



THE COMPLETE
Havergal Brian | volume 1
SONGBOOK

MARK STONE
JONATHAN STONE
SHOLTO KYNOCH



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THE COMPLETE **Havergal** *Brian* SONGBOOK volume 1

HAVERGAL BRIAN (1876-1972)

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MARK STONE *baritone*
JONATHAN STONE *violin*
SHOLTO KYNOCH *piano*

HAVERGAL BRIAN

Composing symphonies in the shadows

Part one: The downward slope from Staffordshire to London

Havergal Brian composed 32 symphonies, writing increasingly prolifically until the end of his long life. He persevered through the musical world's almost total disregard of his existence, writing pieces with little prospect of performance, until, in the autumn of his life, sufficient momentum gathered to mount his ambitiously large-scale works, which convinced many that he was one of the most important English composers of the twentieth century.

William Brian was born on 29th January 1876 in Dresden, Staffordshire; he adopted his preferred name of Havergal from the hymn-writer Reverend William Henry Havergal over twenty years later. His parents were keen choral singers, and Brian's musical education progressed rapidly, singing in the school choir, playing violin and piano, and becoming deputy organist at St. James's Church, Longton.

When he left school, Brian's father insisted he should learn a trade. He worked for a colliery, and then as an apprentice joiner, but none of his jobs lasted because of his obsession with music. At the age of fifteen, he was appointed the organist at Holy Trinity Church, Meir and played the piano for a travelling band, using this extra income to pay for music lessons.

At eighteen, his father allowed him to devote a year to music, to see if he could make a living from it, after which he briefly taught music in a small public school. He abandoned this to take a more lucrative job in the office of a timber merchant, from which he often absconded to hear the Hallé orchestra in Manchester. He was appointed the organist of Odd Rode Parish Church, where he stayed until 1902, and became a devotee of Elgar when *King Olaf* was performed in Hanley; he was later instrumental in the mounting of *The dream of Gerontius* in the same town.

In April 1899 he married Isabel Priestley, and later that year she gave birth to their first of five children, although he had affairs from the second year of their marriage. By 1903, Brian was working as a travelling agent for another timber firm, a position he abused to attend concerts and compose. He had already written a short symphonic poem and a concert overture, and was now composing some of his best earlier works. Brian sent a copy of a part-song to Elgar, which he in turn recommended to the Morecambe Festival, leading to its publication.

In 1906, Brian met the composer Granville Bantock, who was to be a close friend until the latter's death in 1946. Bantock, a confident and well-connected man, encouraged and

promoted Brian, praising and critiquing his work. 1907 saw a rapid increase in Brian's popularity, culminating in a very successful performance of his *First English suite* at London's Queen's Hall conducted by Henry Wood.

After this triumph, a philanthropist called Herbert Minton Robinson offered to help Brian financially. He started by paying his travel and musical expenses, before deciding to make him an allowance, enabling him to quit his job, improve his income and devote his life to composition. He financed the publication of Brian's orchestral works, and sought no credit for these actions, insisting on anonymity.

This patronage had an adverse effect on Brian. As his lifestyle improved, old friendships waned through jealousy, and he became lazy and self-indulgent. Performances of his pieces were decreasing in number, and between 1909 and 1913, the only major works he wrote were a symphonic poem and a comedy overture. His drinking increased and his family feared his temper.

One of their maids at this time was Hilda Hayward; she was seventeen years younger than Brian, and he fell in love with her instantly. Their affair continued after she left to become a nurse in 1912, and she became pregnant by Brian in 1913. By the end of this year everything was in the open. His marriage had broken down, with Brian accusing his wife of having an affair with the family doctor, and Robinson's outrage led him to transfer the majority of his allowance to Isabel, leaving Brian to scurry off to London with no real means.

In London his lodgings were terrible, and he experienced poverty for the first time in his life. He wrote to critics to review his works, and publishers to employ him as a proof-reader, but the disgrace of his marriage break-up had had an impact on his standing. He took these hardships personally. In Staffordshire, he had been of help to the musical community, facilitating performances in the provinces, but now no-one seemed prepared to return the favour in his hour of need. Even after some of his songs were published, and Hilda joined him in a more pleasant South London flat, he suffered from insomnia and even contemplated suicide. Disenchanted with music, and humanity in general, he joined the army at the start of World War I.



To Arnold Bennett Esq
with love from
Bryan

THREE SONGS FOR CONTRALTO OR BARITONE Op.6

These songs, dating from 1901, are Brian's earliest surviving works, with the exception of his *Pantalón and Columbine* for small orchestra, which was later incorporated into his *First English suite*, his previous songs, settings of *Longfellow*, *Goethe* and *Gunby Hadath*, are now lost. The set was also the first of Brian's compositions to be performed in public, sung by Miss Grainger Kerr at a concert in Hanley and then at the Bechstein Hall. Their melodic, late-romantic style shows an already accomplished composer who, although influenced by a number of sources, was clearly striving to find his own distinctive voice.

1 i **Sorrow song**

Samuel Daniel (1562-1619)

The first song of the group, dedicated to the Hanley-born author Arnold Bennett, was written in the reading room of the Free Library at Stoke – an unlikely spot for romantic inspiration! The text is taken from act 1, scene 1 of Daniel's pastoral tragic-comedy *Hymen's triumph*. Published in 1615, it was presented the previous year as part of the royal entertainment for the marriage of the Earl of Roxburghe to Jean Drummond. In the play, which appropriately celebrates fidelity in love, this song is sung when the young shepherd Thirsis believes his love Silvia to have been dead for two years.

*Had sorrow ever fitter place
To act his part,
Than is my heart,
Where it takes up all the space
Where is no rein
To entertain
A thought that wears another's face?

Nor will I sorrow ever have,
Therein to be
But only thee,
To whom I full possession gave:
Thou in thy name
Must hold the same
Until thou bring it to the grave.*

John Donne (c.1572-1631)

Continuing the pattern for unlikely spots to compose music, this setting of metaphysical poet John Donne's words was begun on Stoke Station. It is dedicated to another Bennett, the novelist's brother Frank, a lawyer who occasionally acted for Brian. The song adds enormous passion to this poem of rejected love, taken from his posthumous collection *Songs and sonnets*, in which the poet asks for his eyes and heart to be returned, only for him to reverse the request, spurning them for having wasted time on a faithless lover. Finally, he demands their return, so that he can witness her distress.

*Send home my long-stray'd eyes to me,
Which oh! too long have dwelt on thee:
But if there they have learn'd such ill,
Such forc'd fashions,
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.*

*Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain,
But if it be taught by thee
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it still, 'tis none of mine.*

*Yet send me back my heart and eyes
That I may know, and see thy lies,
And may laugh and joy, when thou
Art in anguish
And dost languish
For someone
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou dost now.*

Reginald Heber (1783-1826)

This song, also begun on Stoke station, is dedicated to the composer Ernest Austin, brother of the baritone Frederic. Heber won the Newdigate Prize with his poem *Palestine* whilst at Brasenose College Oxford, and went on to be a hymn-writer and, for the last four years of his life, the Bishop of Calcutta. It seems appropriate, therefore, that Brian's piano introduction is reminiscent of a hymn tune; the song is also unusually strophic for Brian, adding to its ecclesiastical feel. There is nothing, however, inherently Godly about the poem, which is a plaintive verse on the sweet sorrow of parting.

*When eyes are beaming
What never tongue might tell;
When tears are streaming
From their crystal cells,
When hands are linked that dread to part,
And heart is prest by throbbing heart,
Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart
Of them that bid farewell!*

*When hope is chidden
That fain of bliss would tell,
And love forbidden
In the heart to dwell,
When, fetter'd by a viewless chain,
We turn and gaze, and turn again,
Oh! death were mercy to the pain
Of them that bid farewell!*

4 **Little sleeper** Op.13a

Richard Le Gallienne (1866-1947) after Mohammad Shams al-Din Hafiz (c.1325-c.1389)

Brian saw this poem in 1906 in the *Manchester Guardian*, whilst travelling to work, and was so captivated by its beauty that he abandoned his work and went home to set it to music. Originally calling it *The Persian elegiac song*, he sent it to John Coates, the soloist for the 1902 Worcester performance of *The dream of Gerontius*, who sang it at the Bechstein Hall. Le Gallienne's translation, from *Odes from the divan of Hafiz*, are of the Persian poet, who lost his favourite son at the age of ten and made this prayer at his grave each spring.

*Little sleeper, the spring is here;
Tulip and rose are come again,
Only you in the earth remain,
Sleeping, dear.*

*Little sleeper, the spring is here;
I, like a cloud of April rain,
Am bending over your grave in vain,
Weeping, dear.*

*Little flower, the spring is here;
What if my tears were not in vain!
What if they drew you up again,
Little flower!*

5 **John Dowland's fancy**

This solo piano piece was composed in 1934 at the suggestion of Sir Granville Bantock. It was planned as a four-movement suite, with this as the first movement, but after completing this prelude he was distracted by correcting orchestral parts for a BBC broadcast of excerpts from his opera *The Tigers*. There were so many mistakes that the process took a whole month, by the end of which he had lost interest in his Dowland project. The remaining movement, dedicated to his daughter Jean, is an amusing amalgam of Dowland and Brian, illustrating the latter composer's fondness of early music.

THREE CONTEMPORARY SONGS

Despite the problems encountered with obtaining the necessary permissions, Brian regularly wrote songs to words by living authors. One of his first songs – now lost – was a setting of Gunby Hadath's *Today and tomorrow*, and throughout his songwriting career he set poems of contemporary authors he knew personally, as well as those that he had not met. He never collaborated with his friend Arnold Bennett, but he did set the words of another acquaintance, Gerald Cumberland, more than any other living writer. These following three songs, never grouped together by the composer, show Brian's different musical responses to modern texts.

6 i **A faery song** Op.13c

William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

Canon Gorton liked Brian's part-song *Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?*, recommended to the Morecambe Festival by Elgar, and he requested more of his compositions. Consequently, he forwarded this 1906 song to the tenor John Coates, and it served as his introduction to Brian's music. Set in ancient Ireland, the poem comes from Yeats' 1893 collection *The rose*. The song's inscription, "Sung by the people of Faery over Diarmuid and Grania in their bridal sleep under a Cromlech", concerns the legend of two lovers that fled a banquet being held to celebrate the girl's engagement to another man.

*We who are old, old and gay,
O so old!
Thousands of years, thousands of years,
If all were told:

Give to these children, new from the world,
Silence and love;
And the long dew-dropping hours of the night,
And the stars above:

Give to these children, new from the world,
Rest far from men.
Is anything better, anything better?
Tell us it then:

We who are old, old and gay,
O so old!
Thousands of years, thousands of years,
If all were told.*

7 ii **The soul of steel**

Christopher Masterman Masterman (1863-1931)

C.M. Masterman was Brian's landlord at Marine Square in Brighton for two years from 1920. "Massy" was a man of means, who felt a bond with all kinds of artists, and was a great admirer of Brian's dedication; he charged him no rent for most of his stay. This poem, from his 1901 collection *Folio dispersa*, must have struck a particular resonance with Brian's own struggles as a composer, having not had a performance for several years. His setting, which was published in 1921, has a heartfelt strident tone that convincingly presents the words' bold defiance.

*My soul, be strong! Let scathe of most men's scorn;
Of all, save all, of women, to thy steel
Be as one flame! To sharper still congeal
Its sword-edge, by the tears thy pride forlorn
May brook, in secret shed! Expect no morn;
Content full inmost of thy night to feel!
Wait, what of stars unknown that may reveal!
To no fear bow! Be of no hope upborne!*

*My soul, the purple of thy solitude
Wrap round thee closer; closer yet! Earth's right
Or wrong, in mail of intellectual light
Calmly confront! Of bad alike and good
Be, ever more and more, misunderstood!
Be thou, thus, strong; to stand! Perchance, one day, to smite!*

8 **iii Since love is dead**

Alfred George Bowles (1871-1925)

Fred G. Bowles was an English poet based in Hartlepool, who worked as an office clerk, but wrote and published poetry specifically to be set to music. He had some success, circulating his books to musicians, and Brian set a couple of his poems in 1922, including the sparse, mournful rendering of these words. Brian's lesser-known poet settings of around this time were not published, and towards the end of his life he claimed to have destroyed them. However, although no manuscript survived of this song, a copy used by the singer Elena Liarosa in the 1930s was discovered.

*Since love is dead then I shall weep no more,
Nor watch the beauty of the sunset flame;
Nor feel the fragrance that the lily bore,
And all tomorrows shall be still the same.*

*But I shall know the secret of each heart,
And I shall sorrow, for with sorrow came
A soul of sympathy, set wide apart,
And all tomorrows shall be still the same.*

9 **Legend for violin and piano**

Brian wrote a handful of chamber music pieces: a string quartet and two pieces for cello and piano. These have all been lost, and his *Legend for violin and piano* was assumed lost as well, until the manuscript was discovered in the composer's study after his death. It bears some resemblance to the second subject of the first movement of his *Gothic symphony*, and is harmonically similar to his song *The soul of steel*, written at the same time. It dates from around 1918-20 but was not premièred until 1975, at St. Saviour's Hall in North London.

THREE ELIZABETHAN SONGS

Brian was a great enthusiast of Elizabethan poetry, once asking “has any modern poet sung the praises of love, hate and death finer than the Elizabethans?”. His interest for this period seems to have focused on Shakespeare, producing just over a dozen settings, including part-songs and works now lost. These three songs, grouped together for this recording, were written at the end of his songwriting career, as he was about to start focusing on his symphonies. Despite this, they are finely wrought miniatures, that belie the mammoth sound-world that was beginning to stir in the composer’s mind.

10 i **When icicles hang by the wall**

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Brian’s boisterous 1919 song would be a wonderful finale to Shakespeare’s early comedy *Love’s labour’s lost*. The play tells of a king and his companions falling in love with a princess and her ladies. At the end, the men swear their love, but the ladies tell them to wait a year to prove it. Two songs are then sung relating to seasons of the year, the first about spring, the second, this one, about winter. It is a peculiar ending for a Shakespeare play, adding credence to the rumour that there was in fact a sequel entitled *Love’s labour’s won*.

*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 aloud 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.*

Samuel Daniel

This 1919 Daniel setting was unpublished in Brian's lifetime and discovered after his death. The poem, from Daniel's first book of verse, published in 1592, is number 45 of his sonnets to Delia, dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke. It calls for sleep to remove the torment of day, a subject Brian had already touched on in his Cumberland setting *Day and night*, and one which he now understood more fully, having suffered from insomnia when first living in London. The song's combination of soporific rocking and discordant dreams illustrates the day's memories attempting to disturb the poet's rest.

*Care-charmer sleep, son of the sable night,
Brother to death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill adventured youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.*

12 **iii Take, O, take those lips away**
William Shakespeare

This song, from the opening of act 4, scene 1 of *Measure for measure*, is sung to Mariana, Angelo's deserted fiancée, just before the Duke introduces her to Isabella, the lady whom she is to impersonate in order to sleep with Angelo, and thereby consummate her marriage. Brian's setting, composed in 1925, but unpublished in his lifetime, is remarkably cheerful, with the semiquaver movement of the accompaniment not dissimilar in style to *When icicles hang by the walk*; perhaps the composer took his cue from the Duke's line that follows: "music oft hath such a charm to make bad good".

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

THREE UNISON SONGS

Brian had a romantic attitude towards the idea of children – their innocence, laughter and make-believe – saying that when he composed songs such as these, he could hear their little voices singing them as he wrote. In reality, he was often annoyed by his own children's voices when he was trying to work, and was a strict, tempestuous father. These three unison songs, grouped together for this disc, form part of a large number of part-songs that provided Brian with some badly-needed income when he moved to London shortly before the outbreak of World War I.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)

This setting of Emerson's poem *Fable* from his 1847 collection *Poems* was composed in 1913 and published by Curwen the following year. The poet was ordained as a pastor, before formulating his own religious views that became the basis of the Transcendentalist movement; he believed that all things are connected to God and therefore divine. Although this verse is essentially a simple nursery rhyme, its underlying message relates strongly to Emerson's ideology: that we all have equally important roles to play in this world. Brian's song is very child-friendly, with strong musical allusions to the two title characters.

*The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."*

Charles Kingsley (1819-1875)

Like Emerson, Charles Kingsley was a religious man – a priest in the Church of England. Although he was also a professor of history at Cambridge University and wrote several novels, he is most widely remembered for his 1863 children's classic *The water-babies*. It is a didactic tale expressing a desire for social reform, and this song, sung to the children by the fairy Mrs Doasyouwouldbedoneby at the end of chapter five, teaches that outward appearances are less important than inner beauty. Brian's song, composed in 1914, captures the character of the fairy and the innocent humour of the song.

*I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.*

*I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
Folks say she is horribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled:
Yet, for old sakes' she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.*

15 **iii What does little birdie say**
Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

This lullaby is from Tennyson's 1860 poem *Sea dreams*, which describes a city clerk and his family on holiday at the seaside; the mother sings it to her three-year old girl at the end. Brian composed his setting in 1914, dedicating it to his daughter Olga, and the publisher Curwen paid him three guineas for this and a two-part Herrick setting when he had just arrived in London and was completely broke. He employed a similar arpeggio accompaniment as that of his other unison songs, with the simple vocal line ending in a melisma to illustrate the bird's flight.

*What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away!
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger!
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.*

*What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away!
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger!
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.*

THREE ILLUMINATIONS

In December 1916 Brian composed his *Three illuminations* for solo piano, but they were not given their première until John Tobin performed them at London's Aeolian Hall in 1935. These three short pieces of programme music each describe a different scene; the music was published with both an introductory note and a line-by-line description of what the music is intended to portray. Although it has been known for the latter text to be read out as part of the performance, they are presented here without narration; the following paragraphs summarise the scenes being musically described.

16 i **The boys and the pastille**

With the organist having gone off to war, his deputy is playing the two pedals he has mastered. The priest enters, followed by two boys who are immediately chided by the verger for their noise. They see a lady who is known to have a supply of pastilles that she gives out to coughing children. The boys start to cough to encourage her, but she apologises saying that she has left them at home. The verger loses his breath and recovers it in time to follow the boys as they run out of the church. The deputy organist falls asleep.

17 ii **The butterfly's waltz**

A butterfly flies around, with a wasp in pursuit. She becomes more daring and discovers two lovers behind a rose bush. She is on the point of screaming out "I'll tell your mother" when the wasp appears again, forcing her away. She hangs suspended over a garden hedge like a beautiful white aeroplane and then flies into a vegetable garden where she spies a broccoli plant. She lands on it to lay her eggs, imagining the caterpillars that they will produce, but a naughty boy swipes his cap at her and she is killed.

18 iii **Venus and a bobby**

In a street at night, a policeman hears a Zeppelin before the rain starts. A light goes on at a window, and he recognises an actress he saw play Venus at the Opera. She hums as he dreamily leans against a lamp-post. When she turns out the light and descends the stairs, he crosses to meet her, but she does not appear at the door. He knocks, shouting "Open the door, my love", at which point his sergeant opens it and laughs. The disconsolate bobby looks at him, saying "Kiss me sergeant", to which the sergeant replies "As you like it."

19 **Soliloquy upon a dead child** Op.13a

Gerald Cumberland

Brian's song *Little sleeper* was performed for several years without the poet's knowledge. When it was due to be published, it became vital to seek the author's permission, but by the time he had been located, Brian had become impatient and asked Cumberland to provide a replacement poem. At the end of his life, Brian restored the original words, and in a letter to the pianist Robert Keys he urged the use of the original version, describing the published text as "rot". Cumberland's words did, however, give life to the song in the intervening sixty years. The dedication to his first wife presumably dates from the original composition, rather than the publication of this version, which was at the time of their separation.

*Frail young blossom my baby bloom.
The world has waked to spring once more
And you from out your little grave
May also come through spring's wide door.
Baby bloom.*

*Frail young blossom my baby bloom.
I roam my garden's flowered place
Hoping to see your dear young face.
Baby bloom.*

*Frail young blossom my baby bloom.
In musk or violet or rose
You may return – who knows?
Come ere this day has reached its close.
Baby bloom.*

THREE SONGS FOR TENOR Op.13b

Gerald Cumberland (1879-1926)

Charles Frederick Kenyon was a Manchester journalist and writer who worked under the name Gerald Cumberland. He was one of the first critics to appreciate Brian's songs, praising them for their sweeping, melodic curves and dramatic content. In the pre-war period, he collaborated with Brian on several songs and part-songs, a cantata and a children's operetta, and in his book *Set down in malice*, published in 1919, he described Brian as "a young fire-eating genius from the Potteries". These three songs comprise their first work together and were composed in 1906.

20 i Day and night

The first song of the group is a sonnet that compares the pains of waking and working in daytime to the delights of dreaming at night; for the poet the darkness of night and the brightness of day are playing against type, with the last line adding to the torment by highlighting the cyclical nature of the image, as the next day waits to haunt again. Brian's pulsating, ticking accompaniment immediately evokes both the hypnotic feel of the poem and the over-riding sense of the passing of time, whilst the snake-like melody writhes at first in agony and then delight.

*Day has her lashes for my wearied head
And her strong fingers for my naked throat.
With waking eyes I see her come to gloat.
In solitude beside my bed.
Then when the eastern sky's reluctant red
Has changed to brilliant white, and the lark's note
Has through the dew-steep'd air begun to float
I rise and work by day's dark spirit led.
Full in the heart of night I lay me down
And ere my dreams have come, lo! thou art there,
Day's torments die... thou hast my soul in thrall.
In the deep pools men call thine eyes I drown
The bitterness of life, the woe of care,
Whilst day lies waiting near and watches all.*

The message of Cumberland's maudlin rondeau is that his beloved's eyes could even seduce death. Brian's setting opens with a brisk march, suggesting the poet's obstinacy against hearing music on his deathbed. The slower middle verse heralds the arrival of the angel with music reminiscent of *The angel of the agony* from Elgar's *The dream of Gerontius*, composed six years earlier and much admired by Brian – the main difference being the major tonality illustrating this angel's benevolence. The final verse returns to the march music, becoming more impassioned at the thought of death being overwhelmed by the beloved's beauty.

*When I lie ill and all the world is grey,
And I have reached my last grief-stricken day,
No dolorous chant of death they'll sing to me,
No joyous song of youthful jollity.
I would not enter heav'n in that way.*

*But when at dusk I hear my angel say
"Come it is time, bid them farewell", I'll pray
That my unseeing eyes your face may see
When I lie ill.*

*And though through all the gloom of death, you may
Not travel with me, yet I would not stay.
For death may smile and very kindly be
If he perchance see your dear eyes, when we
Have kissed our last, and giv'n to life my "Nay"
When I lie ill.*

Cumberland's rhapsodic love poem asks what reaction would be provoked by a declaration of love. Brian's underlying motif for this song is similar to that of *Farewell* written five years earlier, but the faster tempo makes it seem quite different. His self-quoting could explain Cumberland's account of the speed with which the songs were composed, arriving through the post in daily succession. The overall impression is optimistic, as opposed to the death-welcoming pessimism of the earlier song, and touching, as the poet speaks of what he would undertake to please his love. It is dedicated to the singer Miss Grainger Kerr.

*If I could speak and show you all that lies
Within my heart, would your heart leap and say
"Thou hast made fire this living mould of clay."
Or would you kill those faeries in your eyes
And turn away your face in cold surprise.
Would your hand find my own and in that way
Teach me what I have told myself today.
Or would you scorn the weakness of my sighs.
I cannot tell, and all my Heav'n is this.
That in my dreams I plan the Earth anew
Discover countries, continents and seas.
Seek out fresh raptures, turn all woes to bliss.
Give all men's aching heart's their longed for ease.
Just in the hope that this will pleasure you.*

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