



ENGLISH LOVE

SONGS OF PASSION, PAIN & PLEASURE

MARK STONE

STEPHEN BARLOW



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Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

1. Silent noon (Dante Gabriel Rossetti) 4:47
2. Love bade me welcome (George Herbert) 5:48

John Dowland (1563-1626)

3. Awake, sweet Love, thou art return'd (Anonymous) 3:08

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

4. Go, lovely rose (Edmund Waller) 2:59
5. Love's philosophy (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 1:29

Henry Purcell (1659-1695), arr. Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

6. I attempt from Love's sickness to fly (Robert Howard and John Dryden) 2:25

Frank Bridge (1879-1941)

7. Come to me in my dreams (Matthew Arnold) 3:59
8. Love went a-riding (Mary Elizabeth Coleridge) 2:00

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759), arr. Arthur Somervell (1863-1937)

9. Silent worship (Arthur Somervell after Nicola Francesco Haym) 2:26

John Ireland (1879-1962)

10. If we must part (Ernest Dowson) 2:21
11. Love is a sickness full of woes (Samuel Daniel) 1:53

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

12. Piercing eyes (Anonymous) 1:40

George Butterworth (1885-1916)

13. With rue my heart is laden (Alfred Edward Housman) 2:05
14. When I was one-and-twenty (Alfred Edward Housman) 1:18

Joseph Haydn

15. Pleasing pain (Anne Hunter) 2:21

Peter Warlock (1894-1930)

16. Take, O take those lips away (William Shakespeare) 2:07
17. Thou gav'st me leave to kiss (Robert Herrick) 0:50

George Frideric Handel, arr. Ebenezer Prout (1835-1909)

18. Where'er you walk (William Congreve) 4:16

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

19. To Lizbie Browne (Thomas Hardy) 3:46
20. I said to Love (Thomas Hardy) 3:16

Henry Purcell, arr. Benjamin Britten

21. If music be the food of love (Henry Heveningham) 4:00

Benjamin Britten

22. The salley gardens (William Butler Yeats) 2:43
23. Wild with passion (Thomas Lovell Beddoes) 2:05

John Dowland

24. Come again! sweet Love doth now invite (Anonymous) 5:54

Stephen Barlow (b. 1954)

25. If thou would'st ease thine heart (Thomas Lovell Beddoes) 4:00

73:47

MARK STONE baritone
STEPHEN BARLOW piano



ENGLISH LOVE

If music be the food of love, then the menu must surely be in English. But what are the reasons for poetry and songs about love being so deeply embedded in the English psyche? Certainly the language is beautifully rich and capable of great expression and variety; a multitude of poets and writers throughout the ages have produced ravishing works of astounding power. In addition, many great composers have chosen to set these texts to music. But more than this, the English are simply in love with love, the result being that English love songs have the ability to invade hearts and minds in a way that is indescribable. The extraordinarily seductive nature of the English tongue coupled with the mystery of music is an intoxicating combination.

In the words of Shelley, nothing in the world is single, and this collection of songs demonstrates both the marriage of amorous verse with music and the cross-fertilization throughout the generations that has seen the genre of the English love song evolve. A wide range of love is expressed, from lusty to divine, bitter to comical and unrequited to joyful. And throughout this ardent spectrum, one thing is constant: be it good or bad, happy or sad, from Dowland through to Barlow, love is something that is worth singing about.

John Dowland (1563-1626) was the most famous lutenist-composer of his day. Probably London-born, by 1580 he was in the service of the ambassador to the King of France and in 1597 he published his first book of songs which contains **Awake, sweet Love, thou art return'd**. The author of the text is not given and whilst it may be Dowland, it remains uncertain. The song is one of jubilation at the requital of

love and its simple repeated melody adds to the innocence and beauty of this sentiment. **Come again! sweet Love doth now invite** is also from his first book, with a similarly uncredited text. The song entreats the beloved to listen to Love's intercessions and, after describing the rejections that have been suffered, ends by telling Love that there is no hope.

Henry Purcell (1659-1695) was one of the greatest English baroque composers. In 1679 he was appointed organist at Westminster Abbey and royal appointments continued to the end of his life. **I attempt from Love's sickness to fly** is a song he composed, ironically in the year of his own mortal illness, for the revival of Howard and Dryden's *The Indian queen* as a semi-opera. The poem is about trying in vain to escape the pain of love. **If music be the food of love** is his third setting of the words by Heveningham, an adaptation of the first line of Shakespeare's *Twelfth night*. It is a joyful extolment of love and song for which Purcell wrote an exuberant melody that sounds both florid and improvised. These songs were realized in Britten's *Orpheus Britannicus*.

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759) was born in Halle, Germany. He became Kapellmeister of the elector in Hanover, the future King George I of England and settled permanently in England in 1712, becoming a British subject in 1727. **Silent worship** is an adaptation of the aria *Non lo dirò col labbro* from his 1728 opera *Tolomeo, re di Egitto*, arranged and translated by Somervell. It is a poem of innocent adoration and Handel's sublime music captures both the assuredness of devotion and the self-doubt of the poet's own worthiness. Although it is not a literal translation, it is true to the sentiment of the song, and has become an adopted English favourite, much like Handel himself. **Where'er you walk** is an aria from the 1744 secular oratorio *Semele* with words by Congreve in which Jupiter reassures his mortal love, Semele, of his devotion.

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809) was a major force in moving music from baroque to the classical style. He was Kapellmeister for the wealthy Esterházy family for many years and when he was pensioned off he took the opportunity to travel to London. It was around this time that he wrote his English canzonettas. **Piercing eyes**, composed in 1795, is a setting of an anonymous text. The poet asks how his devotion can be questioned; surely the eyes that wooed can read his heart. The playful accompaniment reveals the joking nature of the question and the repetition that the poet is not at liberty is triumphantly marked. **Pleasant pains** is a song from his 1794 collection, all of which are settings of Anne Hunter poems. She was a friend of the composer and possibly a major factor in him writing songs in English.

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958) was a key figure in the 20th-century revival of English music and the collection of folksong. He composed **Silent noon** in 1903 - the second of six settings of Dante Gabriel Rossetti sonnets called *The house of life*. The song describes the silence shared by two lovers, with the mixture of slow chords and recitative evoking the dichotomy of timelessness and brevity of such a perfect moment. **Love bade me welcome** is the third of his *Five mystical songs*, composed in 1911. Despite Vaughan Williams claiming, at different times, to be either agnostic or atheistic, this is a deeply felt setting of the religiously inspired poem by Herbert. The verse is a dialogue between the poet and God, who beckons him to communion. It is a wonderfully serene song, with each protest being resolved by a calming answer.

Roger Quilter (1877-1953) was born in Hove and studied in Frankfurt. On returning to London, he was soon famous as a composer of songs. **Go, lovely rose**, a setting of the poem by Waller, was written in 1922 and is the third of *Five English love lyrics*. The song describes a lover being sent a rose, in the hope that seeing it wither will make her aware of life's short span.

The first song from his *Three songs* of 1905 is a setting of Shelley's **Love's philosophy**. Shelley was a favoured poet of Quilter's, as is demonstrated by his response to the verse. The song is a plea to a lover, on noticing all the couplings in nature, to emulate them with a kiss. The vivacious accompaniment aptly describes the fountains and rivers as well as the emotions of the poet.

Frank Bridge (1879-1941) was born two years after Quilter in neighbouring Brighton. Unlike Quilter he chose to study in London at the Royal College of Music under Stanford and soon had a reputation as an accomplished violist and conductor. **Come to me in my dreams**, composed in 1906, is a setting of the Arnold poem that was probably written at a time when Arnold's engagement had just been forbidden by his future father-in-law. It starts with an extraordinarily delightful chord progression and after a passionate section returns to the tenderness of the opening. **Love went a-riding**, the 1914 setting of Mary Coleridge's poem, is one of Bridge's most popular songs and one that requires athletic virtuosity from the pianist. The flights of runs and repeated dotted rhythms in the piano part illustrate Love riding his winged horse around the world, refusing to stop for anyone.

John Ireland (1879-1962) trained at the Royal College of Music. He was a lonely and insecure figure, the result of an unhappy childhood, the early death of both parents and, perhaps, the severity of Stanford's tuition. The darker side of his nature is evident in his 1929 setting of Dowson's **If we must part**, a song describing a silent farewell. The opening chromatic chords set the tone for the sinking sentiment to follow. At the mention of the longevity of love, the melody rises giving a sense of hope, only to allow it to jolt down with great effect at the end of the song, representing the shock of separation. In contrast, his 1921 setting of Daniel's **Love is a sickness full of woes** is relatively jovial, the final phrase ending the song with a nonchalant gesture.

George Butterworth (1885-1916) was, like Vaughan Williams, an avid folk song collector. At the outbreak of World War I he enlisted and was killed on the Somme. He is best known for his eleven settings of poems from Housman's *A Shropshire lad*. **With rue my heart is laden**, composed in 1912, is, like several of his songs, steeped with ominous forbearing of the composer's early demise; it speaks of the grief felt at losing friends. The vocal line is a wistful melody with stark fifths and octaves that is powerfully combined with a similarly bare accompaniment. He composed **When I was one-and-twenty** the year before. In this case the rue expressed is more risible as a twenty-two year old looks back with earnest hindsight at his previous follies. Butterworth's setting is a traditional tune arranged with simple elegance.

Peter Warlock (1894-1930) was the pseudonym of Philip Heseltine. He had no formal musical education but was encouraged by Quilter and Delius. Some have thought his two names to be indicative of a dual personality, a theory given credence by his possible suicide at the age of thirty-six. **Take, O take those lips away** is his second setting of Shakespeare's text from *Measure for measure*, composed in 1918. The song asks the beloved to leave but to return his kisses, and the languorous nature of Warlock's rendition highlights the melancholy of the poem. His setting of Herrick's **Thou gav'st me leave to kiss** is a sharp response to a lover's infidelity. One of his *Two short songs* of 1923, its whimsy and brilliant word-setting is typical of Warlock. The delightfully flighty accompaniment encapsulates both the singer's temper and the lover's inconstancy.

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956) was, unlike the sometimes extrovert Warlock, an introspective character. **To Lizbie Browne** was composed in 1932 and is the seventh song in his collection of Hardy settings, *Earth and air and rain*. It is an ode to Elizabeth Browne, a game-keeper's daughter who rejected Hardy's advances. In this nine-verse poem, Finzi deals with its repetitive,

quadra-syllabic metre by compounding its nature, using a short, recurring phrase, rising and falling, suggestive of both Hardy's advance and Browne's rebuttal. Finzi felt a kinship with the poet, relishing verses considered by others unlyrical. This collection was not written as a cycle; neither was his later group of Hardy settings that takes its title from its final song, **I said to Love**, written in the year of the composer's death. In this song the poet confronts Love, rejecting his work.

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976) was the most important English composer of the 20th Century. He studied at the Royal College of Music with Bridge, Ireland and Vaughan Williams but felt more akin to Berg and Stravinsky. In the year of his death he was made a life peer. **The salley gardens**, composed in 1941-2, is the first song in his initial volume of folksong arrangements. The poem, by Yeats, was an attempt to reconstruct an old song from three lines imperfectly remembered by an old peasant woman. The haunting nature of the Irish tune is heightened by the rising phrases in the left hand of the piano. The 1942 Beddoes setting **Wild with passion** was composed on Britten's return across the Atlantic in a Swedish cargo ship; the subtitle of the piece is *Song on the water*. The appropriately tempestuous accompaniment probably owes a lot to the sea crossing.

Stephen Barlow and I worked together on the complete songs of Quilter. As part of our research we came across reports of four songs for which there are no remains. At my suggestion, Stephen composed these *Four lost Quilter* songs in the style of, and as a homage to, Quilter. **If thou would'st ease thine heart**, the second in the group, is a setting of Beddoes' poem which claims that the pain of love can be eased by sleep, but that death is the only cure - a suitably final note on which to end this exploration of English love songs.



Ralph Vaughan Williams

1. **Silent noon**

from *The house of life*, no.2

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 hour-glass.

Deep in the sun-search'd growths the dragonfly
Hangs like a blue thread loosen'd 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-companion'd inarticulate hour,
When twofold silence was the song of love.

2. **Love bade me welcome**

from *Five mystical songs*, no.3

George Herbert (1593-1633)

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd anything.

"A guest," I answer'd, "worthy to be here:"

Love said, "You shall be he."

"I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on thee."

Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve."

"And know you not," says Love, "who bore the blame?"

"My dear, then I will serve."

"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."
So I did sit and eat.

John Dowland

3. **Awake, sweet Love, thou art return'd**

from *The first book of songs or airs*, no.19

Anonymous

Awake, sweet Love, thou art return'd:
My heart, which long in absence mourn'd,
Lives now in perfect joy.
Let Love, which never absent dies,
Now live for ever in her eyes,
When came my first annoy.
Only herself hath seemed fair,
She, only, I could love,
She, only, drave me to despair
When she unkind did prove.
Despair did make me wish to die,
That I my joys might end.
She only, which did make me fly,
My state may now amend.

If she esteem thee now aught worth,
She will not grieve thy love henceforth,
Which so despair hath prov'd.
Despair hath proved now in me
That Love will not unconstant be,
Though long in vain I lov'd.
If she at last reward thy love
And all thy harms repair,
Thy happiness will sweeter prove
Rais'd up from deep despair.
And if that now thou welcome be
When thou with her dost meet,
She all this while but play'd with thee
To make thy joys more sweet.

Roger Quilter

4. Go, lovely rose

from *Five English love lyrics* op.24, no.3
Edmund Waller (1606-1687)

Go, lovely rose -
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die - that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

5. Love's philosophy

from *Three songs* op.3, no.1
Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of Heav'n mix for ever
With a sweet emotion.
Nothing in the world is single;
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle, -
Why not I with thine?

See, the mountains kiss high Heav'n,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiv'n
If it disdain'd its brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

Henry Purcell, arr. Benjamin Britten

6. I attempt from Love's sickness to fly

from *The Indian queen* Z630

Robert Howard (1626-1698) and John Dryden (1631-1700)

I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.

No more now, fond heart, with pride no more swell,
Thou canst not raise forces enough to rebel.

For Love has more pow'r and less mercy than fate,
To make us seek ruin and love those that hate.

Frank Bridge

7. Come to me in my dreams

Matthew Arnold (1822-1888)

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again,
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Come! as thou cam'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant dimes,
And smile on thy new world, and be
As kind to all the rest as me.

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
Come now, and let me dream it truth.
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
And say, - My love! why suff'rest thou?

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again,
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

8. Love went a-riding

Mary Elizabeth Coleridge (1861-1907)

Love went a-riding over the earth,
On Pegasus he rode.
The flowers before him sprang to birth,
And the frozen rivers flowed.

Then all the youths and the maidens cried,
"Stay here with us, King of Kings."
But Love said, "No! for the horse I ride,
For the horse I ride has wings."

George Frideric Handel, arr. Arthur Somervell

9. Silent worship

from *Tolomeo, re di Egitto* HWV25

Arthur Somervell (1863-1937) after Nicola Francesco Haym
(1678-1729)

Did you not hear my lady
Go down the garden singing?
Blackbird and thrush were silent
To hear the alleys ringing.

O saw you not my lady
Out in the garden there?
Shaming the rose and lily
For she is twice as fair.

Though I am nothing to her,
Though she must rarely look at me,
And though I could never woo her,
I love her till I die.

Surely you heard my lady
Go down the garden singing
Silencing all the songbirds:
And setting the alleys ringing.

But surely you see my lady
Out in the garden there.
Riv'ling the glitt'ring sunshine,
With a glory of golden hair.

John Ireland

10. If we must part

Ernest Dowson (1867-1900)

If we must part,
Then let it be like this:
Not heart on heart,
Nor with the useless anguish of a kiss;
But touch mine hand and say:
"Until tomorrow or some other day,
If we must part."

Words are so weak
When love hath been so strong;
Let silence speak:
"Life is a little while, and love is long;
A time to sow and reap,
And after harvest a long time to sleep,
But words are weak."

11. Love is a sickness full of woes

Samuel Daniel (1562-1619)

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd it sighing cries -
Heigh ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full nor fasting.
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd it sighing cries -
Heigh ho!

Joseph Haydn

12. Piercing eyes

Hob.XXVIa, no.35
Anonymous

Why asks my fair one if I love?
Those eyes so piercing bright
Can ev'ry doubt of that remove,
And need no other light.

Those eyes full well do know my heart
And all its working see,
E'er since they play'd the conq'ror's part,
And I no more was free.

George Butterworth

13. With rue my heart is laden

from *Bredon Hill and other songs*, no.5
Alfred Edward Housman (1859-1936)

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

14. When I was one-and-twenty

from *Six songs from "A Shropshire lad"*, no.2
Alfred Edward Housman

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Joseph Haydn

15. Pleasing pain

Hob.XXVIa, no.29
Anne Hunter (1742-1821)

Far from this throbbing bosom haste,
Ye doubts, ye fears, that lay it waste:
Dear anxious days of pleasing pain,
Fly, never to return again.

But ah! return, ye smiling hours,
By careless fancy crown'd with flow'rs.
Come, fairy-joys and wishes gay,
And dance in sportive rounds away.

So shall the moments gaily glide
O'er various life's tumultuous tide,
Nor sad regrets disturb their course
To calm oblivion's peaceful source.

Peter Warlock

16. **Take, O take those lips away**

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

17. **Thou gav'st me leave to kiss**

from *Two short songs*, no.2

Robert Herrick (1591-1634)

Thou gav'st me leave to kiss;
Thou gav'st me leave to woo;
Thou mad'st me think by this
And that, thou lov'd'st me too.

But I shall ne'er forget,
How, for to make thee merry,
Thou mad'st me chop, but yet,
Another snapt the cherry.

George Frideric Handel, arr. Ebenezer Prout

18. **Where'er you walk**

from *Semele* HWV58

William Congreve (1670-1729)

Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade.

Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish wher'er you turn your eyes.

Gerald Finzi

19. **To Lizbie Browne**

from *Earth and air and rain* op.15, no.7

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

Dear Lizbie Browne,
Where are you now?
In sun, in rain? -
Or is your brow
Past joy, past pain,
Dear Lizbie Browne?

Sweet Lizbie Browne,
How you could smile,
How you could sing! -
How archly wile
In glance-giving,
Sweet Lizbie Browne!

And, Lizbie Browne,
Who else had hair
Bay-red as yours,
Or flesh so fair
Bred out of doors,
Sweet Lizbie Browne?

When, Lizbie Browne,
You had just begun
To be endeared
By stealth to one,
You disappeared
My Lizbie Browne!

Ay, Lizbie Browne,
So swift your life,
And mine so slow,
You were a wife
Ere I could show
Love, Lizbie Browne.

Still, Lizbie Browne,
You won, they said,
The best of men
When you were wed
Where went you then,
O Lizbie Browne?

Dear Lizbie Browne,
I should have thought,
"Girls ripen fast,"
And coaxed and caught
You ere you passed,
Dear Lizbie Browne!

But, Lizbie Browne,
I let you slip;
Shaped not a sign;
Touched never your lip
With lip of mine,
Lost Lizbie Browne!

So, Lizbie Browne,
When on a day
Men speak of me
As not, you'll say,
"And who was he?" -
Yes, Lizbie Browne.

20. I said to Love

from *I said to Love* op.19b, no.6
Thomas Hardy

I said to Love,
"It is not now as in old days
When men adored thee and thy ways
All else above;
Named thee the Boy, the Bright, the One
Who spread a heaven beneath the sun,"
I said to Love.

I said to him,
"We now know more of thee than then;
We were but weak in judgment when,
With hearts a-brim,
We clamoured thee that thou would'st please
Inflict on us thine agonies,"
I said to him.

I said to Love,
"Thou art not young, thou art not fair,
No elfin darts, no cherub air,
Nor swan, nor dove
Are thine; but features pitiless,
And iron daggers of distress,"
I said to Love.

"Depart then, Love!...
- Man's race shall perish, threatenest thou,
Without thy kindling coupling-vow?
The age to come the man of now
Know nothing of? -
We fear not such a threat from thee;
We are too old in apathy!
Mankind shall cease. - So let it be,"
I said to Love.

Henry Purcell, arr. Benjamin Britten

21. If music be the food of love

3rd Version Z379c

Henry Heveningham (1651-1700)

If music be the food of love,
Sing on, till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy;
Your eyes, your men, your tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the treat is only sound.
Sure I must perish by your charms;
Unless you save me in your arms.

Benjamin Britten

22. The salley gardens

from *Folksong arrangements volume 1: British Isles*, no.1
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 love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,
But I being young and foolish with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand;
She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs,
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

23. Wild with passion

Thomas Lovell Beddoes (1803-1849)

Wild with passion, sorrow beladen,
Bend the thought of thy stormy soul
On its home, on its heaven, the lov'd maiden,
And peace shall come at her eyes' control.
Even so, night's stary rest possesses
With its gentle spirit these tamed waters,
And bids the wave with weedy tresses
Embower the ocean's pavement stilly
Where the seagirls lie, the mermaid-daughters,
Whose eyes, not born to weep,
More palely-lidded sleep
Than in our fields the lily;
And sighing in their rest
More sweet than is their breath;
And quiet as its death
Upon a lady's breast.

John Dowland

24. Come again! sweet Love doth now invite

from *The first book of songs or airs*, no. 17
Anonymous

Come again!
Sweet Love doth now invite
Thy graces, that refrain
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

Come again!
That I may cease to mourn
Through thy unkind disdain.
For now left and forlorn
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die
In deadly pain and endless misery.

All the day
The sun that lends me shine
By frowns do cause me pine,
And feeds me with delay;
Her smiles my springs that makes my joys to grow;
Her frowns the winters of my woe.

All the night
My sleeps are full of dreams,
My eyes are full of streams;
My heart takes no delight
To see the fruits and joys that some do find,
And mark the storms are me assigned.

Out alas!
My faith is ever true;
Yet will she never rue,
Nor yield me any grace.
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
Whom tears nor truth may once invade.

Gentle Love,
Draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pierce her heart;
For I, that do approve
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts,
Did tempt, while she for triumphs laughs.

But would'st thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die;
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
With tranced eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of Love's stars, thou'lt greet her
In eastern sky.

Stephen Barlow

25. If thou would'st ease thine heart

from *Four lost Quilter songs*, no.2

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

If thou would'st ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on thine eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the seawave washes
The rim of the sun tomorrow,
In eastern sky.



Produced, engineered and edited by Richard Sutcliffe.
Recorded 11-13 November 2008 at Potton Hall, Suffolk, U.K.

We are very grateful to Stephen Barlow for permission to perform *If thou would'st ease thine heart*.
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