Peter WARLOCK

The Curlew

Lillygay

Peterisms, Sets 1 & 2

Saudades

Adrian Thompson, Tenor

Christopher Maltman, Baritone

John Constable, Piano

The Duke Quartet
Peter Warlock (1894-1930)
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In a letter of 1919 to Bernard van Dieren, a composer whom he greatly admired, Philip Heseltine explained how he had submitted a group of songs to the publisher Winthrop Rogers under the pseudonym of Peter Warlock, having failed to find a publisher under his own name. The ruse was soon revealed, but not before distinguished singers of the time had started to take an interest in them.

Born in London in 1894, Heseltine had been encouraged in his musical enthusiasms during his time at school, latterly at Eton. There followed an introduction to Delius, who continued to show an interest in his work, and after study in Germany and a year at Oxford reading Classics, he turned his attention to the study of earlier English music, although himself without formal musical training. As a pacifist, in any case medically unfit for military service, he spent the war years in Cornwall and then in Ireland, before returning to London, the centre of his later activities, broken by a period with his mother in Wales and a time in Kent. A certain instability of character, evident, perhaps, in the dual Heseltine/Warlock identities, has been attributed in part to the early death of his father in 1896. Peter Warlock died in December 1930 of gas poisoning, whether by accident or suicide.

Warlock is remembered in particular for his Capriol Suite, an attractive reworking for string orchestra of French dance music of the sixteenth century, also arranged for piano duet and fuller orchestra. A number of his carols have a firm place in Christmas choral repertoire, while his many songs form a remarkable body of work, influenced by Delius, Van Dieren, and the Elizabethan and Jacobean composers that had formed the core of his musicological studies as Philip Heseltine.

The group of settings of poems by W.B.Yeats, The Curlew, written between 1920 and 1922, is scored for tenor, with flute, cor anglais and string quartet. The four songs are interrupted by an Interlude, and the first starts after an evocative introduction, with the cries of the curlew and peewit represented by the flute and cor anglais. The cycle reflects the mood of the poems.

Lillygay is a 1922 cycle of five songs, of which three are here included. The poems are drawn from an anthology by Victor Neuburg and the settings are accompanied by the piano, settings of seeming simplicity in their technical perfection, the best examples of English song-writing of the period, ending with the lively Rantum Tantum. A similar mood is continued in Peter Warlock’s Fancy, a setting of 1924.

The two sets of so-called Peterisms were written in 1922. The first three songs are settings of verses by George Peele, John Fletcher and possibly by John Skelton. The lively first song, Chopcherry, a reference to the game of catching a hanging cherry in the mouth, in the manner of bob-apple, is in great contrast with the sad lament from The Maid’s Tragedy, the mood broken by the vigorous popular sixteenth-century Rutterkin. The second set starts with a setting of Nicholas Udall’s Roister Doister, now perhaps more familiar from Benjamin Britten’s setting of the same words in his Friday Afternoons. There follows a setting of verse by Thomas Nashe, Spring, and John Wever’s earlier praise of youth.

My gostly fader is a moving setting of an English version of a poem by Charles d’Orléans. The song was written in 1918. The mood changes with a setting of Stevenson’s Bright is the ring of words, written in the same year and originally under the title To the Memory of a Great Singer.

The three songs of Saudades, a title derived from I. Cranmer-Byng, who uses the Portuguese word to encapsulate the sense of sadness and regretful yearning for what is now past, were written in 1916 and 1917 and published after the war. The first is a setting of a poem by Li Po, in an English version by Cranmer-Byng, included in a collection A Feast of Lanterns. It was included, with Warlock’s Christmas Hommage to Bernard van Dieren in the memorial concert for the
composer, for which Van Dieren wrote a setting of Bruce Blunt’s *The Long Barrow*. The same melancholy permeates the following Shakespearean *Take, O take those lips away*, and the Eton schoolmaster William Cory’s version of Callimachus, *Heraclitus*.

*The cloths of Heaven*, a setting of W.B.Yeats, dates from 1916, and *The frostbound wood*, a setting of words by Warlock’s friend Bruce Blunt, was written in 1929 for issue with *The Radio Times*. *Bethlehem Down*, with words again by Blunt, appeared first as a part-song, a Christmas supplement to the *Daily Telegraph* in 1927, reworked as a solo song in 1930. *Sweet and twenty* is a setting of Shakespeare’s *O mistress mine* from *Twelfth Night* written in 1924, and in *And wilt thou leave me thus?* Warlock has recourse to words by Sir Thomas Wyatt. The song was written in 1928.

In *Mr Belloc’s Fancy* of 1921 Warlock turns to verses by that master of parody, J. C. Squire, in a song that is nevertheless a tribute to Hilaire Belloc, whose poems he also set. Here he alludes to various elements in Belloc’s character with his praise of English beer and Sussex, coupled with other prejudices. *The Bachelor*, a setting of 1922, praises the state of the young man who is unmarried, in words from the fifteenth century. For *Away to Twiver* of 1926 Warlock takes words from *The Famous Historie of Friar Bacon*, the source in part of the Elizabethan play by Robert Grene. The cheerful, rollicking mood is continued in the setting of John Masefield’s *Captain Stratton’s Fancy*, in which rum rather than beer is lauded. *Peter Warlock’s Fancy*, written in 1924, is a comparable drinking-song, but it is in *Mr Belloc’s Fancy* and *Captain Stratton’s Fancy* that Warlock wrote what he described as *Two True Toper’s Tunes, to Troll with Trulls and Trollopes in a Tavern*, echoes of ideas and assumed prejudices popular in some circles at the time.

Keith Anderson
Adrian Thompson
London-born Adrian Thompson is an artist of extraordinary versatility with a wide-ranging opera, concert and recital repertoire of works from the renaissance to the present day. He has made opera appearances with Glyndebourne, the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, the Netherlands Opera, New Israeli Opera, Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, Grand Théâtre de Genève, English and Welsh National Opera, Scottish Opera, Oper Frankfurt, Opera Zuid, Opera de Stadt Köln, Staatstheater Darmstadt, and Staatstheater Stuttgart, and at many festivals, including Buxton, Brighton, Wexford, Lausanne and Göttingen. He has performed with all the major British Orchestras and ensembles and his overseas engagements have taken him to Australia, North America, Japan, Russia, Europe, Scandinavia and the Baltic States. He has recorded a wide-ranging repertoire from Purcell to Busoni for Hyperion, Virgin Classics, Deutsche Grammophon, Chandos and Naxos.

Christopher Maltman
Winner of the Lieder Prize at the 1997 Cardiff Singer of the World Competition, Christopher Maltman read biochemistry at Warwick University and studied singing at the Royal Academy of Music. His career has brought important concert engagements in collaboration with leading orchestras and conductors. His opera engagements have included Tarquinius in The Rape of Lucretia at the Montpellier Festival, Dandini in La Cenerentola at La Monnaie in Brussels, Figaro in Il barbiere di Siviglia at the Deutsche Staatsoper, Ned Keene in Peter Grimes at the Glyndebourne Festival, Valentin in Faust at the Bayerische Staatsoper and the title rôle in Billy Budd for the Welsh National Opera and at the Seattle Opera. In 1998 he joined the English National Opera as a Company Principal. He has appeared in recital at the Edinburgh, Brighton, Bath, City of London, Harrogate, Arundel and Cheltenham Festivals. He has also appeared in recital at the Konzerthaus in Vienna, the Châtelet in Paris, the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, the Mozarteum in Salzburg and in New York for both Carnegie Hall and the Lincoln Center. He is now a regular guest at the Wigmore Hall and the Schubertiade Festival.

John Constable
John Constable was born in London and studied with Harold Craxton at the Royal Academy of Music, of which he is a Fellow. He began his career on the music staff of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden. He has made a great many recital records of songs and chamber music with leading singers and players, and has accompanied in Europe, Japan and the United States, at the Musikverein Vienna, the Concertgebouw Amsterdam, the Prague Spring Festival, the Ferenc Liszt Academy Budapest, the Metropolitan Museum New York, Carnegie Hall, the Lincoln Center, Suntory Hall Tokyo, the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and the opera houses of Paris, Brussels, Cologne and Geneva. He has given recitals in many London festivals. As a harpsichordist John Constable has recorded for leading record companies, and has performed and recorded concertos with a number of distinguished conductors. He has played and directed concertos with the Birmingham Contemporary Music Group for the BBC and with the London Sinfonietta in Barcelona, and taken part in important recordings of Mozart operas. He has also recorded with the Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields, the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, the Polish Chamber Orchestra and the Concertgebouw Chamber Orchestra. He has been the principal pianist of the London Sinfonietta since its formation and is also principal harpsichordist of the Academy of St Martin-in-the Fields. He is a professor at the Royal College of Music, London.
**Duke Quartet**
Acclaimed by audiences and press for their powerful performances both live and recorded, the Duke Quartet has established itself as one of Britain’s most exciting string quartets. At home with music from Haydn to Heavy Metal, and sought after by choreographers and musicians of the highest calibre they work both within and outside the classical genre. Their dynamic style and consummate musicianship have won a considerable following throughout Europe. Recordings by the quartet include releases of works by Barber, Dvořák, Kevin Volans and Glass.

**Philippa Davies**
Philippa Davies has established an international reputation as one of the finest flautists currently performing, and has given many world premières, with numerous distinguished composers dedicating works specifically to her. As a recitalist, she plays and broadcasts throughout the world at international festivals, whilst performing concertos and giving master classes from China to the United States. Her schedule includes many performances with the Nash Ensemble and London Winds. Since her highly praised performance of Mozart’s *D major Concerto* (K313) at the BBC Proms in 1988 she has become a popular Proms guest artist. Her own group, Philippa Davies & Friends, is a flexible ensemble, performing works from Bach to Piazzola. She performs with the harpsichordist Maggie Cole under the title of the Davies Cole Duo and is a founder member of Arpège. Her numerous recordings, from Mozart to Ligeti, are best sellers. She is a Professor at the Guildhall School of Music.

**Christine Pendrill**
Christine Pendrill is the principal cor anglais player of the London Symphony Orchestra, a position she has held since 1986. She began her professional career while still a student at the Royal College of Music, when she began to freelance with the New Philharmonia Orchestra. After several years working with all the major London orchestras, she joined the Philharmonia as principal cor anglais in 1980. In her career as an orchestral player, she has toured extensively in Europe, the United States, the Far East and Australia, as well as in Britain. She has recorded most of the famous symphonic cor anglais solos, including several recordings of Sibelius’s *Swan of Tuonela*, as well as Copland’s *Quiet City* with Maurice Murphy and the London Symphony Orchestra. She can also be heard on many film soundtracks, notably *The English Patient*. As a member of the London Symphony Orchestra, she was the first woman to be elected to the orchestra’s Board of Directors, a rôle she fulfilled for three years. In 1996 she gave the world première of *The World’s Ransoming*, a concertante work for cor anglais written for her and the orchestra by James MacMillan, which she subsequently recorded. She plays on a Howarth S2 cor anglais made in 1969.
The Curlew
Poems by W.B.Yeats

1 He reproves the Curlew
The Wind among the Reeds (1899)

O Curlew, cry no more in the air,
Or only to the waters in the West;
Because your crying brings to my mind
Passion-dimm’d eyes and long heavy hair
That was shaken out over my breast:
There is enough evil in the crying of wind.

2 The lover mourns for the loss of love
The Wind among the Reeds (1899)

Pale brows, still hands and dim hair,
I had a beautiful friend
And dreamed that the old despair
Would end in love in the end:
She looked in my heart one day
And saw your image was there;
She has gone weeping away.

3 The withering of the boughs
In the Seven Woods (1904)

I cried when the moon was murmuring to the birds:
‘Let peewit call and curlew cry where they will,
I long for your merry and tender and pitiful words,
For the roads are unending, and there is no place
to my mind.’
The honey-pale moon lay low on the sleepy hill,
And I fell asleep upon lonely Echtge or streams.

No boughs have withered because of the
wintry wind;
The boughs have withered because I have told
them my dreams.

4 Interlude

5 He hears the cry of the sedge
The Wind among the Reeds (1899)

I wander by the edge
Of this desolate lake
Where wind cries in the sedge:
Until the axle break
That keeps the stars in their round,
And hands hurl in the deep
The banners of East and West,
And the girdle of light is unbound,
Your breast will not lie by the breast
Of your beloved in sleep.

**Lillygay (6-8)**
*Lillygay: an anthology of anonymous poems (1920)*

6 **The Distracted Maid**
*Old English*

One morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing;
Her chains she rattled on her hands while sweetly thus sang she:
‘I love my love, because I know my love loves me.’

Oh, cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea!
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love from me;
Yet I love his parents, since they’re his, although they’ve ruined me;
And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh, cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea!
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love from me;
Yet I love his parents, since they’re his, although they’ve ruined me;
And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

And I’ll present it to my love when he returns from sea,
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh, if I were a little bird to build upon his breast!
Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest!
To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should be;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh, if I were a little bird to build upon his breast!
Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest!
To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should be;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

7 **Burd Ellen and Young Tamlane**
Anon, in Maidment’s *North Country Garland (1824)*

Burd Ellen sits in her bower window,
With a double laddy double, and for the double dow,
Twisting the red silk and the blue,
With the double rose and the May-hay.

And whiles she twisted, and whiles she twan,
With a double laddy double, and for the double dow,
And whiles the tears fell down amang,
With the double rose and the May-hay.

And whiles she twisted, and whiles she twan,
With a double laddy double, and for the double dow,
And whiles the tears fell down amang,
With the double rose and the May-hay.

Till once there cam’ by Young Tamlane,
With a double laddy double, and for the double dow,
‘Come light, oh light, and rock your young son!’
With the double rose and the May-hay.

‘If ye winna rock him, ye may let him rair,
With a double laddy double, and for the double dow,
For I ha’e rockit my share and mair!’
With the double rose and the May-hay.
Young Tamlane to the seas he’s gane,
With a double laddy double, and for the double dow,
And a’ women’s curse in his company’s gane’.
With the double rose, and the May-hay.

8 Rantum Tantum
Victor Neuberg

Who’ll play at Rantum Tantum
Over the fields in May?
Oh, maidens fair, ’od grant ’em,
Rantum Tantum play!

The dawning fields are rimy,
White in the sunrise way,
But oh! the fields smell thymy
Later in the day!

And oh! may the fields be pearly
With dawn and virgin dew,
And may my love come early!
And may my love be true!

Oh, the fields are green in daytime,
And the trees are white in May,
And Rantum Tantum May-time’s
The time for lover’s play.

9 Peter Warlock’s Fancy
Anon, 16th century, British Library
Harleian MS 541

Bring us home no wheaten bread, for that he
full of bran;
Neither of no rye bread, for that is of that same,
But bring us home good ale, sir, bring us home
good ale,
And for our dear lady, lady love bring us some
good ale.

Bring us home no pork, sir, for that is very fat;
Neither no barley bread, for neither love I that,
But bring us home good ale, sir, bring us home
good ale,
And for our dear lady, lady love bring us some
good ale.

Bring us in no mutton, sir, for that is tough
and lean,
Neither no tripes, sir, for they be seldom clean,
But bring us home good ale, sir, bring us home
good ale,
And for our dear lady, lady love bring us some
good ale.

Bring us home no veal, sir, that do I not desire,
But bring us home good ale enough to drink by
the fire:
But bring us home good ale, sir, bring us home
good ale,
And for our dear lady, lady love bring us some
good ale.

Peterisms, 1st Set (10–12)

10 Chopcherry
George Peele, The Old Wives Tale,
1595, Act I Scene 1

Whenas the rye reach to the chin,
And chopcherry, chopcherry ripe within
Strawberries swimming in the cream,
And schoolboys playing in the stream;
Then, O then, O then my true love said,
Till that time come again
She could not live a maid.

A Sad Song
John Fletcher, The Maid’s Tragedy, 1622, Act II, Scene 1

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear,
Say I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth.

Rutterkin
Anon. 16th century, British Library
Add. MS 5465 (attributed to John Skelton)

Rutterkin is come unto our town
In a cloak without coat or gown
Save ragged hood to cover his crown
Like a Rutterkin.
Hoyda, hoyda, jolly Rutterkin!
Hoyda, hoyda, hoyda!
Like a Rutterkin, hoyda!

Rutterkin can speak no English,
His tongue runneth all on buttered fish,
Besmeared with grease about his dish,
Hoyda, hoyda, jolly Rutterkin!
Hoyda, hoyda, hoyda!
Like a Rutterkin, hoyda!

Rutterkin shall bring you all good luck,
A stoup of beer up at a pluck,
Till his brain be as wise as a duck,
Hoyda, hoyda, jolly Rutterkin!
Hoyda, hoyda, hoyda!
Like a Rutterkin, hoyda!

My gostly fader
An early 15th century Rondel attributed to Charles d’Orléans

My gostly fader, I me confesse,
First to God and then to you,
That at a window (wot ye how?)
I stole a cosse of grete sweteness,
Which don was out avisèness;
But hit is doon, not undoon now.
My gostly fader, I me confesse,
First to God and then to you.

But I restore it shall doutless
Agein, if so be that I mow;
And that to God I make a vow
And elles I axé foryef-ness.
My gostly fader, I me confesse,
First to God and then to you.

Bright is the ring of words
Robert Louis Stevenson, Songs of Travel (1895)

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them.
Still they are carolled and said –
On wings they are carried –
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.
**Saudades** (15-17)

**15 Along the stream**
*Translated from the Chinese of Li-Po by I.Cranmer-Byng, A Feast of Lanterns, (1916)*

The rustling night-fall strews my gown with roses,
And wine-flush’d petals bring forgetfulness
Of shadow after shadow striding past.
I arise with the stars exultantly and follow
The sweep of the moon along the hushing stream.
Where no birds wake: only the far-drawn sigh
Of wary voices whispering farewell.

**16 Take, O take those lips away**
*William Shakespeare, Measure for Measure, 1604, Act IV, Scene i*

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

**17 Heraclitus**
*Translated from the Greek of Callimachus by William Cory, Ionica, (1898)*

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest!
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

**18 The cloths of Heaven**
*W.B. Yeats, The Wind among the Reeds (1899)*
*He wishes for the Cloths of Heaven*

Had I the heavens’ embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet.
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

**19 The frostbound wood**
*Bruce Blunt*

Mary that was the Child’s mother
Met me in the frost-bound wood:
Her face was lovely and care-laden
Under a white hood.

She who once was heaven’s chosen
Moved in loneliness to me,
With a slow grace and weary beauty
Pitiful to see.

Bethlehem could hear sweet singing,
‘Peace on earth, a Saviour’s come’.
Here the trees were dark, the heavens
Without stars, and dumb.
Past she went with no word spoken,
Past the grave of Him I slew,
Myself the sower of the woodland
And my heart the yew.

Mary that was the Child’s mother
Met me in the frost-bound wood:
Her face was lovely and care-laden
Under a white hood.

Bethlehem Down
Bruce Blunt

‘When He is King we will give Him the Kings’ gifts,
Myrrh for its sweetness, and gold for a crown,
Beautiful robes,’ said the young girl to Joseph,
Fair with her first-born on Bethlehem Down.

Bethlehem Down is full of the starlight,
Winds for the spices, and stars for the gold,
Mary for sleep, and for lullaby music
Songs of a shepherd by Bethlehem fold.

When He is King, they will clothe Him in grave-sheets,
Myrrh for embalming, and wood for a crown,
He that lies now in the white arms of Mary
Sleeping so lightly on Bethlehem Down.

Here He has peace and a short while for dreaming,
Close huddled oxen to keep Him from cold,
Mary for love, and for lullaby music
Songs of a shepherd by Bethlehem fold.

Sweet and twenty
William Shakespeare, Twelfth Night,
1601, Act II, Scene i

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love’s coming
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers’ meeting,
Every wise man’s son doth know.

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

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Sir Thomas Wyatt, before 1533;
British Library Add. MS 17492

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay, for shame!
To thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! Say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
Thou hath loved thee so long
In wealth and woe among:
And is thy heart so strong
As lot to leave me thus?
Say nay! Say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That have given thee my heart
Never for to depart
Neither for pain nor smart:
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! Say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pitye
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas thy cruelty
Say nay! say nay!
And wilt thou leave me thus,
Say nay! Say nay!
Mr Belloc’s Fancy
Sir John Squire, Tricks of the Trade, 1917

At Martinmas, when I was born,
Hey diddle, Ho diddle do,
There came a cow with a crumpled horn,
Hey diddle, Ho diddle do.
She stood agape and said, ‘My dear,
You’re a very fine child for this time of year,
And I think you’ll have a taste in beer’
Hey diddle, Ho diddle ho do do da,
Hey diddle, Ho diddle do.

A taste in beer I’ve certainly got,
Hey diddle, Ho diddle do,
A very fine taste that the Jews have not,
Hey diddle, Ho diddle do.
And though I travel on the hills of Spain,
And Val-Pont-Côte and Belle Fontaine,
With lusty lungs I shall still maintain:
Hey diddle, Ho diddle ho do do da,
Hey diddle, Ho diddle do.
So Sussex men, where ever you be,
Hey diddle, Ho diddle do,
I pray you sing this song with me,
Hey diddle, Ho diddle do.
That of all the shires she is the queen
And they brew at the ‘Chequers’ on Chanctonbury Green
The very best beer that ever was seen
Hey, Dominus, Domine, Dominum, Domini,
Hey, diddle diddle, Domino.

Roister Doister is my name,
Roister Doister is my name,
A lusty brute I am the same,
I mun be married a Sunday.

Christian Custance have I found,
Christian Custance have I found,
A widow worth a thousand pound,
I mun be married a Sunday.

Custance is as sweet as honey,
Custance is as sweet as honey,
I her lamb and she my coney,
I mun be married a Sunday.

When we shall make our wedding feast,
When we shall make our wedding feast,
There shall be cheer for man and beast,
I mun be married a Sunday.

Peterisms, 2nd Set (24–26)

Roister Doister
Nicholas Udall, Ralph Roister Doister
1552, Act III, Scene ill

I mun be married a Sunday,
I mun be married a Sunday,
Whosoever shall come that way,
I mun be married a Sunday.

Spring
Thomas Nashe, Summer’s Last Will and Testament (1600)

Spring, the sweet spring
Is the year’s pleasant king,
Then blooms each thing,
Then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting,
The pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug jug, pu wee, to witta woo.

The palm and may
Make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play,
The shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye
Birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug jug, pu wee, to witta woo.

The fields breathe sweet,
The daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet,
Old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street
These tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug jug, pu wee, to witta woo.

26 Lusty Juventus
Robert Wever, Lusty Juventus, 1555
In a harbour grene aslepe whereas I lay
The byrdes sang swete in the middes of the day,
I dreamèd fast of mirth and play:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Me thought I walked still to and fro
And from her company I could not go,
But when I wakèd it was not so,
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Therefore my heart is surely pyght
Of her alone to have a sight
Which is my joy and hearte’s delight:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

27 The Bachelor
Anon. XVth century; Bodleian MS Eng. Poet e 1
In all this world nis a meriar life
Than is a yong man withouten a wife;
For he may liven withouten strife,
In every place where so he go.

In every place he is loved over all,
Among the maidens great and small,
In dauncing, in piping, and renning at the ball,
In every place where so he go.

Then sey maidens, ‘Farewell, Jacke!
Thy love is pressed all in thy pake;
Thou berest thy love behind thy back,
In every place where so he go.

28 Away to Twiver
The Famous Historie of Friar Bacon,
printed before 1600
And did you not hear of a mirth that befell
The morrow after a wedding day,
At carrying a bride at home to dwell?
And away to Twiver, away, away!

The quintain was set and the garlands were made,
’Tis pity old custom should ever decay;
And woe be to him that was horsed on a jade,
For he carried no credit away, away!

We met a consort of fiddle-de-dees,
We set them a’ cock-horse, and made them to play
The winning of Bullen and Up-sie-frees;
And away to Twiver, away, away!

There was ne’er a lad in all the parish
That would go to the plough, to the plough that day
But on his fore-horse his wench he carries;
And away to Twiver, away, away!

The butler was quick and the ale he did tap,
The maidens did make the chamber full gay;
The serving men gave me a fuddling cap,
And I did carry it away, away!

The smith of the town his liquor so took
That he was persuaded the ground look’d blue;
And I dare boldly to swear on a book
Such smiths as he there are but a few.

A posset was made and the women did sip,
And simpering sale! they could eat no more;
Full many a maid was laid on the lip
I’ll say no more, but so give o’er.
Oh, some are fond of red wine and some are fond of white,
And some are all for dancing by the pale moonlight,
But rum alone’s the tipple and the heart’s delight
Of the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are fond of Spanish wine and some are fond of French,
And some’ll swallow tay and stuff fit only for a wench,
But I’m for right Jamaica till I roll beneath the bench,
Says the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are for the lily and some are for the rose,
But I am for the sugar cane that in Jamaica grows,
For it’s that that makes the bonny drink to warm my copper nose,
Says the the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are fond of fiddles and a song well sung
And some are all for music for to lilt upon the tongue,
But mouths were made for tankards and for sucking at the bung,
Says the the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some that’s good and godly ones they hold that it’s a sin
To troll the jolly bowl around and let the dollars spin,
But I’m for toleration and for drinking at an inn,
Says the the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.
The Curlew * §
1 O Curlew, cry no more in the air
2 Pale brows, still hands and dim hair
3 I cried when the moon was murmuring to the birds
4 Interlude
5 I wander by the edge of this desolate lake

Lillygay °
6 The Distracted Maid
7 Burd Ellen and Young Tamlane
8 Rantum Tantum

Peterisms, first set *
9 Peter Warlock’s Fancy °
10 Chopcherry
11 A Sad Song
12 Rutterkin
13 My gostly fader °
14 Bright is the ring of words °

Saudades °
15 Along the stream
16 Take, O take those lips away
17 Heraclitus
18 The cloths of Heaven *
19 The frostbound wood °
20 Bethlehem Down °
21 Sweet and twenty *
22 And wilt thou leave me thus? °
23 Mr Belloc’s Fancy °

Peterisms, second set *
24 Roister Doister
25 Spring
26 Lusty Juventus
27 The Bachelor *
28 Away to Twiver *
29 Captain Stratton’s Fancy °

Adrian Thompson, Tenor * • Christopher Maltman, Baritone °
John Constable, Piano
The Duke Quartet §
Philippa Davies, Flute §
Christine Pendrill, Cor anglais §
Previous releases in this series include:
The programme of this release, previously available on the Collins Classics label, reflects the wide variety of vocal styles and moods of Warlock’s music. The centrepiece is Warlock’s heartfelt and atmospheric setting of W. B. Yeats’s The Curlew. Set beside this are Warlock’s boisterous drinking songs, as well as a number of more sober individual songs. This programme is an excellent introduction to one of the most interesting English composers of the first half of the last century.

Peter WARLOCK
(1894-1930)

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Recorded 3rd, 4th and 11th February, 1997 at All Saint’s Church, East Finchley, London
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Cover Picture: Watering the Cows by Henry Herbert La Thangue (1859-1929)
(The Fine Art Society / Bridgeman Art Library)