

THINGS I DIDN'T SAY

RONALD CORP

APSARA





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RONALD CORP *(b.1951)*

THINGS I DIDN'T SAY *(Steve Mainwaring)*

1	i	When I was hateful	0'45
2	ii	You were always anxious	1'29
3	iii	You didn't want to be a burden	0'45
4	iv	The diagnosis was shocking	1'03
5	v	He was always there	2'16
6	vi	When I was fearful	0'37
7	vii	You forgot our birthdays	1'20
8	viii	Many the mile I travelled	2'07
9	ix	We visited you	2'05
10	x	Many the hour we travelled	2'03
11	xi	Some days you were still there	0'49
12	xii	You said, "It's really nice to see you"	1'56
13	xiii	He's always there for me	1'07
14	xiv	When I was worried	0'38
15	xv	Everything was closing down	1'27
16	xvi	Lucid but downcast	2'15
17	xvii	Help	0'54
18	xviii	When I was ordinary	0'56
19	ixx	You and I had different views	1'28
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22	NEVER WEATHER-BEATEN SAIL (<i>Thomas Campion</i>)	2'26
23	THE BELLS OF PARADISE (<i>Anonymous</i>)	4'29
	THREE MEDIEVAL CAROLS (<i>Anonymous</i>)	
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77'41

APSARA choir
EDWARD BATTING organ
RONALD CORP conductor

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Steve Mainwaring (b.1951)

As a young teenage composer I set various poems by my school friend Steve Mainwaring. Our song cycle *Country matters*, which I composed in 1972, was recorded for the Naxos label in 2011, and I found myself in touch with Steve after a gap of some forty years. Steve was still writing poetry and told me about a sequence of poems which he had written on the death of his mother. She had died with Alzheimer's disease and I asked to see these poems with a view to setting them to music. It became obvious right away that these very personal poems would strike a chord with others who had experienced the decline of aged relatives and I started to write settings of some of the verses. After some to-ing and fro-ing the poems fell into an ordered sequence and the cycle conveys the reactions of the poet from the onset of the disease and its diagnosis to the final release of the body from its earthly torment. The work is inscribed – "for Esmé, 1920-2009".

1 i **WHEN I WAS HATEFUL**

*When I was hateful you taught me forgiveness.
When I was empty you would fill my plate.
When I was aching you gave me some cushions.
Should I have done the same for you
Before it was too late?*

*You left a message at 10.30.
"I don't know
If you're there now.
Please call me back."
You left a message at 10.43,
At 11 o'clock,
At 11.27.*

2 ii **YOU WERE ALWAYS ANXIOUS**

*You were always anxious.
You left a message at 10.03.
"Are you there?
I need your help.
There's a problem."
You left a message at 10.15.
"Hello Steve.
Are you about?
I need some help."*

*Home from work at 5.25,
I heard your messages,
Called you back.
"What's the problem?"
"There's no problem."
"You left eight messages."
"Did I? It can't have been much.
Everything's fine."
I thought the problem was
You were always anxious.*

3 iii **YOU DIDN'T WANT TO BE A BURDEN**
*You didn't want to be a burden
Sitting not thinking in some garden.
Doing and giving were your raison d'être.
Being needed made you feel much better.
Stopping work – you wouldn't know how.
Never relaxed, not starting now!*

4 iv **THE DIAGNOSIS WAS SHOCKING**
*The diagnosis was shocking.
For me, the diagnosis was shocking.
Did you understand? I never knew.
Somebody called it Old Timers' Disease.
We laughed at Old Timers' Disease,
As we laugh at pain and terror and death.
For me the diagnosis was shocking.*

5 v **HE WAS ALWAYS THERE**
*He was always there, your house his
second home.
When we came there was no escape from
the madman,
Sulking or shouting or
Our better than best friend.
You said, "I blame his childhood."
You said, "I feel sorry for him."
We felt sorry too, but more for you.
You were his. We wanted you to be yours.
You saw affection. We saw control.
You wouldn't stand, you wouldn't fight,
You forgave him day after night
And seemed not to see
How unwelcome
We became
When we came.
We came for your cushions
But got his elbows.*

6 vi **WHEN I WAS FEARFUL**
*When I was fearful you built me a castle.
When things weren't right you taught me
how to wait.
When I was ill you always made it better.
Should I have done the same for you
Before it was too late?*

7 vii **YOU FORGOT OUR BIRTHDAYS**
*You forgot our birthdays.
We didn't mind, just a minor concern,
But it did make us think things might not
return.*

*You forgot our birthdays.
It just showed us that you weren't any
more
The you that was you a few months
before.*

*You forgot our birthdays.
No card. No gift.
No great surprise.*

8 viii **MANY THE MILE I TRAVELLED**

*Many the mile I travelled
Bouncing around on a bus,
Or when she visited with me,
Then it was the car for us.*

*You said,
"It's so lovely to see you.
What a nice surprise.
Where am I?
What sort of place is this?
Everybody's good to me here.
Someone came to visit me yesterday.
Who was it now? I can't remember her
name.*

*I might be out again soon. He'll look
after me.
He visits me twice a day every day. He's
marvellous.
I'll cook his dinners again. I'll do his
washing again.
He'll look after me."*

*Then you would go back to your teen years
And the spark would still be there.*

9 ix **WE VISITED YOU**

*We visited you
In two hospitals
And three homes.
At least it was neutral ground.
At least we knew things.*

*When you were with him
There were no facts,
Nothing to believe.*

*Your truth was your truth
For the moment.
An hour before, it could be different.
An hour later, it could be different.
You would not know it would be different.
You had no narrative, just moments.
No history, just a series of scenes.
Thanks to you I learnt the meaning of words
Like demented and confabulate.*

His truth was his truth...

*Thanks to him I learnt the meaning of words
Was not to be trusted.*

*In the dark
There were no facts,
Nothing to believe.*

10 x **MANY THE HOUR WE TRAVELLED**

*Many the hour we travelled
Wondering what we would find.
Would you be well in your body?
Would you be in your own mind?*

*You said,
"I didn't know you were coming.
I do appreciate it.
I don't like those two over there.
Is it dingy here or is it just me?
I had a visitor yesterday.
It wasn't Jane. Or was it the day before?
She was well, anyway. She sends her love.
What day is it today?
He'll be here later. I can count on him.
He's always there for me."*

*Then you would go back to your childhood
And the light would still be there.*

11 xi **SOME DAYS YOU WERE STILL THERE**

*Some days you were still there.
The smile was still there.
The warmth was still there.
We could make each other laugh.*

*Some days were not so good.
Some of you was missing.
Losing you a little at a time
There was no reason to laugh.*

12 xii **YOU SAID, "IT'S REALLY NICE TO SEE YOU"**

*You said, "It's really nice to see you.
Are you working today?
Is it the weekend?
Somebody came to see me. It must have
been Monday.
What place is this? Isn't it soul-destroying
here?
All these gaga old dears. There's only one
I can talk to,
If she's about. What month is it?
I hope I'll be home soon.
He'll look after me.
He's always there.
He'd never hurt me.
Where am I?"*

*Then you would go back to your father
And the warmth would still be there,
And you would still be there.*

*Many the time we travelled
As you grew less and less strong.
In the darkness after we left you
We wondered how long, how long?*

13 xiii **HE'S ALWAYS THERE FOR ME**

*"He's always there
For me. He will
Take care of me.
He's marvellous."*

*He hit you, but
You didn't say.
He hit you, but
You didn't tell.*

*He hit you, but
I didn't know
He hit you till
Much later on.*

*Delirious,
You told the truth.
Unknowingly,
You named the act.*

*Defences down,
You spilt those beans.
With a stranger,
You shared the fact.*

*He hit you, and
He made you deaf,
Made your ears ring
Forever more.*

*He hit you, and
He didn't say.
He hit you, but
I couldn't tell.*

14 xiv **WHEN I WAS WORRIED**
*When I was worried you made things work
out right.
When I was lonely you were my best mate.
When I was weedy you helped me to flourish.
Should I have done the same for you
Before it was too late?*

15 xv **EVERYTHING WAS CLOSING DOWN**
*Everything was closing down.
Everything was falling apart,
Everything but a few organs,
Including your lungs and heart.*

*They kept on performing work,
Supplying you with breath,
But you didn't want life any more
So started to starve yourself to death.*

16 xvi **LUCID BUT DOWNCAST**
*Lucid but downcast, you threw out your
challenge;
If I were like you, would I want to live?
I knew I would never find a reply,
At least no reply that I wanted to give.*

*How could I know how it is to be so old?
How could I know what it feels like to die?
Should I have pushed you to keep keeping on?
I could never have given a good reason why.*

*There was no sunshine in wait for your morning,
At the end of your tunnel no glimmer of light.
You inferred from the fact that I said nothing
That that was the proof you must have
been right.*

*Acceptance was what you heard in my silence,
Assent in the words that I didn't say.
Whatever you wanted to do with your life
You heard me tell you it was okay.*

And it was okay.

17 xvii **HELP**
*"Help," you said.
"Help."
"Help."
In the tone of a seagull's cry.*

*"Help," you called.
"Help."
"Help."
"How can we help?"
"I want to die."*

*"Help," you cried.
"Help."
"Help."
I looked but could find no reply,
And wondered how they would consider my
case
If I were to lovingly smother your face.*

18 xviii **WHEN I WAS ORDINARY**
*When I was ordinary you made me special.
When I was medium you said I was great.
When I was down you built me a staircase.
Should I have done the same for you?
But now it is too late.*

19 xix **YOU AND I HAD DIFFERENT VIEWS**
*You and I had different views
About what went on,
But one thing there was no doubt about.
You had gone.*

*Whether there was nowhere to which
You would move on
Or there really was a better place,
You had gone.*

*So the atheist bent over
For one final kiss,
And said farewell to the Christian.
Goodbye. God bless.*

20 xx **NO MORE CHAINS**
*No more confusion,
No more fog,
No more bruising,
No more falls,
No more chains.*

*No more apologies,
No more fear,
No more burden,
No more tears,
No more chains.*

*No more dependence,
No more shame,
No more ringing,
No more pain,
No more worries,
No more chains.*

All in the past.

*Now you have dignity,
Now you have peace,
Now you have serenity,
Now you are released.*

No more chains.

All in the past.

You're free at last.

THE REVIVAL

Henry Vaughan (1621/2 - 1695)

The alternative title for this anthem is *The lilies of his love*. It was written in 2004 at the request of the choral singer and conductor William Wingate who directed a performance at Evensong in Winchester Cathedral that year.

*Unfold! Unfold! Take in His light,
Who makes thy cares more short than night.
The joys which with His day-star rise
He deals to all but drowsy eyes;
And (what the men of this world miss)
Some drops and dews of future bliss.
Hark! How His winds have chang'd their note!
And with warm whispers call thee out;
The frosts are past, the storms are gone,
And backward life at last comes on.
The lofty groves in express joys
Reply unto the turtle's voice;
And here in dust and dirt, O here
The lilies of His love appear!*

NEVER WEATHER-BEATEN SAIL

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

This setting of the well known words by Thomas Campion was composed in the summer of 2011 for a fiftieth birthday concert for the musician friend of mine, Michael White. The first performance took place under the direction of Michael Clayton at St John's Wood Church in September of that year.

*Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore.
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.*

*Ever blooming are the joys of Heaven's high Paradise.
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines whose beams the blessed only see:
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee!*

THE BELLS OF PARADISE**Anonymous**

This carol was commissioned by Robert Gurd, who is a member of the Ealing Choral Society, and it was written to mark the final Christmas concert to be conducted by the choir's musical director, the late James Gaddarn. The first performance was at Westminster Cathedral in December 2007.

*Down in yon forest there stands a hall:
The bells of Paradise I heard them ring:
It's covered all over with purple and pall
And I love my Lord Jesus above everything.*

*In that hall there stands a bed:
The bells of Paradise I heard them ring:
It's covered all over with scarlet and red:
And I love my Lord Jesus above everything.*

*At the bed-side there lies a stone:
The bells of Paradise I heard them ring:
Which the sweet Virgin Mary knelt upon:
And I love my Lord Jesus above everything.*

*Under that bed there runs a flood:
The bells of Paradise I heard them ring:
The one half runs water, the other runs blood:
And I love my Lord Jesus above everything.*

*At the bed's foot there grows a thorn:
The bells of Paradise I heard them ring:
Which ever grows blossom since he was born:
And I love my Lord Jesus above everything.*

*Over that bed the moon shines bright:
The bells of Paradise I heard them ring:
Denoting our Saviour was born this night:
And I love my Lord Jesus above everything.*

THREE MEDIEVAL CAROLS

Anonymous

Various choral works of mine are published by Stainer and Bell, including the cantata *And all the trumpets sounded* (recorded on Dutton Epoch) and my *Christmas mass* (recorded on EMI and sung by the chamber choir Chantage). The publishers asked if I could contribute some Christmas carols and I pulled together three carols set to medieval texts. Many of my carols were composed for the various choirs which I conduct, but I don't believe that any of these three had been performed before publication although the New London Children's Choir had sung a version of *Quem pastores laudavere* in a setting for unison voices.

24 i **MYN LYKING**

*I saw a fair mayden
Syten and sing,
She lulled a lyttel childe,
A sweete Lording,
Lullay myn lyking, my dere sonne, my sweeting,
Lullay my dere herte, myn own dere derling.*

*That same Lord is He
That made alle thing;
Of alle lordis he is Lord,
Of alle kynges Kyng,
Lullay myn lyking, my dere sonne, my sweeting,
Lullay my dere herte, myn own dere derling.*

*There was mickle melody
At that chyld's birth,
All that were in heav'ny bliss,
They made mickle mirth,
Lullay myn lyking, my dere sonne, my sweeting,
Lullay my dere herte, myn own dere derling.*

*Angels bright sang their song to that child;
Blyssid be thou, and so be she,
So meek and mild,
Lullay myn lyking, my dere sonne, my sweeting,
Lullay my dere herte, myn own dere derling.*

25 ii **THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE HYMN**

*Dormi, Jesu! Mater ridet
Quae tam dulcem somnum videt,
Dormi, Jesu, blandule!
Si non dormis, Mater plorat,
Inter fila cantans orat,
Dormi, Jesu, blandule!*

*Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling;
Mother sits beside thee smiling;
Sleep, my darling, tenderly!
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth:
Come, soft slumber, balmily!*

26 iii **QUEM PASTORES LAUDAVERE**

*Quem pastores laudavere,
Quibus angeli dixere,
"Absit vobis jam timere,
Natus est rex gloriae!"*

*Ad quem magi ambulabant,
Aurum, thus, myrrham portabant,
Immolabant haec sincere
Nato regi Gloria.*

*Shepherds came to sing and praise him,
Angels from on high proclaimed him:
"Set aside your fear, and name him,
Born today your glorious King"*

*Exsultemus cum Maria
In coelesti hierarchia
Natum promant voce pia
Dulcicum melodia.*

*Wise men jour'ning to his presence,
Bearing gold and myrrh and incense,
Bowing low in deepest reu'rence
Make their princely offering.*

*Christo regi, Deo nato,
Per Mariam nobis dato,
Merito resonet vere
"Laus, honor, et Gloria."*

*Let us join the praise with Mary
And the angels sent from glory,
Who enjoy retell the story,
And their sweetest music raise.*

*Christ our King lies in a cradle,
Born of Mary in a stable;
This the song of all his people:
"Honour, glory, might and praise."*

WE WILL REMEMBER THEM

King David (c.1040 BC - c.970 BC) and **Laurence Binyon** (1869 - 1943)

The famous verses by Laurence Binyon are here juxtaposed with the text in Latin and with verses from Psalm 23. The piece was written in 1995 and now seems to have been a precursor of all of those slow moving motets and anthems which have become popular with audiences and choirs alike. It received a performance under my direction in the context of a service for All Souls day at the Church of Our Most Holy Redeemer in Clerkenwell in 2003.

*Si ambulem in medio umbrae mortis,
Non timebo mala;
Quoniam tu mesum es, Domine.
Virga tua et baculus tuus, ipsa me consolata sunt.*

*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil.
For thou art with me,
Thy rod and thy staff comfort me.*

*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*

AVE VERUM

Anonymous

I have made various settings of this familiar text over the years. This simple and direct version was composed in 2009.

*Ave, verum corpus
Natum ex Maria Virgine,
Vere passum immolatum
In cruce pro homine,
Cujus latus perforatum
Vero fluxit et sanguine,
Esto nobis praegustatum
Mortis in examine.*

*Hail, true body
Born of the Virgin Mary,
Who truly suffered, sacrificed
On the Cross for man,
Whose pierced side overflowed
With water and blood,
Be for us a foretaste
In the test of death.*

AVE MARIA**Anonymous**

Written in the summer of 2009, this setting of the familiar prayer to the Virgin exists in English and Latin versions; the latter is sung here.

*Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum.
Benedicta tu in mulieribus,
Et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Iesus.
Sancta Maria, Mater Dei,
Ora pro nobis peccatoribus,
Nunc et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.*

*Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.
Blessed art thou among women,
And blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, Mother of God,
Pray for us sinners,
Now and in the hour of our death. Amen*

PSALM 150**King David**

This psalm setting appears in various versions, for treble voices only, for choir and organ and for choir organ and brass. It was commissioned by an American family for the New London Children's Choir. Jinny, Tim and Isabella Barney had all sung with the choir over a period of years and the parents Margey and Tim were actively involved in the administration and governance of the choir. The piece was first performed at the choir's summer school in 2007 and it marked the last appearance of Jinny with the senior choir because the family was about to return to the States. The full choir version with brass was performed in London in 2010 and this present version is receiving its first outing. The work falls into sections. The main body of the text is set in an A-B-A format (slow-quick-slow), then follows the doxology which is quiet and contemplative.

*O praise God in His holiness: praise Him in the firmament of His power.
Praise Him in His noble acts: praise Him according to His excellent greatness.
Praise Him in the sound of the trumpet: praise Him upon the lute and harp.
Praise Him in the cymbals and dances: praise Him upon the strings and pipe.
Praise Him upon the well-tuned cymbals: praise Him upon the loud cymbals.
Let everything that hath breath: praise the Lord!
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Spirit,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.*

THE PILGRIM**John Bunyan** (1628 - 1688)

In 2004 I was asked by Graeme Lodge, Director of Music at Epsom College, to help put together an item for the centenary concert for the school which was to be held at the Royal Albert Hall. The following year Graeme asked me to write an anthem for a concert at St John's Smith Square to be sung by the Chapel Choir.

*Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather;
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.*

*Who so beset him round,
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right,
To be a pilgrim.*

*Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away,
He'll fear not what men say;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.*

Apsara:

Soprano - Mary Bevan ^b, Zoe Brown ^b, Kirsty Hopkins ^{ad}, Elizabeth Weisberg ^{ac};

Alto - Ruth Gibbins ^a, Martha McClorinan ^a, Kate Symonds-Joy ^b, Claire Wilkinson ^b;

Tenor - Jeremy Budd ^b, Peter Davoren ^a, Tom Herford ^a, George Pooley ^b;

Bass - Neil Bellingham ^a, Samuel Evans ^b, Richard Latham ^b, Philip Tebb ^{ac};

(^a all tracks except 28-29, ^b tracks 28-29, ^c soloist in *Things I didn't say*, ^d soloist in *We will remember them*).

Produced by Richard Sutcliffe.

Engineered and edited by Richard Sutcliffe (all tracks except 28-29) and Michael Ponder (tracks 28-29).

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