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Fritz Curzon

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I Love My Love
A collection of British folk songs

CHANDOS



*Eine Auswahl britischer Volkslieder
Une sélection de chansons populaires
britanniques*

*Benjamin Luxon baritone
David Willison piano*

DIGITAL

1	The Jolly Miller <i>arr. Roger Quilter (1877-1953)</i>	1:59
2	Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes <i>arr. Quilter</i>	2:49
3	The foggy, foggy Dew <i>arr. Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)</i>	1:39
4	The Isle of Cloy <i>arr. E.J. Moeran (1894-1950)</i>	3:55
5	The Trees they grow so high <i>arr. Britten</i>	2:55
6	Died for Love <i>arr. Percy Grainger (1882-1961)</i>	1:22
7	Lovely Mollie <i>arr. Herbert Hughes (1882-1937)</i>	3:22
8	I love my Love <i>arr. Goff Richards (b. 1944)</i>	3:56
9	The Shooting of his Dear <i>arr. Moeran</i>	2:20
10	Down by the Salley Gardens <i>arr. Britten</i>	2:49
11	The Old Turf Fire <i>arr. Hughes</i>	0:53
12	Ye Banks and Braes <i>arr. Quilter</i>	2:24
13	Barb'ra (H)ellen <i>arr. Grainger</i>	6:27
14	Barbara Allen <i>arr. Quilter</i>	3:35
15	She moved through the Fair <i>arr. Hughes</i>	3:03

16	The Star of the County Down <i>arr. Hughes</i>	2:03
17	Sweet Nightingale <i>arr. Richards</i>	4:09
18	Blow the Wind Southerly <i>arr. Gerald Moore (1899-1987)</i>	3:13
19	The British Waterside <i>arr. Grainger</i>	1:54
20	The Pressgang <i>arr. Moeran</i>	1:54
21	Little Sir William <i>arr. Britten</i>	2:12
22	Six Dukes went a-fishin' <i>arr. Grainger</i>	1:39
23	Sweet Polly Oliver <i>arr. Britten</i>	1:53
24	Bold William Taylor <i>arr. Grainger</i>	4:23
25	Charlie is my Darling <i>arr. Quilter</i>	1:31
26	O Waly, Waly <i>arr. Britten</i>	3:11

DDD TT = 73:18

<p><i>Benjamin Luxon</i> baritone <i>David Willison</i> piano</p>

Having gone through a period of my life as a professional singer when I frequently performed traditional folk music either unaccompanied or with folk instruments, it is most interesting to turn now to the folk song as set by major British composers and song writers.

There is no doubt in my mind that setting a folk song to piano accompaniment does certainly alter the feel of the original song and turns it into much more of a set piece. Obviously, for instance, in performance one cannot have the variations that different folk singers can bring to the same song. Having said this, I have returned to the piano accompanied folk song with fresh enjoyment and admiration for the imagination and love that so many of our song writers have lavished on them.

Take for example two settings from such vastly different composers as Roger Quilter and Percy Grainger, both variations of the 'Barbara Allen' song. Both composers have responded dramatically to the story of the heartless Barbara Allen or (H)Ellen, who so coldly reacts to the death of the heartbroken young man who loved her, and then realising the full extent of her own callousness dies of remorse. Quilter's *Barbara Allen* is without doubt one of his most passionate songs, unusually so. Percy Grainger in his *Barb'ra Ellen*, even for a musician who wrote that one of the greatest crimes against the folk song was to 'middle class' it or to sing it with 'white collar voice production and other townified suggestions', responds to the song with a piano accompaniment that would do credit to a section from a major piano concerto. Both settings are, to use that very apt slang term, 'over the top', but somehow this only serves to impress upon us some fifty years later the extent to which two artists of very different temperaments were affected in a similar fashion by a simple and beautiful story and tune.

The selection of songs and composers on this disc is a personal choice and it would take far more than one record to do justice to this fascinating sphere of song writing. In making my choice I have followed the Percy Grainger dictum: 'the folk song by and large is a narrative song. Therefore it is surprising that in the large number of composers that have made arrangements in the last one hundred years, none — as far as I know — has given us "narrative song" type settings' (1952). For this reason I have ignored the great collectors such as Baring-Gould, Cecil Sharpe and Ralph Vaughan Williams, whose approach, by and large, was to make a musical setting for one verse which they then simply applied to the remaining stanzas of the poem. I have tried to choose songs where the accompaniment adds a changing musical perspective to the narrative or emotional development of the song, or where it chooses a set musical figuration to create a more static atmospheric setting, for example Grainger's *Died for Love* and Britten's *The foggy, foggy Dew* and *O Waly, Waly*.

Of the seven composers or arrangers featured on this recording, three went out 'into the field' to notate their songs from the singing of local folk singers. These were E.J. Moeran, Herbert Hughes and Percy Grainger. Roger Quilter, although belonging to this same period (the early years of the twentieth century), with his frail health and sophisticated disposition was not, one feels, the man to go on such

a quest. His one collection of arrangements reflects this, for it consists mainly of well-loved national songs as opposed to folk songs. Musicians like Benjamin Britten, Gerald Moore and Goff Richards, coming that much later, have been able to choose their songs from a wealth of notated folk material.

Although the performance of folk music is not so widespread as it was in the time of the great collectors already mentioned, I feel sure that settings such as those on this recording have done much to preserve the life and vitality of this wonderful tradition of natural music.

The Jolly Miller. An interesting history. The tune is very folk-like but is said to have come from 'The Budgeon is a fine Trade' (1725). The words, or certainly the first verse, were featured in a play 'Love in a Village' by Bickerstaff in 1762.

Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes (Ben Jonson). This beautiful poem to an eighteenth-century tune is an example of a song that has become so popular and beloved that it has become part of the folk repertoire.

The foggy, foggy Dew (Suffolk). One of the best-known of English folk songs, succinct and quite distinctive. Unlike so many other popular folk songs, this song has remained unchanged, except for the odd word here or there, in text and tune.

The Isle of Cloy (Suffolk). An unusual song and one of the many folk songs on the theme of a young girl separated from her sweetheart by ruthless parents — in this case the father — with tragic results.

The Trees they grow so high. Many versions of this song have been collected. It has been said that the song is based on the actual marriage of the juvenile Laird of Craigton to a girl several years his senior. He died three years later in 1634. However, the song could be older, since child marriages for family consolidation were not unusual throughout the middle ages.

Died for Love (Lincolnshire). Strange, tender, rather morbid little lullaby-like song.

Lovely Mollie. In this Irish version of the heroine following her sweetheart into the army or navy, Mollie attempts to take to the high seas but is dissuaded by her beau.

I love my Love (Cornwall). One of the many versions on the 'Maid of Bedlam' theme: Gustav Holst set this lovely melody in one of his suites for military band.

The Shooting of his Dear (East Norfolk). A strange little story, and one I cannot help but feel has been mis-heard in its handed-down existence. The song has become slightly nonsensical.

Down by the Sally Gardens. A rare example of a poem by a major poet, in this case W.B. Yeats, crossing into the folk tradition. The air is the 'Maids of Mourneshore'.

The Old Turf Fire. An Irish jig and again a written poem, this time words by Johnny Patterson — with two of the original stanzas omitted in this version by Herbert Hughes.

Ye Banks and Braes (Scottish). The poems of Robert Burns inspired many fine Scottish folk songs. This is one of the best-known.

Barb'ra (H)Ellen (Lincolnshire). Cecil Sharpe personally collected some twenty-seven versions of this song, and almost all of them were in 5-time. Here the story is based in Scotland. It evokes an elaborate and detailed treatment of the lady's cruel behaviour, taking some 13 stanzas, and ending with the reincarnation of the dead spirits as a rose and a briar which eventually form a 'true lovers' knot' high on the church tower.

Barbara Allen. There are many settings of this lovely song from all over the country. The many variations involve both tune and words. This particular setting, I believe, is probably the best-known.

She moved through the Fair. Originally a fiddle tune from Donegal. The words are an old ballad reworked by Pádraic Colum. In the third stanza there are various versions: 'she came softly in', 'my dear love came in', and 'my dead love came in'. I have chosen the last version which, I believe, gives the song a particular haunting quality.

The Star of the County Down. Charming 'verse and chorus' type folk song from the North of Ireland.

Sweet Nightingale (Cornwall). A curious song, and one of the few folk songs that seemed to originate in Cornwall. As far as I know there are no other variants. An unusual and in a way unfolk-like melodic line. Little is known of its history, but it was first noted from the singing of Cornish miners in Germany in 1854.

Blow the Wind Southerly. An exceptional song very much in keeping with the rich folk-song tradition of Northumberland and the Border Country.

The British Waterside (Nottinghamshire). An uncomplicated rollicking mariner's song.

The Pressgang (East Norfolk). An unusually graphic song about the promises and reality of the pressed sailor's existence.

Little Sir William (Somerset). A very strange old song, said to date perhaps from the thirteenth century. There are many versions of this tragic little story, and it also appears in folk-carol form. This version is one of the simplest and most direct as regards both text and tune.

Six Dukes went a-fishin' (Lincolnshire). This song has a curious history. It is suggested it relates to William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk, whose murdered body was washed ashore near Dover in 1450. In variants of this song the Duke comes from Grantham, Grafton or Bedford. An unusual and characterful song.

Sweet Polly Oliver. One of the many songs in a genre where the intrepid heroine dons man's apparel and either joins the army or sets out on the high seas to find her love with varying results. This tale has a happy ending.

Bold William Taylor (Lincolnshire). A wonderful narrative folk song of the same genre as *Sweet Polly Oliver*. However in this version Sally Gray, our heroine, is a lady of great determination and knows no compromise!

Charlie is my Darling (Scottish) was one of the most popular songs of the Jacobite rebellion and dates from around 1775.

O Waly, Waly (Somerset). One of the most beautiful and well-known of British folk songs. Its origins are rather obscure but thought possibly to be Scottish, part of a long ballad called 'Lord Jamie Douglas'.

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Nach einer Phase als professioneller Sänger, in der ich traditionelle Volksmusik häufig unbegleitet oder mit Volksmusikinstrumenten sang, ist es für mich jetzt besonders interessant, mich Volksliedern im Satz von bedeutenden britischen Komponisten zu widmen.

Meiner Ansicht nach besteht kein Zweifel daran, daß die Bearbeitung eines Volkslieds mit Klavierbegleitung das Gefühl der ursprünglichen Weise ändert und sie in einen förmlicheren Rahmen setzt. Ein offensichtliches Beispiel sind die Variationen, die verschiedene Volksliedsänger für das gleiche Lied haben, die man in einer Aufführung nicht einbringen kann. Dennoch bin ich mit neuem Eifer und neuer Bewunderung für die Phantasie und Liebe, die so viele unserer Liedkomponisten auf es verwendet haben, zum klavierbegleiteten Volkslied zurückgekehrt.

Man betrachte etwa zwei Vertonungen von so unterschiedlichen Komponisten wie Roger Quilter und Percy Grainger, beide Variationen über das Lied von *Barbara Allen* oder (H)Ellen, die auf den Tod des jungen Mannes, der sie liebte, so kühl reagiert, als sie das Ausmaß ihrer Herzlosigkeit erkennt, jedoch an ihrer Reue stirbt. Quilters *Barbara Allen* ist zweifellos eines seiner leidenschaftlichsten Lieder, für ihn ungewöhnlich. Percy Grainger, der schrieb, daß es eines der größten Verbrechen sei, das man

gegen ein Volkslied verüben kann, es bürgerlich zu machen oder mit wohlzogener Stimme und anderen städtischen Allüren zu singen, reagiert auf dieses Lied gar mit einer Klavierbegleitung, die in einem größeren Klavierkonzert nicht fehl am Platze wäre. Beide Vertonungen sind übertrieben, aber in gewissem Sinne hilft uns das fünfzig Jahre später, zu erkennen, inwieweit zwei Künstler von solch unterschiedlichem Temperament von einer schlichten und ergreifenden Geschichte und Melodie bewegt wurden.

Die Sammlung der Lieder und Komponisten, die auf der vorliegenden Schallplatte vertreten sind, ist eine persönliche Auswahl, und natürlich würde es mehr als eine Schallplatte brauchen, um diesem faszinierenden Bereich der Liedkomposition gerecht zu werden. Als ich meine Wahl traf, folgte ich Percy Graingers Ausspruch: "Das Volkslied ist im großen und ganzen erzählend. Daher ist es überraschend, daß unter den vielen Komponisten, die in den letzten hundert Jahren Volksliedbearbeitungen machten, soweit ich weiß keiner 'erzählende Lieder' setzte." (1952) Aus diesem Grunde habe ich die großen Sammler wie Baring-Gould, Cecil Sharpe und Ralph Vaughan Williams übergangen, die im allgemeinen eine Vertonung für eine Strophe anlegten, die dann für alle weiteren Strophen verwendet wurde. Ich habe mich bemüht, Lieder auszuwählen, in denen die Begleitung eine wechselnde Perspektive zur Erzählung oder zur emotionalen Entwicklung des Liedes beiträgt, oder wo bewußt eine gleichbleibende musikalische Figuration gewählt wird, um eine statischere, atmosphärische Vertonung zu schaffen, wie etwa in Graingers *Died for Love* oder Britzens *The foggy, foggy Dew* und *O Waly, Waly*.

Von den sieben Komponisten und Bearbeitern, die hier vertreten sind, machten drei — E.J. Moeran, Herbert Hughes und Percy Grainger — "Feldaufnahmen" vom Gesang regionaler Volkssänger. Obwohl Roger Quilter der gleichen Zeit angehört (den Anfangsjahren des 20. Jahrhunderts) konnte er sich wegen seiner schwachen Gesundheit und intellektuellen Disposition solchen Unternehmen nicht anschließen. Seine einzige Sammlung von Volksliedbearbeitungen reflektiert dies: sie enthält vorwiegend beliebte Nationallieder statt echter Volkslieder. Spätere Musiker wie Benjamin Britten, Gerald Moore und Goff Richards konnten ihr Material aus dem Reichtum der aufgezeichneten Volkslieder auswählen.

Obwohl die Aufführung von Volksmusik nicht mehr so weit verbreitet ist wie zur Zeit der bereits erwähnten großen Sammler, bin ich mir sicher, daß Bearbeitungen wie diejenigen auf der vorliegenden Schallplatte viel zur Erhaltung des Lebens und der Vitalität dieser herrlichen Tradition unverdorbener Musik beigetragen haben.

The Jolly Miller. Seine Geschichte ist interessant. Die Melodie ist äußerst volkstümlich, stammt jedoch angeblich aus "The Budgeon is a fine Trade" (1725). Die Worte — zumindest der ersten Strophe — wurden 1762 in dem Schauspiel "Love in a Village" von Bickerstaff verwendet.

Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes (Ben Jonson). Dieses herrliche Gedicht auf eine Weise des 18. Jahrhunderts ist ein Beispiel für ein Lied, das so populär und beliebt wurde, daß es ins Volksliedrepertoire Eingang fand.

The foggy, foggy Dew (Suffolk). Eines der bestbekanntesten englischen Volkslieder; prägnant und individuell. Anders als in anderen beliebten Volksliedern haben sich Text und Weise dieses Liedes, von einigen kleinen Abweichungen in den Worten, praktisch nicht verändert.

The Isle of Cloy (Suffolk). Ein ungewöhnliches Lied und eines der vielen Volkslieder über das Thema eines jungen Mädchens, das von seinen herzlosen Eltern — in diesem Falle dem Vater — mit tragischer Folge von ihrem Liebsten getrennt wurde.

The Trees they grow so high. Von diesem Lied wurden viele Versionen gesammelt. Angeblich soll es auf der Hochzeit des jugendlichen Laird of Craigton mit einem Mädchen basieren, das einige Jahre älter war als er. Drei Jahre später, 1634, starb er. Das Lied könnte jedoch älter sein, denn Kindesheiraten zur Konsolidierung von Familienbanden waren das ganze Mittelalter hindurch nichts Ungewöhnliches.

Died for Love (Lincolnshire). Eine seltsame, zärtliche, recht morbide wiegenliedartige Weise.

Lovely Mollie. In dieser irischen Variante über eine Heldin, die ihrem Liebsten in die Armee oder Marine folgt, versucht Mollie, zur See zu fahren, wird aber von ihrem Liebhaber davon abgebracht.

I love my Love (Kornwall). Eine der vielen Versionen über das Thema der "Maid of Bedlam"; Gustav Holst vertonte diese anmutige Weise in einer seiner Suiten für Militärkapelle.

The Shooting of his Dear (Ost-Norfolk). Eine seltsame kleine Geschichte. Man kann sich nur wundern, ob sich in ihrer von Mund zu Mund überlieferten Tradition nicht einige Sänger verhöhrt haben. Das Lied hat einen etwas absurden Charakter erhalten.

Down by the Sally Gardens. Ein seltenes Beispiel für ein Gedicht eines bedeutenden Dichters, hier W.B. Yeats, das in die Volksliedtradition Eingang fand. Die Weise ist "Maids of Mourneshore".

The Old Turf Fire. Eine irische Jig und wiederum ein ausgeschriebenes Gedicht, diesmal von Johnny Patterson — zwei der originalen Strophen werden in dieser Fassung von Herbert Hughes ausgelassen.

Ye Banks and Braes (Schottisch). Die Gedichte von Robert Burns inspirierten viele schöne schottische Volkslieder. Dies ist eines der bekanntesten.

Barbra (H)Ellen (Lincolnshire). Cecil Sharp sammelte 27 Versionen dieses Liedes, die nahezu allesamt im Fünftakt stehen. Hier spielt die Geschichte in Schottland. Sie forderte zu einer ausführlichen und detaillierten Behandlung des grausamen Verhaltens der Dame in 13 Strophen heraus und schließt

mit der Reinkarnation der Geister der Toten als Rose und wilde Rose, die sich schließlich hoch am Kirchturm in einem echten Liebesknoten verranken.

Barbara Allen. Landesweit gibt es viele Bearbeitungen dieses anmutigen Lieds, das zahlreiche Varianten der Melodie und des Texts aufweist. Diese Vertonung ist womöglich die berühmteste.

She moved through the Fair. Ursprünglich eine Fiedlerweise aus Donegal. Der Text ist eine alte Ballade, die von Pádraic Colum überarbeitet wurde. In der dritten Strophe gibt es verschiedene Fassungen: "sie trat leise ein", "meine Liebste trat ein" und "meine tote Liebste trat ein". Ich entschied mich für die letzte Version, da sie meiner Ansicht nach dem Lied eine besonders spukhafte Qualität gibt.

The Star of the County Down. Ein anmutiges Volkslied mit Strophen und Refrain aus dem Norden Irlands.

Sweet Nightingale (Kornwall). Ein merkwürdiges Lied, und eines der wenigen Volkslieder, die aus Cornwall stammen. Soweit mir bekannt ist gibt es keine weiteren Varianten. Eine ungewöhnliche und gewissermaßen unvolkstümliche Melodieführung. Über seine Geschichte ist wenig bekannt, außer daß es 1854 in Deutschland nach dem Gesang der Kornwaller Bergleute notiert wurde.

Blow the Wind Southerly. Ein außergewöhnliches Lied, das der reichhaltigen Volksliedtradition in Northumberland und der Border Country (dem englisch/schottischen Grenzgebiet) entspricht.

The British Waterside (Nottinghamshire). Ein unkompliziertes, ausgelassenes Matrosenlied.

The Pressgang (Ost-Norfolk). Ein ungewöhnlich anschauliches Lied über die Versprechen und Realitäten der in den Dienst geprefsten Matrosen.

Little Sir William (Somerset). Ein äußerst eigenartiges altes Lied, das angeblich womöglich aus dem 13. Jahrhundert stammt. Von dieser tragischen kleinen Geschichte sind viele Fassungen überliefert, und sie taucht außerdem als volkstümlicher Choral auf. Die vorliegende Version ist die schlichteste und direkteste bezüglich Text und Melodie.

Six Dukes went a-fishin' (Lincolnshire). Dieses Lied hat eine seltsame Geschichte. Es bezieht sich angeblich auf William de la Pole, den ersten Herzog von Suffolk, dessen ermordete Leiche 1450 in der Nähe von Dover ans Land gespült wurde. In Varianten dieses Lieds stammt der Herzog aus Grantham, Grafton oder Bedford. Ein ungewöhnliches und charaktervolles Lied.

Sweet Polly Oliver. Eines der vielen Lieder, in denen die unverzagte Heldin Männerkleidung anlegt und mit wechselndem Erfolg entweder in die Armee eintritt oder zur See fährt, um ihren Liebsten zu finden. Hier findet die Geschichte ein glückliches Ende.

Bold William Taylor (Lincolnshire). Ein herrliches Beispiel des erzählenden Volkslieds vom gleichen Genre wie *Sweet Polly Oliver*. Sally Gray, unsere Heldin in dieser Variante, ist jedoch eine Dame von großer Entschlossenheit und kennt keinen Kompromiß!

Charlie is my Darling (Schottisch) war eines der beliebtesten Lieder der jakobitischen Rebellion und datiert von etwa 1775.

O Waly, Waly (Somerset). Eines der schönsten und bekanntesten britischen Volkslieder. Sein Ursprung ist ungewiß, ist jedoch womöglich schottisch und Teil der langen Ballade "Lord Jamie Douglas".

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Übersetzung: Renate Maria Wendel



A une période donnée, dans ma carrière de chanteur, j'interprétais souvent des chants populaires traditionnels, soit sans accompagnement, soit avec l'accompagnement d'instruments folkloriques. Je trouve donc très intéressant de me faire à nouveau l'interprète de ces chants populaires, différemment harmonisés par de grands compositeurs, de musique ou de mélodies, britanniques.

Il ne fait aucun doute dans mon esprit que la musique de piano qui accompagne la chanson populaire en altère le caractère original et en fait un morceau soumis à des règles beaucoup plus rigides. De toute façon, dans un récital il n'est pas possible d'apporter une variante à la chanson, comme le font diversement les chanteurs folkloriques. Ceci étant dit, je m'empresse d'ajouter que je reviens à la chanson folklorique avec une joie nouvelle, et beaucoup d'admiration pour les auteurs d'arrangements et d'accompagnements, qui ont traité les airs anciens avec autant d'imagination que d'affection.

Prenons par exemple deux compositeurs dissemblables: Roger Quilter et Percy Grainger, chacun d'eux a écrit une version différente de "Barbara Allen". Ils ont tous deux ressenti profondément les sentiments dramatiques qu'exprime cette chanson — Barbara Allen ou (H)Ellen, femme insensible, accepte froidement la mort du jeune homme, au cœur brisé, qui l'aimait tant; mais plus tard elle prend conscience de la dureté de sa conduite, et meurt de remords. La *Barbara Allen* de Quilter est une des chansons les plus passionnées qui soient, elle est même assez inhabituelle chez Quilter. La *Barb'ra Ellen* de Percy

Grainger est accompagnée d'une musique qui pourrait figurer avec honneur dans un grand concerto pour piano, c'est assez surprenant de la part d'un musicien qui écrivait que l'un des plus grands crimes perpétrés contre la chanson folklorique avait été de l'embourgeoiser ou de la chanter d'une voix sophistiquée et autre caractère citadin. Les deux harmonisations font preuve d'une exagération quelque peu poussée, mais cela nous impressionne, car cinquante ans plus tard nous voyons comment deux artistes de tempéraments tout à fait opposés réagirent, cependant, avec la même vigueur, devant la beauté et la simplicité d'un air et d'une histoire.

Pour le présent enregistrement, j'ai dû opérer un choix difficile de chansons et de compositeurs, et m'en référer à mes propres critères et goûts personnels; mais il faudrait plusieurs disques pour donner réellement une idée de l'immense et captivante richesse du domaine populaire. En effectuant ma sélection, j'ai pensé à la remarque de Percy Grainger: "La chanson folklorique est avant tout une chanson narrative. Il est donc surprenant, considérant le grand nombre de compositeurs qui ont écrit des arrangements pendant les cent dernières années, qu'aucun — du moins pour autant que je sache — ne nous ait donné un type d'arrangement pour chanson narrative" (1952). Partant de ce point de vue, j'ai laissé de côté les grands collectionneurs, comme Baring-Gould, Cecil Sharpe et Ralph Vaughan Williams, dont la méthode consistait, principalement, à écrire l'harmonisation d'un seul couplet pour l'appliquer ensuite à tous les autres. J'ai essayé de choisir des chansons dont l'accompagnement ajoute à la narration une perspective musicale changeante ou met en valeur les sentiments exprimés; ou alors celles dont l'harmonisation fixe créé une atmosphère statique voulue, comme dans *Died for Love* (Mort d'amour) de Grainger, ou *The foggy, foggy Dew* (Brouillard, rosée brumeuse) et *O Waly, Waly* (O Mignonne, mignonne) de Britten.

Des sept compositeurs et harmonisateurs qui figurent sur ce disque, trois se rendirent sur place pour recueillir de la voix même des chanteurs folkloriques traditionnalistes les airs de leurs chansons. Ce sont: E.J. Moeran, Herbert Hughes et Percy Grainger. Roger Quilter, bien qu'appartenant à la même époque (les premières années du 20ème siècle), vu sa santé délicate et son tempérament sophistiqué n'était pas homme à s'engager dans de telles recherches. Sa propre collection d'arrangements reflète d'ailleurs ce manque de documentation à la source; elle consiste surtout en chansons nationales aimées du public, qui ne sont pas nécessairement des chansons folkloriques. Plus tard, les musiciens qui suivirent, comme Benjamin Britten, Gerald Moore et Goff Richards eurent la possibilité de puiser leurs chansons dans un riche réservoir de matériel folklorique déjà répertorié.

Bien que les récitals de musique folklorique ne soient pas aussi répandus qu'ils l'étaient du temps des grands collectionneurs précités, je suis sûr que les arrangements, tels ceux des chansons enregistrées ici, ont fait beaucoup pour maintenir vivante la merveilleuse tradition de la musique populaire naturelle.

The Jolly Miller (Le joyeux meunier), raconte une histoire intéressante. L'air semble vraiment folklorique, et pourtant il pourrait provenir de "The Budgeon is a fine Trade" (1725). Les paroles, et certainement le premier couplet, figuraient dans la pièce "Love in a Village" (L'amour dans un village) de Bickerstaff (1762).

Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes (Ne bois à ma santé que par tes yeux; paroles de Ben Jonson, auteur dramatique et poète, 1572-1637). Ces jolis vers, sur un air du 18ème siècle, est un exemple de chanson tellement aimée du public, qu'elle s'est placée d'elle-même dans le répertoire folklorique.

The foggy, foggy Dew (Brouillard, rosée brumeuse) est un air de la province du Suffolk. C'est aussi une des chansons folkloriques anglaises les mieux connues, dont ni l'air, ni les paroles (à l'exception peut-être d'un mot ou deux) n'ont changé au cours des décennies, contrairement à ce qui s'est passé avec beaucoup d'autres chansons populaires.

The Isle of Cloy (L'île de Cloy). Cette chanson de la province du Suffolk, différente de l'ordinaire, raconte pourtant une des histoires les plus répandues de la mythologie populaire. Une jeune fille est séparée du jeune homme qu'elle aime par des parents impitoyables, le père dans ce cas-là; la séparation aura des conséquences tragiques.

The Trees they grow so high (Ils poussent si haut les arbres). Les recueils contiennent plusieurs versions de cette chanson. On pense qu'elle date de 1631, et qu'elle aurait pour base le mariage du Laird de Craigton. Garçonnet, il dut épouser une jeune fille de plusieurs années son aînée et mourut trois ans après en 1634. Mais on pourrait remonter à des origines encore plus distantes, car les mariages à un âge pré-pubertaire, arrangés par les familles dans le but de consolider leur pouvoir, étaient assez fréquents au moyen-âge.

Died for Love (Mort d'amour); cette chanson de la province du Lincolnshire, étrange, tendre, un peu morbide, ressemble à une berceuse.

Lovely Mollie (Ravissante Mollie) est une des variations sur le thème de l'héroïne qui veut suivre son bien-aimé dans l'armée ou dans la marine. Ici, dans sa version irlandaise, Mollie avait l'intention de naviguer sur les mers avec son prétendant, mais il réussit à l'en dissuader.

I love my Love (J'aime mon amour) de la province de Cornouaille, est une des nombreuses versions de "Maid of Bedlam" (La jeune fille de Bedlam). Gustav Holst a arrangé et incorporé cette jolie mélodie à une de ses suites de musique militaire.

The Shooting of his Dear (Le coup de fusil qui atteint sa chérie) de la région du Norfolk-est, relate une petite histoire très étrange. Je ne peux m'empêcher de penser que dans la transmission orale un mot a été mal compris, car la chanson n'a guère de sens.

Down by the Sally Gardens (Au fond des jardins de Sally) est un rare exemple de poésie écrite par un poète renommé, dans ce cas W. B. Yeats (1865-1939), habillée d'un air traditionnel (celui des "Maids of Mourneshore" [Les filles de Mourneshore]), et qui, devenue chanson, s'est glissée dans la répertoire folklorique.

The Old Turf Fire (Le feu de vieille tourbe) est une gigue irlandaise, écrite elle aussi sur les vers d'un poème, de Johnny Patterson cette fois-ci. Deux stances originales ont été omises dans la présente version de Herbert Hughes.

Ye Banks and Braes (Vous, tertres et collines). Les vers du fameux poète écossais Robert Burns ont inspiré des quantités de chansons populaires. Celle-ci est une des plus connues.

Barb'ra (H)Ellen. Cecil Sharpe a recueilli à lui seul quelque 27 versions de cette chanson, et presque toutes sur un rythme à cinq temps. La version enregistrée ici provient de la province du Lincolnshire, et l'histoire se déroule en Ecosse. Elle décrit avec force détails et en 13 stances la conduite de cette femme cruelle, et se termine sur la transmutation des âmes des personnes décédées. Devenues rose sauvage et églantier, elles se retrouvent, étroitement liées comme des amants, en haut du clocher de l'église.

Barbara Allen. Comme il est dit plus haut, il existe de nombreuses variantes (paroles et air) à cette belle chanson, émanant d'un peu partout à travers le pays. La version interprétée ici est probablement la plus répandue.

She moved through the Fair (Elle fit le tour de la fête) était à l'origine un air de ménétrier, de la province du Donegal, sur les paroles d'une ancienne ballade remaniée par Pádraic Colum. Une ligne de la troisième strophe change selon les versions, soit: "elle est venue gentiment", ou bien: "mon cher amour est venu", ou encore: "mon amour mort est venu". J'ai choisi la dernière version qui, je crois, donne à la chanson un caractère troublant.

The Star of the County Down (L'Etoile du comté de Down) est une charmante chanson folklorique du nord de l'Irlande, penchant vers la ballade à couplets et refrain.

Sweet Nightingale (Doux rossignol). Cette chanson curieuse, probablement originaire de la province de Cornouaille, n'aurait, autant que je sache, qu'une seule version. Elle est inhabituelle en ce sens que la ligne mélodique n'est pas du tout du genre folklorique. On ne sait pas grand' chose de son histoire, si ce n'est qu'elle fut remarquée pour la première fois en Allemagne, en 1854, parmi les chants des mineurs de Cornouaille.

Blow the Wind Southerly (Le vent souffle du sud), une chanson exceptionnelle, qui représente bien la riche tradition folklorique de la province du Northumberland et de la région qui borde l'Ecosse.

The British Waterside (Le rivage britannique) est une chanson de marin, simple et joviale, de la province

du Nottinghamshire.

The Pressgang (Le détachement qui presse les hommes à s'enrôler dans la marine), originaire du Norfolk, est une chanson inhabituellement descriptive; elle parle des promesses que l'on a faites aux marins enrôlés d'une manière un peu forcée, et de la réalité de leur existence.

Little Sir William (Sir William le Petit). Cette très étrange chanson ancienne du Somerset remonte probablement au 13^{ème} siècle. Il existe plusieurs versions de l'histoire tragique qu'elle raconte, dont l'une est devenu un Noël populaire. La présente version est la plus simple et la plus directe, autant en ce qui concerne l'air que les paroles.

Six Dukes went a-fishin' (Six ducs allèrent pêchant). Cette chanson du Lincolnshire conte une curieuse histoire avec quelques variantes; ce pourrait être celle de William de la Pole, premier duc de Suffolk, qui fut assassiné et dont le corps fut découvert rejeté par les vagues sur la côte du Pas-de-Calais, près de Douvres, en 1450. Les variantes font venir le duc de Grantham, de Grafton ou de Bedford. Une chanson inhabituelle, qui a beaucoup de caractère.

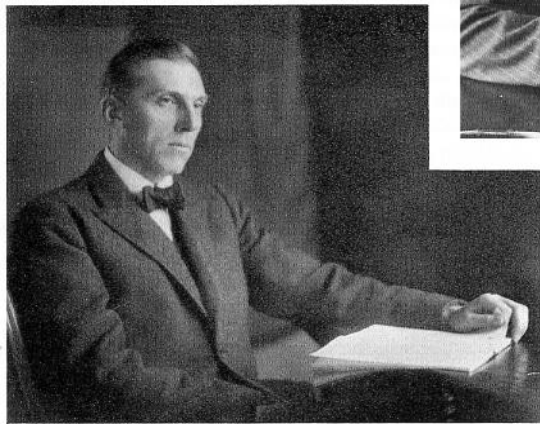
Sweet Polly Oliver (Polly Oliver la Douce). Une autre chanson dans laquelle l'intrépide héroïne, séparée de son bien-aimé, s'habille de vêtements masculins pour le rejoindre dans l'armée ou sur un bateau, avec des résultats très divers. L'histoire, ici, a une fin heureuse.

Bold William Taylor (Guillaume Taylor, le téméraire) est une merveilleuse chanson narrative du Lincolnshire, sur le même thème que *Sweet Polly Oliver*. Mais dans cette version l'héroïne, Sally Gray, est une dame qui sait ce qu'elle veut et qui n'accepte aucun compromis.

Charlie is my Darling (Charlie est mon chéri) est une des chansons écossaises les plus populaires de la période des soulèvements jacobites (par les partisans de Jacques II et III des Stuarts); elle doit dater des environs de 1775.

O Waly, Waly (O Mignonne, mignonne) est une des plus belles chansons folkloriques anglaises et des mieux connues. Cette version provient du Somerset, mais les vraies origines de la chanson sont assez obscures. Il se peut que ce soit une partie de la longue ballade écossaise: "Lord Jamie Douglas".





ROGER QUILTER

Royal College of Music



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BENJAMIN BRITTEN

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1 The Jolly Miller

There was a jolly Miller
Once lived on the River Dee;
He danced and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he.
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be —
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me.

I love my mill, she is to me
Both parent, child and wife;
I would not change my station for
Another one in life.
Then push, push, push the bowl, my boys,
And pass it round to me;
The longer we sit here and drink
The merrier we shall be.

Thus like the miller, bold and free,
Let us rejoice and sing.
The days of youth were made for glee
And time is on the wing.
This song shall pass from me to thee
Around this jovial ring:
Let heart and voice and all agree
To sing "Long live the King."

2 Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup
And I'll not ask for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

Ben Jonson

3 The foggy, foggy Dew

When I was a bachelor I lived all alone,
And worked at the weaver's trade.
And the only, only thing that I did wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the winter time,
And in the summer too.
And the only, only thing I did that was wrong,
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside
When I lay fast asleep.
She laid her head upon my chest
And she began to weep.
She sighed, she cried, she damn' near died,
She said "What shall I do?"
So I hauled her into bed and I covered up her head,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Oh I am a bachelor and I live with my son,
And we work at the weaver's trade.
And ev'ry single time that I look into his eyes,
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the winter time,
And of the summer too,
And of the many, many times that I held her in
my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

4 The Isle of Cloy

It's of a lady in the Isle of Cloy,
She fell in love with her serving boy.
Soon as her parents came to hear,
They separated her from her dear.

So to disgrace her whole family,
They sent this young man across the sea,
On board the "Tiger", a man o' war,
To act his part like some gallant tar.

This young man hadn't long been upon the main,
Before a cruel fight began.
It was his sad luck for to fall,
He got struck dead by a cannonball.

The very same night this young man was slain,
Close to her father's bedside she came.
With heavy sighs and bitter groans,
Close to her father's bedside she stole.

As she stood weeping, scarce could refrain,
The tears roll'd down from her eyes like rain.
All weeping sore for her own true love,
She hang'd herself from the beam above.

The squire's servants they stood around:
They viewed this lady and cut her down,
And in her bosom a note unsealed:
A girl of sorrow it revealed.

"My father is one of the best of men,
But he's drove me to this disgraceful end.
And of this vain world pray a warning take:
I died a maid for my true love's sake."

5 The Trees they grow so high

The trees they grow so high and the leaves they
do grow green,
And many a cold winter's night my love and I
have seen.

Of a cold winter's night, my love, you and I
alone have been,
Whilst my bonny boy is young he's a-growing.

O father, dearest father, you've done to me great
wrong.

You've tied me to a boy when you know he is
too young.

O daughter, dearest daughter, if you wait a little
while,

A lady you shall be while he's growing.

I'll send your love to college all for a year or two
And then in the meantime he will do for you;
I'll buy him white ribbons, tie them round his
bonny waist

To let the ladies know that he's married.

I went up to the college and I looked over the wall,
Saw four and twenty gentlemen playing at bat
and ball.

I called for my true love, but they would not let
him come,

All because he was a young boy and growing.

At the age of sixteen, he was a married man
And at the age of seventeen he was father to a son.
And at the age of eighteen the grass grew over him,
Cruel death soon put an end to his growing.

And now my love is dead and in his grave doth lie.
The green grass grows o'er him so very, very high.
I'll sit and I'll mourn his fate until the day I die,
And I'll watch all o'er his child while he's growing,
Growing, growing, and I'll watch all o'er his child
while he's growing.

6 **Died for Love**

I wish my baby it was born,
Lyn' smilin' on its father's knee,
And I was dead and in my grave,
And green grass growin' all over me.

Dig me my grave long, wide and deep,
Put a marble stone at my head and feet;
But a turtle white dove put over above
For to let the world know that I died for love.

7 **Lovely Mollie**

"Goodbye, lovely Mollie, I am now goin' to leave
you,
To the East or West Indies I am now goin' to go;
Although we are parted I'll be true and loyal hearted
I'll be back, lovely Mollie, in the Spring of the year."

"I'll dress like a sailor, true love, I'll go with you,
Thro' the midst of all dangers I'll go without fear;
When the big ship is sailing and the wild waves
are raging
I'll be with you, dearest Willie, to reef your top
sail."

"Your delicate hands, love, stout cables can't handle,
And your pretty little feet, love, in the rigging
can't go;

Your delicate body wild waves can't endure, love;
Be advised, lovely Mollie, to the sea do not go."

The big ship set sail and left Mollie bewailing,
Till her cheeks grew as pale as the lily that grows.
Her gay golden locks she kept constantly tearing,
Saying, "I'll sigh till I die, love, will I e'er see you
more?"

8 **I love my Love**

Abroad as I was walking one evening in the spring,
I heard a maid in bedlam so sweetly for to sing;
Her chains she rattled with her hands and thus
replied she:

"I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

"Oh my cruel parents have been too unkind.
They've drove and banished me, and tortured my
mind!

Although I'm ruined for his sake contented will I
be;

I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

As she was sat weeping, her love came on the land
Hearing she was in bedlam, he ran straight out of
hand,
And as he entered on the gates he heard her sigh
and say,

"I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

He stood and gazed on her, hearing his love
complain,

He could not stand any longer, he bled in every
vein;

He flew into her snowy-white arms and replied he:
"I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

9 **The Shooting of his Dear**

O come all you young fellows that carry your gun,
I'd have you get home by the light of the sun,
For young Jimmy was a fowler, and a-fowling
alone,

When he shot his own true love in the room of a
swan.

Then home went young Jimmy with his dog and
his gun,
Saying "Uncle, dear Uncle, have you heard what
I've done?"

Cursed be that old gunsmith that made my old
gun.

I have shot my own true love in the room of a
swan."

Then out came bold Uncle with his locks
hanging grey,

Saying "Jimmy, dear Jimmy, don't you go away,
Don't you leave your own country till your trial
come on,

For you never will be hanged for shooting a swan."

So the trial came on and Pretty Polly did appear,
Saying "Uncle, dear Uncle, let Jimmy go clear,

For my apron was bound round me and he took
me for a swan,

And his poor heart lay bleeding for Polly his own."

10 **Down by the Salley Gardens**

Down by the Salley gardens
My love and I did meet,
She passed the Salley gardens
With little snow-white feet.

She bid me take love easy
As the leaves grow on the tree,
But I being young and foolish
With her did not agree.

In a field by the river
My love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder
She laid her snow-white hand.

She bid me take life easy
As the grass grows on the weirs,
But I was young and foolish,
And now am full of tears.

W.B. Yeats

11 **The Old Turf Fire**

Oh, the old turf fire and the hearth swept clean,
There is no one half so happy as myself and
Paddy Keane;

With the baby in the cradle you could hear her
mammy say
"Wouldn't you go to sleep, alanna, till I wet your
daddy's tay!"

"Oh the man that I work for is a richer man
than me,

But somehow in this world, feth, we never can
agree;

He has big tow'ring mansions and castles over all,
But sure I wouldn't exchange with him my little
marble hall."

"I have got a little house and a tidy bit of land;
You would never see a better on the side of
Knocknacran;

I've no piano in the corner and no pictures on
the wall,

But I'm somehow quite contented in my little
marble hall."

Oh, the old turf fire and the hearth swept clean,
There is no one half so happy as myself and
Paddy Keane;

With the baby in the cradle you could hear her
mammy say
"Wouldn't you go to sleep, alanna, till I wet your
daddy's tay!"

12 **Ye Banks and Braes**

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird
That wantons through the flow'ry thorn,
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love;
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause lover stole my rose,
And ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Robert Burns

13 **Barb'ra (H)Ellen**

In Scotland I was bred and born,
In Scotland was my dwellin';
And there I courted a pretty maid,
And her name was Barb'ra (H)Ellen.

I courted her for a month or two,
Thinkin' I should gain her favour;
But never to me did she prove kind,
For all the court I paid 'er.

Then I sent a servant to 'er house,
The house that she did dwell in;
Saying: "my master wants to speak with you,
If your name be Barb'ra (H)Ellen."

O slowly, slowly she got up,
And slowly she came nigh him;
And all she said, when she came there:
"Young man, I think you're dyin'."

Then he stretched out his lilywhite arms,
Thinkin' to pull her to him;
She turned her back and went away.
Then he cried: "hardhearted Barb'ra (H)Ellen."

As she was walkin' the 'igh churchyard
She heard his death bell tollin';
And every toll it seemed to say:
"Hardhearted Barb'ra (H)Ellen."

As she was walkin' the streets along
She met his corpse a-comin'.
"Lay down, lay down this corpse of clay,
That I may gaze upon 'im."

And when she saw his lilywhite face,
She could not forbear smilin';
Then her parents cried, they cried and said:
"Hardhearted Barb'ra (H)Ellen."

She cried and said: "O mother dear,
Make me a bed both soft and shallow;
For my true love has died today
And I'll die for him tomorrow."

Her mother dear she made her a bed,
Both soft and fit for dyin'.
"For O I rue, for O I rue,
I rue that I denied him."

Her mother dear, she made her a bed,
She made it both soft and shallow.
She turned her pale white face to the wall
And death came creepin' on her.

The one was buried in the 'igh churchyard
And the other in the choir;
The one sprung up a red rose bud,
And the other a green brier.

Then they grew and they grew to the high church
top
And could not get any higher.
And they met and they tied of a true lovers' knot
For all the world to admire.

14 **Barbara Allen**

In Scarlet Town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made ev'ry youth cry "Well-a-day!"
Her name was Barb'ra Allen.

All in the merry month of May
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his deathbed lay
For love of Barb'ra Allen.

Then slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said when there she came
"Young man, I think you're dying."

As she was walking o'er the fields
She heard the deadbell knellin',
And ev'ry stroke the dead-bell gave
Cried "Woe to Barb'ra Allen!"

When he was dead and laid in grave
Her heart was struck with sorrow,
"O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die tomorrow."

"Farewell," she said "ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take the warning by the fall
Of cruel Barb'ra Allen."

15 **She moved thro' the Fair**

My young love said to me "My mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you for your lack of
kind,"

And she stepp'd away from me and this she did say,
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

She stepp'd away from me and she went thro' the
fair,
And fondly I watch'd her move here and move
there,
And then she went homeward with one star awake,
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me, my dead love came in,
So softly she came that her feet made no din,
And she laid her hand on me and this she did say
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

16 **The Star of the County Down**

Near to Banbridge town,
In the County Down
On a morning in July,
Down a borean green
Came a sweet caileen
And she smiled as she passed me by.
Oh! she looked so neat,
From her two white feet
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair.
Such a coaxin' elf,
I'd to shake myself,
To make sure I was really there.

*Oh! from Bantry Bay
Up to Derry Quay,
And from Galway to Dublin town,
No maid I've seen
Like the brown caileen
That I met in the County Down.*

As she onward sped
I scratch'd my head
And I gazed with a feelin' quare.
There I said, says I, to a passer-by
"Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"
Oh! he smiled at me,
And with pride, says he,
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown,
Young Rosie McCann,
From the banks of the Bann,
She's the star of the County Down."

*Oh! from Bantry Bay
Up to Derry Quay...*

At the Harvest Fair
She'll be surely there,
So I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
And I'll try sheep's eyes
And deludtherin lies,
On the heart of the nut-brown Rose.
No pipe I'll smoke,
No horse I'll yoke,
Tho' my plough with rust turn brown,
Till a smiling bride
By my own fireside,
Sits the star of the County Down.

*Oh! from Bantry Bay
Up to Derry Quay...*

17 Sweet Nightingale

My sweetheart came along.
Don't you hear the fond song,
The sweet notes of the nightingale flow?
Don't you hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale
As she sings in the valley below.

Betty, don't fail,
For I'll carry your pail
Safe home to your cot as we go.
You shall hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale
As she sings in the valley below.

Pray let me alone
I have hands of my own;
Along with you sir I'll not go.
For to hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale
As she sings in the valley below.

Pray sit yourself down
with me on the ground,
On this bank where the primroses grow.
You shall hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale
As she sings in the valley below.

The couple agreed
To be married with speed
And soon to the church they did go.
No more's she afraid
For to walk in the shade
Or to sit in the valley below.
As she sings in the valley below.

18 Blow the wind southerly

*Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow the wind south o'er the bonny blue sea;
Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow bonny breeze, my lover to me.*

They told me last night there were ships in the
offing,
And I hurried down to the deep rolling sea;
But my eye could not see it, wherever might be it,
The bark that is bearing my lover to me.

*Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow the wind south that my lover may come.
Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow bonny breeze and bring him safe home.*

I stood by the lighthouse the last time we parted,
Till darkness came down o'er the deep rolling sea!
And no longer I saw the bright bark of my lover,
Blow bonny breeze and bring him to me.

*Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow bonny breeze o'er the bonny blue sea.
Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow bonny breeze and bring him to me.*

Is it not sweet to hear the breeze singing,
As lightly it comes o'er the deep rolling sea,
But sweeter and dearer by far 'tis when bringing
The bark of my true love in safety to me.
Blow bonny breeze and bring him to me.

19 The British Waterside

Down beyond the British waterside,
As I walked along,
I overheard a fair maid,
She was singing a song,
The song that she did sing,
And the words replied she:
"Of all the lads in England
Is the sailor lad for me."

You may know a jolly sailor lad
As he walks down the street,
He is so neat in his clothing,
And so tight on his feet.
His teeth are white as ivory
And his eyes black as sloes;
You may know a jolly sailor boy
By the way that he goes.

North Yarmouth is a pretty place,
It shines where it stands;
The more I look upon it
The more my heart burns.
If I was at North Yarmouth
I should think myself at home,
For there I have sweethearts
And here I have got none.

I'll go down to yon British waterside
And build my love a tower
Where the lords, dukes and squires
May all it admire.
The King can but love the Queen,
And I can but do the same;
But you shall be the shepherdess
And I will be your swain.

20 The Pressgang

As I walked up of London street
A pressgang there I did meet,
They asked me if I'd join the fleet,
And sail in a man o' war boys.

Pray brother shipmates tell me true,
What sort of usage they give you,
That I may know before I go,
On board of a man o' war boys.

Why the sort of usage they'll give you
Is plenty of grog and bacca too,
That's the usage they'll give you,
On board of a man o' war boys.

But when I went to my surprise
All that they told me was shocking lies,
There was a row and a bloody old row,
On board of a man o' war boys.

The first thing they did they took me in hand,
They flogged me with a tar of a strand,
They flogged me till I could not stand,
On board of a man o' war boys.

Now I was married and my wife's name was Gray,
T'was she that led me to shocking delay,
T'was she that caused me to go away,
On board of a man o' war boys.

So when I get my foot on shore,
Those Irish girls to see once more,
I'll never go to sea any more,
On board of a man o' war boys.

21 Little Sir William

Easter day was a holiday
Of all days in the year,
And all the little schoolfellows went out to play,
But Sir William was not there.

Mamma went to the Schoolwife house
And knocked at the ring,
Saying, "Little Sir William if you are there,
Pray let your mother in."

Schoolwife open'd the door and said
"He is not here today.
He is with the little schoolfellows out on the green
Playing some pretty play."

Mamma went to the Boyne water
That is so wide and deep,
Saying, "Little Sir William if you are there,
Oh pity your mother's weep."

"How can I pity your weep, mother
And I so long in pain?
For the little penknife sticks close to my heart
And the Schoolwife hath me slain.

Go home, go home my mother dear
And prepare my winding sheet,
For tomorrow morning before 8 o'clock,
You with my body shall meet.

And lay my Prayer Book at my head,
And my grammar at my feet,
That all the little schoolfellows as they pass by
May read them for my sake."

22 Six Dukes went a-fishin'

Six Dukes went a-fishin'
Down by yon seaside;
One of them spied a dead body
Lain by the waterside.

They one said to each other
These words, I've heard them say:
"It's the Royal Duke of Grantham
What the tide has washed away."

They took him up to Portsmouth,
To a place where he was known;
From there up to London,
To the place where he was born.

They took out his bowels
And stretched out his feet,
And they balm'd his body
With roses so sweet.

He now lies betwixt two towers,
He now lies in cold clay,
When the Royal Queen of Grantham
Went weepin' away.

23 Sweet Polly Oliver

As sweet Polly Oliver lay musing in bed,
A sudden strange fancy came into her head.
"Nor father nor mother shall make me false prove,
I'll 'list as a soldier, and follow my love."

So early next morning she softly arose,
And dressed herself up in her dead brother's
clothes.
She cut her hair close, and she stained her face
brown,
And went for a soldier to fair London Town.

Then, up spoke the sergeant one day at his drill.
"Now who's good for nursing? A captain, he's ill!"
"I'm ready," said Polly to nurse him she's gone,
And finds it's her true love all wasted and wan.

The first week the doctor kept shaking his head,
"No nursing, young fellow, can save him," he said.
But when Polly Oliver had nursed him back to life,
He cried, "you have cherished him as if you were
his wife."

O then Polly Oliver, she burst into tears
And told the good doctor her hopes and her fears
And very shortly after, for better or for worse,
The captain took joyfully his pretty soldier nurse.

24 Bold William Taylor

I'll sing you a song about two lovers,
O from Litchfield town they came;
O the young man's name was William Taylor,
The maiden's name was Sally Gray.

Now for a soldier William's 'listed,
For a soldier he 'as gone,
He's gone and left sweet lovely Sally
For to sigh and for to mourn.

Sally's parents they controlled 'er,
Filled 'er 'eart full of grief and woe;
And then at last she vowed and said
For a soldier she would go.

She dressed herself in man's apparel,
Man's apparel she put on;
And for to seek bold William Taylor,
And for to seek him she 'as gone.

One day as she was exercisin',
Exercisin' amongst the rest
With a silver chain hung down her waistcoat
And there he spied her lilywhite breast.

And then the captain he stepped up to her,
Asked her what had bought her there:
"I've come to seek my own true lover,
He has proved to me severe."

"If you've come to seek your own true lover,
Pray tell to me his name."
"His name it is bold William Taylor,
O from Litchfield town he came."

"If his name it is bold William Taylor,
And he has proved to you severe,
He's got married to an Irish lady
He got married the other year."

"If you rise early in the mornin',
Early by the break of day,
There you shall spy bold William Taylor
Walkin' with this lady gay."

Then she rose early in the mornin'
Early by the break of day,
And she spied bold William Taylor
A-walkin' with this lady gay.

And then she called for a brace of pistols,
A brace of pistols at her command,
And she shot bold William Taylor
With his bride at his right 'and.

And then the captain he was well pleased,
Was well pleased what she had done;
And there he made her a great commander,
Aboard of a ship over all his men.

25 **Charlie is my Darling**

*Oh! Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,
Oh! Charlie is my darling,
The young chevalier.*

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our town,
The young chevalier.

Oh! Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling...

As he cam' marching up the street
The pipes played loud and clear.
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' out
To meet the chevalier.

Oh! Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling...

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads
And claymores bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Charlie
And the young chevalier.

Oh! Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling...

26 **O Waly, Waly**

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

O, down in the meadows the other day,
A-gath'ring flowers both fine and gay,
A-gath'ring flowers both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some oak
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;
But first he bended, and then he broke;
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in:
I know not if I sink or swim.

O, love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel while it is new,
But when it is old, it groweth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.



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BRITISH FOLK SONGS - Luxon / Willison

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I Love My Love

A collection of British folk songs

Eine Auswahl britischer Volkslieder

Une sélection de chansons populaires britanniques



1	The Jolly Miller	1:59
2	Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes	2:49
3	The foggy, foggy Dew	1:39
4	The Isle of Cloy	3:55
5	The Trees they grow so high	2:55
6	Died for Love	1:22
7	Lovely Mollie	3:22
8	I love my Love	3:56
9	The Shooting of his Dear	2:20
10	Down by the Salley Gardens	2:49
11	The Old Turf Fire	0:53
12	Ye Banks and Braes	2:24
13	Barb'ra (H)ellen	6:27
14	Barbara Allen	3:35
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17	Sweet Nightingale	4:09
18	Blow the Wind Southerly	3:13
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Benjamin Luxon baritone
David Willison piano

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