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CLASSICS

My Dancing Day

Choral Music by **Richard Rodney Bennett**

BBC Singers
Paul Brough conductor



MY DANCING DAY

CHORAL MUSIC BY RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT

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Town and Country

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Four poems of Thomas Campion

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20	Every time we say goodbye	Cole Porter, arr. RRB	[3.11]
	Edward Goater <i>tenor</i>		
	Olivia Robinson <i>soprano</i>		

Total timings: [64.27]

BBC SINGERS
PAUL BROUGH CONDUCTOR

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MY DANCING DAY RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT

One of the most versatile musicians of his generation, Richard Rodney Bennett has been at the forefront of British composition for nearly half a century. His original compositions include numerous orchestral works, chamber, choral and piano works, ballets, songs, madrigals, jazz pieces and many award-winning film scores and music for television, from *Far From the Madding*

Crowd, Billion Dollar Brain and Murder on the Orient Express to Four Weddings and a Funeral, Doctor Who and Titus Groan. He has appeared as a soloist in piano concertos, classical recitals, and as accompanist to well-known jazz and cabaret artists in numbers by George Gershwin, Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin and many other popular composers.

Bennett was born on 29 March 1936 into a musical family in Broadstairs, on the Kent coast, and began composing as a child. His mother, who

had been a student of Gustav Holst at St Paul's Girls' School, began teaching him piano from the age of five. In 1953 a scholarship took him to the Royal Academy of Music in London, where he studied with Lennox Berkeley and Howard Ferguson. During this decade he was described as 'the most spectacular rising star on the British musical scene in the Fifties'. By the end of his first year he had written his first three string quartets, which were enthusiastically reviewed by London critics for their natural and convincingly expressive use of the 12-note method. And Bennett was still a RAM student when he met the film conductor John Hollingsworth, who gave him his first opportunities to write film soundtracks, starting with small-scale scores for industrial documentaries. (One of his first successful orchestral works, *Aubade*, was written in Hollingsworth's memory.)

At the same time he was studying informally with the pioneering British serial composer Elisabeth Lutyens, who aroused in Bennett an interest in more avant-garde techniques and idioms which led him to visit the Darmstadt summer schools. In 1958 a French government grant took Bennett to Paris, where he undertook two years' intensive tuition from Pierre Boulez and Olivier Messiaen. They represented a radically different

aesthetic from his RAM teachers, and he continued his absorption, begun with Lutyens, of the then-exciting tenets of post-Weberian serialism. In addition to this he was also establishing himself as a successful jazz pianist. He also formed a two-piano duo with his RAM classmate and friend Susan Bradshaw, and they performed widely together for over 20 years. Other regular performing partners have been the soprano Jane Manning and the horn-player Barry Tuckwell.

On his return to London, Bennett's unusual mixture of modernist rigour, lyrical warmth and first-rate craftsmanship soon garnered him significant commissions and laid the ground for international success. He received the Arnold Bax Society Prize in 1964 and the Ralph Vaughan Williams Award for Composer of the Year in 1965. Both by generation and by his partiality for 12-note serial techniques, Bennett tended to be grouped with the so-called 'Manchester School' of Peter Maxwell Davies, Harrison Birtwistle, Alexander Goehr, Nicholas Maw and others who came to prominence as Britain's first significant post-war musical avant-garde in the late 1950s and early 1960s. But Bennett's interests and theirs only occasionally coincided: he was set upon a different creative path, as his highly successful

jazz ballet of 1963, *Jazz Calendar*, showed: the first of a string of jazz-oriented works which take in music written for specific performers such as Cleo Laine and stretch at least as far as the *Concerto for Stan Getz* of 1990. But his most significant major works of the 1960s and 1970s included three operas: *The Mines of Sulphur* and *A Penny for a Song* for Sadler's Wells, and *Victory* for the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. (There was also a highly successful children's opera, *All the King's Men*.) These were followed by the full-length ballet *Isadora*, premiered by the Royal Ballet in 1981.

By this time Bennett had become increasingly acclimatized to life in the USA. He was composer-in-residence at the Peabody Institute, Baltimore in 1969-71 and regularly appeared as a soloist at jazz clubs in New York and elsewhere. In 1979 Bennett moved to New York, which remains his home. He has toured the USA as an accompanist (with singers such as Marian Montgomery) and appeared there many times in performances of his own works. But he has kept his British citizenship and is a frequent visitor to his native country. He was awarded a CBE in 1977, and was knighted in 1998.

With a gift for memorable, quintessentially English melodies and an instinctive lyric responsiveness to English poetry, Bennett has been able to produce a distinctive, highly attractive and varied and consistently imaginative body of choral work over a period of almost 50 years. In the last couple of decades, as the choral works on this disc exemplify, he has adopted an increasingly tonal idiom which connects back to the great English choral traditions of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, so that his works seem very much like fruitful new plots added to the soil already so richly tilled by Parry, Vaughan Williams, Walton, Warlock, Britten, Harris and others. Moreover his extensive knowledge of English lyric poetry has enabled Bennett to set a fascinating range of texts to music.

No genre better illustrates Bennett's versatility and practicality than the large number of Christmas carols he has composed to suit professional and amateur singers alike. *My dancing day*, commissioned by Jerry Johnson and the choir VocalEssence in memory of JoAnn Catherine Johnson, was premiered in December 2008 at a VocalEssence 'Welcome Christmas' concert. The text of this Cornish carol, though first published in William Sandys' *Christmas Carols*,

Ancient and Modern (1833), most likely has a medieval origin. The speaker is Christ, describing the events of his life: the 'dancing day' is his birthday on Christmas Day. As many listeners will know, there is already a famous setting of this poem by Gustav Holst (*This Have I done for my True Love*, 1916), but Bennett contrives to banish memories of that formidable competitor with this elaborate and touching setting.

Gloria, Gloria dates from 2010 and demonstrates Bennett's gift for writing memorable melodies that are harmonized in appealing and unexpected ways. The carol builds in intensity as the question-answer dialogue of the text works up to the mystery of the incarnation, climaxing on vibrant chords for the final exclamation of 'Gloria, Gloria!'. *In the bleak midwinter*, another carol from 2010, is a setting of the famous Christmas poem by Christina Rossetti (this favourite too was set by Gustav Holst, Harold Darke and, indeed, by many other British composers). Premiered on 15 December 2010 in a live broadcast by the BBC Singers from St George's Church in Campden Hill, London, conducted by Robert Hollingworth, this is a richly-textured setting that nonetheless respects the sheer simplicity of the poet's language.

Dating from 2009 is the *New Year Carol*, to an anonymous poem previously and memorably set by Benjamin Britten – but it is clear by now that Bennett is not afraid to challenge such comparisons. His setting, which establishes a lullaby-like mood, has a wonderful simplicity. The upper three voice parts are separated from the basses, whose descending scales disrupt the rhythm and harmony in a conflict that is only finally resolved in the closing moments of the carol.

Town and Country was one of Bennett's collaborations on record with Marian Montgomery, issued as an LP in 1974 – but it is also the title of a choral diptych composed in 2002. This opens with an evocative treatment of Wordsworth's 1807 poem 'The Sun has long been set', but this is in a sense only a prelude to the title poem, 'Town and Country Life', a witty exercise in contrasts that firmly plumps for the delights of the former. This is in fact a setting of a poem more usually entitled 'The Contrast' by an elder contemporary of Wordsworth, Charles Morris (1745-1838), published first in 1795 and anthologized in *Lyrical Urbanica, or The Social Effusions of the Celebrated Captain Charles Morris of the Late Lifeguards* (1840). Morris was a dedicated devotee of London

life and fashion, and Bennett's lively and good-humoured setting decidedly takes his side in the town-and-country debate, just as he had previously seemed to wholly accept Wordsworth's point of view.

Bennett's *Serenades*, a five-movement choral suite, was premiered in a broadcast by the BBC Singers conducted by Stephen Cleobury in December 2007. Here Bennett sets poems by one of the great eccentrics of English letters, John Skelton (c.1460-1529), sometime 'poet laureate of Oxford' and tutor to the future Henry VIII, later Rector of Diss in Norfolk, satirist and lyricist. His 'Skeltonics' – short three-stressed lines with persistent but irregular rhyming – make his poems particularly apt for lively setting (as Vaughan Williams proved in his *Five Tudor Portraits* to Skelton poems). Bennett's *Serenades* are also mainly portraits of women whom Skelton praised or dispraised in verse. These are the odes by turns lyrical, abusive and playful, to Mistress Margaret Hussey, Mistress Margery Wentworth, the highly inconstant Mistress Anne and Mistress Isabel Pennell. The exception is 'My Darling Dear', a ballad of seduction which Bennett sets in such a haunting manner that Skelton's satire is transmuted into something altogether more romantic.

The Apple Tree is another irresistible carol. Composed in 2009, it sets a poem (also known as 'Jesus Christ the Apple Tree') probably written by an unknown New Englander in the mid-18th century and first published in New Hampshire in 1784. Apple trees were a feature of early New England and there was an old English tradition, in cider-growing regions, of 'orchard wassailing' – singing to apple trees to ensure their good health in the coming year. The text has become internationally known as a Christmas carol and there have been several settings before Bennett's, which must, nevertheless, be one of the finest the poem has received.

The *Four poems of Thomas Campion* was a commission for the BBC Proms, and was premiered by the BBC Symphony Chorus, conducted by Stephen Jackson, at the Royal Albert Hall in August 2007. As the title indicates this cycle takes its texts from the poet, composer, lutenist and physician Thomas Campion (1567-1620), a highly significant figure in English literature and music at the turn of the 16th and 17th centuries, who wrote the words and music for over 100 lute songs as well as masques for dancing and a treatise on the art of counterpoint. His poems, written for music in the first place, were neglected for about 200 years but have since provided a rich store of

texts for subsequent composers. Bennett's tribute to Campion takes the form of contrasted settings of four very different poems written between 1614 and 1618, creating a four-movement design akin to a tiny vocal symphony or sonata, with the moving 'Never Weather-beaten Saile' and the playfully dramatic 'Fire, fire!' functioning as slow movement and scherzo. The authorship of the fourth poem of this cycle, 'The Hours of Sleepy Night', was formerly uncertain, but is now generally accepted as that of Campion. The transparent choral textures and kaleidoscopic vocal colouring make this cycle one of the most virtuosic of Bennett's unaccompanied choral works.

Bennett composed *A Good-Night*, a setting of prose by the 17th-century writer Francis Quarles, in 1999 as his contribution to *A Garland for Linda*, a collaborative series of works written in memory of Linda McCartney. Bennett had known Linda McCartney personally, and this touching tribute is remarkable for its harmonic warmth and melodic simplicity.

This programme concludes with three delicious examples of his a cappella arrangements of favourites by Gershwin, Duke Ellington and Cole Porter – numbers that Bennett has many times interpreted from the keyboard in cabaret and

song recitals. As well as being utterly enjoyable in themselves, they stand as an impressive testimony to the versatility and open-mindedness of a composer for whom the distinctions between popular music and 'high art' have long been essentially meaningless.

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TEXTS

1 My dancing day

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day;
I would my true love did so chance
To see the legend of my play,
To call my true love to my dance;

*Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.*

Then was I born of a virgin pure,
Of her I took fleshly substance
Thus was I knit to man's nature
To call my true love to my dance.

Sing, oh! ...

In a manger laid, and wrapped I was.
So very poor, this was my chance,
Between an ox and a silly poor ass,
To call my true love to my dance.

Sing, oh! ...

Then afterwards baptized I was;
The Holy Ghost on me did glance,
My Father's voice heard from above,
To call my true love to my dance.

Sing, oh! ...

Into the desert I was led,
Where I fasted without substance;
The Devil bade me make stones my bread,
To have me break my true love's dance.

Sing, oh! ...

Then on the cross hangèd I was,
Where a spear my heart did glance;
There issued forth both water and blood,
To call my true love to my dance.

Sing, oh! ...

Then down to Hell I took my way
For my true love's deliverance,
And rose again on the third day,
Up to my true love and the dance.

Sing, oh! ...

Then up to Heav'n I did ascend,
Where now I dwell in sure substance
On the right hand of God, that man
May come into the general dance.

Sing, oh! ...

Traditional

2 Gloria, Gloria

When you went down to Bethlehem,
What did you see on the road?
We saw nothing, nothing.
The children talked of voices
that echoed in the sky,
singing 'Gloria, Gloria,'
But we were thinking about our supper
As we were resting by the road.

When you went down to Bethlehem,
what did you see on the road?
We saw nothing, nothing.
Three drunken shepherd lads
ran past us as we lay
singing 'Gloria, Gloria,'
But we were thinking about the taxman
as we were resting by the road.

When you went down to Bethlehem,
What did you see on the road?
We saw nothing, nothing.
There were three old mad men,
Babbling about a star,
And singing 'Gloria, Gloria,'
But we were talking of cruel Caesar
As we were resting by the road.

When you went down to Bethlehem,
What did you see on the road?
We saw nothing, nothing.
But something made us happy
as we huddled at the fire,
singing 'Gloria, Gloria,'
And something set us dancing
As we started down the road.

M. R. Peacocke (b.1930)

3 In the bleak midwinter

In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter, long ago.

God, Heaven cannot hold Him, nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away when he comes
to reign.
In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
Cherubim and Seraphim thronged the air;
But His mother only, in her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the Belovèd with a kiss.

What can I give him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man, I would do my part;
Yet what I can I give him: give my heart.

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

4 New Year Carol

Here we bring new water from the well so clear
For to worship God in this happy new year.

*Sing levy dew, sing levy dew, the water and
the wine;
The seven bright gold wires and the bugles
that do shine.*

Sing reign of fair maid, with gold upon her toe,
Open you the west door, and turn the old year go;

Sing levy dew ...

Sing reign of fair maid, with gold upon her chin,
Open you the east door, and let the new year in.

Sing levy dew ...

For we have brought fresh water drawn all from
the well so clear,

Wishing you and your company a happy new year.

Sing levy dew ...

Anonymous

Town and Country

5 The Sun has long been set

The sun has long been set,
The stars are out by twos and threes,
The little birds are piping yet
Among the bushes and trees;
There's a cuckoo, and one or two thrushes,
And a far-off wind that rushes,
And a sound of water that gushes,
And the cuckoo's sovereign cry
Fills all the hollow of the sky.
Who would go 'parading'
In London, 'and masquerading',
On such a night of June
With that beautiful soft half-moon,
And all those innocent blisses?
On such a night as this is!

William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

6 Town and Country

In London I never know what I'll be at,
Enraptured with this and enchanted with that.
I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan,
And life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the country, God help me,
sets all matters right,
So calm and composing from morning to night;
Oh! it settles the spirit, when nothing is seen
But an ass on a common, or a goose on a green.

In town, if it rain, well it damps not our hope.
The eye has her choice, and the fancy her scope,
What harm, though it pour whole nights and
whole days,
It spoils not our prospects, it stops not our ways.

In the country what bliss when it rains in the fields,
To live on the transports that shuttlecock yields,
Or go crawling from window to window to see
A pig on a dunghill, or crow on a tree.

In London, how easy we visit and meet,
Gay pleasure's the theme,
and sweet smiles are our treat:
Our morning's a round of good humoured delight
As we rattle in comfort to pleasure at night.

In the country, how sprightly our visits we make,
Through ten miles of mud, for formality's sake,
With the coachman in drink and the moon in a fog,
And no thought in your head but a ditch or a bog.

In London if folks ill together are put,
A bore may be dropped, and a quiz may be cut;
We change without end; and if lazy or ill,
All wants are at hand, and all wishes at will.

In the country you're nailed, like a pale in the park.
To some stick of a neighbour
that's crammed in the ark;
And 'tis odds, if you're hurt, or in fits tumble down,
You reach death ere the doctor can reach you from
town.

I have heard though, that love in a cottage is sweet,
When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy meet:
That's to come — for I, alas, am a swain
Who require, I own it, more links to my chain.

Your magpies and stock-doves
may flirt among trees.
And chatter their transports in groves,
if they please:
But a house is much more to my taste than a tree.
And for groves, Oh! a good grove of chimneys for me.

In town let me live then, in town let me die.
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!

From 'The Contrast' by Charles Morris (1745-1838)

Serenades

7 Mistress Margaret

Merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower;
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeaning
In every thing,
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write
Of Merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon

Or hawk of the tower.
As patient and still
And as full of good will
As fair Isaphill,
Coriander,
Sweet pomander,
Good cassander;
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought,
Far may be sought,
Ere that ye can find
So courteous, so kind
As merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.

8 Mistress Margery

*With marjoram gentle,
The flower of goodlihead,
Embroidered the mantle
Is of your maidenhead.*

Plainly I cannot glose;
Ye be, as I devine,
The pretty primrose,
The goodly Columbine.

With marjoram gentle ...

Benign, courteous, and meek,
With wordes well devised;
In you, who list to seek,
Be virtues well comprised.
I am your man.

With marjoram gentle ...

9 Mistress Anne

Mistress Anne, I am your man,
As you may well espy.
If you will be content with me,

But if you will keep company still
With every knave that comes by,
Then you will be forsaken of me,
That am your man:

But if you fain, I tell you plain,
If I presently shall die,
I will not such as loves too much,
That am your man.

For if you can love every man
That can flatter and lie,
Then are ye no match for me,
That am your man:
For I will not take
No such kind of make

(May all full well it try!)
But off will ye cast
At any blast
That am your man.
I am your man.

10 My Darling Dear

*With lullay, lullay, like a child,
Thou sleepèst too long, thou art beguiled!*

“My darling dear, my daisy flower,
Let me,” quoth he, “lie in your lap.”
“Lie still,” quoth she, “my paramour,
Lie still hardily, and take a nap.”
His head was heavy, such was his hap,
All drowsy, dreaming, drowned in sleep,
That of his love he took no keep,

With hey, lullay, lullay, like a child ...

With ba, ba, ba, and bas, bas, bas!
She cherished him both cheek and chin
That he wist never where he was;
He had forgotten all deadly sin!
He wanted wit his love to win:
He trusted her payment and lost all his pay;
She left him sleeping and stale away,

With hey, lullay, lullay, like a child ...

The rivers rough, the waters wan;
She sparèd not to wet her feet.
She waded over, she found a man
That halsèd her heartily and kissed her sweet;
Thus after her cold she caught a heat.
“My love,” she said, “rowteth in his bed;
lwys he hath an heavy head,”

With lullay, lullay, like a child ...

11 Mistress Isabel

By Saint Mary, my lady,
Your mammy and your daddy
Brought forth a goodly baby!
My maiden Isabel,
Reflaring rosabel,
The flagrant camomel,
The ruddy rosary,
The sovereign rosemary,
The pretty strawberry,
The columbine, the nept,
The gelloffer well set,
The proper violet;
Ennewèd your colour
Is like the daisy flower
After the April shower;

Star of the morrow gray,
The blossom on the spray,
The freshest flower of May:
Maidenly demure,
Of womanhood the lure;
Wherefore, I make you sure,
It were an heavenly health,
It were an endless wealth,
A life for God himself,
To hear this nightingale
Among the birdès smale
Warbeling in the vale,
Dug, dug, jug, jug,
Good year and good luck,
With chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck!
By Saint Mary, my lady,
Your mammy and your daddy
Brought forth a goodly baby!

John Skelton (1460-1529)

12 The Apple Tree

The tree of life my soul hath seen,
Laden with fruit, and always green
The trees of nature fruitless be,
Compared with Christ the apple tree.

His beauty doth all things excel,
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell,
The glory which I now can see
In Jesus Christ the apple tree.
For happiness I long have sought,
And pleasure dearly I have bought:
I missed of all; but now I see,
'Tis found in Christ the apple tree.

I'm weary with my former toil,
Here will I sit and rest awhile;
Under the shadow I will be,
Of Jesus Christ the apple tree

This fruit doth make my soul to thrive,
It keeps my dying faith alive;
Which makes my soul in haste to be
With Jesus Christ the apple tree.

From 'Divine Hymns or Spiritual Songs' compiled by
Joshua Smith (1810)

Four poems of Thomas Campion

13 Winter Nights

Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their houres,
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the ayrie towers.

Let now the chimneys blaze
And cups o'erflow with wine;
Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmonie divine.
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall wait on hunny love,
While youthfull Revels, Masks,
and Courtly sights
Sleeps leaden spels remove.

This time doth well dispence
With lovers' long discourse;
Much speech hath some defence,
Though beauty no remorse.
All doe not all things well;
Some measures calmly tread,
Some knotted Riddles tell,
Some Poems smoothly read.
The summer hath his joyes,
And winter his delights;
Though Love and all his pleasures are but toys,
They shorten tedious nights.

14 Never Weather-beaten Saile

Never Weather-beaten Saile
more willing bent to shore,
Never tyred Pilgrim's limbs
affected slumber more,

Than my wearied spright now longs
to flye out of my troubled brest:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord,
and take my soule to rest!
Ever blooming are the joyes
of Heaven's high paradise,
Cold age deafes not there our eares
nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines;
whose beames the blessed onely see,
O come quickly, glorious Lord,
and raise my spright to Thee!

15 Fire, fire!

Fire, fire, fire, fire.
Loe here I burne in such desire
That all the teares that I can straine
Out of mine idle empty braine
Cannot allay my scorching paine.
Come Trent, and Humber, and fayre Thames;
Dread Ocean, haste with all thy streames:
And if you cannot quench my fire,
O drowne both mee and my desire.

Fire fire, fire, fire.
There is no hell to my desire.
See, all the Rivers backward flye,
And th' Ocean doth his waves deny,
For feare my heate should drink them dry.

Come, heav'nly showres, then, pouring downe;
Come you that once the world did drowne:
Some then you spar'd, but now save all,
That else must burne, and with mee fall.

16 The Hours of Sleepy Night

The hours of sleepy night decay apace,
And now warm beds are fitter than this place:
All time is longe that is unwilling spent,
But hours are minutes, when they yield content.
The gathered flowers, we love, that breathe
sweet scent,
But leave them, their sweet odour being spent.
It is a life is never ill
To lie and sleepe in roses still.

The rarer pleasure is,
it is more sweet,
And friends are kindest
when they seldom meet.
Who would not heare the nightingale still sing
Or who grew ever weary of the spring?
The day must have her night, the spring her fall;
All is divided, none is lord of all.

It were a most delightful thing
To live in a perpetual spring.

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

17 A Good-Night

Close now thine eyes and rest secure;
Thy soul is safe enough, thy body sure;
He that loves thee, he that keeps
And guards thee, never slumbers, never sleeps.
The smiling conscience in a sleeping breast
Has only peace, has only rest;
The music and the mirth of Kings
Are all but very discords, when she sings.
Then close thine eyes and rest secure;
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

Francis Quarles (1592–1644)

18 By Strauss

Away with the music of Broadway
Be off with your Irving Berlin
Oh I have no quarter with Kern or Cole Porter
And Gershwin keeps pounding on tin.

How can I be civil when hearing this drivel
It's only for nightclubbing souses
Oh give me the free and easy waltz
That is Viennesy, and
Go tell the band, if they want a hand
The waltz must be Strauss's.

When I want a melody
Lilting through the house
Then I want a melody
By Strauss
It laughs, it sings, the world is in rhyme
Swinging to three-quarter time.

Let the Danube flow along
And the Fledermaus
Keep the wine and give me song
By Strauss
By Joe, by Jing, by Strauss is the thing
So I say to hot-cha-cha, Heraus!
Just give me a melody, by Strauss!

Ira Gershwin (1896–1983)

19 Sophisticated lady

They say into your early life romance came
And in that heart burnt a flame
A flame that flickered one day and died away
And then, with disillusion deep in your eyes
You learned that fools in love soon grow wise
The years have changed you, somehow I see you now

Smoking, drinking, never thinking
of tomorrow, so nonchalant
Diamonds shining, dancing,

dining with some man in a restaurant
Is that all you really want?
No, sophisticated lady,
I know, you miss the love you lost long ago
And when nobody is nigh you cry.

Duke Ellington (1899-1974)

20 Every time we say goodbye

Every time we say goodbye,
I die a little,
Every time we say goodbye,
I wonder why a little,
Why the Gods above me,
Who must be in the know,
Think so little of me,
They allow you to go.

When you're near, there's such an air
of Spring about it,
I can hear a lark somewhere,
begin to sing about it,
There's no love-song finer,
But how strange the change
from major to minor,
Every time we say goodbye.

Cole Porter (1891-1964)

BBC SINGERS

As a vital resource in the BBC's music output, the BBC Singers hold a unique position in British musical life. Performing everything from Byrd to Birtwistle, Tallis to Takemitsu, the versatility of this 24-voice ensemble is second to none.

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Based at the BBC's Maida Vale Studios, the BBC Singers perform all over the UK and abroad, working regularly with the BBC's own orchestras, as well as a number of period-instrument and contemporary music ensembles.

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BBC SINGERS

Chief Conductor

David Hill

Principal Guest Conductors

Paul Brough

Bob Chilcott

Sopranos

Jennifer Adams-Barbaro

Ildikó Allen

Margaret Feaviour

Amy Moore

Elizabeth Poole

Olivia Robinson

Alison Smart

Emma Tring

Altos

Lynette Alcántara

Julia Batchelor-Walsh

Margaret Cameron

Jacqueline Fox

Cherith Millburn-Fryer

Kim Porter

Conductor Laureate

Stephen Cleobury

Associate Composer

Gabriel Jackson

Tenors

Edward Goater

Martin Hindmarsh

Stephen Jeffes

Robert Johnston

Neil MacKenzie

Andrew Murgatroyd

Basses

Michael Bundy

Stephen Charlesworth

Jamie W Hall

Jimmy Holliday

Edward Price

John Ward

PAUL BROUGH

Paul Brough trained as a pianist, percussionist and singer, at the Royal College of Music and as Organ Scholar of St Michael's College, Tenbury and Magdalen College, Oxford. Since 2004 he has been a Professor in conducting and academic studies at the Royal Academy of Music where he formerly studied conducting with George Hurst and Colin Metters as Henry Wood Scholar and Post-student Fellow. The RAM elected him to Associateship in 2007 for "distinction in the music profession".

He became joint Principal Guest Conductor of the BBC Singers in January 2011, following seven seasons with period orchestra The Hanover Band (Principal Conductor 2007-10). His recent conducting work also includes the "BBC Philharmonic presents..." opening series at MediaCityUK, the BBC Concert Orchestra in a BBC cd and Telecast of Britten "St Nicolas", St James's Baroque for the BBC "Genius of Mozart" celebrations, and concerts with the Britten Sinfonia, Manchester Camerata and Ulster Orchestra to which he returns this season in addition to future plans in the USA, Australia and South Korea.



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