

A close-up portrait of a middle-aged man with grey hair, looking upwards and to the right. He is wearing a light-colored collared shirt under a grey blazer. The background is dark with a metal gate structure. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

the songs of  
**RONALD  
CORP**

**MARK STONE  
SIMON LEPPER**



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**RONALD CORP** (b.1951)

MARK STONE ~ *baritone*  
SIMON LEPPER ~ *piano*

- FLOWER OF CITIES
- |                         |     |  |      |
|-------------------------|-----|--|------|
| 1                       | i   | TO THE CITY OF LONDON (William Dunbar)                       | 2:06 |
| 2                       | ii  | THE DISTANT PROSPECT (George Gordon, Lord Byron)             | 2:06 |
| 3                       | iii | SONNET COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE (William Wordsworth) | 3:18 |
| 4                       | iv  | LONDON (William Blake)                                       | 1:05 |
| 5                       | v   | GLIDE GENTLY (William Wordsworth)                            | 2:41 |
| 6                       | vi  | LONDON IS A FINE TOWN (Henry Carey)                          | 1:24 |
| 7                       | vii | TO THE CITY OF LONDON – REPRISE (William Dunbar)             | 1:22 |
|                         |     |  |      |
| 8                       |     | SLEEP (John Fletcher)  | 2:18 |
|                         |     |  |      |
| 9                       |     | THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT (Edward Lear)                       | 3:36 |
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| 11                      | ii  | WEEP YOU NO MORE, SAD FOUNTAINS (Anonymous)                  | 2:12 |
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THE MUSIC OF HOUSMAN (Alfred Edward Housman)

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THE MUSIC OF WHITMAN (Walt Whitman)

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32	iii	SOMETIMES WITH ONE I LOVE	1:13
33	iv	LOOK DOWN FAIR MOON	2:07
34	v	WHAT AM I AFTER ALL	0:52
35	vi	AS IF A PHANTOM CARESS'D ME	2:25
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39	x	THEN LAST OF ALL	1:59

## THE SONGS OF RONALD CORP

I started composing before I could really read or write music, and my very first songs were composed for myself to sing to my own accompaniment in the privacy of the family front room, where the upright piano stood. Once I had mastered the piano, some time after the age of ten, composing became an obsession, and as a teenager I wrote a great deal of music, most of which I destroyed. I did, however, keep one song composed in 1966: a setting of Tennyson's **Break, break, break**. Something about the musical refrain that ends each verse haunted my musical memory, and when I gathered together manuscripts to be consigned to the flames, I could not throw this song away. It received its first public performance at the Wigmore Hall, sung by the tenor Mark Wilde, in 2007.

My passion for poetry began as a teenager, and I soon collected together the complete works of the major poets. For my songs, I decided to focus on one poet at a time, naming each song cycle *The music of* followed by the poet's name. Most of the famous poets have been covered, including Keats, Byron and Yeats, but also some lesser-known writers such as Landor and a Latin cycle to the poetry of Catullus. I also set the entire Song of Songs in two volumes. Some of my songs were performed while I was a student at Oxford, including my cycle *The Music of Drayton*, which was accompanied by violin, cello, oboe and bassoon, and another cycle, for tenor and string trio, entitled *Country matters*. Both were premièred in the Holywell Music Room, the latter in 1972, sung by the tenor Philip Cave. Over the years, various songs have been sung in recitals, and just occasionally a famous singer has included the odd song in their programmes. However, this is the first commercial recording of any of them.

The present collection includes song cycles, as well as individual songs, and also ranges in musical style from art song to the more overtly tuneful and humorous, including songs for children to sing. Most of the latter have been sung at various times, and in various choral versions, by the New London Children's Choir.

I probably discovered Walt Whitman's works through settings of his poetry by Vaughan Williams and Delius. **The music of Whitman** was written in 1973 and was always intended for the baritone voice - I myself am a tenor! The freedom of Whitman's versification lends itself to free-ranging musical expression, and these songs have always held a special place for me, although they have never been performed until now. The elusive quality of the poetry and the irregular meter of the verse invite musical settings that can be sensitive to the words. Vaughan Williams was an influence when writing these songs, and the final piano music of the cycle evokes the sound world of his *Sixth Symphony*, specifically the *finale*.

Just as I have been captivated by Whitman's poetry, so the poetry of Housman inspired me to write a set, predictably called **The music of Housman**; it was composed some time in the 1970s. Again there was no prospect of a performance at the time. The final song is a modified reprise of the opening and provides a sense of unity to the cycle. Other composers have set these texts, although I have chosen some verses that are less familiar. I also wanted the music to be a little abrasive because I felt that some past settings of Housman had veered, to their detriment, towards the genteel.

The Whitman song **Toward the unknown region** was composed in 2000 for the young baritone - now a tenor - Andrew O'Connor, who sang it as part of his final recital at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. **The bath** was composed in 2004 for the mezzo Catherine Hopper who was looking for songs on a watery theme. Both singers had sung with me as members of the New London Children's Choir, and both are pursuing professional singing careers.

I have written a great deal of music for children's voices, and in 2007 I composed **Give to my eyes, Lord** for performance at the New London Children's Choir's annual summer school. The words are by a clergyman friend of mine, Colin Coppen, and the piece is published by Oxford University Press in versions for children's choirs, adult choirs and as a solo song - as heard here.

Other works written for children include two sets of songs: *Cornucopia*, commissioned in 1997 by the National Association of Head Teachers to celebrate their centenary; and *Kaleidoscope*, commissioned and performed by Scunthorpe Co-operative Junior Choir, Chester Music Society Junior Choir, and Sefton Music Service in 2002. From the latter comes the famous Lear poem **The owl and the pussycat**, and from the former, four songs which are now on the singers' syllabus of the Associated Board: the anonymous poems **The Irish pig** and **Weep you no more, sad fountains** as well as **Sensitive, seldom and sad** by Mervyn Peake and the popular Walter de la Mare poem **The ship of Rio**.

For sets of poems without a unifying poet I had to come up with other titles, and **Flower of cities** conveniently tells us that the poems are about the city of London. This cycle was commissioned in 2000 by the baritone David Morris, who gave performances of the songs in London and Dartington and subsequently commissioned a set of Wordsworth songs for baritone, clarinet and piano. Mark Stone sang four of the London songs at the Wigmore Hall in 2007 and now delivers the set complete. The poems chosen for this cycle present a panorama of London from across the centuries. Again, a modified reprise of the first song appears as a *coda* to the cycle.

At various times I have collected Elizabethan poems into cycles, and **Sleep** by John Fletcher comes from a set of poems by this wonderful playwright. I have long loved the settings of this text by Gurney and Warlock and hope that my song will not be submerged under their great shadow. As a composer and choral conductor, I have always been inspired by poetic texts. Songs were some of my very first compositions, and they continue to be a major part of my writings.

# THE SONGS OF RONALD CORP

## FLOWER OF CITIES

### 1 i TO THE CITY OF LONDON

**William Dunbar** (c.1465-c.1530)

*London, thou art of towns the A per se.  
Sovereign of cities, seemliest in sight,  
Of high renown, riches, and royalty;  
Of lords, barons, and many goodly knight;  
Of most delectable lusty ladies bright;  
Of famous prelates in habits clerical;  
Of merchants full of substance and might:  
London, thou art the flower of cities all.*

*Strong be thy walls that about thee stands;  
Wise be the people that within thee dwells;  
Fresh be thy river with his lusty strands;  
Blithe be thy churches, well sounding be thy bells;  
Rich be thy merchants in substance that excels;  
Fair be thy wives, right lovesome, white and small;  
Clear be thy virgins, lusty under kells:  
London, thou art the flower of cities all.*

### 2 ii THE DISTANT PROSPECT **George Gordon, Lord Byron** (1788-1824)

*A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,  
Dirty and dusky, but wide as eye  
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping  
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry  
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping  
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;  
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown  
On a fool's head – and there is London Town!*

### 3 iii SONNET COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE **William Wordsworth** (1770-1850)

*Earth has not anything to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This city now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!*

### 4 iv LONDON **William Blake** (1757-1827)

*I wander thro' each charter'd street,  
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,  
And mark in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.*  
*In every cry of every man,  
In every infan't's cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.*  
*How the chimney-sweeper's cry  
Every black'ning church appalls,  
And the hapless soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down palace walls.*  
*But most thro' midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful harlot's curse  
Blasts the new-born infan't's tear,  
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.*

5 v **GLIDE GENTLY**  
**William Wordsworth**

*Glide gently, thus for ever glide,  
O Thames! that other bards may see  
As lovely visions by thy side  
As now, fair river! come to me.  
O, glide, fair stream! for ever so,  
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,  
Till all our minds for ever flow  
As thy deep waters now are flowing.*

6 vi **LONDON IS A FINE TOWN**  
**Henry Carey** (c.1681-1743)

*O London is a dainty place,  
A great and gallant city,  
For all the streets are paved with gold,  
And all the folks are witty.*

*And there's your lords and ladies fine,  
That ride in coach and six,  
That nothing drink but claret wine,  
And talk of politics.*

*And there's your dames, of dainty frames,  
With skins as white as milk,  
Dressed every day in garments gay  
Of satin and of silk.*

*And if your mind be so inclined  
To have them in your arm,  
Pull out a handsome purse of gold,  
They can't resist its charm.*

7 vii **TO THE CITY OF LONDON – REPRISE**  
**William Dunbar**

*London, thou art of towns the A per se.  
Gem of all joy, jasper of jocundity,  
Most mighty carbuncle of virtue and valour;  
Strong Troy in vigour and in strenuity;  
Of royal cities rose and gilly flower;  
Empress of towns, exalt in honour;  
In beauty bearing the crown imperial;  
Sweet paradise precelling in pleasure:  
London, thou art the flower of cities all.*

8 **SLEEP**  
**John Fletcher** (1579-1625)

*Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving  
Lock me in delight awhile;  
Let some pleasing dreams beguile  
All my fancies; that from thence  
I may feel an influence  
My powers of care bereaving!*

*Though but a shadow, but a sliding,  
Let me know some little joy!  
We that suffer long annoy  
Are contented with a thought  
Through an idle fancy wrought:  
Oh, let my joys have some abiding!*

9 **THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT**  
**Edward Lear** (1812-1888)

*The owl and the pussycat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat:  
They took some honey, and plenty of money  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
The owl looked up to the stars above,  
And sang to a small guitar,  
"O lovely pussy, O pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful pussy you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful pussy you are!"*

*Pussy said to the owl, "You elegant fowl,  
How charmingly sweet you sing!  
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring?"  
They sailed away, for a year and a day,  
To the land where the bong-tree grows;  
And there in a wood a piggy-wig stood,  
With a ring at the end of his nose,  
His nose,  
His nose,  
With a ring at the end of his nose.*

*"Dear pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."  
So they took it away, and were married next day  
By the turkey who lives on the hill.  
They dined on mince and slices of quince,  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;  
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand  
They danced by the light of the moon,  
The moon,  
The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon.*

**SONGS FROM 'CORNUCOPIA'**

10 i **THE IRISH PIG**  
**Anonymous**

*'Twas an evening in November,  
As I very well remember,  
I was strolling down the street in drunken pride.  
But my knees were all a-flutter,  
So I landed in the gutter,  
And a pig came up and lay down by my side.*

*Yes, I lay there in the gutter,  
Thinking thoughts I could not utter,  
When a colleen passing by did softly say:  
"You can tell a man that boozes  
By the company he chooses."  
And at that, the pig got up and walked away!*

11 ii **WEEP YOU NO MORE, SAD FOUNTAINS**  
**Anonymous**

*Weep you no more, sad fountains;  
What need you flow so fast?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heav'n's sun doth gently waste!  
But my sun's heav'nly eyes  
View not your weeping,  
That now lies sleeping,  
Softly now, softly lies  
Sleeping.*

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

12 iii **SENSITIVE, SELDOM AND SAD**  
**Mervyn Peake** (1911-1968)

*Sensitive, seldom and sad are we,  
As we wend our way to the sneezing sea,  
With our hampers full of thistles and fronds  
To plant round the edge of the dab-fish ponds;  
Oh, so sensitive, seldom and sad  
Oh, so seldom and sad.*

*In the shambling shades of the shelving shore,  
We will sing us a song of the long before,  
And light a red fire and warm our paws  
For it's chilly, it is, on the desolate shores,  
For those who are sensitive, seldom and sad,  
For those who are seldom and sad.*

*Sensitive, seldom and sad we are,  
As we wander along through lands afar,  
To the sneezing sea, where the sea-weeds be,  
And the dab-fish ponds that are waiting for we  
Who are, oh, so sensitive, seldom and sad,  
Oh, so seldom and sad.*

13 iv **THE SHIP OF RIO**  
**Walter de la Mare** (1873-1956)

*There was a ship of Rio  
Sailed out into the blue,  
And nine and ninety monkeys  
Were all her jovial crew.  
From bo'sun to the cabin boy,  
From quarter to caboose,  
There weren't a stitch of calico  
To breech 'em – tight or loose;  
From spar to deck, from deck to keel,  
From barnacle to shroud,*

*There weren't one pair of reach-me-downs  
To all that jabbering crowd.  
But wasn't it a gladsome sight,  
When roared the deep-sea gales,  
To see them reef her fore and aft,  
A-swinging by their tails!  
Oh, wasn't it a gladsome sight,  
When glassy calm did come,  
To see them squatting tailor-wise  
Around a keg of rum!  
Oh, wasn't it a gladsome sight,  
When in she sailed to land,  
To see them all a-scrampering skip  
For nuts across the sand!*

14 **BREAK, BREAK, BREAK**  
**Alfred, Lord Tennyson** (1809-1892)

*Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.*

*O, well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O, well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!*

*And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!*

*Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.*

15 **GIVE TO MY EYES, LORD**  
**Colin Coppen** (b.1953)

*Give to my eyes, Lord, the blessing of seeing your face  
In all around me, the light of your glorious grace.  
Help me to see the needs of your people and be  
Ready to go, Lord, wherever your Spirit leads me.*

*Give to my hands, Lord, the blessing of doing your will,  
Bringing your touch where it's needed to soothe every ill.  
Help me to heal the pain of your people and be  
Ready to serve, Lord, wherever your Spirit leads me.*

*Give to my feet, Lord, the blessing of walking your way,  
Going wherever you lead me throughout the whole day.  
Show me the paths that lead where your people need me.  
Mine your own footsteps, wherever your Spirit leads me.*

*Give to my mouth, Lord, the courage to speak of your cross,  
Boldly proclaiming your death was a gain not a loss,  
That through your blood, true justice and mercy may be,  
Building your Kingdom, wherever your Spirit leads me.*

*Give to my heart, Lord, the grace to rejoice in your love,  
Showing forgiveness and mercy and grace from above,  
That by your word, I'll share in the joys you give free.  
Help me to go, Lord, wherever your Spirit leads me.*

*Jesus, Lord, take me, I offer my whole life to you  
And by my service I'll show that I'm faithful and true.  
Help me to live and praise you; please Lord set me free,  
That you may use me, wherever your Spirit needs me.*

**THE MUSIC OF HOUSMAN**  
**Alfred Edward Housman** (1859-1936)

16 i **INTO MY HEART AN AIR THAT KILLS**

*Into my heart an air that kills  
From yon far country blows:  
What are those blue remembered hills,  
What spires, what farms are those?*

*That is the land of lost content,  
I see it shining plain,  
The happy highways where I went  
And cannot come again.*

17 ii **OH, WHEN I WAS IN LOVE WITH YOU**

*Oh, when I was in love with you,  
Then I was clean and brave,  
And miles around the wonder grew  
How well did I behave.*

*And now the fancy passes by,  
And nothing will remain,  
And miles around they'll say that I  
Am quite myself again.*

18 iii **IT NODS AND CURTSEYS AND RECOVERS**

*It nods and curtseys and recovers  
When the wind blows above,  
The nettle on the graves of lovers  
That hanged themselves for love.*

*The nettle nods, the wind blows over,  
The man, he does not move,  
The lover of the grave, the lover  
That hanged himself for love.*

- 19 iv **YOU SMILE UPON YOUR FRIEND TO-DAY**  
*You smile upon your friend to-day,  
Today his ills are over;  
You hearken to the lover's say,  
And happy is the lover.*  
  
*'Tis late to hearken, late to smile,  
But better late than never:  
I shall have lived a little while  
Before I die for ever.*
- 20 v **NOW HOLLOW FIRES BURN OUT  
TO BLACK**  
*Now hollow fires burn out to black,  
And lights are guttering low:  
Square your shoulders, lift your pack,  
And leave your friends and go.*  
  
*Oh never fear, man, nought's to dread,  
Look not left nor right:  
In all the endless road you tread  
There's nothing but the night.*
- 21 vi **IN THE MORNING, IN THE MORNING**  
*In the morning, in the morning,  
In the happy field of hay,  
Oh they looked at one another  
By the light of day.*  
  
*In the blue and silver morning  
On the haycock as they lay,  
Oh they looked at one another  
And they looked away.*
- 22 vii **THE SIGH THAT HEAVES THE GRASSES**  
*The sigh that heaves the grasses  
Whence thou wilt never rise  
Is of the air that passes  
And knows not if it sighs.*  
  
*The diamond tears adorning  
Thy low mound on the lea,  
Those are the tears of morning,  
That weeps, but not for thee.*
- 23 viii **WHEN GREEN BUDS HANG IN THE ELM  
LIKE DUST**  
*When green buds hang in the elm like dust  
And sprinkle the lime like rain,  
Forth I wander, forth I must,  
And drink of life again.*  
  
*Forth I must by hedgerow bowers  
To look at the leaves uncurled,  
And stand in the fields where cuckoo flowers  
Are lying about the world.*
- 24 ix **I PROMISE NOTHING: FRIENDS WILL PART**  
*I promise nothing: friends will part;  
All things may end, for all began;  
And truth and singleness of heart  
Are mortal even as is man.*  
  
*But this unlucky love should last  
When answered passions thin to air;  
Eternal fate so deep has cast  
Its sure foundation of despair.*

25 x **STONE, STEEL, DOMINIONS PASS**

*Stone, steel, dominions pass,  
Faith too, no wonder;  
So leave alone the grass  
That I am under.*

*All knots that lovers tie  
Are tied to sever;  
Here shall your sweet-heart lie,  
Untrue for ever.*

26 xi **HE, STANDING HUSHED, A PACE OR TWO APART**

*He, standing hushed, a pace or two apart,  
Among the bluebells of the listless plain,  
Thinks, and remembers how he cleansed his heart  
And washed his hands in innocence in vain.*

27 xii **INTO MY HEART AN AIR THAT KILLS – REPRISÉ**

*Into my heart an air that kills  
From yon far country blows:  
What are those blue remembered hills,  
What spires, what farms are those?*

*That is the land of lost content,  
I see it shining plain,  
The happy highways where I went  
And cannot come again.*

28 **THE BATH**  
**Harry Graham** (1874-1936)

*Broad is the gate and wide the path  
That leads man to his daily bath;  
But ere you spend the shining hour  
With plunge and spray, with sluice and show'r –  
With all that teaches you to dread  
The bath as little as your bed –  
Remember, wheresoe'er you be,  
To shut the door and turn the key!*

*I had a friend – my friend no more! –  
Who failed to bolt his bathroom door;  
A maiden aunt of his, one day,  
Walked in, as half-submerged he lay!  
She did not notice nephew John,  
And turned the boiling water on!*

*He had no time, nor even scope  
To camouflage himself with soap,  
But gave a yell and flung aside  
The sponge, 'neath which he sought to hide!  
It fell to earth I know not where!  
He beat his breast in his despair,  
And then, like Venus from the foam,  
Sprang into view, and made for home!*

*His aunt fell fainting to the ground!  
Alas! they never brought her round!  
She died, intestate, in her prime,  
The victim of another's crime;  
And John can never quite forget  
How, by a breach of etiquette,  
He lost, at one fell swoop (or plunge)  
His aunt, his honour, and his sponge!*

29 **TOWARD THE UNKNOWN REGION**

**Walt Whitman** (1819-1892)

*Darest thou now O soul,  
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,  
Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path  
to follow?*

*No map there, nor guide,  
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,  
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes,  
are in that land.*

*I know it not O soul,  
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,  
All waits undream'd of in that region, that  
inaccessible land.*

*Till when the ties loosen,  
All but the ties eternal, time and space,  
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds  
bounding us.*

*Then we burst forth, we float,  
In time and space O soul, prepared for them,  
Equal, equipt at last, (O joy! O fruit of all!) them  
to fulfil O soul.*

**THE MUSIC OF WHITMAN**

**Walt Whitman**

30 **i FOR HIM I SING**

*For him I sing,  
I raise the present on the past,  
(As some perennial tree out of its roots, the  
present on the past,)  
With time and space I him dilate and fuse the  
immortal laws,  
To make himself by them the law unto himself.*

31 **ii I AM HE THAT ACHES WITH LOVE**

*I am he that aches with amorous love;  
Does the earth gravitate? Does not all matter,  
aching, attract all matter?  
So the body of me to all I meet or know.*

32 **iii SOMETIMES WITH ONE I LOVE**

*Sometimes with one I love I fill myself with rage  
for fear I effuse unreturn'd love,  
But now I think there is no unreturn'd love, the pay  
is certain one way or another,  
(I loved a certain person ardently and my love  
was not return'd,  
Yet out of that I have written these songs.)*

33 **iv LOOK DOWN FAIR MOON**

*Look down fair moon and bathe this scene,  
Pour softly down night's nimbus floods on faces  
ghastly, swollen, purple,  
On the dead on their backs with arms  
toss'd wide,  
Pour down your unstinted nimbus sacred moon.*

34 **v WHAT AM I AFTER ALL**

*What am I after all but a child, pleas'd with the  
sound of my own name? Repeating it over  
and over;  
I stand apart to hear – it never tires me.  
To you your name also;  
Did you think there was nothing but two or three  
pronunciations in the sound of your name?*

35 vi **AS IF A PHANTOM CARESS'D ME**

*As if a phantom caress'd me,  
I thought I was not alone walking here by  
the shore;  
But the one I thought was with me as now I walk  
by the shore, the one I loved that caress'd me,  
As I lean and look through the glimmering light,  
that one has utterly disappear'd.  
And those appear that are hateful to me and  
mock me.*

36 vii **THE LAST INVOCATION**

*At the last, tenderly,  
From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,  
From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep  
of the well-closed doors,  
Let me be wafted.*

*Let me glide noiselessly forth;  
With the key of softness unlock the locks – with  
a whisper,  
Set ope the doors O soul.*

*Tenderly – be not impatient,  
(Strong is your hold O mortal flesh,  
Strong is your hold O love.)*

37 viii **A CLEAR MIDNIGHT**

*This is thy hour O soul, thy free flight into  
the wordless,  
Away from books, away from art, the day erased,  
the lesson done,  
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering  
the themes thou lovest best,  
Night, sleep, death and the stars.*

38 ix **JOY, SHIPMATE, JOY!**

*Joy, shipmate, joy!  
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry,  
Our life is closed, our life begins,  
The long, long anchorage we leave,  
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!  
She swiftly courses from the shore,  
Joy, shipmate, joy.*

39 x **THEN LAST OF ALL**

*Then last of all, caught from these shores, this hill,  
Of you O tides, the mystic human meaning:  
Only by law of you, your swell and ebb, enclosing  
me the same,  
The brain that shapes, the voice that chants  
this song.*

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Steinway technician: Graham Cooke.

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