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THIS OTHER EDEN: KITTY WHATELY

A Landscape of English Poetry & Song



Joseph Middleton *piano*

Navarra Quartet

Kevin Whately

Madelaine Newton

I FOREWORD

I am so delighted to have had the opportunity to make this very personal album of some of my very favourite songs. English song is a genre in which I probably feel most comfortable and 'at home'; some of these songs have been in my repertoire since I first started singing lessons at the age of 13, others I have taken great delight in discovering during the preparation of this programme. There are settings of some of my most beloved poets, and songs that take me straight to some of my favourite places on the planet: the forests of Bedfordshire where I grew up, the rolling hills of Sussex where I spent happy years as a member of the Glyndebourne chorus, the coasts of Northumberland where I spent childhood holidays, and Suffolk coasts and 'wilds' of Scotland where my partner and daughter and I now spend our holidays. I am so lucky that I get to travel a lot and see some beautiful countries. But I am a home girl at heart, and this disc is an ode not just to my beloved British countryside, but to our wonderful wealth of British poets and composers.

I had a fantastic time working with Joseph Middleton on this album. His playing is stunning, and we work really well together – striking a good balance of hard work, enthusiasm, passion, and silly humour and mutual love of food. We tried to pick a varied programme, contrasting the pretty, simple and folk-like pastoral songs with more dramatic and poignant pieces. Madelaine and Kevin and I looked for poems which



complemented the songs they would be programmed alongside, with some of darker mood to balance the more cheerful and patriotic songs.

I am so grateful to Mary and David Bowerman, and all at Champs Hill Records, for giving me this fantastic experience and for welcoming us into their home during the recording week. To the superb Navarra Quartet for their hard work and wonderful enthusiasm during the recording of this disc. To Nigel Short and David Rowell, and of course Joseph Middleton for working so hard with such attention to detail and patience. I'm so grateful to my parents, not only for their beautiful contribution to this programme, but for their unending support for me throughout my training and now my career as a singer. To my singing teacher, Tim Evans Jones, for so much help and support and guidance since we began working together in 2009. And to Anthony, who supports me endlessly in my neurotic and workaholic ways.

As my debut disc, I felt it was important to make something that really means something to me personally. A celebration of this beautiful genre, and of the landscape of my home country, collaborating with my parents, and featuring photographs of my daughter, Ivy, couldn't be more meaningful to me. My family and I will treasure this disc and the unforgettable experiences we had making it together, forever.

TRACK LISTING

THIS OTHER EDEN

- | | | |
|----------------------------|---|-------|
| 1 | READING: RICHARD II, ACT 2 SCENE 1 'THIS SCEPTRE'D ISLE' (KW)
William Shakespeare (1564–1616) | 00'50 |
| 2 | EARTH'S CALL John Ireland (1879–1962) | 05'24 |
| 3 | MY OWN COUNTRY Peter Warlock (1894–1930) | 02.27 |
| 4 | POEM: ENGLAND (MN) Walter de la Mare (1873–1956) | 00'53 |
| 5 | I WILL GO WITH MY FATHER A-PLOUGHING Roger Quilter (1877–1953)
(with Magnus Johnston ~ violin and Brian O'Kane ~ cello) | 02'21 |
| FORESTS AND GARDENS | | |
| 6 | POEM: IN HILLY-WOOD (KW) John Clare (1793–1864) | 00'58 |
| 7 | THE SALLEY GARDENS Ivor Gurney (1890–1937) | 02'23 |
| 8 | WE'LL TO THE WOODS NO MORE Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)
(with Magnus Johnston ~ violin) | 01'42 |
| 9 | POEM: THE PEACE OF WILD THINGS (MN) Wendell Berry (1934–) | 00'51 |
| 10 | KING DAVID Herbert Howells (1892–1983) | 05'02 |
| 11 | POEM: THE DARKLING THRUSH (MN) Thomas Hardy (1840–1928) | 01'37 |
| 12 | LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI Charles Villiers Stanford (1852–1924) | 06'06 |

MEADOWS AND FIELDS

- | | | |
|----|--|-------|
| 13 | SILENT NOON Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958) | 04'05 |
| 14 | POEM: THE LAMBS OF GRASMERE (MN) Christina Rossetti (1830–1894) | 01'43 |
| 15 | A GREEN CORNFIELD Michael Head (1900–1976) | 02'17 |
| 16 | SPRING WILL NOT WAIT (piano solo) (KW) John Ireland (1879–1962) | 03'58 |
| 17 | POEM: ALDESTROP (KW) Edward Thomas (1878–1917) | 00'55 |
| 18 | THE FIELDS ARE FULL Ivor Gurney (1890–1937) | 01'37 |

WILDS OF SCOTLAND

- | | | |
|------------------------|--|-------|
| 19 | LADY MACBETH: A SCENA Joseph Horovitz (1926–) | 08'31 |
| 20 | I WISH AND I WISH Roger Quilter (1877–1953)
(with Magnus Johnston ~ violin and Brian O'Kane ~ cello) | 02'14 |
| 21 | POEM: INTO MY HEART AN AIR THAT KILLS (KW) A. E. Housman | 00'30 |
| 22 | THE CHILDREN James MacMillan (1959–) | 06'51 |
| COASTS AND SEAS | | |
| 23 | POEM: O STAY AT HOME MY LAD AND PLOUGH (KW) A. E. Housman | 00'31 |
| 24 | FOLK SONG: MA BONNY LAD | 01'11 |
| 25 | POEM: THE SWIMMERS (MN) Louis Untermeyer (1885–1977) | 00'45 |
| 26 | EARLY MORNING BATHE (piano solo) Benjamin Britten (1913–1976) | 02'32 |
| 27 | THE ESTUARY Michael Head (1900–1976) | 04'40 |
| 28 | POEM: SEA FEVER (KW) John Masefield (1878–1967) | 01'07 |
| 29 | DOVER BEACH (with Navarra Quartet) Samuel Barber (1910–1981) | 07'52 |

(KW) Kevin Whately

(MN) Madelaine Newton

Total playing time: 81'53

Produced by Nigel Short

Engineered, Mixed and Mastered by Dave Rowell

Recorded on 7th–10th July 2014 in the Music Room, Champs Hill, West Sussex, UK

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I THIS OTHER EDEN

Edward Thomas died on the first day of the Battle of Arras in April 1917, his life ended by the shockwaves of an exploding shell. Almost three years earlier the Anglo-Welsh poet expressed the precious essence of peace within the sublime tranquillity of an English country scene. *Adelstrop*, just sixteen lines long, evokes for many a timeless world, a Cotswold Eden barely touched, like Thoreau's *Walden*, by modernity beyond its railway line. *Adelstrop* for one moment appears as the centre of the universe. And perhaps it is, a mythical place like Shakespeare's Scepter'd Isle, the 'blue remembered hills' of Housman's Shropshire or Hardy's Wessex, the idyllic Ireland of Joseph Campbell's *I wish and I wish* or the seashore at Dover long ago.

The pain of longing for home, of true not sentimental nostalgia, deep seated in the art of the British Isles, permeates this album's exquisite programme of poetry and song. So too do consoling thoughts of nature and the lived experience of being in nature, resting in 'the peace of wild things who do not tax their lives with forethought of grief'. Both strands interweave in Walter de la Mare's *England* and Hilaire Belloc's *My own country*, the latter's emotional nuances and thoughts of home richly illuminated by the harmonies of Peter Warlock's setting.

Material possessions and personal status are not honoured here; rather it is the transcendent beauty of a bird's song, the gift of springtime renewal, the shared stuff of common humanity – of life, love and death – that imprint their mark on the listener's soul. These say the poets are what give life its meaning, intangible yet precious reminders of the individual's connection to something bigger than self. The matter's heart rests in the still silence of John Clare's *In Hilly-Wood*, where the only sounds 'that on peace intrude/ Come from the chattering cricket, bird, and bee'. Its pulse beats, too, in Dante Gabriel Rossetti's sonnet *Silent Noon*, where the poet seeks to protect the perfect moment from passing time. Vaughan Williams's setting, the second of six songs published in 1903 in his *The House of Life*, unfolds

the 'wing'd hour ... dropt ... from above' in music that itself sounds destined to last forever, 'still as the hourglass'.

Vaughan Williams adopts a different stance to time in *We'll to the woods no more*, from his Housman cycle, *Along the Field*, bidding a sad farewell to a moment that can never be repeated. The song's folk-like idiom and rhapsodic violin descant cast their haunting spell over Housman's hymn to a vanished world. The idyll of rural life also surfaces in Roger Quilter's settings of Joseph Campbell's *I wish and I wish* and *I will go with my father a-ploughing*, originally scored for voice and piano trio and first published in *Three Pastoral Songs* in 1921, and in the folksong style of Ivor Gurney's *The Salley Gardens*. William Butler Yeats's fluent verse, based on what the poet described as 'an old song resung', is harnessed by Gurney to the most gentle of melodies.

John Ruskin's call for artists 'to go to nature' was heeded by Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his fellow Pre-Raphaelites. Rossetti's sister Christina, while not formally a member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, influenced its work as artist's model and poet. *A Green Cornfield*, so tenderly set to music by Michael Head, celebrates the power of the present moment and the value of attending to the transient sights and sounds of an ordinary country scene. The same may be said for *The Lambs of Grasmere*, its shepherds and meek flocks 'worthy of recording words', there to be remembered with reverence for a lifetime. Memory is likewise never far from mind in the verse of A. E. Housman. John Ireland's settings of the poet's work include *Hawthorn Time*, completed in 1919. Eight years later he took one of its lines, *Spring will not wait the loiterer's time*, as the title and epigraph for the long piano postlude to his last collection of Housman songs, *We'll to the woods no more*.

Beyond nostalgia born of impermanence, there are other strong themes at work in *The Other Eden*. *The Darkling Thrush*, written just before the last century's dawn, suggests that the inevitability of change and decay may contain the seeds of hope,

planted there to revive 'the ancient pulse of germ and birth'. Hardy's guarded optimism would soon be tested to destruction, mired in Flanders mud and later hijacked to serve the cause of brutal dictators and anti-human ideologies. And yet hope flickers in so many of the songs on this album, hope for peace and hope for eternal values of beauty and truth. It stands proud in *The fields are full*, one of many fine songs written by Ivor Gurney in the fruitful post-war years following his initial recovery from shellshock, and there too in John Ireland's *Earth's Call*, crafted in 1918, a year of battles fought with malevolent intensity over the Western Front's wilderness. Both works dwell far from life's harsh realities. *The fields are full* contemplates the profound beauty of 'some old couple', ripe like summer fields; *Earth's Call*, meanwhile, evokes an atmosphere rich in spiritual mysticism and charged with sexual passion. Ireland projects the pastoral imagery of Harold Monro's sonnet and its ecstatic response to nature into what the composer called *A Sylvan Rhapsody*, sensuous and expansive in mood.

Monro's *Poetry Bookshop* promoted the interests and influence of the so-called 'Georgian' poets, Walter de la Mare prominent among them. Herbert Howells, from a humble family raised on the edge of the Forest of Dean, and de la Mare, son of a high-ranking Bank of England official, became close friends. The poet considered *King David* of 1919, one of the composer's finest songs, to be the perfect setting. Howells connects with the spirit of English folksong to tell the story of the biblical king's unbidden melancholy. The little scene, intense and unwavering in its concentration, moves from lament, through reflection on heartfelt sorrow to the transcendence of suffering.

John Keats's ballad *La belle dame sans merci*, written under the shadow of the illness that would soon bring his life to an early close, appears to contain little hope. But even here, 'on the cold hillside', the poet offers the prospect of peace from earthly suffering. Stanford's setting echoes the style of Schubert's *Erlkönig*,



strikingly so in its description of the knight's horrific dream of death-pale warriors. Horrors of the mind's making course through Joseph Horowitz's *Lady Macbeth: A Scena*. The composer, who arrived in England with his family in 1938 as a refugee from Nazi Vienna, assembled its libretto from the speeches of Lady Macbeth. The work, commissioned for the Bergen Festival in 1970, as Horovitz explains, 'is intended to portray the development of [Lady Macbeth], from early aspirations to grandeur, to later power and finally to guilt and madness. The implication is that the *Scena* begins after Lady Macbeth has read the report of Macbeth's victory at the start of the play.' The peace of William Soutar's mind was disturbed by reports from another conflict, the Spanish Civil War. *The Children*, already set by Benjamin Britten to music of searing intensity, attracted James MacMillan in the mid-1990s. The Scottish composer notes that his setting, in the simplicity of its vocal line, 'is reminiscent of a child's song. As it progresses repetitively, the sparse piano accompaniment provides a more threatening contrast to the song's basic innocence and tranquillity.'

The silver sea surrounding Shakespeare's sceptre'd isle, volatile and not to be trusted yet often generously giving in nature, has proved an infinite source of poetic inspiration. Its shoreline can stand as metaphor for the world between life and death; in Matthew Arnold's *Dover Beach*, it was once girdled by the *Sea of Faith* and is now left exposed by the ebbing tide of religious certainty. Samuel Barber's setting for voice and string quartet, written in the spring of 1931, heightens the melancholy of Arnold's verse and reinforces the Victorian poet's 'high serious tone', notably so in the work's heart-breaking central section, *Sophocles long ago / Heard it on the Aegean*. Ruth Pitter's *The Estuary* finds joy in the safe return of a big ship to the harbour's fold, 'Rolling along the fair deep channel she knows'. Michael Head's setting complements Pitter's

exquisite imagery, opening and closing in tranquil calm and coursing with energy in its contrasting central section.

Louis Untermeyer's *The Swimmers*, first published in the July 1915 of the *Yale Review*, explores the conceit of one man's momentary sense of mastery over nature, an arrogance dispelled in the complete poem when a drowned man's body is pulled from the water. *Ma bonny lad*, the Northumbrian folksong's subject, has also been lost to the sea, 'his grave ... green, but not wi grass'. The tide's power is present again in *Sea Fever*, where its 'wild call' proves irresistible to the sailor personified in John Masefield's poem, and is implicit in Housman's *O stay at home my lad and plough*, where the sea flows as the highway that leads soldiers to their graves in distant lands. Young Ben Britten's earliest memories were shaped by the sea at Lowestoft, its constantly changing nature framed by the seafront windows of his childhood home. *Early morning bathe*, part of the *Holiday Diary* of 1934, reflects the young composer's passion for swimming, from the first shivers of entering the water to the delight of full immersion and self-propelled progress through the waves, perhaps a metaphor for life itself?

Andrew Stewart

I KITTY WHATELY *mezzo soprano*

Kitty Whately, a BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artist for the 2013–15 scheme and an HSBC Laureate for the Aix-en-Provence Festival, trained at Chetham's School of Music, the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, and the Royal College of Music International Opera School. She was the winner of the Kathleen Ferrier Award 2011, and won the 59th Royal Over-Seas League Award for Singers in 2011 and was also a finalist at the Les Azuriales International Singing Competition 2010. She has sung at the Aix-en-Provence Festival in Vasco Mendonça's *The House Taken Over* (world premiere) directed by Katie Mitchell, which toured in Antwerp and Strasbourg, Bruges, Luxembourg and Lisbon, at the English National Opera in Vaughan Williams' *The Pilgrim's Progress* under Martyn Brabbins, Opera Holland Park for Rosina *Barber of Seville*, and at Opéra National de Lorraine as Kate *Owen Wingrave*. She has also played Ippolita and Pallade in Cavalli's *Elena* (co-production with Aix-en-Provence Festival) in Montpellier and Versailles, Nancy *Albert Herring* with the BBC Symphony Orchestra, English Touring Opera for Dorabella *Così fan tutte* and critically acclaimed performances as Rosina *Barber of Seville*. She has also appeared in the prestigious Verbier Festival Academy as Cherubino *Le nozze di Figaro*, and later returned for masterclasses with Thomas Quasthoff, and a Beethoven concert under Charles Dutoit.

On the concert platform, engagements have include Chansons d'Auvergne and Duruflé Requiem with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, *Dream of Gerontius* at St John's, Smith Square, *Messiah* at the Royal Albert Hall, Mozart Requiem with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Beethoven Mass in C with the Philharmonia, songs from Rodgers and Hammerstein, Jerome Kern and Cole Porter with the BBC Concert Orchestra, Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with Ulster Orchestra



and Bach B minor Mass with Scottish Chamber Orchestra and Christmas Concerts at the Verbier Festival and in Norway.

An outstanding interpreter of songs, Kitty Whately has been invited to give recitals at the Edinburgh International Festival, Oxford Lieder Festival, Wigmore Hall, the Elgar Room (RAH), Leeds Lieder, Buxton Festival and Leighton House. She works with international accompanists such as Roger Vignoles, Graham Johnson, Malcolm Martineau, Gary Matthewman, James Baillieu and Joseph Middleton.

Her appearances as a young artist include Cherubino and Dorabella for RCMIOS, *Kate Owen Wingrave* for Nuremberg International Chamber Music Festival, and Edith in Arne's *Alfred* for the Classical Opera Company. She has also sung cover roles in the world premiere of Péter Eötvös' *Love and Other Demons* for Glyndebourne Festival Opera, and Idamante *Idomeneo* for Buxton Festival Opera.

www.kittywhately.com

JOSEPH MIDDLETON *piano*

Pianist Joseph Middleton specialises in the art of song accompaniment and chamber music and has been highly acclaimed within this field. Described in the *BBC Music Magazine* as 'one of the brightest stars in the world of song and Lieder', he has also been labelled as 'the cream of the new generation' by *The Times*. He performs and records with many of the world's finest singers in major music centres across Europe and North America.

Joseph appears at major music centres including New York's Alice Tully Hall (Lincoln Center), the Vienna Konzerthaus, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Cologne Philharmonie, Luxembourg Philharmonie, Toronto Koerner Hall, Vancouver Chan Centre, San Francisco Nourse Theatre and London's Wigmore Hall, Royal Opera House and Royal Festival Hall. He is a regular guest at festivals in Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh, Brighton, Cheltenham, City of London, Edinburgh, Oxford Lieder, Ravinia, Three Choirs, Toronto, Vancouver and West Cork. Joseph has a special relationship with the BBC through his work with their New Generation Artists Scheme and as such has made numerous live broadcasts of solo, chamber and song repertoire for BBC Radio 3, including twice being invited to curate his own week-long series of lunchtime concerts. His discography includes *Elgar in Sussex* with Dame Felicity Lott, a recital CD with Amanda Roocroft (both Champs Hill Records), 'Fleurs' with Carolyn Sampson (BIS Records), a CD of Spanish Songs with Clara Mouriz (Sonimage Classics) and the lieder of Ludwig Thuille with Sophie Bevan and Jennifer Johnston (Champs Hill Records CHRCD063).

Joseph has enjoyed concerts with internationally established singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Felicity Lott, Sarah Connolly, Christopher Maltman, John Mark Ainsley, Mark Padmore, Joan Rodgers, Amanda Roocroft, Carolyn Sampson, Ann Murray, Lucy Crowe, Wolfgang Holzmair, Iestyn Davies, Christiane Karg, Katarina Karnéus, Jonathan Lemalu, Matthew Rose, Toby Spence, Ailish Tynan and Roderick Williams. He regularly collaborates with rising stars from the younger generation and in 2012 he formed the Myrthen Ensemble to further explore the song

repertoire with regular duo partners Sophie Bevan, Clara Mouriz, Allan Clayton and Marcus Farnsworth.

Highlights include appearances at: New York's Alice Tully Hall with Sarah Connolly; Vienna's Konzerthaus, in San Francisco and at the Bath Mozart and Brighton festivals with Christopher Maltman; a UK tour of Winterreise with Sir Thomas Allen; a recording project for BIS with Carolyn Sampson and recitals with her in Munich, Freiburg and Amsterdam's Concertgebouw; appearances at the Amsterdam Concertgebouw and Wigmore Hall with Katarina Karnéus; with Christiane Karg, a tour of South America, and recitals in Germany, Austria and the Luxembourg Philharmonie; and a Duparc series for BBC Radio 3 with John Mark Ainsley, Lisa Milne, Anna Stéphany and Renata Pokupic.

Born in Gloucestershire, Joseph graduated with an MPhil from the University of Birmingham before studying piano on an EMI Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music. His competitive successes include the Accompaniment Prizes of the Wigmore Hall International Song, Kathleen Ferrier, Richard Tauber, Royal Over-Seas League and Geoffrey Parsons Memorial Awards. In Germany he won the 'Best Lied-Pianist Prize' at the International Schubert Competition LiedDuo.

www.josephmiddleton.com



photograph : Sussie Ahlburg



photograph: Sussie Ahlburg

I NAVARRA QUARTET

Magnus Johnston *violin I* **Marije Ploemacher** *violin II*
Simone van der Giessen *viola* **Brian O’Kane** *cello*

Since its formation in 2002, the Navarra Quartet has built an international reputation as one of the most dynamic and poetic string quartets of today. Selected for representation by the Young Classical Artists Trust (YCAT) from 2006 to 2010, they have been awarded the MIDEM Classique Young Artist Award, a Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship, a Musica Viva tour and prizes at the Banff, Melbourne and Florence International String Quartet competitions.

The Navarra Quartet has appeared at major venues throughout the world including the Wigmore Hall, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Luxembourg Philharmonie, Berlin Konzerthaus, and international festivals such as Bath, Grachten, Sandviken, Schwetzingen, Rheingau, Mecklenburg-Vorpommern, Huntingdon (Australia), Aix-en-Provence, Bellerive and the BBC Proms. Further afield they have given concerts in Russia, the USA and the Middle East and have been broadcast on BBC Radio 3, RAI 3 (Italy), Radio 4 (Holland), SWR (Germany), Radio Luxembourg and ABC Classic FM (Australia). The Quartet has collaborated with artists such as Li-Wei, Guy Johnston, Mark Padmore, Allan Clayton, Francesco Piemontesi, John O’Conor, Jack Liebeck, Simone Young and the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain.



Highly-acclaimed recordings include Haydn’s *The Seven Last Words* for Altara Records and a disc of Peteris Vasks’ first three String Quartets for Challenge Records, which they recorded whilst working closely with the composer himself. The recording was described by critics as “stunning”, “sensational” and “compelling”, and was nominated for the prestigious German Schallplattenkritik Award.

www.navarra.co.uk

KEVIN WHATELY

Kevin Whately is one of Britain's best loved actors and is well known for his portrayal of Neville in several series of *Auf Wiedersehen Pet* and for his role as Robbie Lewis in both *Morse* and then latterly his own series *Lewis*.

Theatre credits include Herbie in *Gypsy* (Chichester), Uncle Peck in *How I Learned to Drive* (Donmar), Ray Lucas in *Snake in the Grass* (Old Vic), Juror 8 in *Twelve Angry Men* (Bristol Old Vic and Comedy Theatre), Daines in *Our Own Kind* (Bush), John Proctor in *The Crucible* and Blackmore in *The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd* (Haymarket, Leicester), Tony Lumpkin in *She Stoops to Conquer* (Oxford Playhouse), Prince Hal in *Henry IV* (Newcastle), Phil in *Bad Language* (Hampstead Theatre), Elvis in *Operation Elvis* (Tricycle), Andy in *Accounts* (Edinburgh and Riverside Studios), and seasons at Perth, Stoke, Worcester and Newcastle.



photograph : Ric Bacon

Television includes *Lewis*, (8 series) *Inspector George Gently*, *Joe Maddison's War*, *Who Do You Think You Are?*, *The Children, Who Gets the Dog*, *Footprints in the Snow*, *Dad*, *Auf Wiedersehen Pet* (4 series) *Belonging*, *Tamworth Two*, *Promoted to Glory*, *Plain Jane*, *Inspector Morse* (7 series & 4 single films), *What Katy Did*, *Pure Wickedness*, *The Broker's Man* (2 series), *Gobble*, *Trip Trap*, *Peak Practice* (3 series), *Skallagrigg*, *B&B*, *Night Voice*, *A Murder is Announced*, *Shackleton*, *The Dig* and *Fair Stood the Wind for France*.

Films include *Silent Cry*, *Purely Belter*, *Return of the Soldier* and *The English Patient*.

MADELAINE NEWTON

Madelaine Newton began her acting career in 1972 as a Founder Member of the acclaimed Live Theatre Company in Newcastle on Tyne devising and performing numerous productions in the North East. After three years she moved into television and played leading roles in the hugely successful series *When The Boat Comes In*, *The Spoils of War* and *Auf Weidersehen Pet* and *Firm Friends*. Guest appearances followed in long running popular series; *Coronation Street*, *Grange Hill*, *Peak Practice*, *Portrait of a Marriage*, *Inspector Morse* and many more.

TV films include *Squire* by Tom Pickard, *Wild Geese* by Robert Holman, *Play for Today* produced by Richard Eyre, Alan Plater's final work *Joe Maddison's War*, and two Catherine Cookson film adaptations *Cinder Path* and *Tilly Trotter*.

Other theatre work include national tours of *And a Nightingale Sang* and *The Memory of Water*. The award-winning *Accounts* at The Traverse Theatre in Edinburgh and London Riverside Studios, *Wishbones* at The Bush Theatre and *Turns at The Red Lion* in Islington. She also toured Newfoundland and Nova Scotia with Two C's Theatre Company playing the leading roles in *The Sound of Murder* and *The Secretary Bird*.

Madelaine studied poetry in Oxford with Professor Stephen Regan, and contributed to study modules on *The Sonnet* for the Open University Arts Foundation Course, as well as many readings in various settings, including Ely Cathedral, The Three Choirs Festival in Worcester, and St Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin.



photograph : Paul Ransome



I TEXTS

1 **Richard II, Act 2 Scene 1** **This Scepter'd Isle**

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

*This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England,*

2 **Earth's Call**

Harold Monro (1879-1932)

*The fresh air moves like water round a boat.
The white clouds wander. Let us wander too.
The whining, wavering plover flap and float.
That crow is flying after that cuckoo.
Look! Look! ... they're gone. What are the
great trees calling?
Just come a little farther, by that edge
Of green, to where the stormy ploughland, falling
Wave upon wave, is lapping to the hedge.
Oh, what a lovely bank! Give me your hand.
Lie down and press your heart against
the ground.
Let us both listen till we understand
Each through the other, every natural sound ...
I can't hear anything today, can you,
But, far and near: "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"*

3 **My Own Country**

Hilaire Belloc (1870-1953)

*I shall go without companions,
And with nothing in my hand;
I shall pass through many places
That I cannot understand –
Until I come to my own country,
Which is a pleasant land!*

*The trees that grow in my own country
Are the beech tree and the yew;
Many stand together and some stand few.
In the month of May in my own country
All the woods are new.*

*When I get to my own country
I shall lie down and sleep;
I shall watch in the valleys
The long flocks of sheep.
And then I shall dream, for ever and all,
A good dream and deep.*

- 4 **England**
Walter de la Mare (1873-1956)
*No lovelier hills than thine have laid
My tired thoughts to rest:
No peace of lovelier valleys made
Like peace within my breast.
Thine are the woods whereto my soul,
Out of the noontide beam,
Flees for a refuge green and cool
And tranquil as a dream.
Thy breaking seas like trumpets peal;
Thy clouds – how oft have I
Watched their bright towers of silence steal
Into infinity!
My heart within me faults to roam
In thought even far from thee:
Thine be the grave where to I come,
And thine my darkness be.*
- 5 **I will go with my father a-ploughing**
Joseph Campbell (1879-1944)
*I will go with my father a-ploughing
To the green field by the sea,
And the rooks and the crows and the seagulls
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the patient horses
With the lark in the shine of the air,
And my father will sing the plough-song
That blesses the cleaving share.
I will go with my father a-sowing
To the red field by the sea,
And the rooks and the gulls and the starlings
Will come flocking after me.*
- 6 **In Hilly Wood**
John Clare (1793-1864)
*How sweet to be thus nestling deep in boughs,
Upon an ashen stoven pillowing me;
Faintly are heard the ploughmen at their ploughs,
But not an eye can find its way to see.
The sunbeams scarce molest me with a smile,
So thick the leafy armies gather round;
And where they do the breeze blows cool the while,
Their leafy shadows dancing on the ground
Full many a flower, too, wishing to be seen,
Perks up its head the hiding grass between –
In mid-wood silence, thus, how sweet to be,
Where all the noises, that on peace intrude,
Come from the chattering cricket, bird, and bee
Whose songs have charms to sweeten solitude.*
- 7 **The Salley Gardens**
William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)
*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 life easy, as the leaves grow
on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would
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.*
- 8 **We'll to the woods no more**
A. E. Housman (1859-1936)
*We'll to the Woods no more
The laurels all are cut,
The bowers are bare of bay
That once the Muses wore.
The year draws in the day
And soon will evening shut:
The laurels all are cut
We'll to the woods no more.
Oh, we'll no more, no more
To the leafy woods away,
To the high wild woods of laurel
And the bowers of bay no more.*
- 9 **The Peace of Wild Things**
Wendell Berry (1934-)
*When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's
lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the
great heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.
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- 10 **King David**
Walter de la Mare (1873-1956)
*King David was a sorrowful man:
No cause for his sorrow had he;
And he called for the music of a hundred harps,
To ease his melancholy.
They played till they all fell silent:
Played and play sweet did they;
But the sorrow that haunted the heart of King David
They could not charm away.
He rose; and in his garden
Walked by the moon alone,
A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree,
Jargoned on and on.*

King David lifted his sad eyes
Into the dark-boughed tree –
“Tell me, thou little bird that singest,
Who taught my grief to thee?”

But the bird in no-wise heeded;
And the king in the cool of the moon
Hearkened to the nightingale's sorrowfulness,
Till all his own was gone.

11 **The Darkling Thrush**

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

I leant upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-grey,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted night
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

12 **La belle dame sans merci**

John Keats (1795-1821)

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So lone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful – a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said –
“I love thee true.”

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lull'd me asleep,
And there I dream'd –
Ah! woe betide! The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried – “La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!”

I saw their starved lips in the gloom,
With horrid warning gaping wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

13 **Silent Noon**

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
The finger-points look through like
rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture
gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the
hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hourglass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the
dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from
the sky: -
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for
deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

14 **The Lambs of Grasmere**

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

*Their shepherds scarce could feed the lambs
Whose milkless mothers butted them,
Or who were orphaned of their dams.
The lambs athirst for mother's milk
Filled all the place with piteous sounds:
Their mothers' bones made white for miles
The pastureless wet pasture grounds.
Day after day, night after night,
From lamb to lamb the shepherds went,
With teapots for the bleating mouths
Instead of nature's nourishment.
The little shivering gaping things
Soon knew the step that brought them aid,
And fondled the protecting hand,
And rubbed it with a woolly head.
Then, as the days waxed on to weeks,
It was a pretty sight to see
These lambs with frisky heads and tails
Skipping and leaping on the lea,
Bleating in tender, trustful tones,
Resting on rocky crag or mound.
And following the beloved feet
That once had sought for them and found.
These very shepherds of their flocks,
These loving lambs so meek to please,
Are worthy of recording words
And honour in their due degrees:
So I might live a hundred years,
And roam from strand to foreign strand,
Yet not forget this flooded spring
And scarce-saved lambs of Westmoreland*

15 **A Green Cornfield**

Christina Rossetti

*The earth was green, the sky was blue:
I saw and heard one sunny morn
A skylark hang between the two,
A singing speck above the corn; ...
The cornfield stretch'd a tender green
To right and left beside my walks;
I knew he had a nest unseen
Some where among the million stalks:
And as I paus'd to hear his song
While swift the sunny moments slid,
Perhaps his mate sat list'ning long,
And listen'd longer than I did.*

16 **Spring will not wait (excerpt)**

A. E. Housman

*...Spring will not wait the loiterer's time
Who keeps so long away...*



17 **Aldestrop**

Edward Thomas (1878-1917)

*Yes. I remember Adlestrop –
The name, because one afternoon
Of heat the express-train drew up there
Unwontedly. It was late June.*

*The steam hissed. Someone cleared his throat.
No one left and no one came
On the bare platform. What I saw
Was Adlestrop—only the name*

*And willows, willow-herb, and grass,
And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry,
No whit less still and lonely fair
Than the high cloudlets in the sky.*

*And for that minute a blackbird sang
Close by, and round him, mistier,
Farther and farther, all the birds
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.*

18 **The Fields are Full**

Edward Shanks (1892-1953)

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

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

19 **Lady Macbeth: A Scena**

William Shakespeare

Act II, Scene 5

*Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet I do fear
thy nature;*

*It is too full of the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst
be great;*

*Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou
wouldst highly,*

*That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not
play false,*

And yet wouldst wrongly win...

Hie thee hither,

*That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem*

To have thee crown'd withal...

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

Thy letters have transported me beyond

This ignorant present, and I feel now

The future in the instant.

Act II, Scene 2:

He is about it:

*The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores:*

I have drugg'd their possets,

*That death and nature do contend
about them,*

Whether they live or die...

I laid their daggers ready;

He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done't...

*Why did you bring these daggers from
the place?*

*They must lie there: go carry them;
and smear*

The sleepy grooms with blood...

Infirm of purpose!

*Give me the daggers: the sleeping and
the dead*

Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood

That fears a painted devil.

*If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of
the grooms withal;*

For it must seem their guilt.

Act V Scene 1:

Out, damned spot! out, I say! —

*One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do't. —
Hell is murky! —Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier,
and afeard?*

*What need we fear who knows it, when none
can call our power to account? ...*

*No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you
mar all with this starting... Here's the smell of
the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will
not sweeten this little hand.*

Oh, oh, oh! ...

*Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look
not so pale.*

*I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot
come out on's grave...*

To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate.

*Come, come, give me your hand. What's done
cannot be undone.*

To bed, to bed, to bed!

- 20 **I wish and I wish**
Joseph Campbell (1879-1944)

*I wish and I wish
And I wish I were
A golden bee
In the blue of the air,
Winging my way
At the mouth of day
To the honey-marges
Of Loch-ciuin-ban;
Or a little green drake,
Or a silver swan,
Floating upon
The Stream of Aili,
And I to be swimming
Gaily, gaily!*

*I wish and I wish
And I wish I could be
A bud on a branch
Of the red-thorn tree
That blows at the head
Of Blanaid's Bed,
And sheds a petal
At every breath;
Or a white milestone
On the shining path
That climbs the cairn
And dips the hollow,
Up to the hills of bright Maghmeala.*

*If wishes were fairies
I would not stay,
But they would wile
My soul away;
And peace would creep
Into my sleep
As soft as a dream
At evenfall,
When the crickets sing
And the curlews call;
And 'tis I would wake
For no new morrow
On the grey round
Of this world of sorrow!*

- 21 **Into my heart an air that kills**
A. E. Housman

*Into my heart an air that kills
From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?
That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highwath where I went
And cannot come again.*

- 22 **The Children**
William Soutar (1898-1943)

*Upon the street they lie
Beside the broken stone:
The blood of children stares from the
broken stone.*

*Death came out of the sky
In the bright afternoon:
Darkness slanted over the bright afternoon.*

*Again the sky is clear
But upon earth a stain:
The earth is darkened with a darkening stain:*

*A wound which everywhere
Corrupts the hearts of men:
The blood of children corrupts the hearts
of men.*

*Silence is in the air:
The stars move to their places:
Silent and serene the stars move to
their places:*

- 23 **O stay at home my lad and plough**
A. E. Housman

*Oh stay at home, my lad, and plough
The land and not the sea,
And leave the soldiers at their drill,
And all about the idle hill
Shepherd your sheep with me.
Oh stay with company and mirth
And daylight and the air;
Too full already is the grave
Of fellows that were good and brave
And died because they were.*

- 24 **Ma Bonny Lad**
Anon

*Have ye seen owt o my bonnie lad,
and are ye sure he's vveel, oh?
He's gone ower land
wiv his stick in his hand,
he's gyen to moor the keel, O!
Yes, aa'v seen yor bonny lad,
'twas on the sea aa spied him,
his grave is green, but not wi grass,
and thou't never lie aside him.*

25 **The Swimmers**

Louis Untermeyer (1885-1977)

Then the swift plunge into the cool green dark, the windy waters rushing past me, through me; Filled with the sense of some heroic lark, exulting in a vigor clean and roomy.

Swiftly I rose to meet the feline sea... Pitting against a cold turbulent strife, The feverish intensity of life...

Out of the foam I lurched and rode the wave Swimming hand over hand, over hand, against the wind;

I felt the sea's vain pounding, and I grinned knowing I was its master, not its slave.

27 **The Estuary**

Ruth Pitter (1897-1992)

Light, stillness and peace lie on the broad sands, On the salt-marshes the sleep of the afternoon.

The sky's immaculate; the horizon stands Steadfast, level and clear over the dune.

There are the voices of children, musical and thin

Not far, not near, there in the sandy hills; As the light begins to wane, so the tide comes in,

The shallow creek at our feet silently fills:

And silently, like sleep to the weary mind, Silently, like evening after day, The big ship bears inshore with the inshore wind,

Changes her course, and comes on up through the bay,

Rolling along the fair deep channel she knows,

Surging along, right on top of the tide.

I can see the flowery wreath of foam at the bows,

The long bright wash streaming away from her side:

I can see the flashing gulls that follow her in, Screaming and tumbling, like children wildly at play,

The sea-born crescent arising, pallid and thin, The flat safe twilight shore shelving away.

Whether remembered or dreamed, read of or told,

So it has dwelt with me, so it shall dwell with me ever:

The brave ship coming home like a lamb to the fold,

Home with the tide into the mighty river.

28 **Sea Fever**

John Masefield (1887-1967)

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky, And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by, And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking, And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied; And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying, And the flung spray and the blown spume and the seagulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life, To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife; And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover, And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

29 **Dover Beach**

Matthew Arnold (1822-1888)

The sea is calm tonight. The tide is full, the moon lies fair Upon the straits; on the French coast the light Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,

Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay. Come to the window, sweet is the night-air! Only, from the long line of spray Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land, Listen! you hear the grating roar Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling, At their return, up the high strand, Begin, and cease, and then again begin, With tremulous cadence slow, and bring The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow Of human misery; we Find also in the sound a thought, Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled. But now I only hear Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar, Retreating, to the breath Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true To one another! for the world, which seems To lie before us like a land of dreams, So various, so beautiful, so new, Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light, Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain; And we are here as on a darkling plain Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight, Where ignorant armies clash by night