



THE COMPLETE

# Quilter

volume 1

SONGBOOK

MARK STONE  
STEPHEN BARLOW



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THE COMPLETE **Quilter** SONGBOOK volume 1

**ROGER QUILTER** (1877-1953)

**FOUR SHAKESPEARE SONGS** Op.30 (*William Shakespeare*)

- |   |     |                                   |      |
|---|-----|-----------------------------------|------|
| 1 | i   | Who is Silvia?                    | 2'05 |
| 2 | ii  | When daffodils begin to peer      | 1'05 |
| 3 | iii | How should I your true love know? | 2'22 |
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**TWO SONGS** Op.26 (*Robert Loius Stevenson*)

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| 16 | <b>'TIS SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY</b> ( <i>William Shakespeare</i> ) |  | 1'11 |
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| 17 | <b>HARK, HARK, THE LARK</b> ( <i>William Shakespeare</i> ) |  | 1'04 |
|----|--|--|------|

- |    |   |  |      |
|----|---|--|------|
| 18 | <b>COME LADY-DAY</b> ( <i>May Pemberton</i> ) |  | 1'56 |
|----|---|--|------|

- |    |  |  |      |
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**MARK STONE** *baritone*  
**STEPHEN BARLOW** *piano*

## ROGER QUILTER

### The gentlemanly song-composer

#### Part one: A poorly child from a wealthy family

Roger Cuthbert Quilter was a composer whose output consisted almost entirely of songs, and although he wrote a few pieces of light music for orchestra, most of his partsongs and chamber pieces were rearrangements of his core song repertoire. Above all, his music is gentle and charming, as the composer was himself – a man who loved poetry and presented the words of his songs in an equally prominent role as the music. His compositional style evolved from the late-Victorian, pre-war innocence of his childhood, and remained in this simple persuasive vein throughout his long life, living up to his family motto: *Plûtôt mourir que changer* (Rather die than change).

He was born in Hove, Sussex on 1st November 1877, the sixth of eight children. His father was a successful businessman, and the household was therefore very comfortably off, with a full compliment of servants. Aside from his sister Evelyn, who had died in infancy, all his siblings were healthy and strong. Quilter, however, was a quiet and delicate boy, as is indicated by the entry in the Quilter children's alphabet book: "R is for Roger who loves a quiet game".

In 1882, the family moved to Suffolk, from where his father's family had originated. After leasing other properties for a couple of years, they moved into the newly-built Bawdsey Manor, and from this base the family became a pillar of the local society, establishing a brewery and breeding Suffolk heavy horses. His father was a member of parliament, vice-commodore of the Harwich Yacht Club, a magistrate, alderman and deputy lieutenant, before being made a baronet in 1897.

Quilter attended Pinewood Preparatory School in Farnborough, Hampshire, where his interests in music, poetry and drama were encouraged; he sang in the school choir, and learned to play the violin and piano, becoming quite proficient by the time he left the school. It was a very happy environment and a stark contrast to his time at Eton College, which he attended from 1892 to 1895 and hated. There the emphasis was on sport, from which Quilter was excused and allowed to study music, on account of his frailty. He played the violin in some of the Eton College Musical Society's concerts, but does not appear to have played the piano in school concerts or taken any role in running the society.

Aged 17, the 6'3", slim, sickly Quilter returned to Suffolk, and whilst his brothers went into

business or the armed forces, Quilter was clearly unsuited for such pursuits. A family friend suggested that he should study at the Hoch Conservatorium in Frankfurt; at this time the relatively newly-established London colleges were considered inferior, and Germany was thought to be the obvious place to obtain a first-rate musical education. Frankfurt was a traditional school, a very conservative conservatoire, where about a fifth of the students were English speaking. He spent four and a half years there and began composing his first piece a few months after he arrived. Interestingly, this early work, the song *Now sleeps the crimson petal*, was to become, after some revision, one of his most famous compositions.

Whilst in Frankfurt, Quilter met four other English-speaking students: Percy Grainger, Cyril Scott, Balfour Gardiner and Norman O'Neill. They were united more by friendship than by any musical similarity as composers, although Grainger once said that their common ground was harmony, writing music with a more vertical ear than horizontal. Probably more decisive than this was their shared hatred of Beethoven. They remained friends for the rest of their lives and were referred to as The Frankfurt Group.

Quilter's first study was piano, and the school was staffed with excellent piano teachers who were ex-pupils of Clara Schumann, herself a highly-regarded pedagogue. He attended the obligatory classes in harmony, counterpoint, thorough-bass, form and history, as well as composition with Ivan Knorr. Knorr was a strict taskmaster requiring tedious exercises that did not come easily to Quilter. He was grateful for the discipline, but depressed by his lack of ability, and never composed any large-scale works. Knorr's opinion of Quilter was that he did not think he would be a great composer, but considered his music to be charming.

By 1901, at the age of 23, Quilter had returned to England and was living in London, with little sense of direction, and no idea as to his musical identity aside from the handful of songs he had written in Germany. What probably decided his fate more than anything else was the fact that, like Gardiner, there was no financial need for him to work. He was well provided for by his family, and was allowed the opportunity to compose whatever music he chose. Such a luxury may have limited the scope of compositional opportunities that Quilter decided to follow, but it did allow him to focus on the area of music to which he was naturally drawn and for which he undoubtedly had an innate talent – songs.





**FOUR SHAKESPEARE SONGS OP.30**

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Shakespeare appears to have been Quilter's favourite poet; in addition to the eighteen songs on this disc, he also wrote several partsongs, and there are rumours of some other songs that have since been lost. Described as his "third set", this group of Shakespeare songs was first published in 1933, although the first song had been produced as a single item six years earlier. There is no thematic connection between the songs, but it is a nicely varied group. The published editions were revised slightly in 1960, presumably reflecting the composer's final wishes for these songs.

1 i **Who is Silvia?**

This first song, composed in 1926 and originally published in 1928, sets a text from act 4 scene 2 of *The two gentlemen of Verona*. It was dedicated to Nora Forman, the daughter of a Scottish railway engineer, and a wealthy and knowledgeable patron of the arts. Quilter and Forman were long-standing friends, and at some point around this time, he proposed marriage to her. The exact date of this arrangement is unknown, and so the context of this dedication is uncertain. What is clear is that Forman was heartbroken when Quilter broke it off, although they did remain friends.

Who is Silvia? What is she?  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair and wise is she:  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness:  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness,  
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling.  
To her let us garlands bring.

2 ii **When daffodils begin to peer**

Taken from act 4 scene 3 of *The winter's tale*, this song establishes the character of Autolycus, a dishonest rogue, with its references to drinking, thieving and frolicking in the hay. If anything, Quilter's setting is a little genteel, and some commentators have suggested that he may have been unaware of the bawdier connotations of Shakespeare's vocabulary. It was composed in 1933 and was dedicated to Quilter's friend Mark Raphael, perhaps as a final reconciliation after the composer's initial reluctance to accept Raphael's wife, and also after the Raphaels' horrified reaction to his treatment of Nora Forman.

When daffodils begin to peer,  
With hey, the doxy over the dale,  
Why then comes the sweet o' the year,  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
With hey, the sweet birds, how they sing!  
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge.  
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,  
With hey, the thrush and the jay,  
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

3 iii **How should I your true love know**

In act 4 scene 4 of *Hamlet*, Ophelia is losing her mind following her father's death. This is the first of several songs she sings to Queen Gertrude, but whereas the later songs are bizarrely jolly, this one is a sincere expression of her grief. Quilter's heartfelt setting was dedicated to Eva Raphael. The composer had desired a more intimate relationship with her husband, Mark Raphael, and had reacted badly to the announcement of their engagement, but was finally won over by Eva's charm. This song was perhaps meant as a requiem to his carnal desires towards her husband.

How should I your true love know  
From another one?  
By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone.  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,  
Larded with sweet flowers  
Which bewept to the grave did go  
With true-love showers.

4 iv Sigh no more, ladies

After three songs, the dedications of which appear to be serious and sincere apologies, this last song provides an excuse for his past misdemeanours. The song, from act 2 scene 3 of *Much ado about nothing*, sets the scene for the comical romance of Beatrice and Benedick. Quilter was unable to express his own true desires, as a homosexual at the wrong end of the twentieth century, and found himself inadvertently causing offence to those closest to him. Perhaps by dedicating this song to his young nephew, Arnold Vivian, he was attempting to highlight the innocence of his actions, and the ultimate benevolence of his intentions.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever:  
One foot in sea and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never.  
Then sigh not so, but let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,  
Of dumps so dull and heavy:  
The fraud of men was ever so,  
Since summer first was leavy.  
Then sigh not so, but let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into hey nonny, nonny.

## TWO SONGS OP.26

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)

Composed and published in 1922, this was Quilter's second group of Stevenson songs, and the set was dedicated to his friend Louis de Glehn and his Scottish wife Dinah, who were married two years earlier. Louis was referred to by the nickname Vonny, on account of his original surname, von Glehn, which he had altered at the time of the first world war. His wife, who never used her original first name of Marion, met Louis' brother when she was working as a nurse in the war in France, and he introduced her to Quilter and her future husband.

### 5 i In the highlands

This poem, taken from Stevenson's 1895 collection of 44 poems, *Songs of travel*, captures a nostalgic and majestic image of the Scottish highlands. But, as in Vaughan Williams' famous cycle of nine settings from Stevenson's book, where the topic of travel is used as a metaphor for the journey through life, this poem also provides a weightier subtext. It uses the reminiscences of an idyllic location to conjure up images of happier times, youth, and the sweet sadness of their memory. Quilter was clearly inspired by the many textual gems in this verse, and composed some of his most harmonically-adventurous and dream-like music.

In the highlands, in the country places,  
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,  
And the young fair maidens  
Quiet eyes;  
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,  
And for ever in the hill-recesses  
Her more lovely music  
Broods and dies.

O to mount again where erst I haunted;  
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,  
And the low green meadows  
Bright with sward;  
And when even dies, the million-tinted,  
And the night has come, and planets glinted,  
Lo, the valley hollow  
Lamp bestarred!

O to dream, O to awake and wander  
There, and with delight to take and render,  
Through the trance of silence,  
Quiet breath;  
Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses,  
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes;  
Only winds and rivers,  
Life and death.

6 ii **Over the land is April**

This unfinished Stevenson poem was published posthumously in the 1918 book *New poems*. The second half of the second verse repeats three lines from the first verse before giving four alternate endings: "I sound the song of spring / I throw the flowers of spring / Do you hear the song of spring? / Hear you the songs of spring?". Quilter chose option one, but also incorporated option three by repeating the first verse and adding it to the end. This mid-winter song of spring, is full of the excitement of anticipation, as well as the agitation of someone trying to keep warm in the snow.

Over the land is April,  
Over my heart a rose;  
Over the high, brown mountain  
The sound of singing goes.  
Say, love, do you hear me,  
Hear my sonnets ring?  
Over the high, brown mountain,  
Love, do you hear me sing?

By highway, love, and byway  
The snows succeed the rose.  
Over the high, brown mountain  
The wind of winter blows.  
Say, love, do you hear me,  
Hear my sonnets ring?  
Over the high, brown mountain  
I sound the song of spring.

7 **A London spring**

Julian Sturgis (1848-1904)

This song was performed by Alys Bateman at the Bechstein Hall on 21 November 1904 as *A London spring song*, but it was not until 1928 that the song was finally published, and then under the pseudonym Claude Romney. Quilter was presumably embarrassed by the song's naivety, but it is nonetheless charming and shows the green shoots of what was to become the familiar Quilter sound. Sturgis is better known as the librettist for Sullivan's 1891 opera *Ivanhoe*, but he was also, in 1873, the first American to play football in an F.A. cup final.

The twigs in the sooty gardens  
Are touched with a tender green,  
And I think 'tis the prettiest springtide  
That ever yet was seen.

The face at the old club window  
Forgets to scowl as I pass,  
And out in the park the children  
Roll all in the cool green grass.

Last night a new shower from heaven  
Washed all the old world clean,  
And I think 'tis the prettiest springtide  
That ever yet was seen.

### THREE SHAKESPEARE SONGS OP.6

William Shakespeare

In 1905, Quilter composed his first and most successful set of Shakespeare songs; it is interesting to think that this was only a year after he wrote *A London spring*, which he considered unworthy of putting his name to. In contrast, these three settings instantly sound like a composer who has found his voice, and they have remained a constant in the English song repertoire ever since. The group, which is more musically cohesive than any of his other Shakespeare collections, was dedicated to Walter Creighton, the doctor-turned-singer who gave the first performance of Ralph Vaughan Williams' *Songs of travel* in 1904.

#### 8 i **Come away, death**

In act 2 scene 4 of *Twelfth night*, the jester Feste sings this song; Duke Orsino then sends Viola (who is disguised as a man) with his message of love for Olivia. At the play's dénouement, Olivia marries Viola's brother Sebastian (by mistake, having fallen in love with Viola as a man), and Viola (having fallen in love with the Duke whilst acting as his servant) marries her master. Despite the play's comedy, this melancholy song is extremely heartfelt in its sentiment, the singer requesting that when he dies from love he should be buried where no one can weep over his grave.

Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid.  
Fly away, fly away, breath,  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O, prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower, sweet  
On my black coffin let there be strewn.  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown.  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O, where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

9    ii    **O mistress mine**

This song, also sung by Feste in *Twelfth night*, is from the previous scene – act 2 scene 3. The setting now is Olivia's house, and the jester is entertaining Sir Andrew and Sir Toby as they drink in the early hours. At their request, and for the payment a sixpence from each of them, he sings this love song, which has since adopted the title *Carpe diem* (seize the day). Quilter's setting is a light-hearted affair, with its playful piano introduction and jovial melody, all of which adds to the poignancy when, at the song's close, he repeats the first line.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
 O stay and hear, your true love's coming,  
 That can sing both high and low.  
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting,  
 Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
 Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter,  
 Present mirth hath present laughter.  
 What's to come is still unsure.  
 In delay there lies no plenty,  
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

10    iii    **Blow, blow, thou winter wind**

Sung for the banished Duke Senior in act 2 scene 7 of *As you like it*, this song compares the harshness of the natural environment he is now encountering in the forest to the callous behaviour of some people to their fellow man. The conclusion, strangely, is a jovial one: despite betrayals and ill treatment, life is something to be enjoyed. Quilter catches the two aspects of the song wonderfully, switching from strident minor chords to a playful major dance in both verses. On this recording, the modern pronunciation has been used for the word "wind"; some singers prefer to make it rhyme with "kind".

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As man's ingratitude.  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen,  
 Although thy breath be rude.  
 Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, unto the green holly.  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving  
     mere folly:  
 Then heigh-ho, the holly.  
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky  
 That dost not bite so nigh  
 As benefits forgot:  
 Though thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
 As friend remembered not.  
 Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, unto the green holly.  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving  
     mere folly:  
 Then heigh-ho, the holly.  
 This life is most jolly.

11 **Trollie lollie laughter**  
Victor Benjamin Neuberger (1883-1940)

Neuberger's own publishing house, the Vine Press produced the 1922 book *Larkspur, a lyric Garland*. Ostensibly, this was a collection of other poets' works, but it included a number of poems by Neuberger himself, written under various pseudonyms, including this one ascribed to Nicholas Pyne. Neuberger was an interesting character – a writer with an interest in the occult – but there is little of such intricacies discernable in this simple poem written in mock old English. Quilter chose to omit two verses and modernise the spelling for his 1939 setting, and in spite of the text's limitations produced a charming song.

Trollie lollie laughter!  
Swallows skim the sky;  
Nightingales come after  
When the moone's up high.

When the golden moone comes  
Over the trees  
Soone soone soone comes  
Cupid ore the leas.

Over west the lighte falls  
When the daye dyes;  
Soone soone nighte falls  
From the somer skyes.

Trollie lollie laughter!  
See the sonne falle!  
Love comes after  
With the moone's madrigall.

Darke boughs are bending  
Lovers above;  
See the lovers wendinge  
The woode waye for love.

Galatea, Phyllis,  
Lais, Phylador,  
Iris, Amaryllis,  
Alexis, Amyntor.

Hearken, shepherde's darling,  
How the songes swell!  
The sunne charmed the starlinge,  
The moone wooes Philomell.

Trollie lollie lollie,  
Swallows skim the skye;  
Lovers fulle of folly  
Linger laughing bye.



## SONGS OF SORROW OP.10

Ernest Dowson (1867-1900)

Dowson's poetry is strongly coloured by the melancholy of his short life. Both his parents were consumptive and committed suicide within a few months of each other in 1895, and a few years earlier, in 1889, he had met and fallen in love with the eleven-year-old Adelaide Foltinowicz, who became the inspiration for much of his poetry. He was crushed, when in 1897 she married the tailor who lived above her father's restaurant, and three years later, Dowson died of alcoholism. Quilter's settings, dedicated to his friends Wilfred and Jane de Glehn, and originally entitled *Voices of sorrow*, were composed in 1907, following a period of ill health that saw him in nursing homes and required surgery for a stomach ulcer.

### 12 i A coronal

Dowson's 1896 collection *Verses* was the source for the first three songs of this group. The first poem has the subtitle "With His songs and Her days to His Lady and to Love", and, in fact, the whole book was prefaced with a dedication to Adelaide. This poem describes the death of love, the flowers that were gathered when it lived, and those that marked its demise. The introduction to Quilter's setting weaves back and forth, giving a musical impression of the wreath being created; the melody then mimics the textual repetition at the start of each verse, before taking divergent courses.

Violets and leaves of vine  
Into a frail, fair wreath  
We gather and entwine:  
A wreath for Love to wear,  
Fragrant as his own breath,  
To crown his brow divine  
All day till night is near.  
Violets and leaves of vine  
We gather and entwine.

Violets and leaves of vine  
For Love, that lives a day,  
We gather and entwine.  
All day till Love is dead,  
Till eve falls, cold and gray,  
These blossoms, yours and mine,  
Love wears upon his head.  
Violets and leaves of vine  
We gather and entwine.

Violets and leaves of vine  
For Love, when poor Love dies,  
We gather and entwine.  
This wreath, that lives a day,  
Over his pale, cold eyes,  
Kissed shut by Proserpine,  
At set of sun we lay:  
Violets and leaves of vine  
We gather and entwine.

13 ii **Passing dreams**

This poem was a preface to the 1896 collection, coming directly after the dedication to Adelaide. It features his most famous line (“The days of wine and roses”) and is inscribed with a line from Horace’s *Odes I iv*: “Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare longam” (Life’s brief span forbids us from having long-term hopes). It provides some insight into Dowson’s character that from a poem that uses the cyclical nature of the seasons to illustrate the brevity of life, and therefore the need to seize the moment, Dowson takes the darkest line as an inspiration for his own poem.

They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,  
Love and desire and hate:  
I think they have no portion in us after  
We pass the gate.

They are not long, the days of wine and roses:  
Out of a misty dream  
Our path emerges for a while, then closes  
Within a dream.

Dowson became a Roman Catholic around 1892, and the title of this poem, *Beata solitudo*, is half of an old Cistercian motto, “O beata solitudo O sola beatitudo” (O blessed solitude, O the only happiness), referring to the happiness a monk receives from solitary existence. The poem, however, describes a couple’s isolation, a perfect location where two people could be on their own, leaving the rest of the world behind them. As with the first song of this group, Quilter takes his cue from the repeated words in the first and last verse, setting them identically except for the last line, developing to a rapturous climax on the inner verses.

What land of silence,  
Where pale stars shine  
On apple-blossom  
And dew-drenched vine,  
Is yours and mine?

The silent valley  
That we will find,  
Where all the voices  
Of humankind  
Are left behind.

There all forgetting,  
Forgotten quite,  
We will repose us,  
With our delight  
Hid out of sight.

The world forsaken,  
And out of mind  
Honour and labour,  
We shall not find  
The stars unkind.

And men shall travail,  
And laugh and weep;  
But we have vistas  
Of gods asleep,  
With dreams as deep.

A land of silence,  
Where pale stars shine  
On apple-blossoms  
And dew-drenched vine,  
Be yours and mine!

15 iv **In spring**

The words for this song were taken from Dowson's 1899 collection *Decorations: in verse and prose*. It is an appropriate text to appear at the end of Dowson's last book, with the poet speaking about being at the end of his life. Of the group, this is the only song that Quilter set in a sharp key, and there is a heartbreaking brightness and occasional optimistic resignation about this setting, particular at the end when it moves from the relative minor back the major. Percy Grainger wrote of it: "I relish keenly the last vocal phrase of 'In spring' – an inspired close".

See how the trees and the osiers lithe  
 Are green bedecked and the woods are blithe.  
 The meadows have donned their cape of flowers,  
 The air is soft with the sweet May showers,  
 And the birds make melody:  
 But the spring of the soul, the spring of  
 the soul,  
 Cometh no more for you or for me.

The lazy hum of the busy bees  
 Murmureth through the almond trees;  
 The jonquil flaunteth a gay, blonde head,  
 The primrose peeps from a mossy bed,  
 And the violets scent the lane.  
 But the flowers of the soul, the flowers of  
 the soul,  
 For you and for me bloom never again.

16 **'Tis Saint Valentine's day**

William Shakespeare

Like *How should I your true love know* (track 3), this song is sung by Ophelia in act 4 scene 4 of *Hamlet* as she is going mad following the death of her father. Quilter's setting is an arrangement of a melody from Thomas D'Urfey's *Wit and mirth* of 1707. It was composed in 1917, and revised in 1919, but was not published in his lifetime, and in addition to this edition, there was also a version for string quartet and harp accompaniment, which has since been lost. It seems most likely that it was written to be included in a production of the play.

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

17 **Hark, hark, the lark**  
William Shakespeare

This song is sung by Cloten in act 2 scene 3 of *Cymbeline*, in his doomed attempts to woo the king's daughter, Innogen, describing it as "a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it"; in fact, she is already married to the banished Posthumus, and so his singing is unlikely to have the desired effect. Quilter's version, with its birdlike accompaniment and triumphant melody, was published in 1946 and, although short, captures something of the hope and optimism of this post-war period. It is indebted to his own setting of the Shelley poem *Love's philosophy*, which was published over forty years earlier.

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies:  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes  
With everything that pretty bin,  
My lady sweet, arise.

18 **Come Lady-Day**  
May Pemberton (1875-1941)

May Pemberton was an obscure poet, and it is unclear as to how Quilter came across these words. She was the brother-in-law of the artist Rupert Lee, and the daughter of the writer Thomas Edgar Pemberton. She spent a great deal of her life as her mother's carer and companion, but was allowed to earn some money typing for the American author Bret Harte; her father wrote a biography of Harte. *Lady-Day* is the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, which is on 25th March, and Quilter composed his setting of these words in 1938, as well as a partsong version for two voices.

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.

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 honey cake so fine,  
A golden cup of sparkling wine,  
And go to meet my Love  
On Lady-Day.

19 **Come unto these yellow sands**

William Shakespeare

From act 1 scene 2 of *The tempest*, this is one of Ariel's songs, sung to guide the shipwrecked Ferdinand to the shore. Quilter is also rumoured to have written versions of two other Ariel songs (*Full fathom five* and *Where the bee sucks*), although if these did ever exist, they are now lost. His setting of this song, written in 1946 and published five years later, has a suitably magical feel, with the opening marked *Allegretto misterioso e con moto*, and the change of time signature for the second section hinting at the weirdness of Ariel's character.

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Curtsied when you have, and kissed  
The wild waves whist:  
Foot it feately here and there,  
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.  
Hark, hark!  
The watch-dogs bark: bow-wow.  
Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticleer  
Cry, cock-a-diddle-dow.

20 **Tell me where is fancy bred**

William Shakespeare

The fact that this song and *Come unto these yellow sands* were not grouped together, as previous Shakespeare songs had been, in spite of the fact that they were both composed in 1946 and published in 1951, probably says more about the prevailing economic climate than the songs themselves. The text is from act 3 scene 2 of *The merchant of Venice*, when Bassanio is required to choose the correct casket (from gold, silver and lead) in order to win Portia's hand in marriage. The song warns him against making a selection based on outward appearance, and he chooses lead – correctly.

Tell me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?  
Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,  
With gazing fed, and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.  
Let us all ring fancy's knell.  
I'll begin it – Ding, dong, bell.  
Ding, dong, bell.

### THREE PASTORAL SONGS OP.22

Joseph Campbell (1879-1944)

Quilter's correspondence with the Irish poet Joseph Campbell, also known as Seosamh MacCathmhaoil, began around 1907, and culminated in this set of three songs, which were composed in 1920 and published the following year. The group, which he had considered calling *Cherry Valley: three songs*, was originally conceived with a piano trio accompaniment, and was published in this form and with a piano accompaniment. It was dedicated to the singer Monica Harrison, one of the famously-musical Harrison sisters; the other three made up a piano trio – May, Beatrice and Margaret played violin, cello and piano respectively.

#### 21 i I will go with my father a-ploughing

This first song, which was also published separately, has become a little over-shadowed by Ivor Gurney's more famous setting, published in the same year. The poem tells the story of a child accompanying a father throughout the seasons' tasks on a farm, from ploughing through to harvest, and Quilter's straightforward, gentle song has the air of the plough-song, seed-song and scythe-song described in the text. The cyclical nature of the story is underlined by his using the same melody for the first and last verses until the last two lines produce a feeling of finality, when the harvest is complete.

I will go with my father a-ploughing  
To the green field by the sea,  
And the rooks and the crows and the seagulls  
Will come flocking after me.  
I will sing to the patient horses  
With the lark in the shine of the air,  
And my father will sing the plough-song  
That blesses the cleaving share.

I will go with my father a-sowing  
To the red field by the sea,  
And the rooks and the gulls and the starlings  
Will come flocking after me.  
I will sing to the striding sowers  
With the finch on the flowering sloe,  
And my father will sing the seed-song  
That only the wise men know.

I will go with my father a-reaping  
To the brown field by the sea,  
And the geese and the crows and the children  
Will come flocking after me.  
I will sing to the weary reapers  
With the wren in the heat of the sun,  
And my father will sing the scythe-song  
That joys for the harvest done.

22    ii    **Cherry Valley**

It is interesting to listen to Quilter's own recording of this second song, performed with the singer Mark Raphael and piano trio accompaniment; Quilter omits a fair amount of the piano passages that are doubled by the other instruments, adding a certain freedom to the performance. Cherryvalley (spelt as one word) is actually an affluent suburb of Belfast, the city of Campbell's birth, although the poem paints a more rural picture, with its mentions of fairies and moonlit valley paths. Quilter's rapidly moving harmony certainly adds to this mystical atmosphere, resulting in a song imbued with exotic charm.

In Cherry Valley the cherries blow;  
The valley paths are white as snow.  
And in their time with clusters red  
The heavy boughs are crimsonèd.  
Now the low moon is looking through  
The glimmer of the honey dew.  
A petal trembles to the grass,  
The feet of fairies pass and pass.  
In Cherry Valley the cherries blow;  
The valley paths are white as snow.



This poem has the most Gaelic feel of the group, with names like Loch Kyoombawn (fair calm lake), the stream of Aili, Blaniid's Bed and Moymalla (the plain of honey), the last of these being a name for fairyland. In fact, images of fairies pervade the entire song, as the singer dreams of his wishes turning into fairies and carrying him away from his grey mundane life to the idyllic landscape described. Quilter's capricious setting impishly skips between 9/8 and 6/8 time, occasionally wrong footing the ear of the listener, and giving a carefree air which heightens the sadness felt at the poem's close.

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

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

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

24 **Non nobis, Domine**  
Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)

Walter Creighton, Quilter's singer friend and the dedicatee of his *Three Shakespeare songs* (tracks 8-10) became an administrator after the war, and was involved in the organisation of the 1934 Pageant of Parliament at the Royal Albert Hall. He commissioned Quilter to write a setting of these words by Kipling, and they were soon published in a number of formats, for various choral forces and accompaniments. Malcolm Sargent was particularly complimentary after hearing it, and wrote to Quilter: "for years at almost all the country festivals it has been the custom to end with Parry's Jerusalem and in many cases people are asking for a change but I have found no suitable tune. I found it last night!"

Non nobis, Domine!  
Not unto us, O Lord,  
The praise and glory be  
Of any deed or word.  
For in Thy judgment lies  
To crown or bring to nought  
All knowledge and device  
That man has reached or wrought.

And we confess our blame,  
How all too high we hold  
That noise which men call fame,  
That dross which men call gold.  
For these we undergo  
Our hot and godless days,  
But in our souls we know  
Not unto us the praise.

O Power by whom we live  
Creator, Judge, and Friend,  
Upholdingly forgive,  
Nor leave us at the end.  
But grant us yet to see,  
In all our piteous ways,  
Non nobis, Domine,  
Not unto us the praise.

## TWO SHAKESPEARE SONGS OP.32

William Shakespeare

These two songs, composed in 1938 and published the following year, have no connection and appear to have been grouped together purely for convenience. Together, they actually constitute the last work to which Quilter assigned an opus number; throughout his life he chose to give some works catalogue numbers, and others not, including many that were published. It is possible that he only numbered those works with which he was really happy – whereas some works he was so dissatisfied with that he only allowed them to be published under a pseudonym.

### 25 i Orpheus with his lute

Shakespeare's play *Henry VIII* is concerned with Cardinal Wolsey and his part in bringing about the king's divorce from Katherine of Aragon and marriage to Anne Bullen (as she is spelt in the play). In act 3 scene 1, Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius visit Katherine in an attempt to persuade her to accept the king's decision, and thereby avoid the scandal of a divorce trial. Before they arrive, the queen asks her lady-in-waiting to take her lute and sing her a song, to ease her troubled soul. She sings this song, which describes the power of music to banish woes.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing.  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung, as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

26 ii **When icicles hang by the wall**

*Love's labour's lost* tells the story of a king and his companions falling in love with a princess and her ladies. At the end of the play, the men swear their love, but the ladies tell them to wait a year to prove it. Two songs are then sung about the seasons of the year, the first about spring, and the second, this one, about winter. It is an ambiguous ending, which makes some think that there was a sequel entitled *Love's labour's won*. With its off-beat accents and onomatopoeic underlay, Quilter's jovial setting is a perfect conclusion to Shakespeare's comedy.

When icicles hang by the wall  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
 When blood is nipped and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl:  
 "Tu-whit, tu-whoo."  
 A merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow  
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl:  
 "Tu-whit, tu-whoo."  
 A merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

27 **A song at parting**

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

Quilter wrote two Rossetti settings. The first, *Should one of us remember*, was composed in August 1897, when Quilter was a student in Frankfurt. It was never published, and the manuscript, which was sold at Sotheby's in 1968, has since been lost. The manuscript of another song, *When I am dead my dearest*, was sold at the same time and is also lost, but this was presumably *A song at parting*, which was published in 1952 – appropriately, the year before his death. This simple setting highlights the poem's benevolent, positive message, in contrast to John Ireland's maudlin setting of 1928.

When I am dead, my dearest,  
 Sing no sad songs for me;  
 Plant thou no roses at my head,  
 Nor shady cypress tree;  
 Be the green grass above me  
 With showers and dewdrops wet,  
 And if thou wilt, remember,  
 And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,  
 I shall not feel the rain,  
 I shall not hear the nightingale  
 Sing on as if in pain.  
 And dreaming through the twilight  
 That does not rise nor set,  
 Haply I may remember,  
 And haply may forget.

## FOUR CHILD SONGS OP.5

Robert Louis Stevenson

This group of songs was revised several times by Quilter. The first two songs were originally published in 1904 as *Two child songs*. When the third and fourth were added for the 1914 publication, the original songs were also revised. The set was republished in 1945, and Quilter took the opportunity to make some small changes to the first and third songs; it is this final version that is used for this recording. From the set's first publication in 1904, the songs were dedicated to the composer's sister Norah, whose first two children, Eustace and Ruby, were about one and four years old at the time.

### 28 i A good child

All four poems of the group were taken from Stevenson's 1885 book of 65 poems *A child's garden of verses* (originally called *Penny whistles*). His cousin, and childhood playmate, Henrietta Milne recognised some of the references in the poems, and Stevenson wrote to her in 1883: "See 'A Good Boy' in the Penny Whistles, much of the sentiment of which is taken directly from one evening at Bridge of Allan when we had had a great play with the little Glasgow girl." Quilter's simple setting is an excellent presentation for the squeaky-clean sentiment of the verse.

I woke before the morning, I was happy all the day,  
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and stuck to play.

And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,  
And I am very happy, for I know that I've been good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh, with linen smooth and fair,  
And I must off to sleep again, and not forget my prayer.

I know that, till tomorrow I shall see the sun arise,  
No ugly dream shall fright my mind, no ugly sight my eyes,

But slumber hold me tightly till I waken in the dawn,  
And hear the thrushes singing in the lilacs round the lawn.

29    **ii    The lamplighter**

The revisions that Quilter made to this second song were small but significant. The piano introduction and interludes, as well as the first line of the first and last verses, originally contained Scotch snap rhythms; these were removed to leave a line of equal quavers in the final version, giving a more childlike rendition, but perhaps losing something of the national flavour of the poet. Leerie was the generic name for lamplighters in Scotland, and, unlike in this poem, the Leeries were often teased by children as they went about their work.

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;  
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;  
For every night at tea-time and before you take your seat,  
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,  
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;  
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,  
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,  
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;  
And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,  
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

30    **iii    Where go the boats?**

For the third song of the group, Quilter chose a poem about a child's boat being lost downstream. The gently rocking music conjures images not only of the flowing water, but also of the child falling asleep, thinking of the lost toy. As an adult, writing in the voice of child, Stevenson is also using the image of a boat to suggest the childhood that the poet will have to leave behind for younger children to enjoy. It is a wonderfully-touching sentiment, made all the more powerful by the discretion of Stevenson's allusion, and Quilter's lullaby-like setting adds another layer, as if the sun is setting on the child's infancy.

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.

31 iv Foreign children

The twentieth century saw a sea-change in the area of jingoism, racism and political correctness in general. It would be easy to dismiss Quilter's final song of this group as an abhorrent mistake from the pre-war era, but it should be remembered that this is a child's song, the message of which is quite simply: "Hey, Johnny Foreigner, I know you have wonderfully exotic things where you live, but wouldn't you prefer to be English". The poem shows a child's lack of empathy and inability to view the world from a foreign viewpoint.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,  
Little frosty Eskimo,  
Little Turk or Japanee,  
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees  
And the lions overseas;  
You have eaten ostrich eggs,  
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,  
But it's not so nice as mine:  
You must often, as you trod,  
Have wearied not to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,  
I am fed on proper meat;  
You must dwell beyond the foam,  
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,  
Little frosty Eskimo,  
Little Turk or Japanee,  
O! don't you wish that you were me?

## FIVE SHAKESPEARE SONGS OP.23

William Shakespeare

In 1919, Quilter published *Three songs from 'As you like it'*. This comprised *Blow, blow thou winter wind*, which had already been published as part of his *Three Shakespeare songs*, together with two new pieces: *Under the greenwood tree* and the duet *It was a lover and his lass*. These two new songs were then included in his *Five Shakespeare songs*, published in 1921, with the duet being revised as a solo song. It is his largest Shakespeare set, and although the variety means that they work well when performed as a group, there is no real unifying feature aside from the authorship.

### 32 i Fear no more the heat o' the sun

Although Robin Hollway also attended Eton, he was seven years younger than Quilter, so it was not until later, as part of the social circle of the London-based American jeweller and painter Florence Koehler, that they became friends. He studied classics at Balliol College, Oxford and served in the war before going into the diplomatic service. In 1921, he committed suicide, and Quilter dedicated this first song to his memory. The words, from act 4 scene 2 of *Cymbeline*, are those of Guiderius and Arviragus, after the former had cut off Cloten's head.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages,  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke,  
Care no more to clothe and eat,  
To thee the reed is as the oak,  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone.  
Fear not slander, censure rash.  
Thou hast finished joy and moan.  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee and come to dust.

No exorcizer harm thee,  
Nor no witchcraft charm thee.  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee.  
Nothing ill come near thee.  
Quiet consummation have,  
And renownèd be thy grave.



33 ii **Under the greenwood tree**

The three songs from this group that were composed in 1919 (numbers 2, 3 and 5) were all dedicated to Walter Creighton, Quilter's friend to whom his first set of *Three Shakespeare songs* was also dedicated. This song is sung in act 2 scene 5 of *As you like it* by Amiens to Jaques and others, extolling the delights of living in the forest of Arden. They are part of the entourage of the exiled Duke Senior, who has been usurped by his younger brother, and the song describes how they have nothing to fear except the slight hardships of the natural environment.

Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see no enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see no enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

34 iii **It was a lover and his lass**

The reason for the concentration of songs from *As you like it* at this time was that Quilter had been asked to provide the music for a staging in the autumn of 1921, which he conducted. This is why the original version of this song was a duet; in act 5 scene 3, the song is sung by the two pages to the court jester Touchstone and the goatherd Audrey as they look forward to their wedding the following day. Quilter's song is occasionally reminiscent of another jester: Jack Point from Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Yeomen of the Guard*.

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 flower  
In 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 crownèd 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.

35 iv **Take, O take those lips away**

This song was dedicated to Bertie Landsberg, an aesthete and member of Florence Koehler's social circle; he was overtly homosexual at a time when such behaviour could lead to prosecution, and his family despaired at his irresponsibility. The song is sung by a boy to Mariana at the start of act 4 scene 1 of *Measure for measure*. Angelo is refusing to marry her as promised because she has no dowry, but, in spite of this rejection, she is still in love with him, and pleads for his life at the play's end. The song paints a similar picture of love in the face of betrayal.

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,  
Seals of love, but sealed in vain!

36 v **Hey, ho, the wind and the rain**

The finale of this group is Feste's last song, from the end of *Twelfth night* – act 5 scene 1 – from which Quilter set four of the five verses (omitting the references to drunkenness and toss-pots). Olivia fell in love with Viola (dressed as a man) and so married her brother Sebastian by mistake; the Duke and Viola (now revealed as a woman) are to be married, and meanwhile Toby has married Maria. After all these shenanigans, everyone leaves the clown alone on stage to sum up moral of the story: bad things may happen, life goes on, but the play is over.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
By swaggering could I never thrive,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we'll strive to please you every day.

Produced and engineered by Richard Sutcliffe.

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