Percy Grainger (1882–1961)

Trad.
Willow Willow [OEPM 1] 3:55

Trad.
Six Dukes Went Afishin’ [BFMS No. 11] 2:19

Trad.
British Waterside [BFMS No. 26] 1:41

Trad.
The Pretty Maid Milkin’ her Cow [BFMS No. 27] 1:22

premier recording

Trad.
The Lost Lady Found [BFMS No. 33] 2:44

premier recording

Trad.
Creepin’ Jane [BFMS unnum.] 4:08

Trad.
Bold William Taylor [BFMS No. 43] 3:39

premier recordings

Four settings from Songs of the North 8:38

Trad.
Leezie Lindsay [SON No. 8] 2:34

Trad.
Bonnie George Campbell [SON No. 11] 0:55
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<td>Trad. Drowned [SON No. 6]</td>
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<td>2.</td>
<td>Trad. Willie’s Gane to Melville Castle [SON No. 1]</td>
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<td>Lukannon § [KS unnum.]</td>
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Stephen Varcoe baritone
Penelope Thwaites piano

*edited for performance by Barry Peter Ould
$ realized by Barry Peter Ould

OEPM – Old English Popular Music
BFMS – British Folk Music Setting
SON – Songs of the North
KS – Kipling Setting
SCS – Sea Chanty Setting

Premier recordings
Six settings of Rudyard Kipling
 té
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
Arthur Conan Doyle
Sailor’s Chanty
Shallow Brown
Willie’s Gane to Melville Castle
Ride with an Idle Whip
Northern Ballad
The Men of the Sea
Soldier, Soldier
Hard Hearted Barbara (H)Ellen
The Secret of the Sea
Sailor’s Chanty
Percy Grainger's songs for solo voice and piano amount to approximately eighty works of which eighteen or so are original compositions. Most of these come under the heading of arrangements of folk songs, some of which were collected in the field by Grainger himself during his stay in Britain during the early part of this century (1901–14).

In his student days Grainger made arrangements from two published collections: Augener’s Minstrelsy of England and Cramer’s Songs of the North. Another source, William Chappell’s Old English Popular Music, was to furnish Grainger with ‘Willow Willow’. But it was a trip made by Grainger and his mother, Rose, to the Highlands of Scotland and in particular to Argyll in 1900 that fired the young Grainger. In his fourteen settings taken from Songs of the North, we have the first indication of Grainger’s unique harmonic language. Another important factor in the development of Grainger the composer was his introduction to the poetry of Kipling. For this we must thank his father, John, who sent the young Percy a parcel of several volumes in order to ‘tickle up the British Lion in him’. Inspired by what he read, Grainger set to work composing original melodies to Kipling’s verse. The earliest of these – his first Kipling setting – was ‘Northern Ballad’ which dates from a few weeks before his sixteenth birthday.

The sea had a special meaning for Grainger, and in 1908 he jumped at the chance of hearing real sea chanties from the singing of John Perring. This led to some of Grainger’s most intense settings including ‘Shallow Brown’. The sea is also the subject of three other songs included here, namely ‘Sailor’s Chantey’, ‘The Men of the Sea’ and ‘The Secret of the Sea’.

No selection of Grainger’s songs would be complete without his British Folk-Music Settings. Here we are presented with seven of them, including the whimsical ‘Creepin’ Jane’ and the manic ‘Hard Hearted Barb’ra (H)Ellen’. In these the brilliance of the piano accompaniments add rich harmonic colour to the vocal line.

When Grainger died in 1961, interest in his music rapidly declined. Grainger wanted to be remembered for his own compositions rather than by what he called his ‘fripperies’ (Country Gardens, Molly on the Shore etc.) But, the vitality of Grainger’s life encapsulated in these mini-masterpieces has at least kept his name alive so that we can now begin to appreciate the worth of this multi-faceted man.

Willow Willow was the first traditional tune that Grainger set in November 1898. He published a revised version in 1912 and this lament for lost love is one of Grainger’s most haunting songs. The setting is dedicated to his friend, Roger Quilter.

Six Dukes Went Afishing was first noted down by ear from the singing of George Gouldthorpe at Brigg in September 1905. The setting recorded here dates from 1912 and consists of a blending of Gouldthorpe’s melody with alternatives taken from a performance Grainger phonographed from Joseph Leaning of Barton-on-Humber in August 1906. The melody of this song is a variant of the well-known air to Polly Oliver.

British Waterside is a rollicking sailor song collected by Grainger from the singing of Samuel Stokes at Retford Almshouses, Retford, Nottinghamshire in August 1906. It was set for voice and piano in September 1920 in New York and given as a Yule gift to his mother the same year.

The Pretty Maid Milkin’ her Cow is another Lincolnshire folk song which Grainger collected at Boston from George Leaning of Barton-on-Humber in August 1906. Grainger’s setting dates from September 1920.

The Lost Lady Found is a dance-folk song noted down by Miss Lucy E. Broadwood from the singing of her Lincolnshire nurse, Mrs Hill. The version for solo voice and piano is one of many alternative scorings listed in the published score and is dedicated to the memory of Lucy Broadwood. Grainger was later to use this folk song for the last movement of his Lincolnshire Posy.

Creepin’ Jane is a song about a racehorse which Grainger phonographed from the singing of Joseph Taylor at Brigg in July 1906. Grainger’s setting recorded here for the first time, was made in New York City between 1920–21 and was presented as a ‘loving birthday gift to mother, July 23, 1921’.

Bold William Taylor like several of Grainger’s vocal settings, started life for voice and room-music. His preliminary setting of this tune dates from 1908 and is based on several versions he phonographed from the singing of George Gouldthorpe and Joseph
Merciful Town comes from the story ‘The Brushwood Boy’ in Kipling’s The Day’s Work. Some of the thematic material used in this song can also be heard in his orchestral piece Fisher's Boarding-House based on Kipling’s poem of the same name.

Ride with an Idle Whip is the four-line verse heading to the Kipling story ‘The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin’, in Plain Tales from the Hills. Kipling’s title for this poem is Life’s Handicap. Composed in August 1899, it is the shortest of all Grainger’s songs.

Northern Ballad comes from Kipling’s The Light That Failed. The title is Grainger’s, but for the orchestral piece based on this song, he reverted to the opening line of the poem. The Men of the Sea comes from Kipling’s The Light That Failed where it appears in Chapter 8. It was composed by Grainger in November 1899 at Frankfurt and slightly modified in 1923 before being published. The style is characteristic of a number of Grainger’s early songs.

Soldier, Soldier comes from Kipling’s Barrack-Room Ballads and is the earliest of three settings Grainger made of this poem. This simple setting tells of a soldier’s death to questions posed by the dead soldier’s lover.

Hard Hearted Barth’ra (H)Ellen – Grainger noted two versions of this song between 1905 and 1906 from the singing of Joseph Taylor at Brigg and James Hornsby from Crosby, near Scunthorpe. However it was Hornsby’s version that Grainger turned to when he made his setting for voice and piano in February 1946. This folk-song setting is one in which Grainger makes good use of irregular rhythms. In the final pages, the mood of the narrative is captured in an astounding way as the ‘red rose-bud’ and the ‘green brier’ race towards their entwinement at the top of the church. Grainger’s recently discovered programme note for this song is worth mentioning:

Taking the view that the old ballad foreshadows the modern preference for sublimation over consummation, where love is concerned (a preference I do not share), I have not hesitated, in my setting, to treat the verses dealing with Barbara (H)Ellen’s death and burial with exultation – as a welcome stage in the development of the final satisfaction seen in the union of the lovers, in the form of plant-life, on the church-top.

The Secret of the Sea is an original song to a poem by Arthur Conan Doyle which appears in his short story, Captain Sharkey. Composed in 1901, Grainger’s song is strophic in form.

Shallow Brown was collected from the singing of John Perring (of Dartford, England) by H.E. Pigott (of Dartmouth Naval College) and Percy Grainger in January 1908. Perring, ‘a deep-sea sailor songster’ said that the song was supposed to be sung by a woman standing on the quay to Shallow Brown as his ship was weighing anchor. Perring did not know why Brown was called ‘Shallow’ unless it was that he was shallow in his heart’, he added. Grainger’s setting for voice (or voices) and piano was made in 1925. Grainger wrote: ‘My setting aims to convey a suggestion of wafted, wind-borne, surging sounds heard at sea.’

Stephen Varcoe was educated at King’s College, Cambridge. He has performed in concert engagements with many distinguished orchestras including BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, Nash Ensemble, Orchestra of St Luke’s, New York, and the English Concert, with conductors including John Eliot Gardiner, Trevor Pinnock, Sigiswald Kuijken, Neville Marriner and Jean-Claude Malgoire.


His extensive discography includes Haydn's L'infedeltà delusa, Dido and Aeneas, Tavener's Mary of Egypt and many recital discs. Recent engagements included Handel's Apollo and Daphne with the St Paul's Chamber Orchestra with Richard Hickox and Alexander Goehr's Sonata about Jerusalem with the Schoenberg Ensemble and Oliver Knussen.

Penelope Thwaites is a leading authority on Percy Grainger and was awarded the International Percy Grainger Society's Medallion in 1991 in recognition of her work. She graduated with a First Class Honours degree in music from Melbourne University, also the site of the Grainger Museum. Her career as an international pianist has taken her to five continents, and in a wide-ranging repertoire she has made a point of promoting Australian composers. Her recordings of Grainger's solo and two piano music (with John Lavender) have won the highest praise in the musical press. She will be a featured artist in this historic Chandos Grainger Series.

Percy Grainger Lieder für Bariton


Das Meer hatte eine besondere Bedeutung für Grainger, und 1908 ergriff er die Gelegenheit, echte Seemannslieder zu hören, Sea Chanties, gesungen von John Perring. Daraus ergaben sich einige der eindringlichsten Vertonungen Graingers, wie zum Beispiel "Shallow Brown" (Seicht Braun). Das Meer ist auch Thema dreier anderer hier vertretener Lieder, nämlich "Sailor's Chanty" (Matrosenlied), "The Men of the Sea" (Die Männer der See) und "The Secret of the Sea" (Das Geheimnis des Meeres).

Keine Zusammenstellung von Graingers Liedern wäre komplett ohne seine
Vorvertonungen britischer Volksmusik "British Folk Music Settings"). Hier werden uns insgesamt sieben geboten, einschließlich des wehmütigen "Creeping Jane" (Die kreischende Johanna) und des hektischen "Hard Hearted Barb’ra (H)Ellen" (Die Hartherzige Barb’ra (H)Ellen). In ihnen fügt die Brillanz der Klavierbegleitungen der Gesangslinie üppige harmonische Nuancen hinzu.

Als Grainger 1961 starb, nahm das Interesse an seiner Musik rasch ab. Grainger wollte mit seinen eigenen Kompositionen in Erinnerung bleiben, also nicht mit seinem "Phantasi" (Ländliche Gärten), Molly on the Shore (Molly am Ufer) usw., wie er zu sagen pflegte. Dabei hat Graingers Vitalität, die in diese kleinen Meisterwerke eingegangen ist, zumindest seinen Namen im Bewußtsein erhalten, so daß wir uns nun ein Urteil über die wahre Bedeutung dieses vielseitigen Mannes bilden können.


The Pretty Maid Milk’in her Cow (Die hübsche Magd beim Melken ihrer Kuh) ist ein Lied über ein Rennpferd, dessen Stoff ist einer, der in unzähligen Volksliedern, und er floß jedem der Lieder eine völlig neue, reichhaltigere Harmonik ein. Seine Reise nach Schottland im Sommer 1900 leitete Graingers Entwicklung als Komponist ein, und obwohl er Schottland nur selten besuchte, hattene seine Musik, Literatur und "die seelenerschütternden Hügellandschaften" eine tiefgreifende Wirkung auf ihn.

Lukannon hat Grainger im Dezember 1898 zunächst für Männerstimmen a cappella vertont. Das Gedicht entstammt Kiplings "The White Seal" aus dem The
Second Jungle Book, was es als "eine Art tieftraurige Nationalhymne der Robben" bezeichnet wird. Das Klagegedicht, das die Robben singen, wenn sie im Sommer an ihre Strände zurückkehren, erzählt von den Brutplätzen der Robben und von den Robbenjägern, die kommen, um sie zu erschlagen.


Parmi les quelques quatre-vingts mélodies pour voix et piano que Percy Grainger composa, dix-huit environ sont des compositions originales. La plupart de ces pièces sont des arrangements de chansons folkloriques dont certaines furent recueillies par le compositeur sur le terrain pendant son séjour en Angleterre au début de ce siècle (1901–1914).

A l’époque où il était encore étudiant, Grainger réalisa des arrangements de deux collections publiées: le Minstrelsy of England d’Augener et les Songs of the North de Cramer. Grainger trouva “Willow Willow” (Saule Saule) dans un autre recueil, Old English Popular Music de William Chappell. C’est le voyage que Grainger et sa mère, Rose, firent en 1900 dans les Highlands en Écosse, et en particulier à Argyll, qui enflamma l’imagination du jeune homme. Dans ses quatorze arrangements de chansons extraites des Songs of the North, on trouve la première manifestation du langage harmonique unique de Grainger. Un autre facteur important pour le développement du compositeur fut sa découverte de la poésie de Rudyard Kipling. Pour cela, nous devons remercier son père, John, qui envoya au jeune Percy un colis contenant plusieurs volumes afin de “réveiller le lion anglais qui sommeillait en lui”. Inspiré par ce qu’il lu, Grainger se mit à composer des mélodies originales sur des vers de Kipling. La première d’entre elles – son premier recueil utilisant des textes de Kipling – est “Northern Ballad” (Ballade du Nord) qu’il composa quelques semaines avant son seizième anniversaire.

La mer avait une signification toute particulière pour Grainger, et en 1908, il s’offrit l’occasion d’entendre d’authentiques chansons de marin grâce au chant de John Perring. Cela donna naissance à quelques-uns des arrangements les plus intensifs de Grainger, notamment “Shallow Brown” (Brown, le frivole). La mer est également le sujet de trois autres chansons présentées ici, à savoir “Sailor’s Chanty” (Chant de marins), “The Men of the Sea” (Les hommes de la mer) et “The Secret of the Sea” (Le secret de la mer).

aucune sélection des mélodies de Grainger
ne serait complète sans quelques-uns de ses arrangements de musique folklorique anglaise. Le présent ouvrage est en effet un ensemble de “frivolités” (originales plutôt que pour ce qu’il qualifiait de “frais”, accompagnement du piano ajoute de riches couleurs harmoniques à la ligne vocale. Après la mort de Grainger en 1961, l’intérêt porté à sa musique déclina rapidement. Grainger souhaitait que l’on se rappelle de lui pour ses compositions aussi bien que de leur valeur de cet homme aux multiples facettes. Même avec le temps, il est difficile de ne pas être impressionné par les talents de Grainger qui est contenu dans ces petits chefs-d’œuvre a au moins le mérite d’avoir sauvé son nom de l’oubli, et nous permet maintenant de commencer à apprécier la beauté de cet homme aux multiples facettes. Willow Willow (Saule, Saule) est la première mélodie folklorique que Grainger arrangea en novembre 1898. Il en publia une version révisée en 1912, et cette lamentation d’amour perdu est l’une des chansons de sa carrière de compositeur, et bien qu’il n’eût visité l’Écosse que très rarement, sa musique, sa littérature et ses “paysages de musique” eurent un profond effet sur lui. Lukannon – Grainger arrangea d’abord ce poème pour voix d’hommes a cappella en décembre 1898. Le poème provient de “The White Seal” de Kipling qui se trouve dans The Second Jungle Book où il est décrit par l’écrivain comme étant une “sorte d’hymne national des phoques, très triste”. Cette lamentation chanta par les phoques quand ils retournent l’été sur leurs plages, parle des colonies de phoques et des phoquiers qui viennent pour les massacrer.

Six Dukes Went Afishin’ (Six ducs allèrent à la pêche) fut d’abord noté d’oreille d’après le chant de George Gouldthorpe à Brigg en septembre 1905. L’arrangement enregistré ici date de 1912, et mêle la mélodie de Gouldthorpe à d’autres éléments d’une interprétation de Joseph Leaning de Barton-on-Humber que Grainger enregistra en août 1906. La mélodie de cette chanson est une variante de l’air bien connu Polly Oliver. british Waterside (Le rivage britannique) est une chanson bouffonnette de marin que Grainger recueillit auprès de Samuel Stokes à Retford Almshouses, Retford, dans le Nottinghamshire en août 1906. Elle fut arrangée pour voix et piano en septembre 1920 à New York, et offerte à la mère du compositeur comme cadeau de Noël la même année.

The Pretty Maid Milkin’ her Cow (La jolie fille rayant sa vache) est une autre chanson folklorique du Lincolnshire que Grainger recueillit auprès de George Gouldthorpe à Retford en août 1906. Elle fut arrangée pour voix et piano en septembre 1920 à New York, et offerte à la mère du compositeur comme cadeau de Noël la même année.

The Lost Lady Found (La dame perdue et retrouvée) est une mélodie populaire sur un sujet réapparaît dans de nombreuses chansons folkloriques. Lezliee Lindsay, Bonnie George Campbell (Le beau George Campbell), Drowned (Noyé), Willie’s Gone to Melville Castle (Willie est parti au château de Melville) sont tous des arrangements de chansons écossaises que Grainger trouva dans la collection Songs of the North (édité par A.C. McLeod et Harold Boulton avec des arrangements musicaux de Malcolm Lawson). Les accompagnements que Grainger réalisa pour ces chansons sont supérieurs aux arrangements de chansons folkloriques anglaises qu’il fit antérieurement, nimbant chaque pièce d’une harmonie totalement nouvelle et beaucoup plus riche. Le voyage que Grainger effectua en Écosse pendant l’été 1900 marqua le début de sa carrière de compositeur, et bien qu’il n’eût visité l’Écosse que très rarement, sa musique, sa littérature et ses “paysages de musique” eurent un profond effet sur lui. Lukannon – Grainger arrangea d’abord ce poème pour voix d’hommes a cappella en décembre 1898. Le poème provient de “The White Seal” de Kipling qui se trouve dans The Second Jungle Book où il est décrit par l’écrivain comme étant une “sorte d’hymne national des phoques, très triste”. Cette lamentation chanta par les phoques quand ils retournent l’été sur leurs plages, parle des colonies de phoques et des phoquiers qui viennent pour les massacrer.
Merciful Town (Ville miséricordieuse) provient de l'histoire *The Brushwood Boy* extraite de *The Day's Work* de Kipling. Une partie du matériel thématique de cette chanson se retrouve dans la pièce pour orchestre *Fisher's Boarding-House* (La pension de famille de Fisher) qui se fonde sur le poème de Kipling portant le même nom.

*Soldier, Soldier* (Soldat, Soldat) provient de *The Light That Failed* de Kipling, et est la plus ancien des trois versions que Grainger réalisa de ce poème. Cette mise en musique toute simple nous raconte l'histoire de la mort d'un soldat et les questions que pose l'amante de ce dernier.

*Life's Handicap* (Ville miséricordieuse) provient du chapitre huit de l'histoire de Kipling "The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin" dans *Plain Tales from the Hills*. Le titre de Kipling, pour ce poème est *Life's Handicap*. Composée en août 1899, c'est la plus brève de toutes les chansons de Grainger.

*Northern Ballad* (Ballade du Nord) provient de *The Light That Failed* de Kipling. Le titre est de Grainger, mais pour la pièce orchestrale fondée sur cette chanson, il reprit le premier vers du poème.


*Soldier, Soldier* (Soldat, Soldat) provient de *The Barrack-Room Ballads* de Kipling, et est la plus ancien des trois versions que Grainger réalisa de ce poème. Cette mise en musique toute simple nous raconte l'histoire de la mort d'un soldat et les questions que pose l'amante de ce dernier.

*Hard Hearted Barbâria* (Barbâria (H)Ellen au cœur de pierre) – Grainger nota deux versions de cette chanson en 1905 et 1906, recueillies auprès de Joseph Taylor à Brigg et James Hornsby de Crosby, près de Scunthorpe. Cependant, c'est la version d'Hornsby que Grainger utilisa quand il fit son arrangement pour voix et piano en février 1946. Dans cet arrangement, Grainger fit un large usage de rythmes irréguliers. Dans les dernières pages, l'atmosphère de l'histoire est captée d'une manière étonnante quand le "bourgeon de rose rouge" et la "verte bruyère" se précipitent vers leur enlacement au sommet de l'église. Un programme récemment découvert que Grainger écrivit pour cette chanson vaut ici la peine d'être mentionné: "Mon arrangement tente de restituer l'exultation les vers qui parlent de la mort et de l'âme de l'amant. Cependant, je ne hésite pas à traiter avec préférence que je ne partage pas, les vers qui parlent de la mort et de l'ensevelissement de Barbara (H)Ellen – comme un stade bienvenu dans le développement de la satisfaction finale que constitue l'union des amants, sous la forme d'une vie végétale, au sommet de l'église. The Secret of the Sea* (Le secret de la mer) est une autre chanson originale sur un poème de Longellow. Composée en juin 1898, cette composition tour d'une pièce est l’un des premiers exemples de l’utilisation de la gamme par tons.

*Sailor's Chanty* (Chant de marins) est une chanson originale sur un poème d’Arthur Conan Doyle qui se trouve dans sa nouvelle *Captain Sharkey*. Composée en 1901, la chanson de Grainger est de forme strophique.

*Shallow Brown* (Brown, le frivole) fut recueilli auprès du chanteur John Perring (de Dartford en Angleterre) par H.E. Pigott (du Collège Naval de Dartmouth) et Percy Grainger en janvier 1908. Perring, "un marin de haute mer", déclara que celle-ci était supposée être chantée par un homme se tenant debout sur le quai en direction de Brown pendant que son bateau levait l’ancre. Le titre de Kipling "Brown, le frivole", "à moins qu’il n’ait été frivole de cœur" ajouta-t-il. L'arrangement de Grainger pour une ou plusieurs voix et piano fut composé en 1925. Grainger écrivit: "Mon arrangement tente d'évoquer des sonorités houleuses portées par le vent que l'on peut entendre en mer."

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Traduction: Francis Marchal

Stephen Varcoe fit ses études au King's College de Cambridge. Il s'est produit en concert avec de nombreux orchestres fort célèbres tels que le BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, le Nash Ensemble, l'Orchestre de St Luke's, New York, "The English Concert et sous la direction de chefs tels que John Eliot Gardiner, Trevor Pinnock, Sigiswald Kuijken, Neville Marriner et Jean-Claude Malgoire. Parmi ses nombreux enregistrements, notons L’infedeltà delusa de Haydn, Dido and Aeneas de Purcell, Mary of Egypt de Tavern en ainsi qu'un grand nombre de disques de récitals. Ses engagements récents comprennent Apollo and Daphne de Haendel avec le St Paul Chamber Orchestra sous la direction de Richard Hickox, et la Sonata about Jerusalem de Alexander Goehr avec le Schoenberg Ensemble et Oliver Knussen.

Penelope Thwaites, une grande spécialiste de Percy Grainger, a reçu en 1991 la médaille internationale de la Percy Grainger Society, qui lui a été décernée en reconnaissance de
ses travaux. Elle a obtenu une licence de musique avec mention très bien de l'Université de Melbourne (où se trouve aussi le Musée Grainger). Au cours de sa carrière de pianiste internationale qui l’a emmenée sur cinq continents, Penelope Thwaites s’est efforcée de promouvoir les compositeurs australiens, en leur faisant une place au sein de son vaste répertoire. Les enregistrements qu’elle a effectués de la musique de Grainger pour piano seul et pour deux pianos (interprétée en compagnie de John Lavender) lui ont valu de recevoir les plus grands éloges de la presse musicale. On la retrouvera au long de cette série historique que Chandos consacré à Grainger.

La politique de Chandos qui se veut à la pointe de la technologie est à présent favorisée par le recours aux enregistrements 20-bits. La dynamique du 20-bits est largement supérieure – jusqu’à 24dB – et atteint 16 fois la résolution des enregistrements standards 16-bits. Ces perfectionnements permettront à nos auditeurs d’apprécier davantage la limpidité et la chaleur du “son Chandos”.

Stephen Varcoe
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. 

The Pretty Maid Milkin' her Cow

It was early one fine summer's mornin' When the birds sat and sung odden each bough, I heard a young damsel thus singin', Thedden as she sat milkin' her cow. She sang with a voice so melodious, Which made me scarce able to go, For my heart it was smother'd with sorrow, By the pretty maid milkin' her cow. 

Six Dukes Went Afishin'

Six Dukes went afishin' don by yon sea-saed; Won of them spied a dead body lain by the waatersaed. They won said to itch other these words, a' ve heard them sa: 'It's the Roeyull Duke of Grant'am what the tide 'as weshed awa.' They tok him up to Portsmoth, to a place where he was non [known]; From there up to London, to the place where he was born. The tok ot his bowils and stretched or his feet, and they balmed his body with roses se sweet. He no lies betwixt two towers, he no lays in cold cla. When the Roeyull Queen of Grant'am went weepin' awa. 

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 repelid [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. 

The Lost Lady Found

'Twas down in yon valley a fair maid did dwell; She lived with her uncle, they all knew fell well. 'Twas down in yon valley where violets grew gay, Three gypsies betrayed her and stole her away. Long time she'd been missin' and could not e be found. Her uncle he searched the country around Till he came to the trustee between hope and fear. The trustee made answer: 'she has not e been here.' The trustee spoke over with courage so bold: 'I fear she's been lost for the sake of her gold. So we'll have life for life, sir,' the trustee did say. 'We'll send you to prison and there you shall stay.' There was a young squire that loved her so, Oft times to the school-house together they did go: I'm afraid she's been murdered, so great is my fear; If I'd wings like a dove I would fly to my dear. He travell'd through England, through France and through Spain, Till he ventured his life on the watery main; In that same house was his own heart's delight. When she saw him she knew him and fled to his arms; He travell'd through England, through France and through Spain, Till he ventured his life on the watery main; In that same house was his own heart's delight. When she saw him she knew him and fled to his arms; He travell'd through England, through France and through Spain, Till he ventured his life on the watery main; In that same house was his own heart's delight. When she saw him she knew him and fled to his arms; He travell'd through England, through France and through Spain, Till he ventured his life on the watery main; In that same house was his own heart's delight. When she saw him she knew him and fled to his arms; He travell'd through England, through France and through Spain, Till he ventured his life on the watery main; In that same house was his own heart's delight. When she saw him she knew him and fled to his arms; He travell'd through England, through France and through Spain, Till he ventured his life on the watery main; In that same house was his own heart's delight. When she saw him she knew him and fled to his arms; He travell'd through England, through France and through Spain, Till he ventured his life on the watery main; In that same house was his own heart's delight. When she saw him she knew him and fled to his arms; He travell'd through England, through France and through Spain, Till he ventured his life on the watery main; In that same house was his own heart's delight. When she saw him she knew him and fled to his arms; He travell'd through England, through France and through Spain, Till he ventured his life on the watery main; In that same house was his own heart's delight.
'Your uncle's in England, in prison does lie, And for your sweet sake is condemned for to die,' 'Carry me to Old England, my dearest,' she cried. One thousand I'll give thee and will be your bride.' When they came to Old England, her uncle to see, The cart it was under the 'gh gallows tree. 'O pardon, oh pardon, oh pardon I crave! I'm alive! I'm alive! Your dear life to save!' Then from the high gallows they led him away; Their bells they did ring and their music did play. Ev'ry house in that valley with mirth did resound As soon as they heard the lost lady was found. La la la… (etc.) Creepin' Jane I will sing you a song, and a very pretty one concernin' Creepin' Jane, O; Why she never saw a mare or a geldin' in her life That she valued to the worth of half a pin, Lol the day de ay, the diddell ol the di do. When Creepin' Jane on the racecourse come, the gentlemen view'd her all around, O; Addend all they had to say concernin' little Jane: 'She's not able for to galop o'er the ground,' Lol the day de ay, the diddell ol the di do. Now when that they came to the second mile post Creepin' Jane she was far behind, O; Then the rider flung his whip around her bonny little neck And he said: 'My little lassie never mind,' Lol the day de ay, the diddell ol the di do. Now when that they came to the third mile post, Creepin' Jane she looked blothe and smart, O; Addend then she lifted up her little lily white foot And she flung past them all like a dart, Lol the day de ay, the diddell ol the di do. Now Creepin' Janey this race has won and 'scarrils sweats one drop, O; Why she's able for to gallop the ground o'er again, While the others is not able for to trot, Lol the day de ay, the diddell ol the di do. Now Creepin' Janey she's dead and gone, and her body lies cold in the cold ground, O; I'll go down to her master, one favor for to beg: For to keep her little body from the hounds, Lol the day de ay, the diddell ol the di do. Bold William Taylor I'll sing you a song about two lovers, O from Lichfield town she came; The young man's name was Willyum Taylor, The maaden's name was Sally Gray. No for a soldier Willyum listed, For a soldier he's gone; He's gone and left sweet lovel Sally Foer to sigh adden foer to mourn. Sally's parents that controlled 'er -- Filled 'er 'eart foll of greef and woe; And then at last she vowed an' said For a soldier she would go. She dressed herself in man's apparel, Man's apparel she put on; Adden for to seek bold Willyum Taylor, And for te seek him she 'as gone. Won day as she was exercisin', Exercisin' amongst the rest; With a silver chean hung down her waistcoat, And there he spied her lily-white breast. And then the capten he stepped up to her, Ast her what had brought her there; 'I've come te seek my own true lover, He has proved to me sovere.' 'If you've come te seek yer own true lover, Pray tell to me his name.' 'His name it is boldled Willyum Taylor, O from Lichfield town he came.' 'If his name it is bold Willyum Taylor, And he has proved to you sovere, He's got married to adden Irish lady, He got married the other yere.' Leezie Lindsay Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay? Will ye gang to the Hielands wi me? Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay? My bride and my darling to be? To gang to the Hielands wi you, sir? I dinna ken how that may be, For I ken na the land that ye live in, Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi. Leezie lassie 'tis little that ye ken, If sae be ye dinna ken me, For my name is Lord Ronald Macdonald, A chiefman o high degree. 'If you rise earli in the mornin', Early by the brek of day, There you will spy bold Willyum Taylor, Walkin' with this lady gay.' Then she rose earli in the mornin', Early by the brek of day, And there she spied bold Willyum Taylor, With his bride at his right hand. And then she called for a brace of pistols, A brace of pistols at her command, And there she shot bold Willyum Taylor, With his bride at his right hand. And then the capten he was well pleezed, Was well pleezed what she had done; And there he made her a gret comaddender Aboard of a ship, over al his men. 'If you rise earli in the mornin', Early by the brek of day, There you will spy bold Willyum Taylor, Walkin' with this lady gay.' Then she rose earli in the mornin', Early by the brek of day, And there she spied bold Willyum Taylor, With his bride at his right hand. And then she called for a brace of pistols, A brace of pistols at her command, And there she shot bold Willyum Taylor, With his bride at his right hand. 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Leezie lassie 'tis little that ye ken, If sae be ye dinna ken me, For my name is Lord Ronald Macdonald, A chiefman o high degree.
She has kilted her coats o green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she’s aff wi Lord Ronald Macdonald,
His bride and his darling to be.

Bonnie George Campbell

High upon Hufandis and laigh upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell rode out on a day.
W’ saddle and bridle sae gallant to see;
Hame cam’ his guid horse but never cam’ he.

Doun cam’ his mither dear greetin’ fu’ sair
[crying severe],
And out ran his bonnie bride ravin’ [tearing]
her hair,
‘My meadow lies green and my corn is unshorn,
My barn is to bigg and my babe is unborn.’
Saddles and bridled and booted rode he.
A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee;
But toom [empty] cam’ his saddle a’ bloodty to see,
Hame cam’ his guid horse but never cam’ he.

Drowned

No wonder my heart is sore,
No wonder the tears that I weep;
My true love I’ll see him no more,
He lies fathoms down in the deep.

O Willie’s Game to Melville Castle

O Willie’s game to Melville Castle,
Boots and spurs an’ a,
To bid the laddies a’ farewell
Before he gaed awa.’
Willie’s young and blithe and bonnie,
Laid by ane an’ a,
O what will all the lasses do
When Willie gangs awa?’
The first he met was Lady Kate,
She led him through the ha’,
And wi’ a sad and sorry heart
She loot the tear-drop fa’.
Beside the fire stood Lady Grace,
She ne’er a word ava [said],
She thocht that she was sure o’ him
Before he gaed awa.’

Lukannon

I met my mates in the morning (and oh, but I
am old!)
Where roaring on the ledges the summer
groundswell rolled.
I heard them lift the chorus that drowned the
breakers’ song,
The Beaches of Lukannon two million
voices strong!
The song of pleasant stations beside the
salt lagoons,
The song of blowing squadrons that shuffled
down the dunes.
The song of midnight dances that churned the
sea to flame
The Beaches of Lukannon before the sealers came!

Then ben [through] the house cam’ Lady Bell,
‘Gude troth ye need na craw,
Maybe the lad will fancy me,
And disappoint ye a’.’
Doun the stair tripped Lady Jean,
The flower amang them a’,
‘O lasses trust in Providence
An’ ye’ll get husbands a’.
When on his horse he rade awa’
They gathered round the door,
He gaily waved his bonnet blue,
They set up sic a roar,
Their cries, their tears brocht Willie back,
He kissed them ane an’ a,
‘O lasses bide till I come hame
And then I’ll wed ye a’.

Lukannon

I met my mates in the morning (I’ll never meet
them more!)
They came and went in legions that darkened
all the shore.
And through the foam-flecked ssing as far as
the voice could reach.
We hailed the landing parties and sang them up
the beach.
The Beaches of Lukannon the winter wheat
so tall
The dripping, crinkled lichens, the sea fog
drenching all!
The platforms of our playground, all shining
smooth and white!
The Beaches of Lukannon the home where we
were born!
I met my mates in the morning, a broken,
scattered band.
Men shoot us in the water and club us on
the land;
Men drive us to the Salt House like silly sheep
and tame,
And still we sing Lukannon before the
sealers came.
Wheel down, wheel down to southward! Oh,
Gooveroska, go!
And tell the Deep Sea Viceroys the story of
our woe;
Ere, empty as the shark’s egg the tempest
flings ashore,
The Beaches of Lukannon shall know their
sons no more!

Rudyard Kipling from ‘The Second Jungle Book’
Merciful Town

Over the edge of the purple down,
Where the single lamplight gleams,
Know ye the road to the Merciful Town
That is hard by the Sea of Dreams
Where the poor may lay their wrongs away,
And the sick may forget to weep?
But we pity us! Oh, pity us!
We wakeful; ah, pity us!
We must go back with Policeman Day
Back from the City of Sleep!
Weary they turn from the scroll
and crown,
Feeter and prayer and ploog.
They that go up to the Merciful Town,
For her gates are closing now.
It is their right in the Baths of Night
Body and soul to steep,
But we pity us! Ah, pity us!
We wakeful; oh, pity us!
We must go back with Policeman Day
Back from the City of Sleep!
Over the edge of the purple down,
Ere the tender dreams begin,
Look, we may look, at the Merciful Town,
But we may not enter in!
Outcasts all from her guarded wall
Back to our watch we creep:
We pity us! Ah, pity us!
We wakeful; ah, pity us!
We that go back with Policeman Day
Back from the City of Sleep.

Ride with an Idle Whip

Ride with an idle whip, ride with an unused heel,
But, once in a way, there will come a day
When the colt must be taught to feel
The lash that falls, and the curb that galls, and the sting of the rowelled steel.

Northern Ballad

There were three friends that buried the fourth,
The mould in his mouth and the dust in his eyes.
And they went South, and East and North,
The strong man fights but the sick man dies.
There were three friends that spoke of the dead.
The strong man fights but the sick man dies.
And would he were here with us now,
they said,
'The sun in our face and the wind in our eyes.'

The Men of the Sea

'Ye that bore us, O restore us!
She is kinder than ye;
For the call is at our heart-strings!'
Said the men of the sea.

'Soldier, Soldier

'Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Why don't you march with my true love?
We're fresh from off the ship an' 'e's maybe,
give the slip,
And you'd best go look for a new love.'

The Men of the Sea

'Ye that love us, can ye move us?
She is dearer than ye;
And your sleep will be the sweeter'
Said the men of the sea.

Oh our Fathers, in the churchyard,
She is older than ye,
And our graves will be the greener,
'Said the men of the sea.

The Light That Failed

Soldier, Soldier come from the wars,
I'll up an' tend to my true love!
'Tis lying on the dead with a bullet through 'is 'ead,
An' you'd best go look for a new love.
New love! True love!

Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Do you bring no sign from my true love?
I bring a lock of 'air that 'e allus used to wear.
An' you'd best take me for your new love.

Hard Hearted Barb'ra (H)Ellen

In Scotland I was bred adden born,
In Scotland was e my dwellin';
And there I coorted a pretty maid,
And her name was Bahbre (H)Ellen.
I coorted her for a month or two,
Thinkin' I should gan her favor;
But never to me did she prove kind,
For all the coort I paid 'er.

The City of Sleep

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Where the single lamplight gleams,
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That is hard by the Sea of Dreams
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'Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Why don't you march with my true love?
We're fresh from off the ship an' 'e's maybe,
give the slip,
And you'd best go look for a new love.'

New love! True love!

'Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
What did you see o' my true love?
'I seen 'im serve the queen in a suit o' rifle green,
And you'd best go look for a new love.'

New love! True love!

'Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Did aught take 'arm to my true love?
'I couldn't see the fight, for the smoke it lay so white
And you'd best be look for a new love.'

New love! True love!

'Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
I'll up an' tend to my true love?
E's lying on the dead with a bullet through 'is 'ead,
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And there I coorted a pretty maid,
And her name was Bahbre (H)Ellen.
I coorted her for a month or two,
Thinkin' I should gan her favor;
But never to me did she prove kind,
For all the coort I paid 'er.

Then I sent a servant to e e house,
The house that she did dwellin;
Said: 'My master want to speak with you,
If your name be Bahbre (H)Ellen.'
Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
With his hawk upon his hand,
Saw a fair and stately galley,
Steering onward to the land; –
How he heard the ancient helmsman
Chant a song so wild and clear,
That the sailing sea birds slowly
Poised upon the mast to hear,
Till his soul was full of longing,
And he cried with impulse strong,
'Helmsman! for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous song!'
'Wouldst thou', so the helmsman answered,
'Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!'
In each sail that skims the horizon,
In each landward blowing breeze,
I beheld that stately galley,
Hear those mournful melodies;
Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow from
'Sailor's Chanty'

A trader sailed from Stepney town
Wake her up! Shake her up!
Try her with the mainsail!
A trader sailed from Stepney town,
With a keg full of gold and a velvet gown:
His, the bully rover Jack,
Waiting with his yard aback,
Out upon the lowland sea!
The trader had a daughter fair,
Wake her up! Shake her up!
Try her with the foresail!
The trader had a daughter fair,
She had gold in her ears, and gold in her hair:
All for bully rover Jack,
Waiting with his yard aback,
Out upon the lowland sea!
'Alas the day, oh daughter mine!
Shake her up! Wake her up!
Try her with the topsail!
'Alas the day, oh daughter mine!
Yon red, red flag is a fearsome sign!'
Ho, the bully rover Jack,
Reaching on the weather tack,
Out upon the lowland sea!
'Another flag!' the maiden cried,
Wake her up! Shake her up!
Try her with the jibsail!
'Another flag!' the maiden cried,
'But comelier men I have never spied!'
Ho, he bully rover Jack,
Reaching on the weather tack,
Out upon the lowland sea!
Where is the trader of Stepney town?
Wake her up! Shake her up!
Ev’ry stick a-bending!
Where is the trader of Stepney town?
There's gold on the capstan, and blood on the gown:  
Ho, for bully rover Jack,  
Waiting with his yard aback,  
Out upon the lowland sea!  
Where's the maiden who knelt at his side?  
Wake her up! Shake her up!  
For'ty stitch a-drawing!  
Where's the maiden who knelt at his side?  
We gowned her in scarlet, and chose her our bride:  
Ho, the bully rover Jack,  
Reaching on the weather tack,  
Right across the lowland sea!  
So it's up and it's over to Stornoway Bay,  
Pack it on! Crack it on!  
Try her with the stunsails!  
It's off on a bowline to Stornoway Bay;  
Where the liquor is good and the lasses are gay:  
Waiting for their bully Jack,  
Watching for him sailing back,  
Right across the lowland sea.

Shallter Brown
Shaller Brown, you're goin' ter leave me,  
Shaller, Shaller Brown;  
Shaller Brown, you're goin' ter leave me,  
Shaller, Shaller Brown.  
Shaller Brown, don't ne'er deceive me,  
Shaller, Shaller Brown;  
Shaller Brown, don't ne'er deceive me,  
Shaller, Shaller Brown.  
You're goin' away accrost the ocean,  
Shaller, Shaller Brown;  
You're goin' away accrost the ocean,  
Shaller, Shaller Brown.  
You'll ever be my heart's devotion,  
Shaller, Shaller Brown;  
For your return my heart is burning,  
Shaller, Shaller Brown.  
Shaller Brown, you're goin' ter leave me,  
Shaller, Shaller Brown;  
Shaller Brown, don't ne'er deceive me,  
Shaller, Shaller Brown.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle from  
'The Voyage of Copley Banks'

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Percy Grainger (1882–1961)

Trad.
Willow Willow 3:55
Six Dukes Went Afishin' 2:19
British Waterside 1:41
The Pretty Maid Milkin' her Cow 1:22
The Lost Lady Found† 2:44
Creepin' Jane* 4:08
Bold William Taylor 3:39

- Four settings from Songs of the North*
  8:38
- Six settings of Rudyard Kipling (1865–1936)* 16:34

Trad.
Hard Hearted Barb'ra (H)Ellen 6:45
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882) 3:30
The Secret of the Sea* 3:06

Arthur Conan Doyle (1859–1930)
Sailor's Chanty* 3:06

Trad.
Shallow Brown 5:08

TT 64:50

Stephen Varcoe baritone
Penelope Thwaites piano

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