



THE COMPLETE

Quilter

volume 3

SONGBOOK

MARK STONE
STEPHEN BARLOW



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THE COMPLETE **Quilter** SONGBOOK volume 3

ROGER QUILTER (1877-1953)

THE ARNOLD BOOK OF OLD SONGS – ENGLISH

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| 1 | i | Drink to me only with thine eyes (<i>Ben Jonson</i>) | 2'25 |
| 2 | ii | Over the mountains (<i>Anonymous</i>) | 1'57 |
| 3 | iii | My Lady Greensleeves (<i>John Irvine</i>) | 3'26 |
| 4 | xii | The jolly miller (<i>Anonymous</i>) | 2'18 |
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MARK STONE *baritone*
STEPHEN BARLOW *piano*

ROGER QUILTER

The gentlemanly song-composer

Part three: Breaking free from the parental shackles

Quilter had lived the first 34 years of his life in the shadow of his father's disapproval of his choice of career and his general character, both of which were an anathema to Sir Cuthbert, whose other sons had been champions of industry and the military. When he died in 1911, Quilter's life changed dramatically; he inherited a substantial fortune, which gave him the freedom to live as he saw fit, without fear of paternal reproach.

His mother, who had also found Sir Cuthbert's presence somewhat hard to bear, had hoped for a closer relationship with her son after Sir Cuthbert's death, but Quilter had other ideas, and naturally felt the need to set up home on his own. He managed to pacify her by choosing a house that was only half a mile from the Quilter London residence.

During his father's final months, in the summer of 1911, Quilter was asked to write the music for a children's play entitled *Where the rainbow ends*. At the time, he was depressed and considering taking a break from composition to go to Switzerland for his health. In the end, he wrote a considerable amount of music for the play, which was a huge success, continuing to run at Christmas in London every year, save two, until 1959 – it even rivalled J.M. Barrie's *Peter Pan*. The first season of 69 performances ended on 29th January 1912, and Quilter's fame as a popular composer was well and truly established.

Quilter began to enjoy his new-found liberty and, no doubt encouraged by the success of *Where the rainbow ends*, travelled around Europe. His new circle of friends was centred around the extravagant American painter Florence Koehler, and included a number of homosexuals – although not an exclusively gay set, they all shared a common artistic sensibility. He continued to compose, at his own leisurely pace, and generally seemed to be enjoying a period of lively contentment. This was all to change with the outbreak of the First World War.

Personal tragedy struck Quilter in May 1915. Of all his brothers, he was perhaps closest to Arnold. A career army man who had served bravely during the second Boer War, the 6'7" man was soon promoted, and became a popular and respected leader. On 22nd April, he

threw an olive wreath on the poet Rupert Brooke's grave as he helped to bury him on the Greek island of Skyros, and fourteen days later he himself was killed, with thousands of others, at Gallipoli. Quilter's sister Norah gave birth fifteen days later to a son who was called Arnold in his honour.

Quilter found it difficult to apply himself to work throughout the period of the war. Unlike Percy Grainger, who had immediately taken refuge in America, Quilter stayed in England, where he had been called up for service in April 1916 and then again a year later, but on both occasions it was concluded that he was not fit enough for active service. Unable to concentrate on music, for a while he took some routine writing work in the War Office, but this made him feel ill, and by November 1916 he had to give it up. He penned a handful of songs and some short piano pieces, but little else until the war was over. The strain of the conflict had taken its toll on his health, and he was sick for the whole of winter 1917 and spring 1918. To amuse himself, he took up the violin again, and even began to study the cello, inspired by his new friendship with the Harrison sisters, notable string players of the time.

During the war, he visited his friend Louis de Glehn, a linguist who lived in Grantchester and occasionally took paying guests for intensive language coaching. One such student, an eighteen-year-old French boy, gave an insight of Quilter's behaviour with young men, writing in his diary that Quilter was rather free with his hands.

Thus the war passed for Quilter. He escaped the air raids whenever he could and visited friends and family, but the bitter reality was brought home to him by the loss of those close to him. In spite of his medical exemption from service, which confirmed his ill-health, he did help when he could, providing financial assistance to friends in need and arranging benefit concerts, but by the end of the war his finances were severely stretched and his income was less than half its pre-war level. Professionally, this was an unsettled time, when composition was attempted for short periods, but any sustained creative effort – often a challenge for Quilter – was made impossible.

THE ARNOLD BOOK OF OLD SONGS – ENGLISH

Arnold Vivian was Quilter's nephew and godson, whom he treated as his own son, making him his heir. The young man loved to sing his uncle's songs, and they shared an appreciation of music, poetry and art. He joined the Grenadier Guards at the outbreak of World War 2, and Quilter arranged this collection of sixteen songs to cheer him up while he was abroad. In September 1942, when a prisoner of war, he attempted to escape whilst being transported. The family received no further news until the war ended, when it was revealed they had been captured and shot. Quilter never recovered from the shock.

1 i **Drink to me only with thine eyes**

Ben Jonson (1572-1637)

Five of these folksong arrangements (tracks 1-2 and 4-6 on this recording) were previously published in 1921 as *Old English popular songs*. The original dedicatee of this song was the baritone Arthur Frith who repaid the compliment by naming his son after the composer. The melody is attributed to Colonel Mellish (1777-1817), setting Jonson's 1616 poem, entitled *To Celia*. The poem itself is a close translation of poems from the *Erotic Epistles* of Philostratus (170-c.245); it is unclear as to whether Jonson's lack of attribution was for the purposes of plagiarism or to shield readers from the lustier items in the Greek poet's collection.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,
 And I'll not ask for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be.
 But thou thereon didst only breathe
 And sent'st it back to me;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear
 Not of itself but thee.

2 ii **Over the mountains**

Anonymous

Quilter found this traditional song in *Reliques of ancient English poetry*, collected by Thomas Percy (1729-1811). The original dedication was to the actor Theodore Byard, with whom he stayed in Venice in 1914. He sets four of the five verses from Percy's *Reliques*,

omitting the verse that claims even the weak and cowardly may find love, although Percy himself omitted a second part to the song comprising a further six stanzas. The anonymous tune, which previously appeared in various 17th-century collections, was a particular favourite of the composer Percy Grainger, and not dissimilar to his *Country gardens* which was published a few years earlier.

Over the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves
Under floods that are deepest
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly:
Where the midge dare not venture
Lest herself fast she lay,
If Love come he will enter
And will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
Or have him confined.
Some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that ye may
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
Soon will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist,
Or you may inveigle
The phoenix of the East,
The lioness you may move her
To get o'er her prey,
But you'll ne'er stop a lover,
Love shall find out the way.

3 iii **My Lady Greensleeves**

John Irvine (1903-1964)

There is a popular myth that the original tune for this song was composed by Henry VIII as a love song to Anne Boleyn. In fact, the earliest reference to the song is in 1580, 33 years after the king's death. The song is referred to in Shakespeare's *The merry wives of Windsor*, and the earliest publication of the tune was in William Ballet's *Lute book* of around 1600. Despite its English heritage, the new text for this song was provided by the Irish poet John Irvine, whose poem *Wind from the south* Quilter had set a few years earlier.

Oh who is fair as she is fair
And who can such a grace possess!
The rose itself could but compare
Nor rob her of her comeliness.

Come love be all my joy,
Thou alone art my delight,
Come love be my heart of gold,
And who but my Lady Greensleeves.

Oh who is sweet as she is sweet
Above all things that mortals prize:
I'd lay a kingdom at her feet
Nor seek a richer merchandise.

Oh who is rare as she is rare
And who is such a charming maid.
The lute shall tell her my despair
And fill with song the myrtle shade.

Oh who is kind as she is kind,
Whose gentle heart could ne'er betray!
If Argus prove himself but blind
Yet she would have my constancy.

4 xii **The jolly miller**
Anonymous

Quilter originally dedicated this song to the bass-baritone Joseph Farrington, who included it as the finale to a recital he gave at London's Steinway Hall in 1923. The tune and first verse appeared in print in Arne's *Love in a village* of 1762, with the 1782 collection *The convivial songster* containing a further three verses. Quilter's three-verse version, published in 1921, appears to be adapted from the latter source. Three verses were also used in the 1928 London revival of *Love in a village*, whose musical arranger, Alfred Reynolds, knew Quilter.

There was a jolly miller once
Lived on the river Dee;
He danced and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he.
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me.

I love my mill, she is to me
Both parent, child and wife;
I would not change my station for
Another one in life.
Then push, push, push the bowl, my boys,
And pass it round to me;
The longer we sit here and drink
The merrier we shall be.

Thus like the miller, bold and free,
Let us rejoice and sing.
The days of youth were made for glee
And time is on the wing.
This song shall pass from me to thee
Around this jovial ring:
Let heart and voice and all agree
To sing 'Long live the King.'

5 **xiii Barbara Allen**

Anonymus

Frederick Ranalow, who sang *The jolly miller* in the 1928 London staging of Arne's *Love in a village*, was the original dedicatee of this song which, like *Over the mountains*, appears in Percy's *Reliques*. Quilter, however, did not give this as the source, and in fact Percy's version contains ten more verses than his setting. His arrangement increases in intensity in verse four with the dead-bell's tolling, before leading to a flamboyant interlude before the fifth verse that particularly pleased Percy Grainger. It has been suggested that the Scarlet Town of the first line might refer to Carlisle or even Reading (as a deliberate pun).

In Scarlet Town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made ev'ry youth cry 'Well-a-day!'
Her name was Barb'ra Allen.

All in the merry month of May
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay
For love of Barb'ra Allen.

Then slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said when there she came
'Young man, I think you're dying.'

As she was walking o'er the fields
She heard the dead-bell knellin',
And ev'ry stroke the dead-bell gave
Cried 'Woe to Barb'ra Allen!'

When he was dead and laid in grave
Her heart was struck with sorrow.
'O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die tomorrow.'

'Farewell,' she said, 'ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barb'ra Allen.'

6 **xiv Three poor mariners**

Anonymus

This song, written in 1920, was originally dedicated to Guy Noel Vivian, the second husband of his sister Norah, and father of the eventual dedicatee Arnold. The melody has been attributed to Thomas Ravenscroft (c.1582-c.1633), appearing in his 1609 collection of popular tunes *Deuteromelia*, although elsewhere it is often detailed as traditional. Quilter's arrangement, which appeared in his collection of five *Old English popular songs*, was also previously published in 1917 as an instrumental arrangement for violin, cello and piano, one of *Two old English tunes*, along with a similar treatment of *Drink to me only with thine eyes*.

O we be three poor mariners
Newly come from the seas,
We spend our lives in jeopardy
While others live at ease.

So we'll go dance the round, the round, the round,
So we'll go dance the round,
And he that is a bully, bully boy
Come pledge me on the ground, the ground,
the ground.

We care not for those martial men
That do our states disdain,
But we care for those merchant men
Who do our states maintain.

7 xv **Since first I saw your face**

Anonymous

Thomas Ford (c.1580-1648) was a lutenist and composer in the service of Prince Henry and then Charles I. His 1607 publication *Musicke of sundrie kindes* contained ten songs, including *Since first I saw your face*. It is a beautiful example of an Elizabethan lute song, comparable to those of his more famous contemporary John Dowland. The song describes the intoxicating effects of love at first sight on the beholder – despite the indifference returned – and Quilter's arrangement is typically charming, with the piano part of the second verse dancing around like the beloved's prattling praise or wandering hands.

Since first I saw your face I resolv'd
To honour and renown you:
If now I be disdain'd I wish
My heart had never known you;
What I that lov'd and you that lik'd,
Shall we begin to wrangle?
No, no, no, my heart is fast,
And cannot disentangle.

If I admire or praise you too much
That fault you may forgive me;
Or if my hands had stray'd to touch,
Then justly might you leave me.
I asked you leave, you bade me love,
Is't now a time to chide me?
No, no, no, I'll love you still
What fortune e'er betide me.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are,
Rejecteth no beholder,
And your sweet beauty past compare
Made my poor eyes the bolder.
When beauty moves, and wit delights,
And signs of kindness bind me,
There, o there! where'er I go,
I'll leave my heart behind me.

8 **What will you do, love?**

Samuel Lover (1797-1868)

Although unpublished, the dedication on the manuscript “For Arnold” of this 1942 arrangement of a Samuel Lover song suggests that it was intended to be included in *The Arnold book of old songs*. The timing of the composition coincides with Arnold Vivian’s deployment to the Middle East, a fact which makes its sentiment particularly poignant. This may also be reflected in Quilter only setting the first of three verses – avoiding the more romantic fancies of the second which considers the lovers’ betrayal and the fateful notion in the third of the returning beloved’s ship being lost.

What will you do, love, when I am going,
With white sails flowing, the seas beyond?
What will you do, love, when waves divide us,
And friends may chide us for being fond?
Though waves divide us and friends be chiding,
In faith abiding I’ll still be true,
And I’ll pray for you on the stormy ocean,
In deep devotion, that’s what I’ll do!

9 **Wind from the South**

John Irvine

Prior to penning the new words for Quilter’s setting of *Greensleeves*, the Irish poet John Irvine provided the words for this song, written in 1936. Irvine had had poetry published in the Irish Times and had corresponded with Quilter, sending him a eulogetic verse entitled *To a great artist (Roger Quilter)*. The same text was also set by Cecil Armstrong Gibbs two years later, and one wonders if this composer also received an adoring poem in the post. Quilter’s languid, atmospheric song conjures up the image of a lazy summer afternoon, where such an eponymous gentle breeze would be most welcome.

The wind comes softly out of the south
Like the fond words from a lover’s mouth,
Like a bird calling in the blue haze,
From the dim woodland in the June days,

Or the soft music a violin brings
When the bow is drawn on muted strings.
The wind comes softly like the faint chime
Of a distant bell at eventime.

THE ARNOLD BOOK OF OLD SONGS – IRISH

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

Both Irish songs in Quilter's *Arnold book of old songs* use the words of Thomas Moore set to accompaniment by Sir John Stevenson (1761-1833). They are from the volumes of *Irish melodies* published in the period 1807-34, which earned Moore an annual income of £500 for 25 years. The Dublin-born poet, who graduated from Trinity College, Dublin and studied law in London, was a close friend of Percy Bysshe Shelley and Lord Byron, and he did much to increase sympathy for Irish nationalism. Moore wrote a memorial poem to his collaborator Stevenson, entitled *Silence in our festal halls*.

10 iv Believe me, if all those endearing young charms

This tune was previously used for the song *My lodging is on the cold ground* – the title given to the refrain in Moore's *Irish melodies*. These original words are from the play *The Rivals* by Sir William Davenant (1606-1668). However, when Samuel Pepys attended the play in 1654 the words were set to different music that has been attributed to Matthew Locke (1621-1677). The 1775 publication *Vocal music or the songster's companion* presented Davenant's song to Moore's tune, but as the melody was unattributed it is assumed to be a traditional folksong.

Believe me, if all those endearing
young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet
in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Though would'st still be adored, as this
moment thou art
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of
my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are
thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can
be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear:
No the heart that has truly loved
never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god,
when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

Moore's *Irish melodies* calls this tune *Thady you gander*, a popular name in folksong and country dancing circles – although, as it also refers to a dance, several tunes appear under the same title. Moore marks it 'playfully', although Quilter made it rather more sedate. The words are a light-hearted defence of infidelity, claiming that one can remedy the heartache of a distanced lover by finding someone else who happens to be nearby. Appropriately, the country dance *Thady you gander* involves the lead pair filing off with the whole row of the opposite sex, and circling with every other partner, before being reunited with their original companion.

Oh! 'tis sweet to think that, where'er we rove,
 We are sure to find something blissful and dear;
 And that when we're far from the lips that we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near!
 The heart like a tendril, accustomed to cling,
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
 But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
 It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.

Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be doomed to find something, still, that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
 To make light of the rest, if the rose is not there,
 And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
 Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike;
 They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too:
 And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
 It will tincture love's plume with a different hue.

12 **The Rose of Tralee**

Edward Mordaunt Spencer (*d.1888*)

This 1941 Quilter arrangement is based on the poem in Spencer's 1846 book *The heir of Abbotsville*, set to music by Charles William Glover (1806-1863). The Rose of Tralee Festival, an Irish cultural fair, has long claimed the poem was in fact written by William Pembroke Mulchinock, who was in love with a maid in the service of his parents. They even went as far as commissioning a linguistic report in 2019 which, although inconclusive, leaned towards the published author, Spencer, being legitimate. Spencer's 1846 publication added to the confusion by claiming it had been set to music by Stephen Glover, Charles' Brother.

The pale moon was rising above the green mountains,
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea,
When I strayed with my love to the pure crystal fountain
That stands in the beautiful vale of Tralee.

She was lovely and fair as the rose of the summer,
Yet, 'twas not her beauty alone that won me;
Oh, no! 'twas the truth in her eye ever dawning
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

The cool shades of evening their mantle were spreading,
And Mary was smiling and list'ning to me.
The moon through the valley her pale rays was shedding,
When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.

Though lovely and fair as the rose of the summer
Yet, 'twas not her beauty alone that won me;
Oh, no! 'twas the truth in her eye ever dawning
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

13 **The walled-in garden**

Arthur Heald (*1838-1901*)

Just down the road from Tralee, still in County Kerry in Ireland, are Carrantouhill and Killarney, the locations mentioned in this 1952 setting of a relatively unknown poet. The musician and writer Trevor Hold named his 1978 book about Quilter after this song, encapsulating the idea that the composer produced works of carefully tended precision that rarely ventured beyond clearly defined borders. With this sentiment in mind, it is hard not

to be touched by this simple entreaty from a dying composer, as if he were asking us to listen to the beautiful songs that he spent his life working on.

O, come with me into my walled-in garden,
And let my roses catch a glimpse of you;
They'll nod their heads to see your graceful beauty,
For no colleen has ever been as sweet as you.

We'll take a stroll on Carrantouhill mountain,
Across the hill, near grey Killarney's moor,
And then we'll seek the road to lovers' land,
And find ourselves on yonder golden palm-fringed shore.

14 **I got a robe**

Anonymous

The trailblazing American contralto Marian Anderson (1897-1993) became, in 1955, the first black singer to sing at New York's Metropolitan Opera. Her international renown was great decades before this, and despite the obstacles in her way, she toured Europe and South America, before the USA finally allowed her something like the career she deserved. She was a great admirer of Quilter's, and he accompanied her, in his own songs, for her debut recital at the Wigmore Hall in 1928, producing this spiritual arrangement for the occasion. It is based on the arrangement by Harry Burleigh (1866-1949), called *Heav'n, heav'n*, and was not published.

I got a robe, you got a robe,
All of God's children got a robe.
When I get to Heaven goin' to put
on my robe,
Goin' to shout all over God's Heav'n.
Heav'n, Heav'n,
(Ev'rybody talkin' 'bout Heav'n ain't
goin' there!)
Heav'n, heav'n,
Goin' to shout all over God's heav'n.

I got a shoes, you got a shoes,
All of God's children got a shoes.
When I get to heaven goin' to put
on my shoes,
Goin' to walk all over God's heav'n.
I got a harp, you got a harp,
All of God's children got a harp.
When I get to heaven goin' to play
on my harp,
Goin' to play all over God's heav'n.

15 **Slumber song**

Clifford Mills (1861-1933)

An actor friend of Quilter's, Reginald Owen, asked him to compose the incidental music for Emilie Clifford's play, *Where the rainbow ends*; this song, written in 1911, forms part of his contribution. Clifford, who wrote under the male name Clifford Mills in order to secure publication, was inspired by her daughter to write an adventure story about St. George. It ran in London at Christmas for nearly fifty years, spawning the Italia Conti Academy to train children to make up its young cast, and includes amongst its juvenile alumni such celebrated names as Noël Coward, Clive Dunn, Millicent Martin, Leslie Phillips and Dinah Sheridan.

Rock-a-bye slumber comes soft from the West,
 Mother is calling her babes to their nest,
 Far-flying birdies sail home on tired wing,
 When all the world's mothers their
 cradle song sing.
 Rock-a-bye, shoo!

Rock-a-bye slumber brings dreams from afar,
 Woven for earth in the first evening star:
 Down through a cloudway of sunset she flies,
 And with her soft kisses gives sleep to
 tired eyes.
 Rock-a-bye, shoo!

THE ARNOLD BOOK OF OLD SONGS – SCOTTISH

All three Scottish songs arranged by Quilter have links to the poet Robert Burns, with the first and last being settings of his poetry, and the middle one being based on a traditional song that was later adopted by him. In fact, Quilter describes the text for *Charlie is my darling* as being a Jacobite marching tune of 1775 and Burns penned his version in 1794. Notwithstanding this difference, all three are 18th-century Scottish verse, rich in Caledonian charm and suitable spelling. Of all his folksong settings, these probably best capture the sounds of the songs' origins.

16 vi **Ye banks and braes**

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

Burns wrote this third version of the poem *The banks o' Doon* in 1791, to fit to the melody *The Caledonian Hunt's delight*. Burns, in a letter, described the origins of this tune as being the result of a conversation between the musician Stephen Clarke (c.1735-1797) and an Edinburgh lawyer called James Miller, who wanted to write a Scottish air. Clarke's advice was "to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and

preserve some kind of rhythm”. The fruits of this endeavour, as subsequently corrected and improved upon by Clarke, were this now-famous song.

Ye banks and braes o’ bonnie Doon
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu’ o’ care.
Thou’lt break my heart, thou warbling bird
That wantons through the flow’ry thorn,
Thou minds me o’ departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Aft hae I rov’d by bonnie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o’ its love;
And fondly sae did I o’ mine.
Wi’ lightsome heart I pu’d a rose,
Fu’ sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause lover stole my rose,
And ah! he left the thorn wi’ me.

17 **vii Charlie is my darling**
Carolina Oliphant, Lady Nairne (1766-1845)

Quilter’s arrangement of this traditional tune is based on a chorus and three of the five verses of Oliphant’s poem, one of the earliest publications of this traditional song. Charles Edward Stuart (1720-1788) was the eldest son of James Stuart, the grandson of James II (James VII of Scotland), and known as the Young Pretender and Bonnie Prince Charlie. He was a claimant to the throne of Great Britain and this song celebrates him leading the Jacobite Uprising in 1745, when he raised his father’s standard in Glenfinnan, before being defeated at the Battle of Culloden in 1746.

Oh! Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Oh! Charlie is my darling,
The young chevalier.
’Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our town.
The young chevalier.

As he cam’ marching up the street,
The pipes play’d loud and clear.
And a’ the folk cam’ rinnin’ out
To meet the chevalier.
Wi’ Hieland bonnets on their heads
And claymores bright and clear,
They cam’ to fight for Charlie
And the young chevalier.

18 **viii Ca’ the yowes to the knowes**
Robert Burns

Isabel “Tibbie” Pagan (1741-1821) ran an unlicensed alehouse in Ayrshire. She was renowned for her unusual appearance – a squint, a large tumour on her side and a deformed foot – as well as her sharp wit. This traditional song is attributed to her, Burns

having heard a clergyman singing it and adding his own verses. Quilter's setting includes three of Burn's six stanzas from his second version of the poem, published in 1794. The following glossary of terms may be helpful: yowes = calves; knowes = hillocks; whaur = where; burnie = stream; rows = flows; mavis = thrush; Cluden = the river Cluden; a-faulding = folding; gang = go.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whaur the heather grows,
Ca' them whaur the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark, the mavis evening sang,
Sounding Cluden's woods amang;
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stol'n my very heart;
I can die but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

19

Freedom

Rodney Bennett (1890-1948)

Bennett, the father of the composer Richard Rodney Bennett, collaborated with Quilter on a number of pieces, most significantly as the librettist for his light opera. This particular project was the result of a Ministry of Information initiative, which led to Dr Adrian Boult, the BBC's director of music, to commission patriotic songs from Quilter, George Dyson, John Ireland and Ralph Vaughan Williams. Quilter's offering, originally called *A song of freedom*, is perhaps most notable for its similarity to the subsequent theme music from the 1955 film *The dambusters* by Eric Coates, for whom Bennett also wrote lyrics, under the pen-name Roydon Barrie.

Sing a song of freedom
Unfetter'd as the wind,
A treasure worth
The whole wide earth,
The glory of mankind:
Freedom to call our soul our own,
To laugh, to love, to sing,
To live and die
With courage high,
Nor fear what fate may bring.

Fight the fight of freedom
For which our fathers died.
Like men they broke
The tyrant's yoke,
And mocked at all his pride.
Sons of a glorious heritage,
And still the slaves of none,
Shall we lay down
The shining crown
Our valiant fathers won?

Oh! Raise the flag of freedom
Not for ourselves alone,
But such as all
May proudly call
Their brothers' and their own.
Wide may it stream across the sky,
Above the storm and strife
The flag unfurled
O'er all the world,
Of freedom, love and life

SONGS FROM 'LOVE AT THE INN'

Rodney Bennett

Following the success of *Where the rainbow ends*, and having made contact with Bennett in 1928, Quilter set about writing his light opera, *The blue boar*. Over the next eight years it would be revised and retitled as *Julia* (in which form it was performed at the Royal Opera House), *Rosmé, Love and the countess*, *Love at the inn* (at which point it was published) and finally *The beggar prince*. Despite these numerous incarnations, the piece never really took off; it was received moderately well, but not ecstatically, with the *Sunday Times* calling it a "very charming musical comedy".

20 **If love should pass me by**

In the opera, George Morland is a portrait painter, commissioned by the aristocracy whom he dislikes intensely. Whilst painting such a picture he met and fell in love with a maid called Jenny. Morland's interest has waned, and the affair has ended, but Jenny has still come to the Blue Boar Inn in search of him, where a footman called Robert falls in love with her at first sight. Two well-to-do girls, Anne Ward and Sophie Longton, visit the inn, and Anne sings this sanguine song of the ebb and flow of romantic fortune.

One morning very early
At the bud of the day,
I heard a maiden singing,
And this did she say:
'Love may be false,
And free of heart am I.
I'll say no word to him, heigh-ho –
So, Love, go pass me by.'

As homeward she was going
At the close of the day,
Again I heard her singing,
And this did she say:
'Love may be false,
Yet sad of heart am I.
He may be false, and yet – heigh-ho,
If Love should pass me by.'

21 **Love calls through the summer night**

Anne meets Morland at the inn, but knowing of his dislike for the gentry she pretends to be a farmer's daughter. They fall in love. A commission to paint Sir William Longton's family leads to Anne's continued deceit before revealing her wealth to Morland. His disgust sends him temporarily back into the arms of Jenny, before he is reconciled with Anne, and Jenny decides to marry Robert. This song is sung four times: by Morland off stage at the inn and then three times as a duet with Anne – at the inn, at the Longton residence and then back at the inn as a finale to the piece.

Far in the darkness a nightingale is singing,
Singing his love and sorrow to the moon;
Lost in the branches, the night wind, winging,
Wakens the leaves to a low sweet tune.
Oft have I heard them, nights unending,
Heard them and loved them and gone my way;
Now with their passion a new note is blending,
Born of their beauty, but more than they.

Love calls through the summer night,
Love sings with a strange delight,
Calls our young hearts to find his way,
Let him lead us where'er he may.
Dear heart, shall he call in vain,
When ne'er he may ask again?
Ah! Love, together wherever you lead us
We follow the roadway of dreams tonight.

Swift to the dawn the enchanted hours are flying,
Bringing the time of waking all too soon:
Songs will be hush'd and the love-light, dying,
Pass with the stars and the waning moon.
Come as it may with tears or laughter,
Bring as it will either rose or rue,
Why should we care for what may come after?
Still for a while only dreams are true.
Follow, come follow, love of my heart tonight!

22 **The cradle in Bethlehem**

Rodney Bennett

This carol was first published in the 1945 book *Voices on the green*, an anthology of original fiction, verse, song and art, produced as a fund-raising project for the St Mary's Hospital for Women and Children in Manchester. In addition to this song, it included contributions from the likes of H.E. Bates, Vita Sackville-West, Walter de la Mare, A.P. Herbert and J.B. Priestley. Bennett takes his cue from the young patients of St Mary's to write a song about the baby Jesus and the humble nature of his birth.

There was no cradle for Jesus
When he was small,
Only a rough wooden manger
In a poor stall;
Yet the baby who lay there so lowly
Was king of us all.

There was no lamp in the stable
That winter night,
Only a shepherd's dim lantern
Gave fitful light;
Yet the star that burned over the roof-tree
Made all Heaven bright.

No man-made music for Jesus,
Songs they made none;
Only Heaven's angels were praising
Father and Son
In a song that will ring down the ages
Till ages are done.

We sing the glory of Jesus
As they sang then.
Soon may the whole earth re-echo
That song again:
Praise and glory to God in the highest,
Goodwill toward men.

THE ARNOLD BOOK OF OLD SONGS – FRENCH

The French songs from Quilter's folksong book comprise two new translations by Rodney Bennett and an anonymous English translation. In fact, Quilter must have written at least one of these arrangements to the French texts, as the manuscript to *The man behind the plough* is not only in French but also dated two years before he wrote to Bennett to introduce himself and propose the idea of the two of them working together on an opera. When they were published in 1947, they included both the English and French texts to the songs.

23 ix **The man behind the plough**

Rodney Bennett

Quilter's 1928 manuscript of *Le pauvre laboureur* is based on a traditional song from Bresse in France that was sung by farmers to urge on the oxen as they ploughed the fields. Such a song was referred to as a "chanson à grand vent", and this is the alternative title to this poem. André Theuriet described it in his 1888 book *Vie rustique* as a "pitiless song that travels through each stage of the ploughman's life, without allowing the slightest glimpse of blue sky on his human condition", although Theuriet's book does not include Quilter's final verse which describes the simple enjoyment of an honest rural life.

The man behind the plough,
He has trouble and to spare.
From the cradle to the grave
Heavy burden must he bear.
Come rain, come wind, come tempest,
No matter when or how,
His toil must be unceasing,
The man behind the plough.

The man behind the plough,
He has bairns to call his own;
Must breed them to his trade,
Some are babes and some half grown.
Come rain, come wind, come thunder,
No matter when or how,
His life is toil and labour,
The man behind the plough.

The man behind the plough,
He will sing the time along;
As he guides the cleaving share
Never is the day an hour too long.
No prince, nor duke, nor lordling,
Nor king with crown on brow,
But lives upon his labour,
The man behind the plough.

24 x **My lady's garden**
Rodney Bennett

Another Bennett translation, this arrangement is based on the 15th-century melody *L'amour de moy*. Vaughan Williams had previously set the French song in 1904, and it is quite possible that Quilter knew this version. His own arrangement seems to have begun life in instrumental form, with an undated manuscript for cello and piano, and then a later 1933 copy (made for the cellist Beatrice Harrison) for cello and piano reduction of an orchestral version, recorded in that same year. The manuscript of the vocal version is undated and appears with just French text, before the translation was added for inclusion in the published version of 1947.

There is a garden that all sweets encloses,
Where my love is wont to stray;
There blow the fairest flow'rs of May
And, lovelier yet, soft damask roses.

There by her side among the flow'rs
Would I might pass the days of June,
Fleeting the careless summer hours,
Whether by night or by noon.

Happy the nightingale that haunts its closes,
Telling his love as best he may:
Freely he sings both night and day,
And then at last in peace reposes.

Fairer than blossom red or white
Lily or violet wet with dew,
No flow'r that blooms the summer through
Half so fair is to my sight.

I saw her gath'ring matchless posies;
Yet were they not so sweet as she.
Would that my fortune were to be
As dear to her as are the roses.

25 xi **Pretty month of May**
Anonymous

This anonymous translation is based on the French song *Joli moi de Mai* which has been attributed in Jean-Benjamin Laborde's *Essai sur la musique ancienne et moderne* to Jacques Lefèvre, a court composer to Louis XIII in 1613. In the French, the poet asks a shepherdess for her love, the first line being "Aime-moi, bergère, et je t'aimerai". Aside from this more specific detail, the translation is a fair representation of the original poem. The composer Percy Grainger found these French tunes "very engaging – particularly 'Pretty month of May' bewitches me".

Will you love me, pretty one
As I love thee?
I'll be true and loving
If you're true to me.

Ah! love is sweet and gay,
The pretty month of May!
Ah! love is sweet and gay,
O! wondrous gay,
The pretty month of May!

Now, my own, my dearest,
You have all my heart;
We will love for ever,
Nevermore to part.

26 **Vous et moi (*You and me*)**
Sofia Acquaviva d'Aragona (1855-1937)

This unpublished song was discovered together with the manuscript of his 1904 Laurence Binyon setting *The answer*, which he later withdrew. Bertram Binyon, the poet's third cousin, was a tenor and well known to Quilter, who was godfather to Mario, one of his children. It was his daughter Rachel who was in possession of these manuscripts in the 1980s, at which point copies were made by Jonathan Chapple and recently passed on to Quilter's biographer Dr Valerie Langfield. The poet is described on the manuscript as the Comtesse de Castellane, as she was also for the 1879 setting of the same poem by Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916).

Vos yeux sereins et purs ont voulu me sourire
Votre main comme une aile a caressé ma main,
Mais je ne sais trouver, hélas, rien à vous dire
Car nous ne marchons pas dans le
même chemin.

Vous êtes le soleil d'un beau jour qui commence
Et moi la nuit profonde et l'horizon couvert,
Vous êtes fleur, étoile et joyeuse cadence
Vous êtes le printemps et moi je suis l'hiver.

Vous buvez les rayons et respirez les roses
Car vous êtes l'aurore et moi la fin du jour,
Il faut nous dire adieu sans en chercher
les causes
Car je suis le regret et vous êtes l'amour.

*Your serene and pure eyes wanted me to smile,
Your hand caressed my hand like a wing,
But, alas, I cannot find anything to say to you
For we are not walking on the
same road.*

*You are the sun of a beautiful day just beginning
And I the deep night and the overcast horizon,
You are a flower, a star and joyous rhythm,
You are Spring and I am Winter.*

*You drink the sun's rays and breathe in roses
For you are the dawn and I the end of day.
We must say farewell without looking
for reasons
For I am regret and you are love.*

27 **Mond, du bist glücklicher als ich** (*Moon, you are luckier than I*)

Anonymous

Although undated, the compositional style, as well as the language of the verse, indicates that this is an early work, dating from Quilter's time as a student in Frankfurt. The text is anonymous, but it had been previously set by the German composer Robert Schwalm (1845-1912) in the third of his *Drei Lieder Op.41*, entitled *An der Mond*. Quilter's song is dedicated "To Cyril Meir Scott from the composer", which also suggests the time of composition, Scott being one of the five English-speaking composers who studied in Frankfurt under Iwan Knorr.

Mond, du bist glücklicher als ich,
Denn du siehst ihn, und ich seh' ihn nicht
Doch war ich einmal glücklicher als du.
Ich küsste ihn und du sahst zu.

*Moon, you are luckier than I,
For you see him and I do not,
Though once I was luckier than you.
I kissed him and you watched.*

FOUR SONGS OF MIRZA SCHAFFY Op.2

Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt (1819-1892) after Mirza Shafi Vazeh (1794-1852)

This group of four German songs was first published in 1903, inscribed "in remembrance of Frankfurt days", and then revised in 1911 when they were dedicated to his friends J. Walter and Marie English. Vazeh was an Azerbaijani poet and schoolmaster who taught Bodenstedt languages. Bodenstedt translated his poems into German in an immensely popular book called *Die drei Lieder des Mirza Schaffy*. After Vazeh's death, Bodenstedt claimed that the verses were his own, and that he had only published them under Vazeh's name to lend them an exotic charm. However, the timing of this statement raises questions as to its veracity.

28 **i Neig', schöne Knospe dich zu mir** (*Fair bud, lean towards me*)

This poem is the fourth in a series of fourteen entitled *Hafisa* – a girl's name. It is a love song, referring to the beloved as a flower bud. The poet implores her to lean towards him, and in return for her obedience, she will receive warmth and blossom in his company. There is a sun-like allusion of the poet, attracting the flower and giving it warmth and nourishment; in fact, the sun features in all four of these Bodenstedt songs. It is one of the shortest poems in the group, perhaps making it a good choice for the young composer.

Neig', schöne Knospe dich zu mir;
Und was ich bitte, das tu' mir:
Ich will dich pflegen und halten;
Du sollst bei mir erwärmen,
Und sollst in meinen Armen
Zur Blume dich entfalten!

*Fair bud, lean towards me
And do for me what I ask:
I want to cherish and keep you,
You should warm yourself near me
And in my arms, should
Unfold into a flower!*

29 ii **Und was die Sonne glüht** (*And the glowing of the sun*)

Included in Bodenstedt's book is a group of 23 poems called *Tiflis – Verschiedenes* (Tiflis – Selection). Vazeh moved to Tiflis and started teaching, and it was here that he met Bodenstedt – one of his pupils. This poem is the twentieth of the set. It describes the sights and sounds of nature, and how these affect the poet's soul and thereby are reflected in his songs. These themes must have struck a chord with Quilter whose juvenile oeuvre at this point included *Four songs of the sea* (to his own words), *Two songs* (*Come spring! Sweet spring* and *The reign of the stars*) and *Now sleeps the crimson petal*.

Und was die Sonne glüht,
Was Wind und Welle singt,
Und was die Rose blüht,
Was auf zum Himmel klingt
Und was vom Himmel nieder:
Das weht durch mein Gemüt,
Das klingt durch meine Lieder!

*And the glowing of the sun,
The singing of wind and wave
And the blooming of the rose,
The ringing sent to heaven
And that from heaven sent:
These things blow through my soul,
These things ring through my songs!*

30 iii **Ich fühle deinen Odem** (*I feel your breath*)

Quilter was not alone in setting this poet. The fifteen-poem collection *Zuléikba* was also used as a source for *Zuléikba – Sieben Lieder des Mirza-Schaffy von Bodenstedt, Op.1* by Eusebius Mandyczewski (1857-1929), a Romanian composer perhaps now best known for his editing of the complete songs of Schubert. For this song Quilter chose the thirteenth in the group – not used by Mandyczewski. Another love song, the poet starts with a verse of adoration, followed by comparisons to the natural elements that allow him to express the titanic depth of his feelings.

Ich fühle deinen Odem
Mich überall umwehn
Wohin die Augen schweifen
Wähn' ich dein Bild zu sehn!
Im Meere meiner Gedanken
Kannst du nur untergehn
Um, wie die Sonne, Morgens
Schön wieder aufzustehn!

*I feel your breath
Blow all around me,
Wherever my eyes wander
I imagine I see your image!
In the sea of my thoughts
You can only sink
Like the sun, to arise again
In the morning, beautiful!*

31 iv **Die helle Sonne leuchtet** (*The bright sun shines*)

Quilter set the previous poem in *Zuléikba* for the final song of his group. The structure of this song is the reverse of *Ich fühle deinen Odem*. Here the poet starts by describing the power of the sun which even makes the mighty sea quiver with sparkling and tremulous waves. He then compares this reflection to the way in which the power of his beloved's beauty is reflected in the ocean of his songs, which similarly glow and shudder in awe. Quilter ends the song in triumphant fashion, suggesting a satisfactory conclusion to this courtship.

Die helle Sonne leuchtet
Auf's weite Meer hernieder,
Und alle Wellen zittern
Von ihrem Glanze wieder.

*The bright sun shines
Down on the wide sea
And all the waves tremble
From its reflected splendour.*

Du spiegelst dich, wie die Sonne,
Im Meere meiner Lieder!
Sie alle glühn und zittern
Von deinem Glanze wieder.

*You are mirrored, like the sun,
In the sea of my songs!
They all glow and tremble
From your reflected splendour.*

32 **Daisies after the rain**
Judith Bickle (1886-1965)

This late song, published in 1951 was also produced as a partsong the following year for two soprano lines (with a different piano accompaniment). It describes the hardness of the simple daisies that weather storms to feel the sun that follows, as opposed to the more prized flowers that break and wither under the weight of the rain. From a composer who had experienced more than his fair share of ill health and outlived his heartier siblings, there is something disarmingly optimistic about this short work, produced two years before he died.

The daisy stars are swaying lakes
When sunshine follows rain,
They move like fairies in a mist,
Shaking fair heads again.

Rose petals fall, the poppies bend,
Knowing their hour is done;
But daisies lift their shining eyes
And laugh up to the sun.

THE ARNOLD BOOK OF OLD SONGS – WELSH

There is just one Welsh song in Quilter's folksong collection. The traditional song *Llwyn Onn* (Ash Grove) was first published in Edward Jones' 1802 book *The bardic museum of primitive British literature and other admirable rarities*. The tune is included (without words) stating that the Welsh title of the song is "the name of Mr Jones' mansion, near Wrexham in Denbighshire". The first English-language version was published in 1862 in John Thomas' *Volume I of Welsh Melodies, with Welsh and English Poetry*. It was by Thomas Oliphant (1799-1873), a relative of Carolina Oliphant, the author of *Charlie is my darling*.

33 xvi **The Ash Grove**
Rodney Bennett

The original English text by Oliphant describes the Ash Grove where the poet met his beloved and where she is now buried. Bennett's new verse maintains the theme of ultimate separation from a loved one, but the mood of this new verse is quite different. Whereas in the original the poet speaks of a dead girl, Bennett's text is more general. It describes lost friends, happy times that have passed, and the folly of not realising the fleeting nature of life itself. It is a response to Arnold Vivian's death, but also the reflection of a composer considering his own mortality.

Away in the shadows a lone bird is singing,
The wind whispers low in a sighing refrain;
Their music makes memory's voices
go winging:
The Ash Grove in beauty I see once again;
The voices of friends that the long years
have taken,
Oh faintly I hear them, the song and the word.
How much in the heart can so little awaken:
The wind in the leaves and the song of a bird!

How little we knew, as we laughed there so lightly,
And time seemed to us to stretch endless away,
The hopes that then shone like a vision
so brightly
Could fade as a dream at the coming of day!
And still, spite of sorrow, when'er
I remember,
My thoughts will return like a bird to the nest,
No matter though summer may wane to December,
And there in the Ash Grove my heart be at rest.

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