.
And now O friend *Shalâm* if you are a
Syrian:
if Phoinikian, *Náidios*:
But if Greek; *Farewell! Farewell!* and give
me back the same.

*Words by Meleager, translated by Dudley Fitts
(Faber & Faber)*

7

THE END OF LOVE

I Lament

Where are those dazzling hills touched by
the sun,
Those crags in childhood that I used to
climb?
Hidden, hidden under mist is yonder
mountain,
Hidden is the heart.

A day of cloud, a lifetime falls between,
Gone are the heather moors and the pure
stream,
Gone are the rocky places and the green,
Hidden, hidden under sorrow is yonder
mountain.

O storm and gale of tears, whose blinding
screen
Makes weather of grief, snow's drifting
curtain
Palls the immortal heights once seen.
Hidden is the heart.

II Far-darting Apollo

I saw the sun step like a gentleman
Dressed in black and proud as sin.
I saw the sun walk across London
Like a young M.P., risen to the occasion.

His step was light, his tread was
dancing.
His lips were smiling, his eyes glancing.
Over the Cenotaph in Whitehall
The sun took the wicket with my skull.

The sun plays tennis in the court of
Geneva

With the guts of a Finn and the head of
an Emperor.
The sun plays squash in a tomb of
marble.
The horses of Apocalypse are in his
stable.

The sun plays a game of darts in Spain
Three by three in flight formation.
The invincible wheels of his yellow car
Are the discs that kindle the Chinese
war.

The sun shows the world to the world,
Turns its own ghost on the terrified
crowd.
Then plunges all images into the ocean
Of the nightly mass emotion.

Games of chance and games of skill,
All his sports are games to kill.
I saw the murderer at evening lie
Bleeding on his deathbed sky.

His hyacinth breath, his laurel hair,
His blinding sight, his moving air,
My love, my grief, my weariness, my fears
Hid from me in a night of tears.

10 III The End of Love

Now he is dead
How should I know
My true love's arms
From wind and snow?

No man I meet
In field or house
Though on the street
A hundred pass.

8

The hurrying dust
Has never a face.
No longer human
In man or woman.

Now he is gone
Why should I mourn
My true love more
Than mud or stone?

11 IV Introspection

If you go deep
Into the heart
What do you find there?
Fear, fear,
Fear of the jaws of the rock.
Fear of the teeth and splinters of iron
that tear
Flesh from the bone and the moist
Blood, running unfelt
From the wound, and the hand
Suddenly moist and red.

If you go deep
Into the heart
What do you find?
Grief, grief
Grief for the life unloved,
For the loves unloved,
For the child never now to be born.
The unbidden anguish, when the fair moon
Rises over still summer seas, and the pain
Of sunlight scattered in vain on spring grass.

If you go deeper
Into the heart
What do you find there?
Death, death,
Death that lets all go by.

Lets the blood flow from the wound
Lets the night pass.
Endures the day with indifference,
knowing that all must end.

Sorrow 's not for ever, and sense
Endures no extremities.
Death is the last
Secret implicit within you, the hidden,
the deepest
Knowledge of all you will ever unfold
In this body of earth.

*Words by Kathleen Raine, Collected Poems
(George, Allen & Unwin)*

SONGS OF WONDER

12 I Here comes a lusty wooer

Here comes a lusty wooer,
My a dildin, my a daldin;
Here comes a lusty wooer,
Lily bright and shine-a!

Pray, who do you woo?
My a dildin, my a daldin,
Pray, who do you woo?
Lily bright and shine-a!

I woo your fairest daughter,
My a dildin, my a daldin;
I woo your fairest daughter,
Lily bright and shine-a!

Then there she is for you,
My a dildin, my a daldin;
Then there she is for you
Lily bright and shine-a!

13 II Polly Pillicote

Down in yonder meadow where the green
grass grows
Pretty Polly Pillicote bleaches her clothes;
She sang, she sang, she sang, O so sweet,
She sang, O come over across the street.

He kissed her, he kissed her, he bought
her a gown,
A gown of rich cramasie out of the town;
He bought her a gown and a guinea gold
ring.

9

14 III The wonder of wonders

I saw a peacock with a fiery tail,
I saw a blazing comet drop down hail,
I saw a cloud with ivy curled around,
I saw a sturdy oak creep on the ground,
I saw a pismire swallow up a whale,
I saw a raging sea brim full of ale,
I saw a Venice glass sixteen foot deep,
I saw a well full of men's tears that weep,
I saw their eyes all in a flame of fire,
I saw a horse high as the moon and higher,
I saw the sun at twelve o'clock at night,
I saw the man who saw this wondrous sight!

15 IV Old Abram Brown

Old Abram Brown is dead and gone,
You'll never see him more.
He used to wear a long brown coat
That buttoned up before,
And on his feet two silver shoon
And buckles by the score.
Old Abram Brown is dead and gone,
You'll never see him more.

16 V I had a little nut-tree

I had a little nut-tree, and nothing would
it bear
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear:
The King of Spain's daughter, she came
to visit me,
And all for the sake of my little nut-tree.

10

A LITTLE LOVE MUSIC

17 I Chaucer

Hide, Absalom, thy guilty tresses clear;
Esther, lay thou thy meekness all a-down;
Hide Jonathas, all thy friendly manère;
Penelope, and Marcia Catoun.
Make of your wifehood no comparisoun;
Hide ye your beauties, Isoud and Elaine.
My lady cometh, that all this may distain.

Thy fairè body, let it not appear,
and thou, Lucress of Romé town,
And Polixene, that boughten love so dear,
And Cleopatr will all thy passioun,
Hide ye your truth of love and your renown;
And thou, Tisbe, that hast of love such pain.
My lady cometh, that all this may distain.

Hero, Dido, Laodomia, all y-frere,
And Phyllis, hanging for thy Demophoun,
And Canace, espiéd by thy chere,
Ysyphile, betrayséd with Jasoun,
Make of your truthé neither boast ne soun;
Nor Hypermestr or Adriane, ye twain.
My lady cometh, that all this may distain.

18 II Anon.

The maidens came
When I was in my mother's bow'r:
I had all that I would.
The bailey beareth the bell away,
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.
The silver is white, red is the gold:
The robes they lay in fold.
The bailey beareth the bell away,
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.
Through the glass window shines the sun,
How should I love, and I so young? etc.

19 III Skelton

Merry Margaret
As midsummer flow'r,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower:
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously.
So maidenly.
So womanly.
Her demeaning in everything
Far, for passing
That I can endite
Or suffice to write
Of Merry Margaret
This midsummer flow'r,
As patient and still
And as full of good will
As fair Isaphill,
Coliander,
Sweet pomander.
Good Cassander;
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought:
Far may be sought
Erst that ye can find
So courteous, so kind
As Merry Margaret
This midsummer flow'r,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tow'r.

20 IV Skelton

With margerain gentle,
The flower of goodlihead,
Embroider'd the mantle
Is of your maidenhead.

Plainly, I cannot glose:
Ye be as I divine
The pretty primrose,
The goodly columbine.

Benign, courteous and meek
With wordés well devis'd;
In you who list to seek,
Be virtues well compris'd.

With margerain gentle etc.

21 V Anon.

Sweet, let me go!
Sweet, let me go,
What do you mean to vex me so?
Cease, cease your pleading force;
Do you think thus to extort remorse?
Now, no more; alas, you overbear me,
And I would cry, but some I fear would
hear me.

22 VI Catullus

I love and I hate.
How can this be, you ask?
I cannot tell:
But I am on the rack and in agony.

11

23 VII Wyatt

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

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

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

24 VIII Anon.

This is the key of the Kingdom:
In that Kingdom is a city,
In that city is a town,
In that town there is a street,
In that street there winds a lane,
In that lane there is a yard,
In that yard there is a house,
In that house there waits a room,
In that room there is a bed,
On that bed there is a basket, a basket
of flow'rs.
Flow'rs in the basket,
Basket on the bed,
Bed in the chamber,
Chamber in the house,

House in the weedy yard,
Yard in the winding lane,
Lane in the broad street,
Street in the high town,
Town in the city,
City in the kingdom:
This is the key of the Kingdom.

THREE SONGS OF BEN JONSON

25 I Echo's lament for Narcissus

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with
my salt tears:
Yet slower, yet;
O faintly, gentle springs:
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.

Droop, herbs and flowers,
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours;
O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop, drop.
Since Nature's pride is now a withered
daffodil.

26 II The Kiss

O that joy so soon should waste!
Or so sweet a bliss as a kiss
Might not for ever last!
So sugared, so melting, so soft, so delicious,
The dew that lies on roses,
When the morn herself discloses,
Is not so precious.
O, rather than I would it smother
Were I to taste such another,
It should be my wishing
That I might die with kissing.

27 III A Rebuke

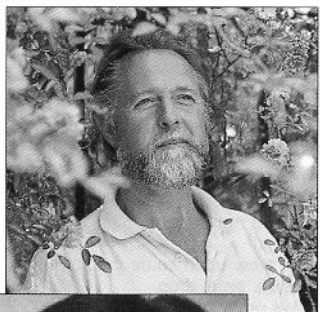
Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace:
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th'adulteries of art.
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.



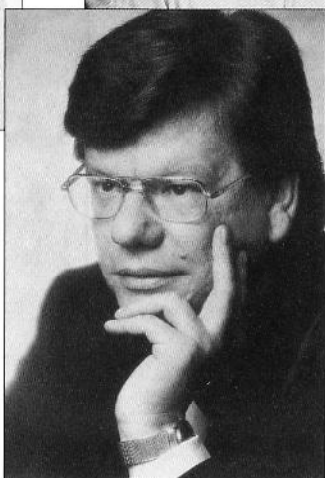
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TERESA CAHILL, soprano



BENJAMIN LUXON, baritone

Fritz Curzon



IAN PARTRIDGE, tenor

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Westminster Singers/City of London Sinfonia*

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BUSH: A LITTLE LOVE MUSIC – Luxon/Partridge/Cahill/Bush

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