Strings in the Earth and Air

songs by
Ernest J. Moeran,
Peter Warlock &
Geoffrey Stern

Paul Martyn-West  tenor
Nigel Foster  piano
Strings in the Earth and Air

ERNEST JOHN MOERAN (1894-1950)

Six Folksongs from Norfolk (1923)
Collected and arranged by E. J. Moeran

[1]  1.  Down by the Riverside  2.29
[3]  3.  Lonely Waters  2.34
[4]  4.  The Pressgang  2.06

Seven Poems of James Joyce (1929)

[8]  2.  The Merry Green Wood  1.19
[9]  3.  Bright Cap  0.54
[10]  4.  The Pleasant Valley  1.11

PETER WARLOCK (1894-1930)

Candlelight – a cycle of nursery jingles (1923)

[14]  I  How many miles to Babylon?  0.37
[15]  II  I won’t be my father’s Jack  0.37
[16]  III  Robin and Richard  0.42
[17]  IV  O my kitten  1.03
[18]  V  Little Tommy Tucker  0.28
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Song Title</th>
<th>Artist/Translator</th>
<th>Duration</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>VI There was an old man</td>
<td></td>
<td>0.36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>VII I had a little pony</td>
<td></td>
<td>0.29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>VIII Little Jack Jingle</td>
<td></td>
<td>0.37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>IX There was a man of Thessaly</td>
<td></td>
<td>0.47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>X Suky, you shall be my wife</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>XI There was an old woman</td>
<td></td>
<td>0.44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>XII Arthur o’ Bower</td>
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**Three Songs (1916-17)**

<table>
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<th>Artist/Translator</th>
<th>Duration</th>
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<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Along the Stream  <em>Li-Po</em> (translated L. Cranmer-Byng)</td>
<td></td>
<td>3.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Take, O take those lips away <em>William Shakespeare</em></td>
<td></td>
<td>2.14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Heracleitus <em>Callimachus</em> (translated William Cory)</td>
<td></td>
<td>3.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>The Fox (1930) <em>Bruce Blunt</em></td>
<td></td>
<td>3.19</td>
</tr>
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</table>

**GEOFFREY STERN (1935-2005)**

**Three Wordsworth Songs (1953)**

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<th>Artist/Translator</th>
<th>Duration</th>
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<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>To the cuckoo</td>
<td></td>
<td>3.32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>She dwelt among the untrodden ways</td>
<td></td>
<td>2.21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>To an infant</td>
<td></td>
<td>2.20</td>
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**Four Songs of James Joyce (2001-5)**

<table>
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<th>Song Title</th>
<th>Artist/Translator</th>
<th>Duration</th>
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<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Lean out of your window (2005)</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Strings in the Earth and Air (2005)</td>
<td></td>
<td>2.52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Now, O now in this brown land (2001)</td>
<td></td>
<td>4.08</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Gentle Lady (undated)</td>
<td></td>
<td>2.52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Legend (1960) <em>Henry Treece</em></td>
<td></td>
<td>1.21</td>
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**Total CD duration:** 68.37

*Paul Martyn-West (tenor), Nigel Foster (piano)*
The last few years have witnessed a general resurgence of interest in the songs of early- to mid-20th Century British composers and this has been a welcome development for anyone interested in the genre. Whether on CD or in concert, through the actual published music or scholarly books on the subject, the work of such notable composers as Bax, Bliss, Brian, Bridge, Delius, Van Dieren, Finzi, Gibbs, Grainger, Gurney, Howells, Ireland, Vaughan Williams and Walton are generally becoming more widely known. And it is squarely within this musical tradition that the songs of the three composers represented on this CD find their place.

**Ernest J. Moeran**
The Anglo-Irish composer, Ernest John Smeed Moeran (‘Jack’ to his friends), was born on 31st December 1894. He was the second son of an Irish Protestant priest, originally from Dublin, and Esther, an East Anglian woman from Kings Lynn, Norfolk, and it was this heritage – and his love of the landscapes of East Anglia and Southern Ireland (Kerry in particular) – that were to influence Moeran’s music throughout his life.

He spent much of his youth in what his friend Peter Warlock was later to describe as the “remote sea-girt village of Bacton” on the Norfolk coast, a wild rural area of the Fenlands. It was while here, and at his preparatory school in Cromer, that Moeran began to play the violin and piano, something that was further encouraged by Robert Sterndale Bennett, his music master at Uppingham Public School. Moeran’s earliest compositions probably date from this time and it seems that by 1913-14 he fully intended to make composition his life, gaining a place to study with C.V. Stanford at the Royal College of Music.

However, the First World War interrupted Moeran’s studies and while serving in France he was badly wounded by shell shrapnel to the head. The experience of war and the fitting of a metal plate to alleviate the damage may have contributed to Moeran’s dependence on alcohol from this time onwards.

From 1920-23 Moeran studied composition again at the Royal College of Music, this time with John Ireland. The earliest published songs date from this period as well as more substantial orchestral and chamber works. Much of the chamber music was first heard in a 1923 Wigmore Hall recital and with growing public interest in his music Moeran became a composer to watch.
Moeran first met Peter Warlock in 1923 and from 1925 to 1928 the two of them leased a cottage in Eynsford, Kent. Life at the cottage was, to say the least, riotous and uncongenial to serious composition. Besides the permanent residents (Moeran, Warlock and Warlock’s half-Maori manservant Hal Collins and a large contingent of cats) there was a constant stream of social visitors who stayed for various unspecified lengths of time. Much womanising, drinking and fraternising with the law went on and this led to the physical and financial collapse of Moeran as well as Warlock.

In a revealing letter to his future wife, Peers Coetmore, Moeran confided that he had lost faith in himself around 1926 and composed nothing for several years. The party at Eynsford broke up in the autumn of 1928 although Moeran remained in contact with Warlock up until the latter’s death on 17th December 1930. From then on Moeran led an almost nomadic existence visiting locations in Norfolk, Somerset, Suffolk and Herefordshire where his parents lived in retirement. And from the mid-1930s until his death in 1950, Kenmare in County Kerry became his home. Indeed, Kerry was to prove a decisive influence on Moeran’s music and much of the major orchestral works such as the Symphony in G Minor (1937) and the Violin Concerto (1941) were written there. Further works were composed in the ’40s including the Overture for a Masque (1944), the Sinfonietta (1944), the Serenade in G (1948), Rhapsody No.3 in F Sharp (1943), the Cello Concerto (1945) and the Cello Sonata (1947) – the last works written for Moeran’s wife, the cellist Peers Coetmore, whom he married in 1945.

The marriage to Peers was not to be a stable one and from 1948 Moeran suffered a gradual personal disintegration. In the last few days of his life, he wrote to his mother saying that “his lucid moments were few” and that he was “afraid of being certified insane.” On 1st December 1950, aged 56, Jack Moeran suffered a heart attack on the pier at Kenmare, while out walking in a violent storm. He fell off the pier to the water below. He was dead before his body had touched the water.

Moeran composed some sixty original songs and made arrangements of at least twenty-five folksongs for solo voice and piano. His choice of song-texts fall into clear-cut categories. From 1916-1925 he set ‘modern’ English poets (such as Housman, Bridges, Masefield, Nichols, Sayers, Wallace and Symons) almost exclusively, perhaps reflecting the general trend at the time as well as the influence of John Ireland who was similarly interested in some of these poets. From 1924 onwards, concurrent with the ‘Warlockian’ years, Moeran began to set Elizabethan and Jacobean poets and from 1929 until his death in 1950 modern Irish poets such as Joyce and O’Sullivan became central to his choice of song-texts. Folksong remained an abiding interest throughout his life and he made contributions to the Journal of the Folk-Song Society on a number of occasions.
Six Folksongs from Norfolk  
Collected and arranged by E. J. Moeran 1923; Published by Augener 1924.

These songs were collected by Moeran at various times between July 1915 and January 1922. They were published as part of a larger collection in the Journal of the Folk-Song Society in December 1922 and were taken down from the singing of such notable folk-singers as Harry Cox, James Sutton, Walter Gales and Robert Miller.

The six, arranged for voice and piano in 1923 and published by Augener in 1924, represent some of Moeran’s finest settings and display a fine sensitivity to the original melody and sentiment of the words.

Whether it be the gently-moving chordal accompaniment of Down by the Riverside supporting the free-flowing melody in 5/4 6/4 time or the use of simple sustained chords contrasted with short rolled chords in Lonely Waters (“Stand off, stand off, you are deceitful”) Moeran admirably finds a way of underscoring the meaning in the text throughout without compromising the essential nature of the folksong.

In The Bold ‘Richard’ Moeran uses suitable rhythmic accompaniment to drive the narrative forward with perhaps a hint of a drum in the left hand of the piano and a hornpipe-like descant in the right hand, final verse. This device is used similarly in the last verse of The Pressgang adding a fine nautical flavour to the whole. In this song’s opening verse, the thud of the pressgang’s boots is clearly heard in the accompaniment; the septuplet figure of the lash is heard in verse 5 and the anguish of the young man “caused ... to go away” depicted in verse 6 through subtle rising and falling chromatic chords. Chromaticism is also applied to the pain inherent in The Shooting of His Dear. “Jimmy” a young fowler mistakes his sweetheart “Polly” for a swan and accidentally shoots her. In the last verse, “Polly” reappears (as a ghost?) pleading with “Jimmy’s” uncle to let him go. Many versions of this supernatural song exist in Celtic, Scandinavian and French mythology, and there are discrepancies over the word “dear” or “deer”. This song seems to have had much significance for Moeran for he used fragments of it in his Symphony in G Minor (1937). Again in The Oxford Sporting Blade Moeran finds various rhythmic figures to describe the galloping of the highwayman’s “slashing gelding”.

Seven Poems of James Joyce (from Chamber Music, 1907)
Composed 1929; Published by Oxford University Press 1930.

In 1929 Moeran (who was a friend of James Joyce) extracted seven poems from Joyce’s original thirty-six that comprised Chamber Music but maintained the sequence from the original, using poems I, VIII, X, XVI, XXXI, XXXII and XXXIII. The poems had no titles other than the Roman Numerals, though Moeran assigned titles to the settings.

The collection’s theme is one of ageing and transience expressed in Delian-like harmony and folk-song-like melody. The promise of ‘Spring’ is evident in the first three songs, Strings in the Earth and Air, The Merry Greenwood, and Bright Cap. The Pleasant Valley is peaceful before the nostalgia and yearning for the past sensed in Donnycarney, Rain has fallen and Now, O Now, in this Brown Land. The songs reflect the transience of love and life against a background of nature and the changing seasons and this was to be an ever-recurring theme for Moeran towards the end of his life, culminating in the Six Poems by Seamus O’Sullivan (1944).

Peter Warlock
Peter Warlock (whose real name was Philip Heseltine) was born in the grandeur of the Savoy Hotel on 30th October 1894. He came from a well-to-do family and was educated at Broadstairs Preparatory School and later Eton, where his piano teacher, Colin Taylor, was active in encouraging Warlock’s budding musical talent. He was also introduced to the composer Frederick Delius in 1910 and their friendship – and the influence of Delius’ music – was to remain with Warlock throughout his life.

After Eton and a spell in Cologne, Warlock briefly attended university, reading Classics at Christchurch, Oxford and, later, English at University College, London. But he was unhappy at university calling Oxford “one foul pool of stagnation”. The year 1915 found Warlock transcribing and editing Elizabethan music in the British Museum – a passion that continued throughout his life. It was around this time that Warlock met D.H. Lawrence, following him to Cornwall and proving a willing champion of his work, but the friendship wasn’t to last and they parted on bad terms. Returning to London, Warlock was introduced to the Anglo-Dutch composer, Bernard van Dieren, in June 1916 and it was through his influence that Warlock’s music became leaner and more linear in style.
In 1917 Warlock escaped possible conscription by living in Dublin for a year. This proved decisive musically, for on his return to London he was able to send seven songs to the publisher Winthrop Rogers (he used the ‘Peter Warlock’ pseudonym at this time for fear that his music wouldn’t be published under his real name having upset many in London’s musical circles). In 1920 Warlock became editor of the often satirical and critical musical journal *The Sackbut*, but he was forced to leave his position when the publishers withdrew financial support owing to the libellous nature of some of the content. The next few years were spent at the family home in Wales, where more transcriptions of early music were completed as well as a book on Delius and a large number of original songs. *The Curlew*, Warlock’s acknowledged masterpiece, was also completed at this time.

There followed the period in Eynsford, Warlock perhaps faring better creatively than Moeran, for he produced a study of Gesualdo, a book on English Ayres, and more transcriptions as well as the *Capriol Suite*. But fewer songs were composed from this time onwards and periods of depression, or ‘grisliness’ as Warlock termed it, became more common. He was involved in Beecham’s Delius Festival in 1929 but by 1930 life had become very bleak. Out of work, with little creative spark left and few interested in publishing his songs, Peter Warlock was found dead in his Chelsea flat on 17th December 1930, poisoned by gas. The coroner recorded an open verdict as to the cause of death!

‘*Candlelight*. A Cycle of Nursery Jingles
Composed 1923; Published by Augener 1924.

This set of 12 nursery jingles was probably written for Warlock’s six-year-old son, Nigel; Warlock having married an artist’s model Minnie Lucy Channing before 1917. The majority of the texts come from a collection called ‘Nurse Lovechild’s Legacy’ (1916).

**Three Songs**
Composed 1916-17; Published by Chester 1923.

These songs, composed between 1916 and 1917, show the influence of Bernard van Dieren on Warlock’s music with their spare textures, lack of bar lines and chromaticism. The songs were published by Chester in 1923 with the title *Saudades* – as Warlock put it, a Portuguese word meaning “a haunting sense of sadness and regret for days gone by… a word which has no equivalent in the English language”.
The songs published in 1923 were considerably different from their manuscript versions. These have recently become available in the authoritative Thames Publishing’s *New Peter Warlock Critical Edition* edited by Michael Pilkington and it is these manuscript versions that are recorded for the first time on this CD.

*Along the Stream*, composed in 1917, is a setting of a translation from the Chinese of Li Po by L. Cranmer Byng and published in ‘A Feast of Lanterns’ in 1916. *Take, O take those lips away* is Warlock’s first setting of Shakespeare and taken from ‘Measure for Measure’, composed in 1916. (This earlier setting does use bar lines, whereas the other two songs do not). *Heracleitus*, composed in 1917, is a translation from the Greek of Callimachus, by William Johnson Cory, Ionica, 1858.

**The Fox**
Composed 1930. Published by Oxford University Press 1931

*The Fox* was a collaboration between Warlock and the poet Bruce Blunt, the words and music being produced in some 18 hours. Blunt penned the poem after spending an evening with Warlock at The Fox Inn, Bramdean. Warlock, on arising the next day, set it to music and played it through in a music shop in Salisbury later. Bars 4-6 of the manuscript version were altered prior to publication, probably by van Dieren. This recording makes use of Warlock’s unadulterated manuscript version.

**Geoffrey Stern**
Of the three composers represented here, I had the good fortune of knowing Geoffrey Stern personally. Indeed, had it not been for his great generosity, this CD may never have been made at all.

Geoffrey and I first met as fellow members of the Peter Warlock Society on a jaunt to Eynsford, Kent. It soon became clear that we shared a love, not only of English Music generally but that of E. J. Moeran’s music in particular, for I had completed an MA Thesis at City University on Moeran’s songs in 1992 and Geoffrey had been involved in the publication of ‘Lonely Waters: the diary of a friendship with E. J. Moeran’ by Moeran’s friend Lionel Hill, in 1985. And so the genesis of the music featured here might be traced back to that very first meeting.

Geoffrey Howard Stern was born on 5th February 1935 in Liverpool, but was brought up during the war years in London. Despite an interrupted education Geoffrey managed to gain a place at St. Marylebone Grammar School for Boys where he threw himself into creative pursuits such as writing for the school magazine, acting in plays and composing songs and reviews. He considered acting as
a profession but eventually gained a place at the London School of Economics (L.S.E.) in 1954 to read International Relations. He remained in the International Relations Department as a Lecturer and eventually a Senior Lecturer until his retirement in 2001. He was the author of a number of influential books on world affairs and concurrent with his lectureship he presented the BBC’s External Service radio programme 24 hours and its successor News Hour. Here, his quick wit, sense of fun and gentle but probing questioning of various world leaders ultimately culminated in the publication of one of his best known books ‘Leaders and Leadership’ (1993).

Music was an important part of Geoffrey’s life from the very start, his mother Rose being a piano teacher. But although he played jazz piano very well and had supplemented his meagre lecturer’s salary at one time by entertaining on the ‘cocktail circuit’, he always professed not to be able to read music as well as he might wish. Nevertheless, he was able to produce quite sophisticated music of some considerable length including a Rawsthornesque string quartet of twenty-six minutes duration. Besides this he wrote songs (recorded here for the first time), organ music, chamber music for various instrumental combinations, and several works for solo instruments, some inspired by and dedicated to his Canadian partner, the violinist Joy Moore.

He was brilliant in his ability to write in the style of composers he admired; those mentioned above as well as Ireland, Hindemith, and Vaughan Williams (who attended the first performance of Geoffrey’s opera The Happy Deception and was a personal friend). These influences and his thorough acquaintance with various jazz styles (gleaned from his own playing and from hosting BBC radio programmes on the subject) united in Geoffrey to produce a body of work which was distinctive in style, serious and light-hearted by degree, yet essentially “English, modern but approachable” as he himself put it. Much of his music has been performed by the L.S.E. Chamber Ensemble, the Galliard Ensemble, and the Solaris Quartet and a number of CDs have already been produced.

The idea for this CD came about some time before Geoffrey’s 70th birthday concert on 5th February 2005 and at least two songs (Lean out of your window and Strings in the Earth and Air) were written especially for the recording.

It is a great sadness that Geoffrey died of a heart attack (in Canada, while visiting Joy) on the very day I phoned to invite him to one of the final rehearsals. It is an even greater sadness that he will not hear this recording that he was so enthusiastic about. For his son Jonathon, daughter Tiffany, Joy and all his friends and acquaintances, I hope that this CD may serve as a fitting memorial to Geoffrey, a good friend and a fine composer.
Three Wordsworth Songs
Composed 1953; Unpublished

All three of these settings were written in 1953. *To the Cuckoo*, (originally written by Wordsworth in the orchard at Townend, Grasmere in 1802) is a bright, lively song perhaps reminiscent in style of such settings as Warlock’s *Spring* and Moeran’s *Sweet o’ the year*.

*She dwelt among the untrodden ways* was originally written by Wordsworth in 1798 and may, in some way, reflect his deep feelings for his sister Dorothy. The elegiac mood is well captured in the folk-song-like vocal line and subtle hints of chromaticism/jazzy ‘blues’ notes.

*To an infant* (the original poem was entitled *The Cottager to Her Infant* and probably written by Dorothy Wordsworth in 1805) again exhibits a simple vocal line supported by gentle chordal accompaniment. The influence of Vaughan Williams may be heard in the final verse with its rising procession of consecutive triads.

Four Songs of James Joyce (from *Chamber Music* 1907)

I am honoured that these songs were composed for me and the dedication reads: ‘Dedicated to Paul Martyn-West in admiration and with affection.’ *Now, O Now, in this Brown Land* was the first to be written in 2001 and it was later transcribed and recorded by the Solaris String Quartet as *Love Remembered* (Resonance Label 2003). *Lean out of your window* and *Strings in the Earth and Air* were given to me by Geoffrey when we visited Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Hampstead to view the recording facilities on 31st May 2005. ‘*Strings*’ is perhaps the least straightforward and more tortuous of all his songs. The opening is supposed to represent a variety of chords played on a guitar. I have no date for *Gentle Lady* but the music falls somewhere between that found in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book and a more modern and extended jazz-idiom.

Legend
Composed 1960; Unpublished.

*Legend* is a setting of words by Henry Treece who was one of the New Apocalypse group in the 1940s. Neither Geoffrey nor I could make full sense of this wild, turbulent and surrealist tale but I think his setting captures the mood rumbustiously well.

notes © Paul Martyn-West, November, 2005
Paul Martyn-West

Nigel Foster
Paul Martyn-West

Paul Martyn-West studied singing at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and at the Royal Academy of Music (R.A.M.), London. After gaining an Entrance Foundation Scholarship to the R.A.M., he went on to win a number of prestigious prizes including the Major van Someren-Godfrey Prize for English Song, the Elena Gerhardt Lieder prize, the Grisi Mario Prize and the Robert Alva Memorial Prize. Concurrently, he was awarded an L.R.A.M. and Certificate of Advanced Studies.

In 1992 Paul gained a Masters Degree with Distinction in Music Performance at City University, London (his main thesis is entitled ‘The Musico-Literary Development of E. J. Moeran’s Published Solo Songs’) and he was awarded the Worshipful Company of Cordwainers Prize for musical excellence. He has studied singing with Anthony Hocking and more recently with Cornelius L. Reid in New York, London and Frankfurt.

Paul regularly sings as a recitalist in programmes of English song and lieder and has sung in oratorio throughout Britain. His repertoire includes the tenor parts in: Haydn’s Creation, and Haydn’s Masses; Handel’s Messiah; Bach’s St.John- and St. Matthew Passions (Evangelist and Tenor soloist) and Magnificat; Mendelssohn’s Elijah and Hymn of Praise; Mozart’s Requiem; Bruckner’s Te Deum; Janacek’s Otcenas; and Schubert’s Mass in E flat major. He has an extensive recital repertoire and has sung for the English Poetry and Song Society (EPSS), the Ivor Gurney Society and Peter Warlock Society. He has recorded for the EPSS and the London Dockland Singers (L.D.S) with whom he has been principal tenor for the last ten years. Paul has also had a number of his own compositions performed by the Thames Chamber Choir and L.D.S. and has been the dedicatory of a number of works by Andrew Campling, Margaret Wegener and Geoffrey Stern.

Besides being a member of the Association of Teachers of Singing, Paul runs an extensive private teaching practice in Central London and conducts vocal training days for a number of choral societies. He has published an article on singing in ‘Church Music Quarterly’ and has contributed a chapter to Cornelius Reid’s 90th birthday book ‘The Modern Singing Master’, published in 2002.
Nigel Foster was born in London and studied piano at the Royal Academy of Music, the Guildhall School of Music and Drama with Graham Johnson, and also privately with Roger Vignoles. At both the Academy and the Guildhall he won every prize and award available for piano accompaniment, and has been appointed an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music.

Nigel’s love of the song repertoire, and in particular English song, leads to a busy schedule performing on the concert platform. He has played for artists including Ian Partridge, Neil Jenkins, Stephen Varcoe, Jane Manning and violinist Madeleine Mitchell, as well as many of Britain’s leading young singers. He performs at major venues including the Wigmore Hall, South Bank Centre and St. John’s, Smith Square in London, and St David’s Hall in Cardiff. In his formative years Nigel played for Graham Johnson’s Songmakers Almanac, the Park Lane Group, several opera companies including Glyndebourne, and masterclasses for Sherrill Milnes, Nelly Miricioiu, Tom Krause, Thomas Hampson, Sarah Walker, Stuart Burrows and Ileana Cotrubas. He has particularly happy memories of his time as a rehearsal pianist for the late Sir Georg Solti, playing for singers including Renée Fleming, Angela Gheorgiu and Roberto Alagna. Nigel works closely with Sarah Walker in the Vocal Department at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama.

In addition to Strings in the Earth and Air, Nigel’s CD recordings include several discs of contemporary music and anthologies of songs of Alun Hoddinott and Mansel Thomas with baritone Jeremy Huw Williams for the Sain label; collections of English song with Stephen Varcoe and Georgina Colwell; and songs from Latin America with soprano Marina Tafur for the Lontano label. He features on the soundtrack of the French film L’Homme est une Femme comme les Autres.

Nigel performs extensively abroad, having played in France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Ireland, The Netherlands, USA, Canada, South America, Japan and Malaysia among other countries. His association with OperaPlus leads to regular playing and coaching in Belgium where he enjoys indulging in the local chocolates. He has radio and television credits in both Britain and continental Europe.
[1] Down by the Riverside
One morning in the month of June, down by the riverside,
There I beheld a bold fisherman, come rowing by the tide.
Come rowing by the tide
There I beheld a bold fisherman, come rowing by the tide.

He lashed his boat up by the stern, and to his lady went,
He took her by the milk-white hand, for she was his intent.

“I’ll take you to my father’s hall, and there make you my bride,
Then you will have a bold fisherman, to row you on the tide.
To row you on the tide.
Then you will have a bold fisherman, to row you on the tide”.

Come all my brisk young seaman lads that have a mind to enter,
On board a famous frigate, your precious lives to venture
On board a famous frigate she’s Richard called by name,
And she’s cruising with the Shannon all on the French main.

Now we’d not been sailing many leagues before we did espy,
Three lofty sails to windward they came bearing down so nigh,
And two of them were merchantmen came bowling from the west,
But the convoy was a frigate that did sail out of Brest.

Now we bore down upon them with high and lofty sails,
For broadside for broadside we soon o’er them prevailed,
When he lashed his helm o’ weather not thinking we could fly,
When they found their ship was sinking for quarter they did cry.

Now we launched out our longboats and the others did likewise,
To save all those poor prisoners that ever we came nigh,
And those which we saved they vow and protest,
We sunk the finest frigate that did sail out of Brest.

So come all my brisk young fellows
Now to Kingston we have got,
Let each of a hearty fellow drink out of a hearty pot,
For some unto their sweethearts and others to their wives,
So we’ll sing Hallelujah to all England my brave boys.
Lonely Waters
As I walked out one bright May morning
For to view the fields and to take the air,
There I espied a fair young damsel,
She appeared to me like some angel bright.

I said, “My dear where are you a-going,
What is the cause of all your grief,
I’ll make you as happy as any lady,
If you’d once more grant me relief.”

“Stand off stand off, you are deceitful,
Stand off you are a deceitful man,
’Tis you that have caused my poor heart to wander,
And to give me comfort is all in vain”.

Then I’ll go down to some lonely waters,
Go down where no one they shall me find,
Where the pretty little small birds do change their voices,
And every moment blows blustering wild.

The Pressgang
As I walked up of London street
A pressgang there I did mee t,
They asked me if I’d join the fleet,
And sail in a man o’ war boys.

Pray brother shipmates tell me true,
What sort of usage they give you,
That I may know before I go,
On board of a man o’ war boys.

Why the sort of usage they’ll give you
Is plenty of grog and bacca too,
That’s the usage they’ll give you,
On board of a man o’ war boys.

But when I went, to my surprise
All that they told me was shocking lies,
There was a row and a bloody old row,
On board of a man o’ war boys.

The first thing they did they took me in hand,
They flogged me with a tar of a strand,
They flogged me till I could not stand,
On board of a man o’ war boys.

Now I was married and my wife’s name was Gray,
’Twas she that led me to shocking delay,
’Twas she that caused me to go away,
On board of a man o’ war boys.

So when I get my foot on shore,
Those Irish girls to see once more,
I’ll never go to sea any more,
On board of a man o’ war boys.

The Shooting of His Dear
O come all you young fellows that carry your gun,
I’d have you get home by the light of the sun,
For young Jimmy was a fowler,
and a fowling alone,
When he shot his own true love in the room of a swan.

Then home went young Jimmy with his dog and his gun,
Saying Uncle dear Uncle have you heard what I’ve done?
Cursèd be that old gunsmith that made my old gun.
I have shot my own true love in the room of a swan.

Then out came bold Uncle with his locks hanging grey,
Saying Jimmy dear Jimmy, don’t you go away,
Don’t you leave your own country till your trial come on,
For you never will be hanged for shooting a swan.

So the trial came on and Pretty Polly did appear,
Saying Uncle dear Uncle let Jimmy go clear,
For my apron was bound round me and he took me for a swan,
And his poor heart lay bleeding for Polly his own.
The Oxford Sporting Blade
I am an Oxford sporting blade likewise a gallant hero,
I’ve just come down from London town for to view the
hills of Dear Oh
The very first man I chanced for to meet he was a lord
of honour,
I did insult this noble lord all in such roguish manner.

I drew my pistol to my breast and didn’t I make him
shiver,
Five hundred pounds all in bright gold to me he did
deliver.
Beside the gold a Geneva watch to me he did surrender,
And I thought it was a splendid prize the very first time
I did venture.

I took a handful of the same and I bought a slashing
gelding,
And he could go and jump a five-barred gate and I
bought him off Mister Sheldon.
So up to London I will go as fast as the wind can blow
me,
I am resolved on liberty, there’s none up there to
control me.

Seven Poems of James Joyce
We have not printed the words to the Joyce poems,
owing to the unacceptable level of fees required by the
author’s estate to do so. The full texts can be seen
online at several sites including:
http://theotherpages.org/poems/joyce01.html
The poems will be out of copyright in 2012, and a
future reprinting of this booklet will reproduce the texts
in full.

Peter Warlock
Candlelight: a cycle of nursery jingles

I. How many miles to Babylon?
How many miles to Babylon?
Three score and ten.
Can I get there by candlelight?
Aye, and back again.

II. I won’t be my father’s Jack
I won’t be my father’s Jack,
I won’t be my father’s Jill,
I will be the fiddler’s wife
And have music when I will.
T’other little tune, t’other little tune,
Prithee, love, play me
T’other little tune.

III. Robin and Richard
Robin and Richard
Were two pretty men:
They lay in bed
Till the clock struck ten.
Then up starts Robin
And looks at the sky;
“Oh! brother Richard,
The sun’s very high;
You go before
With the bottle and bag,
And I will come after
On little Jack Nag.”

IV. O my kitten
O my kitten, a kitten,
And O my kitten, my deary;
Such a sweet pap as this,
There is not far nor neary:
Here we go up, up, up
Here we go down, down, down
Here we go backwards and forwards
And here we go round, round round. (Repeat.)

[18] V. Little Tommy Tucker
Little Tommy Tucker
Sings for his supper.
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How will he eat it
Without e’er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e’er a wife?

[19] VI. There was an old man
There was an old man
In a velvet coat
He kissed a maid,
And gave her a groat;
The groat was cracked,
And would not go
“Ah, old man, would you serve me so?”

[20] VII. I had a little pony
I had a little pony,
His name was Dapple Grey:
I lent him to a lady
To ride a mile away.
She whipped him,
she lashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I’ll never lend my nag again
For any lady’s hire.

[21] VIII. Little Jack Jingle
Now what do you think
Of little Jack Jingle?
Before he was married
He used to live single;
But after he married
(To alter his life),
He left off living single
And lived with his wife.

[22] IX. There was a man of Thessaly
There was a man of Thessaly,
And he was wondrous wise:
He jumped into a quickset hedge,
And scratched out both his eyes.
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another hedge,
And scratched them in again.

[23] X. Suky, you shall be my wife
Suky, you shall be my wife
And I’ll tell you why:
I have got a little pig,
And you have got a sty;
I have got a dun cow,
And you can make good cheese
Suky, will you have me?
Say “Yes” if you please.
I have got a dun cow,
And you can make good cheese
Suky, will you have me?
Say “Yes” if you please.

[24] XI. There was an old woman
There was an old woman went up in a basket
Seventy times as high as the moon;
What she did there, I could not but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
“Old woman, old woman, old woman,” said I,  
“Whither, oh whither, oh whither so high?”  
“To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,  
And I shall be back again by-and-by.”

[25] XII. Arthur o’ Bower
Arthur o’ Bower has broken his band:  
He comes roaring up the land.  
King o’ Scots with all his power,  
Can’t stop Arthur o’ the Bower.

Three Songs (Manuscript versions)

[26] Along the Stream  
Poem translated from the Chinese of Li-Po  
by L. Cranmer-Byng
The rustling nightfall 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 ever wake; only the long drawn sigh  
Of wary voices whispering farewell.

[27] Take, O take those lips away  
William Shakespeare - Measure for Measure
Take, O take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were foresworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn!  
But my kisses bring again;  
Seals of love, but seal’d in vain, Seal’d in vain!

[28] Heracleitus  
Translated from the Greek of Callimachus  
by William Cory
They told me, Heracleitus, 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.

[29] The Fox (Manuscript version)  
Poem by Bruce Blunt
At ‘The Fox Inn’  
The tatter’d ears,  
The fox’s grin  
Mock the dead years.  
High on the wall  
Above the cask  
Laughs at you all  
The fox’s mask.  
The horn is still,  
The huntsmen gone;  
After the kill  
The fox lives on.  
Death’s date is there in faded gold;  
His eyes outstare  
The dead of old.  
Beneath this roof  
His eyes mistrust  
The crumbled hoof,  
The hounds of dust.  
You will not call,  
I shall not stir,  
When the fangs fall  
From that brown fur.
[30] To the cuckoo
O blithe newcomer!
I have heard, I hear thee and rejoice;
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear!
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near!

I hear thee babbling to the vale
of sunshine and of flowers
And unto me thou bringst a tale
of vision’y hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
even yet thou art to me
No bird but an invisible thing,
a voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
in bush and tree and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
through woods and on the green
And thou wert still a hope,
a love still long’d for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet
can lie upon the plain
and listen till I do beget
that golden time again

O blessed Bird the earth we pace
again appears to be
An unsubstantial Faery place
that is fit home for thee.

[31] She dwelt among the untrodden ways
She dwelt among the untrodden ways
beside the springs of Dove
A Maid whom there were none to praise and very few
to love
A Violet by a mossy stone half hidden from the eye
Fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky
She lived unknown and few could know when Lucy ceased to be
But she is in her grave and Oh the difference to me.

[32] To an infant
The days are cold, the nights are long,
the north wind sings a doleful song,
then hush again upon my breast,
All merry things are now at rest, save thou my pretty love

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
the crickets long have ceased their mirth;
there’s nothing stirring in the house,
save one wee hungry nibbling mouse,
then why so busy thou.

Nay! start not at that sparkling light
’Tis but the moon that shines so bright
on the window pane bedropp’d with rain
then darling sleep again and wake when it is day.

[33-36] Three Songs of James Joyce

See note to tracks [7-13]
Poem by Henry Treece

There was a man with a coloured coat of rags
who left his body and blood on a tree.
But the thieves at his side gave the bones to the dogs
and the blackthorn cock sang merrily.

The lads of the town drank down to the dregs
then took a sharp axe to lop the tree,
but the thieves had been there first gathering logs
and the blackthorn cock sang steadily.

One day at dawn upon their nags
twelve tinkers came and their hearts were free
for they cut twelve whistles from the knuckles of the dogs
to bear the black cock company.

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