



**Roger  
QUILTER**

**Complete Folk-Song  
Arrangements**

**Complete Part-Songs  
for Women's Voices**

**Amanda Pitt, Soprano**

**Joanne Thomas, Mezzo-Soprano**

**Philip Langridge, Tenor**

**David Wilson-Johnson, Baritone**

**David Owen Norris, Piano**

## Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

### Complete Folk-Song Arrangements

### Complete Part-Songs for Women's Voices

### Three Songs from 'Love at the Inn'

In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries it seemed that every English composer wrote songs, and the result was a particularly rich musical legacy. Parry, Stanford, M.V. White, Elgar, Woodforde-Finden, Lehmann, Somervell, Vaughan Williams, Quilter, Ireland, Bax, Butterworth, Gurney, Howells, and Warlock were but a handful of those who, whether or not song-writing was their normal *métier*, made memorable contributions to the art-song repertoire. There are those who disparage the composer who only writes songs, and does not attempt large-scale works, but this ignores the special gift of writing the miniature, a form in which everything is exposed and in which every detail matters. It was a form in which Roger Quilter excelled and for which he is best known: his songs, rooted in the sound of the Victorian drawing-room ballad, are elegant, refined, often private, always exquisite.

Quilter was born in 1877 into a wealthy upper-class family. His father, Sir Cuthbert Quilter, had an 8,000 acre estate at Bawdsey in Suffolk, and took the attitude, usual for the time, of regarding music as merely a fashionable accomplishment. As a young man, Quilter himself to an extent lived the life of a typical Edwardian gentleman, visiting friends and social acquaintances at their country houses, and sightseeing around Europe. In spite of his father's disapproval, however, he determined to go his own way, and a year or so after leaving Eton, he went to the Frankfurt Conservatory to study the piano. He also began to study composition privately with Ivan Knorr, who taught many of the English-speaking students, amongst them Cyril Scott, Balfour Gardiner, Norman O'Neill and Percy Grainger; the five together became known as the Frankfurt Group, an informal group of like-minded composers. Quilter found Knorr a hard task-master, but was grateful for the rigorous training,

and his earliest songs were published in 1897, while still at Frankfurt.

Quilter did not draw on English folk-song as a musical resource in the way that Vaughan Williams and others did, but he was very well aware of the heritage, and said, of setting folk-songs, that it is 'one of the most delicate and dangerous undertakings: but occasionally people have a genius for it, such as Percy Grainger': he had great admiration for his friend's ability to do so. Despite the danger, he himself arranged a variety of songs, calling them 'old popular songs' or just 'old songs'; he had a way of presenting them simply and without undue embellishment, but with inimitably Quilter-esque accompaniments. Five, dedicated to singers and friends, were published in 1921, *Drink to me only*, *Over the Mountains*, *Barbara Allen*, *Three Poor Mariners* and *The Jolly Miller*. Many years later he began working on more arrangements for his favourite nephew, Arnold Vivian, his sister Norah's son, who often sang his songs and whose gentle personality was much in sympathy with his own. When Arnold went to serve with the Grenadier Guards in 1942, Quilter began to compile sixteen songs, including the five from 1921, into an album for him to sing on his return. In 1943 Arnold was captured in Tunisia, and a few months later he and his friend, Lord Brabourne, escaped from a train while being transported to Germany from an Italian prisoner-of-war camp; on being recaptured, they were immediately executed. The news did not reach Quilter until after the war had ended; it completely devastated him, and the album, *The Arnold Book of Old Songs*, thus became an epitaph, each song dedicated to Arnold's memory.

*The Arnold Book* assembles English, Scottish, Irish, French and Welsh songs, the countries providing the framework for the programme on this recording.

The songs range from the dramatic, the descriptive (as in the piano mimicking the pipe and drone in *Charlie is my Darling*), and the hearty and rollicking, to the fickle, the delicate (*L'amour de moi*, more delicate than Vaughan Williams's setting), the wistful, and the poignant. In 1942 Quilter collaborated with the Irish poet John Irvine on a duet version of *My Lady Greensleeves*: it preceded his more familiar solo version and is the one heard here. In these extraordinarily inventive arrangements Quilter raises the artless simplicity of the originals to the level of art-song.

There were other arrangements besides those intended for Arnold: Quilter took Harry Burleigh's arrangement of *I got a robe* and arranged it further for Marian Anderson, the black American contralto, for her début recital at the Wigmore Hall in London in 1928. Quilter's voice, harp and string quartet arrangement of *St Valentine's Day*, from d'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth*, is now lost but his piano reduction survives. *The Rose of Tralee* is the well-known melody by C. W. Glover; and the manuscript of *What will you do, love* is marked 'For Arnold'; to Samuel Lover's melody there were originally three verses, but here Quilter simply, and tellingly, repeats the words of the first verse. It is a very personal setting, as is *The Ash Grove*, the last in the *Arnold* book, whose words are not the usual ones, but were specially written by Rodney Bennett, with whom Quilter collaborated on his light opera.

The original opera, *The Blue Boar*, was never performed in its entirety, though a shortened version was broadcast by the BBC in 1933. *Little Moth* and the waltz *Love Calls through the Summer Night*, its glorious Viennese lilt in the same vein as the waltz song from German's *Tom Jones*, were both in it, and survived into the revised versions. *Julia*, performed in full in a short season at Covent Garden in 1936, and *Love at the Inn*, the only published version. *If Love Should Pass me by*, a sweetly melancholy song, was certainly in these two later versions. Quilter loved light music, music that

simply entertained, and all three songs have a sure but delicate touch.

Quilter wrote part-songs throughout his life. Those for women's voices (they are variously for two-part choirs or two single voices, and all are accompanied) date from his middle years onwards, and although unpretentious, they can be deceptive, an occasional sinister undercurrent in the text, as especially in *The Passing Bell*, giving an edge to what might otherwise seem superficial. The texts are usually by his contemporaries, but the words for *Summer Sunset* were Quilter's own: *Romney Marsh* was a pseudonym, a private joke between him and Arnold, and *My Heart Adorned with Thee*, this one arranged specifically for a male and a female voice, from the solo song, uses Quilter's translation of a text by Friedrich Bodenstedt who used the alias Mirza Schaffy. Four other duets were arranged from their solo versions: *Weep You No More* from *Seven Elizabethan Lyrics*, and *Daisies after Rain*, which have distinct differences from their originals, (and both versions of the latter are included here), *Blossom-Time* and *Where go the Boats* from *Four Child Songs*. *It was a Lover and his Lass* was first a duet, written for Lillian Baylis's 1921 production of *As You Like It* at the Old Vic, and was then adapted as a solo song. All the songs are a delight, and some are particularly effective: Quilter's sparkling setting of *Windy Nights*, for example, is arguably more vivid than Stanford's better known version.

Many of these songs are unknown; they are innocent, and infused with freshness and beauty. Here at last is a chance to hear another aspect of Quilter's inimitable art.

**Valerie Langfield**

Valerie Langfield is the author of *Roger Quilter, his life and music* (Boydell and Brewer, 2002)

## Amanda Pitt

The soprano Amanda Pitt studied at the Royal Academy of Music in London. Since graduating, she has proved her versatility in a wide repertoire from opera to contemporary music. She has performed at many major London venues and European festivals, has sung works by Birtwistle, George Benjamin, Ferneyhough, Goehr, Harvey, Knussen, and Colin Matthews, and worked with James Wood, London Sinfonietta, New Music Players, and Sinfonia 21. Critically acclaimed recordings include music by Lili Boulanger and Janáček for Hyperion and Ruth Crawford Seeger for Deutsche Grammophon. In opera, she has worked for Stowe Opera and Bampton Classical Opera. She regularly gives recitals with David Owen Norris.

## Joanne Thomas

Joanne Thomas studied at the Royal Welsh College of Music and Drama and the Royal Academy of Music with Beatrice Unsworth, and represented Wales in Cardiff Singer of the World 2001. Her extensive opera experience includes the rôles of Mme Larina in *Eugene Onegin* and the Witch and Mother in *Hänsel und Gretel* for Welsh National Opera. Recital work has included collaboration with the Songmakers' Almanac at the Wigmore Hall, St David's Hall recitals in Cardiff, and a BBC Radio 3 broadcast from the 2001 Fishguard Festival, where she gave the first performance of Rhian Samuels' *Ancient Songs*. She has worked for many years with the distinguished pianist Graham Johnson, performing in Lieder recitals in Germany and Vancouver. Other notable performances include broadcasts of Berlioz's *Les nuits d'été* and Elgar's *Sea Pictures* with the BBC National Orchestra of Wales.

## Philip Langridge

Philip Langridge was born in Kent and studied at the Royal Academy of Music in London. He is one of the world's most distinguished singers, whose musical and dramatic qualities ensure that he is in constant demand throughout Europe, the United States and Japan. In recognition of these qualities, he was made a Commander of the British Empire in the Queen's Birthday Honours of 1994. He has also received a number of other awards, including the prestigious Olivier Award for *Osud*, the Singer of the Year Award from the Royal Philharmonic Society and The Worshipful Company of Musicians' Santay Award. He was awarded the NFMS/Charles Groves Prize 2001 for his outstanding contribution to British Music. His remarkable versatility and command of a wide variety of styles is reflected in his extensive discography, ranging from the early classical period to the present day. These recordings have gained him two Grammy Awards (*Moses und Aron*, and *Peter Grimes*), the Gramophone Award (*War Requiem*) and a Classic CD Award (*The Turn of the Screw*). On video he can be seen in *Peter Grimes*, *Billy Budd*, *Idomeneo*, *La Clemenza di Tito*, *From the House of the Dead*, *Wozzeck*, *Oberon*, *Jenůfa* and *Oedipus Rex*, which won the Classical Music Award. International festivals and opera houses with which he is particularly closely associated include Salzburg, the Metropolitan Opera New York, La Scala, Milan, Bayerische Staatsoper, Munich, the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, Glyndebourne, Edinburgh, and the English National Opera. In concert Philip Langridge has worked with the world's leading conductors including Abbado, Barenboim, Gergiev, Haitink, Harnoncourt, Levine, Ozawa, Previn, Rattle and Solti, and appeared with the world's major orchestras.

## David Wilson Johnson

David Wilson-Johnson read Modern Languages at Cambridge University and studied singing at the Royal Academy of Music. He sang many rôles at Covent Garden over 21 years, and in Brussels, Geneva, Madrid, Turin, Paris, Rome and Salzburg. He now enjoys a particularly happy relationship with Netherlands Opera. Recordings include *Winterreise* with David Owen Norris and over a hundred recordings of music of all periods and styles. His happiest concerts have been with the world's finest orchestras and conductors, Atherton, Boulez, Bruggen, Colin Davis, Dutoit, Giulini, Jansons, Järvi, Mackerras, Masur, Montgomery, Previn, Rattle and Rozhdestvensky. His recent rôles have included those of King Priam in Tippett's opera, Merlin in the opera by Albéniz, *The Nose* by Shostakovich and *Saint François d'Assise* by Messiaen.

## David Owen Norris

David Owen Norris studied in Oxford, London and Paris. He was répétiteur at the Royal Opera House, harpist at the Royal Shakespeare Company, Artistic Director of Festivals in Cardiff and Petworth, Chairman of the Steans Institute for Singers in Chicago, and the Gresham Professor of Music in London. He is frequently heard as a radio broadcaster; his many series have included *The Works, But I know what I like* and *All the Rage*, and he presented the drive-time show *In Tune* for several years. His main work has always been playing the piano, both as a soloist and as partner to such artists as Dame Janet Baker, Jean-Pierre Rampal, Larry Adler and Ernst Kovacic. In 1991 an American foundation appointed him the very first Gilmore Artist, after a long search amongst the world's finest solo pianists. This award has led to a busy international solo career, concertos with the Chicago and Detroit Symphony Orchestras and the Handel & Haydn Society in Boston (amongst many other North American orchestras), the Philharmonia, the Academy of Ancient Music, and several of the BBC's orchestras, including three appearances at the Proms, and solo recitals all over North America and Australia, and in every European country from Hungary westward. He is a Professor at the Royal College of Music, and Head of Keyboard at the University of Southampton. His recent CDs include première recordings of Elgar's *Piano Concerto*, the complete solo piano music of Elgar, Dyson and Quilter, *The World's First Piano Concertos on Square Piano* with Monica Huggett and *Sonnerie*, and *London Pride* with Catherine Bott.

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## The Arnold Book of Old Songs: English songs

### 1 Drink to me only with thine eyes

*(Ben Jonson 1573-1637)*

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss within the cup  
And I'll not ask for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honouring thee,  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not withered be.  
But thou thereon didst only breathe  
And sent'st it back to me;  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself but thee.

### 2 Over the mountains

*(Percy's Reliques)*

Over the mountains  
And over the waves,  
Under the fountains  
And under the graves,  
Under floods that are deepest  
Which Neptune obey,  
Over rocks that are steepest,  
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place  
For the glow-worm to lie,  
Where there is no space  
For receipt of a fly:  
Where the midge dare not venture  
Lest herself fast she lay,  
If Love come he will enter

And will find out the way.

Some think to lose him  
Or have him confined.  
Some do suppose him,  
Poor thing, to be blind;  
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
Do the best that ye may,  
Blind Love, if so ye call him,  
Soon will find out his way.

You may train the eagle  
To stoop to your fist,  
Or you may inveigle  
The phoenix of the East.  
The lioness you may move her  
To get o'er her prey,  
But you'll ne'er stop a lover,  
Love shall find out the way.

### 3 My Lady Greensleeves

*(John Irvine 1903-1964)*

Oh who is fair as she is fair  
And who can such a grace possess!  
The rose itself could but compare  
Nor rob her of her comeliness.

Come love be all my joy,  
Thou alone art my delight.  
Come love be my heart of gold  
And who but my Lady Greensleeves.

Oh who is sweet as she is sweet  
Above all things that mortals prize:  
I'd lay a kingdom at her feet  
Nor seek a richer merchandise.

Come love be all my joy  
Thou alone art my delight,  
Come love be my heart of gold,  
And who but my Lady Greensleeves.

Oh who is rare as she is rare  
And who is such a charming maid.  
The lute shall tell her my despair  
And fill with song the myrtle shade.

Come love be all my joy  
Thou alone art my delight,  
Come love be my heart of gold,  
And who but my Lady Greensleeves.

Oh who is kind as she is kind  
Whose gentle heart could ne'er betray!  
If Argus prove himself but blind  
Yet she would have my constancy.

Come love be all my joy  
Thou alone art my delight,  
Come love be my heart of gold,  
And who but my Lady Greensleeves.

#### ④ Three Songs from *Love at the Inn*

##### **Little Moth**

*(Rodney Bennett 1890-1948)*

When a maiden goes a-wooing,  
And her feet incline to roam,  
It may well be her undoing;  
She were wise to stay at home.  
Ah! Love is a lighted candle,  
And the maiden a moth flitting by;  
But go too near,  
Poor pretty dear,  
She may fall in that flame and die!

Little maiden, mark my story  
And take warning while you may,  
Should you flutter anigh that candle bright,  
Oh! turn in your airy, fairy flight,  
And fly little moth, away.

#### ⑤ **Love calls through the summer night** *(Rodney Bennett)*

Far in the darkness a nightingale is singing  
Singing his love and sorrow to the moon;  
Lost in the branches, the nightwind, winging,  
Wakens the leaves to a low sweet tune.

Oh have I heard them, nights unending,  
Heard them and loved them and gone my way;  
Now with their passion a new note is blending,  
Born of their beauty, but more than they.

Love calls through the summer night,  
Love sings with a strange delight,  
Calls our young hearts to find his way,  
Let him lead us where'er he may.  
Dear heart, shall he call in vain,  
When ne'er he may ask again?  
Ah! love, wherever you lead us,  
We follow the roadway of dreams tonight.

Swift to the dawn the enchanted hours are flying,  
Bringing the time of waking all soon.  
Songs will be hushed, and the love-light, dying,  
Pass with the stars and the waning moon.

Come as it may with tears or laughter,  
Bring as it will either rose or rue.  
Why should we care for what may come after?  
Still for a while, only dreams are true.

Love calls through the summer night,  
Love sings with a strange delight,  
Calls our young hearts to find his way,  
Let him lead us where'er he may.  
Dear heart, shall he call in vain,  
When ne'er he may ask again?  
Ah! Love, together wherever you lead us,  
We follow the wonderful roadway of dreams.

Follow, come follow, love of my heart tonight.

**6 If Love should pass me by**  
(Rodney Bennett)

One morning very early  
At the bud of the day,  
I heard a maiden singing,  
And this she did say:  
"Love may be false,  
And free of heart am I.  
I'll say no word to him, heigh-ho!  
So, Love, go pass me by."

As homeward she was going  
At the close of the day,  
Again I heard her singing,  
And this did she say:  
"Love may be false,  
Yet sad of heart am I...  
He may be false, and yet, heigh-ho!  
If Love should pass me by!"

**7 The Rose of Tralee**  
(E. Mordaunt Spencer; melody by C. W. Glover)

The pale moon was rising above the green  
mountains,  
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea,  
When I strayed with my love to the pure crystal  
fountain  
That stands in beautiful vale of Tralee;  
She was lovely and fair as the rose of the summer  
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me;  
Oh, no! 'Twas the truth in her eye ever dawning  
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

The cool shades of ev'ning their mantle were  
spreading  
And Mary was smiling and list'ning to me.  
The moon through the valley her pale rays was  
shedding,  
When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.  
Though lovely and fair as the rose of the summer,

Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me;  
Oh, no! 'Twas the truth in her eye ever dawning,  
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

**The Arnold Book of Old Songs: Irish Songs**

**8 Believe me, if all those endearing young charms**  
(Thomas Moore 1779-1852)

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms  
Which I gaze on so fondly today,  
Were to change by tomorrow,  
And fleet in my arms,  
Like fairy gifts fading away,  
Thou would'st still be ador'd, as this moment thou  
art,  
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart  
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,  
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,  
To which time will but make thee more dear:  
No the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sunflow'r turns on her god, when he sets,  
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

**9 Oh! 'tis sweet to think**  
(Thomas Moore)

Oh! 'tis sweet to think that where'er we rove,  
We are sure to find something blissful and dear;  
And that when we're far from the lips we love,  
We have but to make love to the lips we are near!  
The heart like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,  
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,  
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing  
It can twine with itself,  
And make closely its own.

Then oh! what pleasure,  
Where'er we rove,  
To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear,  
And to know, when far from the lips we love,  
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,  
To make light of the rest,  
If the rose is not there;  
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,  
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.  
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike;  
They are both of them bright,  
But they're changeable too:  
And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,  
It will tincture love's plume with a different hue.

Then oh! what pleasure,  
Where'er we rove,  
To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear,  
And to know, when far from the lips we love,  
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

#### **Duets: Four Part-Songs for Women's Voices**

##### **10 Come Lady-Day** *(May Pemberton)*

When the snow is off the mountains  
Come Lady-Day, come Lady-Day!  
And merrily flow the fountains  
Come Lady-Day, come Lady-Day!

I'll deck me with a string o' pearls,  
A silken mesh upon my curls,  
For Love will come to me,  
On Lady-Day, on Lady-Day!

When the daffodils are dancing  
Come Lady-Day, come Lady-Day!  
With the sunlight on them glancing  
Come Lady-Day, come Lady-Day!

I'll take a honeycake so fine,  
A golden cup of sparkling wine,  
And go to meet my Love  
On Lady-Day, on Lady-Day!

##### **11 The Starlings** *(Charles Kingsley 1819-1875)*

Early in springtime, on raw and windy mornings,  
Beneath the freezing house-eaves I heard the  
starlings sing.  
"Ah! dreary March month, is this then a time for  
building wearily?  
Sad, sad to think that the year is but begun."

Late in the autumn, on still and cloudless ev'nings,  
Among the golden reed-beds I heard the starlings  
sing.  
"Ah! that sweet March month, when we and our  
mates were courting merrily,  
Sad, sad to think that the year is all but done."

##### **12 To a Harebell by a Graveside** *(George Darley 1795-1846)*

Pretty flower, mourn for me:  
I'd rather hear thee sigh  
Than friends that counterfeit a grief  
They feel no more than I.

Pretty flower, mourn for me:  
I'd rather have thy tear  
Than all a hypocritic world  
Could waste upon my bier.

Pretty flower, mourn for me:  
And, dirger's time to save,  
Hang down thy little passing bell  
And ring me, ring me to my grave.

**13 It was a lover and his lass**  
(*Shakespeare 1564-1616*)

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho,  
And a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho,  
And a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho,  
And a hey nonino,  
How that life was but a flow'r  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho,  
And a hey nonino,  
For love is crownéd with the prime  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

**The Arnold Book of Old Songs: Scottish Songs**

**14 Ye banks and braes**  
(*Robert Burns 1759-1796*)

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!

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

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

**15 Charlie is my darling**  
(*Anonymous*)

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

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

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

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

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

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads

And claymores bright and clear,  
They cam' to fight for Charlie  
And the young chevalier.

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

**16 Ca' the yowes to the knowes**  
(Burns)

Ca' the yowes to the knowes  
Ca' them whaur the heather grows,  
Ca' them whaur the burnie rows,  
My bonnie dearie.

Hark, the mavis evening sang,  
Sounding Cluden's woods amang;  
Then a faulding let us gang,  
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
Thou hast stol'n my very heart;  
I can die but canna part,  
My bonnie dearie.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes  
Ca' them whaur the heather grows,  
Ca' them whaur the burnie rows,  
My bonnie dearie.

**Duets: Three Part-Songs for Women's Voices**

**17 Where Go the Boats?**  
(Robert Louis Stevenson 1850-1894)

Dark brown is the river,  
Golden is the sand.  
It flows along for ever,  
With trees on either hand.  
Green leaves a-floating,

Castles of the foam,  
Boats of mine a-boating  
Where will all come home?

On goes the river  
And out past the mill,  
Away down the valley,  
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,  
A hundred miles or more,  
Other little children  
Shall bring my boats ashore.

**18 Windy Nights**  
(Robert Louis Stevenson)

Whenever the moon and stars are set,  
Whenever the wind is high,  
All night long in the dark and wet,  
A man goes riding by.  
Late in the night when the fires are out,  
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,  
And ships are toss'd at sea,  
By, on the highway, low and loud,  
By at the gallop goes he.  
By at the gallop he goes and then  
By he comes back at the gallop again.

**19 Summer Sunset**  
(Romney Marsh [Roger Quilter 1877-1953])

Silver flows the river,  
Golden gleams the sky;  
Lovely day of summer,  
You must bid goodbye.

Don a veil of silver,  
Crown your head with gold,

Ere the night has fallen  
Deep and dark, and cold.

Dying day of summer,  
Lay you gently down  
With your shroud of silver  
And your golden crown.

### The Arnold Book of Old Songs: French Songs

#### 20 Le pauvre laboureur (Anonymous)

Le pauvre laboureur  
Il a bien du malheur.  
Du jour de sa naissance  
L'est déjà malheureux.  
Qu'il pleuv', qu'il tonn', qu'il vente,  
Qu'il fasse mauvais temps,  
L'on voit toujours sans cesse  
Le laboureur aux champs.

Le pauvre laboureur  
L'a deux petits enfants;  
Les mène à la charrue,  
N'ont pas encor' quinze ans.  
Qu'il pleuv', qu'il tonn', qu'il vente,  
Qu'il fasse mauvais temps,  
L'on voit toujours sans cesse  
Le laboureur aux champs.

Le pauvre laboureur  
Il est toujours chantant;  
Quand il est à la charrue  
Il est toujours content.  
Il n'est ni roi, ni prince,  
Ni ducque, ni seigneur,  
Qui n'vive de la peine  
Du pauvre laboureur.

#### The Man Behind the Plough (Translated by Rodney Bennett)

The man behind the plough,  
He has trouble and to spare.  
From the cradle to the grave  
Heavy burden must he bear.  
Come rain, come wind, come tempest,  
No matter when or how,  
His toil must be unceasing,  
The man behind the plough.

The man behind the plough,  
He has barns to call his own;  
Must breed them to his trade,  
Some are babes and some half grown.  
Come rain, come wind, come thunder,  
No matter when or how,  
His life is toil and labour,  
The man behind the plough.

The man behind the plough,  
He will sing the time along;  
As he guides the cleaving share  
Never is the day an hour too long.  
No prince, nor duke, nor lordling,  
Nor king with crown on brow  
But lives upon his labour,  
The man behind the plough.

**21 L'amour de moi***(Anonymous)*

L'amour de moi  
 S'y est enclose  
 Dedans un joli jardinet.  
 Où croît la rose et le muguet,  
 Et aussi fait la passerosse.

Ce jardin est bel et plaisant,  
 Il est garni de toutes fleurs.  
 On y prend son ébattement,  
 Autant la nuit comme le jour.

Hélas! il n'est si douce chose  
 Que de ce doux rossignolet  
 Qui chante au soir, au matin  
 Quand il est las, il se repose.

Je la vis l'autre jour cueillir  
 La violette en un vert pré.  
 La plus belle qu'onc que je vis,  
 Et la plus plaisante à mon gré.

Je l'ai regardée une pose;  
 Elle était blanche comme lait,  
 Et douce comme un agneau,  
 Vermeille et fraîche comme rose.

**22 Joli mois de mai***(Anonymous)*

Aime-moi, bergère, et je t'aimerai.  
 Ne sois point légère,  
 Je ne le serai.  
 Ah! que l'amour est gai,  
 Le joli mois de mai!

Mon coeur et ma vie  
 Je te donnerai;  
 Jamais d'autre amie

**My Lady's Garden***(Translated by Rodney Bennett)*

There is a garden that all sweets encloses,  
 Where my love is wont to stray;  
 There blow the fairest flow'rs of May  
 And, lovelier yet, soft damask roses.

There by her side among the flow'rs  
 Would I might pass the days of June,  
 Fleeting the careless summer hours,  
 Whether by night or by noon.

Happy the nightingale that haunts its closes,  
 Telling his love as best he may:  
 Freely he sings both night and day,  
 And then at last in peace reposes.

Fairer than blossom red or white,  
 Lily or violet wet with dew,  
 No flow'r that blooms the summer through  
 Half so fair is to my sight.

I saw her gath'ring matchless posies;  
 Yet were they not so sweet as she.  
 Would that my fortune were to be  
 As dear to her as are the roses.

**Pretty Month of May***(Anon.)*

Will you love me, pretty one  
 As I love thee?  
 I'll be true and loving  
 If you're true to me.  
 Ah! love is sweet and gay,  
 The pretty month of May!

Now, my own, my dearest,  
 You have all my heart;  
 We will love for ever,

Je ne servirai.  
Ah! que l'amour est gai,  
Le joli mois de mai!

Nevermore to part.  
Ah! love is sweet and gay,  
The pretty month of May!

**23 & 27 Daisies after Rain**

*(Judith Bickel)*

The daisy stars are swaying lakes,  
When sunshine follows rain,  
They move like fairies in a mist,  
Shaking fair heads, again.

Rose petals fall, the poppies bend,  
Knowing their hour is done;  
But daisies lift their shining eyes,  
And laugh, up to the sun.

**Duets**

**24 My heart adorn'd with thee**

*(Mirza Schaffy [Friedrich Bodenstedt 1819-92], trans. Quilter)*

My heart adorn'd with thee  
Is like the Heavens when the sun is bright;  
Thou giv'st it light,  
And without thee,  
Deep fall the shadows of the night.

E'en as the Earth her beauty hides  
When murky darkness round her steals,  
And only with the laughing sun  
All her rich glory she reveals.

**25 The Passing Bell**

*(Winnifred Tasker)*

'Tis the Passing Bell of Spring,  
Hear it safely slowly swinging!  
Sudden echoes downward flinging,  
Like a strange, enchanted song

Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong.  
'Twas but yesterday she fled  
From the rosebuds green and red,  
Left her curling bracken bed.  
Fled away in very fear,  
For the Stranger-guest was near.

Yesterday she was a-maying;  
Now the bell is swinging swaying  
Now a fairy dirge is playing  
Down soft valleys like a song  
Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong.

**26 Blossom-Time**

*(Nora Hopper 1871-1906)*

Blossom on the plum,  
Wild wind and merry;  
Leaves upon the cherry  
And one swallow come.

Red windy dawn,  
Swift rain and sunny;  
Wild bees seeking honey,  
Crocus on the lawn,  
Blossom on the plum.

Grass begins to grow,  
Dandelions come;  
Snowdrops haste to go  
After last month's snow,  
Rough winds beat and blow.

**28 Weep you no more**

*(Anonymous)*

Weep you no more, sad fountains;  
What need you flow so fast?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heav'n's sun doth gently waste!  
But my Sun's heav'nly eyes

View not your weeping,  
That now lies sleeping,  
Softly now softly lies  
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,  
A rest that peace begets;  
Doth not the sun rise smiling  
When fair at even he sets?  
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!  
Melt not in weeping,  
While she lies sleeping,  
Softly now softly lies  
Sleeping.

**29 I gotta robe**

*(Negro spiritual)*

I got a robe,  
You got a robe,  
All of God's children got a robe.  
When I get to Heav'n goin' to put on my robe,  
goin' to shout all over God's Heav'n,  
(Ev'rybody talkin' 'bout Heav'n ain't goin' there!)

I got a shoes,  
You got a shoes,  
All of God's children got a shoes.  
When I get to Heav'n goin' to put on my shoes,  
goin' to walk all over God's Heav'n,  
(Ev'rybody talkin' 'bout Heav'n ain't goin' there!)

I got a harp,  
You got a harp,  
All of God's children got a harp.  
When I get to Heav'n goin' to play on my harp  
goin' to play all over God's Heav'n,  
(Ev'rybody talkin' 'bout Heav'n ain't goin' there!)

**30 'Tis St Valentine's Day**  
(Words from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*)

Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,  
All in the morning time,  
And I a maid at your window  
To be your Valentine.

**31 What will you do, love?**  
(Melody by Samuel Lover 1797-1868)

"What will you do, love, when I am going,  
With white sails flowing, the seas beyond?  
What will you do, love, when waves divide us,  
And friends may chide us for being fond?"  
"Though waves divide us and friends be chiding,  
In faith abiding I'll still be true,  
And I'll pray for you on the stormy ocean,  
In deep devotion that's what I'll do!"

**The Arnold Book of Old Songs:  
English and Welsh Songs**

**32 The Jolly Miller**  
(Anonymous)

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

I love my mill, she is to me  
Both parent, child and wife;  
I would not change my station for  
Another one in life.  
Then push, push, push the bowl, my boys,  
And pass it round to me;

The longer we sit here and drink  
The merrier we shall be.

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

**33 Barbara Allen**  
(Traditional)

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

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

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

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

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

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,  
And shun the fault I fell in;

Henceforth take warning by the fall  
Of cruel Barb'ra Allen."

**34 Three Poor Mariners**

*(Anonymous)*

O we be three poor Mariners,  
Newly come from the seas,  
We spend our lives in jeopardy,  
While others live at ease.

So we'll go dance the round, the round, the round,  
So we'll go dance the round,  
And he that is a bully, bully boy,  
Come pledge me on the ground, the ground, the  
ground.

We care not for those martial men  
That do our states disdain,  
But we care for those marchant men  
Who do our states maintain.

So we'll go dance the round, the round, the round,  
So we'll go dance the round,  
And he that is a bully, bully boy,  
Come pledge me on the ground, the ground, the  
ground!  
Come pledge me on the ground.

**35 Since first I saw your face**

*(Anonymous, melody by Ford)*

Since first I saw your face I resolv'd to honour and  
renown you:  
If now I be disdain'd I wish my heart had never  
known you;  
What I that lov'd and you that lik'd,  
Shall we begin to wrangle?  
No, no, no, my heart is fast  
And cannot disentangle.  
If I admire or praise you too much

That fault you may forgive me;  
Or if my hands had stray'd to touch,  
Then justly might you leave me.  
I ask'd you leave, you bade me love,  
Is't now a time to chide me?  
No, no, no, I'll love you still,  
What fortune e'er betide me.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are,  
Rejecteth no beholder,  
And your sweet beauty past compare made my  
poor eyes the bolder.  
Where beauty moves and wit delights,  
And signs of kindness bind me,  
There, o there, where'er I go,  
I'll leave my heart behind me!

**36 The Ash Grove**

*(Rodney Bennett)*

Away in the shadows a lone bird is singing,  
The wind whispers low in a sighing refrain;  
Their music makes memory's voices go winging:  
The Ash Grove in beauty I see once again;  
The voices of friends that the long years have  
taken,  
Oh faintly I hear them, the song and the word.  
How much in the heart can so little awaken:  
The wind in the leaves and the song of a bird!

How little we knew, as we laughed there so lightly,  
And time seemed to us to stretch endless away,  
The hopes that then shone like a vision so brightly  
Could fade as a dream at the coming of day!  
And still, spite of sorrow, where'er I remember,  
My thoughts will return like a bird to the nest,  
No matter though summer may wane to December,  
And there in the Ash Grove my heart be at rest.

**The Arnold Book of Old Songs: English Songs**

- ① Drink to me only DWJ 2:44  
 ② Over the mountains AP 2:24  
 ③ My Lady Greensleeves \* JT, AP 3:35

**From *Love at the Inn***

- ④ Little Moth \* AP 1:30  
 ⑤ Love calls through the summer night AP, PL 4:43  
 ⑥ If Love should pass me by \* AP 2:02

**Irish Song:**

- ⑦ The Rose of Tralee \* PL 2:33

**The Arnold Book of Old Songs: Irish Songs**

- ⑧ Believe me, if all those endearing young charms DWJ 1:38  
 ⑨ Oh! 'tis sweet to think DWJ 1:34

**Duets: Four Part-Songs for Women's Voices**

- ⑩ Come Lady-Day \* JT, AP 1:46  
 ⑪ The Starlings \* JT, AP 1:42  
 ⑫ To a Harebell by a Graveside \* JT, AP 1:38  
 ⑬ It was a lover and his lass JT, AP 2:33

**The Arnold Book of Old Songs: Scottish Songs**

- ⑭ Ye banks and braes AP 3:01  
 ⑮ Charlie is my darling AP 1:34  
 ⑯ Ca' the yowes to the knowes AP 3:04

**Duets: Three Part-Songs for Women's Voices**

- ⑰ Where Go the Boats? \* JT, AP 2:10  
 ⑱ Windy Nights \* JT, AP 1:26  
 ⑲ Summer Sunset \* JT, AP 1:44

**The Arnold Book of Old Songs: French Songs**

- ⑳ Le pauvre laboureur \* DWJ 2:25  
 ㉑ L'amour de moi \* DWJ 4:01  
 ㉒ Joli mois de mai \* DWJ 1:05

**Duets**

- ㉓ Daisies after rain \* AP 1:09  
 (solo version)  
 ㉔ My heart adorn'd with thee \* AP, PL 1:24  
 ㉕ The Passing Bell \* JT, AP 2:41  
 ㉖ Blossom-Time \* JT, AP 1:33  
 ㉗ Daisies after rain \* JT, AP 1:11  
 (duet version)  
 ㉘ Weep you no more \* JT, AP 2:22

**New Discoveries**

- ㉙ I gotta robe DWJ 1:34  
 ㉚ 'Tis St Valentine's Day \* AP 1:19  
 ㉛ What will you do, love? \* PL 2:13

**The Arnold Book of Old Songs:  
English and Welsh Songs**

- ㉜ The Jolly Miller AP 1:56  
 ㉝ Barbara Allen AP 4:10  
 ㉞ Three Poor Mariners DWJ 1:13  
 ㉟ Since first I saw your face DWJ 1:36  
 ㊱ The Ash Grove AP 2:40

\* Première Recording

Amanda Pitt, Soprano • Joanne Thomas, Mezzo-Soprano  
 Philip Langridge, Tenor • David Wilson-Johnson, Baritone  
 David Owen Norris, Piano

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Rooted in the sound of the Victorian drawing-room ballad, Roger Quilter's songs are elegant, refined, often private, always exquisite and without undue embellishment. Although Quilter did not draw on English folk-song as a musical resource in the way that Vaughan Williams and others did, he was very well aware of the heritage and himself arranged a variety of songs, 'one of the most delicate and dangerous undertakings'. This recording, which includes several world premières, presents the *Complete Folk-Song Arrangements* and *Complete Part-Songs for Women's Voices*.

## Roger QUILTER

(1877-1953)

- |       |   |       |
|-------|---|-------|
| 1-3   | The Arnold Book of Old Songs: English Songs           | 8:43  |
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| 8-9   | The Arnold Book of Old Songs: Irish Songs             | 3:11  |
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| 32-36 | The Arnold Book of Old Songs: English and Welsh Songs | 11:35 |

**Amanda Pitt, Soprano • Joanne Thomas, Mezzo-Soprano**  
**Philip Langridge, Tenor • David Wilson-Johnson, Baritone**  
**David Owen Norris, Piano**

*A complete track and artist list can be found in the booklet.*

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14th and 15th February, 31st August and 1st September 2004

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David Owen Norris plays a Bösendorfer piano.

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