

The Far Country

26 English songs by

John Jeffreys

James Gilchrist (tenor)

Anna Tilbrook (piano)

“The Far Country” – 26 English Songs by John Jeffreys

Songs of Love

01	Awake thee, my Bessy	[2.29]
02	*The Song of Love	[2.00]
03	*Under the leavès green	[1.23]
04	*She is all so slight	[3.01]
05	Brown is my Love	[2.02]
06	Three roses	[1.46]
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Settings of Ivor Gurney

08	Horror follows horror	[1.50]
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10	From Omiecourt	[2.12]

Sacred texts

11	The Falcon	[4.19]
12	I am the gilly of Christ	[5.48]
13	Drop, drop slow tears	[2.14]
14	O my dere heart	[2.39]
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Settings of Shakespeare

16	Full fathom five	[2.22]
17	When that I was	[1.43]
18	O mistress mine	[2.06]

Evocations of place and nature

19	Black Stichel	[4.08]
20	*The Far Country	[2.20]
21	*All night under the moon	[2.39]
22	The Salley Gardens	[2.35]
23	Little trotty wagtail	[1.25]
24	The Whin	[1.57]

A Jolly End

25	*She is ever for the new	[1.49]
26	Jillian of Berry	[1.03]

*** = first performance**

Total playing time: [69.28]

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26 English Songs

As a composer John Jeffreys has concentrated very largely on the medium of the song for solo voice and piano. He also has a violin concerto and a considerable body of organ pieces to his name, but it is the merging of words and music that has constantly fascinated him since his youth. A composer of songs is, in his own special way, a translator - in the case of his most overtly lyrical texts, the term "arrangement" might even be applied to Jeffreys's settings.

John Jeffreys belongs to the generation that followed Peter Warlock, E.J. Moeran and Gerald Finzi; and of those three composers, Warlock seems the dominant influence. This is partly because Jeffreys shares Warlock's profound love of Elizabethan music, partly because of what Warlock assimilated from Delius and Bernard van Dieren. Like Warlock's keyboard accompaniments, those of Jeffreys are often markedly linear, yet without excluding the chromatic harmonic palette of the musical Romantics. John Ireland must be mentioned as another kindred spirit, particularly in his feeling for place and atmosphere, and modal features of Ireland's song-writing can also be

found in that of Jeffreys. With both these composers, a song is an entry in a spiritual diary.

John Jeffreys has drawn inspiration from a variety of authors. His first published album of forty songs includes figures that will recur in later volumes: Shakespeare, John Fletcher, Robert Herrick among the Elizabethans, W.B. Yeats, A.E. Housman, W.W. Gibson and Ivor Gurney among poets of the early 20th century. To whom must be added another important source of lyrics for the present disc: Anon. Jeffreys has not avoided poems that other English composers have favoured, since for him there is no one right way of setting a text to music - only the best way of capturing all the nuances of a personal response to the words. Hence he has sometimes set the same poem a number of times. His 1981 setting of "Passing By" (on verses elsewhere entitled "There is a lady sweet and kind", "My Lady", "Yet will I love her") is annotated in the manuscript: "9th setting reverting to the first!"

While applying his art to some of the best-loved lyrics in English literature, John Jeffreys has also rescued unfamiliar poets from obscurity. The fruits of his wide reading can

be found in, for example, his album of *Fourteen Songs: settings of English and Irish poetry from five centuries*, which ranges from Phineas Fletcher to James H. Cousins. Sometimes it is a case of bringing to light the unsuspected gem among the dross. With Jeffreys's more modern poets, it can be a matter of espying the few texts that lend themselves to music among a great number that don't. The oeuvre of the contemporary Derbyshire poet Barry Duane Hill comes into this category.

On this disc the composer has brought together three settings each of Shakespeare and Ivor Gurney from his first song volume, and three groups with a common subject-matter selected from different volumes. In "Awake thee my Bessy", the art that conceals art is immediately apparent. The music has the flow of a 6/8-time strophic song, but with individual accentuation in each stanza. "The song of love", based on words by B.D. Hill, is a masterpiece of concision with a telling postlude. No time-signature is given, and the singer's opening phrases are directed to be performed almost as a very slow waltz. Of the group's three songs to anonymous texts, "Brown is my Love" is an early composition;

Jeffreys's sparing use of melismata focuses on the contrast of brown and white. "Under the leavès green" and "Three Roses" (on the beautiful 19th-century Irish ballad "A White Rose") are relatively recent settings from *Sixteen Tenor Songs*, although Jeffreys first composed "Three Roses" in 1963. "She is all so slight" is typical in the subtle expressiveness of both melody and harmony. This chaste love song could arguably be included in Jeffreys's sacred settings. Finally, "Passing By" amounts to a miniature *tour de force* - here eloquently realized by singer and pianist alike.

The next two groups of songs are nearly all in minor keys. In John Jeffreys's view Ivor Gurney is among the "greatest, and truest" of the World War I poets. Headed "Taut and angry", Jeffreys's declamatory setting of "Horror follows horror" animates the poem's every gesture and motion down to the ringing final phrases: "Good guard the hour that is coming: Mankind safe, honour bring through." The reflective "From Omiecourt" presents an atmospheric genre scene, leaving the listener in no doubt as to the value of the "small dear things for which we fight". The soft dynamics swell to a characteristic *fortepiano* in a passage linking the poem's two stanzas. "Severn

Meadows” (1962) is Jeffreys's first extant Gurney setting. That this and the poet's own setting are both in B minor may be regarded as a happy conjunction of minds, because Jeffreys didn't then know the Gurney composition. John Jeffreys's tender version features a ten-bar keyboard prelude, redolent of the alien darkness (“Only the wanderer....he that dwells in shadows”) the text will evoke. The final chords die away into nothingness, the score bearing Vaughan Williams's characteristic marking *niente*. To quote George Steiner: “Song leads us home to where we have not yet been.”

Two songs in E minor form the cornerstones of the sacred group on this recording. Jeffreys's mystically hushed composition of “The Falcon” dates from 1950. Originally written for voice and string quartet, it is dedicated to Peter Warlock's editorial associate in matters Elizabethan, the violinist André Mangeot. Rhythmically, this setting shows a near-improvisatory freedom. The words “Corpus Christi” in the last line of the poem are intended to be more spoken than sung. “I am the gilly of Christ” is dedicated to the composer's parents. When the first of Joseph Campbell's eight verses returns as the penultimate verse,

Jeffreys's music places it in a new light; the piano trills of the opening are supplanted by arpeggios, and the pace is more relaxed. As indicated by the textural richness of the piano parts, Phineas Fletcher's “Drop, drop, slow tears” (which Jeffreys has also set for soprano) and a Martin Luther carol (in 16th-century English) were first conceived with string quartet. “Corpus Christi” is another version of “The Falcon”, this time with an eight-bar introduction and with an expressive final elaboration of the text's opening couplet. Executed with the intensity it demands, the song comes across as one of John Jeffreys's most substantial creations.

Different interpretative qualities were needed - and are duly supplied by our singer and pianist - for “Full fathom five” from Shakespeare's *The Tempest* and “When that I was a little tiny boy” from *Twelfth Night*. The first song's celebrated sea-change brings added sharps rather than a sudden key-change: a *Grave sonore* effect is conjured up at the outset. This must be one of the most impressive bell songs in the English repertoire. Like Roger Quilter's “Hey, ho, the wind and the rain”, John Jeffreys's “When that I was” leaves out the Clown's fourth stanza (as does

the Quiller-Couch anthology from which Jeffreys copied the text). The down-to-earth message of “But when I came alas! to wive” is underlined by some heavy braking at this point, as well as the song’s portamenti; the initial élan has proved illusory. The setting in A flat major of “O mistress mine” which follows was tailored to the artistry of the tenor Ian Partridge.

The last major group on this CD (“Evocations of Place and Nature”) includes three settings of the Northumbrian-born poet Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. The texts of “Black Stichel” and “All night under the Moon” also attracted the musician in Ivor Gurney. Jeffreys’s version of “Black Stichel” is in free rhythm, the piano writing a model of economy. The present recording of “All night under the moon” introduces to disc the first of three settings of Gibson’s lilting poem that Jeffreys produced in late 2001. The collection entitled *The Whin* (1918) - to which the words of Jeffreys’s “The Whin” form the preface - has been compared to Housman’s *A Shropshire Lad*. In 1996 Jeffreys reconstructed a setting of “The Whin” he had previously destroyed; within 25 bars it offers one of the loveliest specimens of his craft.

“The Far Country” is the most recent of John Jeffreys’s A.E. Housman settings. The song was composed for the tenor James Gilchrist. W.B. Yeats’s “The Salley Gardens” is another of those texts which Jeffreys has set several times (cf. “I was young and foolish” in his first *Book of Songs*). The setting performed here oscillates between 3/4 and 4/4 time. Colin Scott-Sutherland has remarked on the song’s “English” musical idiom with its decorative sixths and ninths. The early Romantic poet John Clare also figures in this group. Without balking at the imagery of water-pudge or pigsty, Jeffreys displays a feather-light touch in his 1964 setting of “Little Trotty Wagtail”.

The sequence ends in similar vein. “Neat & graceful, light with humour” is the composer’s prescription for “She is ever for the new”. James Gilchrist sketches this fickle creature to the life before departing for the solace so freely dispensed by John Jeffreys’s “Jillian of Berry”.

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James Gilchrist

James Gilchrist began his working life as a doctor, turning to a full-time career in music in 1996.

James' recent concert appearances include: Damon in *Acis & Galatea* at the Proms (Academy of Ancient Music/Paul Goodwin), Bach cantatas with the Monteverdi Choir and Orchestra in their celebrated Bach Pilgrimage (Sir John Eliot Gardiner/Europe-America), Monteverdi *Vespers* and *Messiah* (The Sixteen/Japan), Frederic in *The Pirates of Penzance* and Ralph in *HMS Pinafore* (Scottish Chamber Orchestra), the title role in *Judas Maccabeus* (The King's Consort), Elgar *Dream of Gerontius*, Septimus in *Theodora* (Scottish Chamber Orchestra), *Israel in Egypt* (Norddeutscher Rundfunk and Scottish Chamber Orchestra), *B Minor Mass* (Semyon Bychkov/Turin and Santa Caecilia in Rome), Mozart *Requiem* (Seattle Symphony Orchestra), *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato* and a televised performance of Berlioz *L'enfance du Christ* at the BBC Proms (Monteverdi Choir and Orchestra), *Alexander's Feast* in Salzburg, *Judas Maccabeus* with the Danish Radio Orchestra, Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* with Ton Koopman

and the Tönhalle Orchestra in Zurich, *L'enfance du Christ* with the Northern Sinfonia, and the Evangelist in the Bach/Mendelssohn *St Matthew Passion* with the OAE.

James is a keen exponent of contemporary music and has performed in the world premieres of Knut Nystedt's *Apocalypsis Joannis* (Oslo Philharmonic), John Tavener's *Total Eclipse* (Academy of Ancient Music), which was also recorded, and Helen Ottaway's new commission for the Salisbury Festival, *The Echoing Green*.

As a recitalist, he has appeared with Malcom Martineau performing a new commission by Francis Grier, with Stephen Varcoe and Della Jones in St John's, Smith Square performing Percy Grainger, and with John Constable performing Britten *Canticles*, Quilter *To Julia* and Tippett *The Heart's Assurance* for the BBC. In his partnership with the pianist Anna Tilbrook, he has performed Schumann *Liederkreis* (op 24), Finzi *Till Earth Outwears* and Poulenc *Metamorphoses* for BBC Radio 3. James is also partnered in recital by the harpist Alison Nicholls and has appeared at the Bury St Edmunds Festival in a programme featuring a new commission by Alec Roth

based on Vikram Seth's 'All You Who Sleep Tonight'.

Operatic performances include: Quint in Britten's *Turn of the Screw* (New Chamber Opera), Ferrando in *Così fan Tutti*, Scaramuccio in Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos* (Richard Hickox), Gomatx in Mozart's *Zaide* (Istanbul), Vaughan Williams' *Sir John in Love* (Barbican/Radio 3), Hyllus in Handel's *Hercules* (Berlin), *Acis & Galatea* at the Berlin Staatsoper, and Evandre in Gluck's *Alceste* at La Monnaie in Brussels.

Amongst his many recordings are Bach *St Matthew Passion* (Gabrieli Consort/Paul McCreeh), Bach *St John Passion* (New College Choir/Edward Higginbottom), Rachmaninov *Vespers* (EMI/Kings College, Cambridge), Schütz Sacred Music (The Sixteen/Collins Classics), Rameau *Cantatas* and *St Mark Passion* (ASV), Grainger Songs (Chandos), Kuhnau Sacred Music (The King's Consort/Hyperion), Bach *Missa Brevis* (Collegium Instrumentale Brugense), and Bach *Cantatas* variously with Sir John Eliot Gardiner and the Monteverdi Choir and Orchestra, Ton Koopman and the Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra, and Masaaki Suzuki and the Bach

Collegium Japan. More recently James has recorded the title role in Britten's *Albert Herring* and Vaughan Williams' *A Poisoned Kiss*.

Anna Tilbrook

Anna read music at York University before winning a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Music where she won all the major accompaniment prizes and was given a Fellowship from 1998-99. In 2002 she was awarded the Royal Overseas League Society of Woman Musicians Prize for an outstanding woman musician. Anna made her debut at the Wigmore Hall in 1999 and has since given recitals in all the major London concert venues and in festivals and prestigious recital halls throughout the U.K and abroad. She has given a series of concerts with the internationally renowned Fitzwilliam Quartet and can regularly be heard on broadcasts by Radio 3.

Anna has worked with artists such as Barbara Bonney, Sir Charles Mackerras, Sir Thomas Allen, Anthony Rolfe-Johnson, Ian Bostridge and is the regular duo partner of James Gilchrist. As well as accompanying, Anna is in demand as a repetiteur, continuo player,

audition pianist and vocal coach, working for companies including The Royal Opera House, The Royal Ballet, The Britten-Pears School and The London Symphony Orchestra.

Recent engagements have included a number of recitals around the U.K. with James Gilchrist (Wigmore Hall, The Sage Centre, Blackheath Concert Halls), recitals with Lucy Crowe in Derby and London, two recitals with violinist Harriet Mackenzie in Bergen, Holland and a recital of Beethoven and Chopin Cello Sonatas with Adrian Brendel for Dartington Summer School. In the 2005 Two Moors Festival Anna performed all the Schubert Songs Cycles in one day with Stephen Varcoe, James Gilchrist and Tom Guthrie and in February 2006 performed *Winterreise* with Stephan Loges in Belfast (broadcast live on BBC Northern Ireland) and with James Gilchrist in Newcastle. In May 2005 'Oh Fair to See', a CD of Finzi Song Cycles, performed by James Gilchrist and Anna was released by Linn Records to great critical acclaim.

Future engagements include performing all the Schumann Song Cycles for the Two Moors Festival and a series of performances of the Shostakovich Piano Quintet with the

Fitzwilliam String Quartet.

'Anna Tilbrook is an outstanding accompanist: discreet when necessary, but also able to make the simplest phrase or chordal progression tell without a touch of exaggeration' (BBC Music Magazine July 2005)

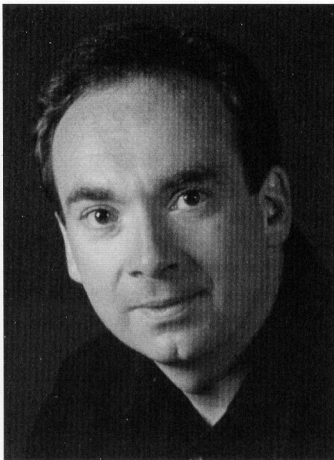
John Jeffreys

Of Welsh parentage, John Jeffreys was born at Margate in 1927, the youngest son of a Congregational minister. The composers who figured in early piano lessons ranged from Domenico Scarlatti and Muzio Clementi to Edvard Grieg and Percy Grainger - for whose folk-song arrangements Jeffreys retains an abiding admiration. Thanks to his father's library, he was already familiar with major poets of the Elizabethan era when, as a choirboy, he was introduced to Tallis and the English choral tradition. While at Caterham School he met the violinist John Fry, an enthusiastic advocate of his compositions. In 1940 John Jeffreys's family moved to the West Country; in 1945 he enlisted in the RAF. This period saw the composition of seven Emily Brontë songs. For a time Jeffreys hesitated between art and music as a vocation - a brother opted for art. In 1948, however, he

entered Trinity College of Music in London to study piano and counterpoint. In 1950 he completed *When I Was Young*, consisting of eighteen “miniature songs” for high voice. Early orchestral works include the transparently scored Violin Concerto in G minor, composed in 1951 for Pauline Ashley, whom Jeffreys married five years later. Pursuing his fascination with the English musical heritage, he wrote a study of the 17th-century Eccles family: a work since complemented by Jeffreys's scholarly “memoir” (2003) of the Elizabethan lutenist and composer Philip Rosseter.

During the next two decades John Jeffreys composed works for full orchestra, chamber music, solo keyboard pieces, choruses, and a large number of songs for voice and piano. He was particularly encouraged by the violinist André Mangeot, founder of the International String Quartet. Another influence was the tenor René Soames, and a whole stream of songs poured from Jeffreys's pen in the early 1960s. *The Fox* (1964), a song-cycle for tenor, French horn and string quartet, is based on contemporary texts by Barry Duane Hill. In 1966 Jeffreys set Ivor Gurney's *Poem for End* for baritone, solo flute and string orchestra.

In the musical climate engendered by the William Glock era at the BBC, John Jeffreys fell virtually silent as a composer. Early in the 1980s he destroyed a large quantity of his works (a symphony, several concertos and nearly a hundred songs). But the depression enveloping him was lifted when he came across several tape recordings of his music from December 1966. The process of creative retrieval, revision and painstaking recomposition received a fillip from the publisher Kenneth Roberton, son of the distinguished choral conductor Sir Hugh Roberton. An “unedited facsimile edition” of forty songs (1983) was followed in 1984 by Jeffreys's *Second Book of Songs* - settings of English, Scottish, Welsh and Irish poetry from five centuries. The title of his *Third and Last Book of Songs* (1990) turned out to be premature, for this anthology was soon joined in the Roberton catalogue by two further volumes, *Album of Fourteen Songs* and *Sixteen Tenor Songs*. Many of these songs have been recorded by Ian Partridge, Jonathan Veira and the American-born tenor Scot Weir. John Jeffreys lives in west Suffolk. His hobbies include hardy plants.



James Gilchrist (tenor)



Anna Tilbrook (piano)

THE SONGS

1. Awake thee my Bessy

Awake thee, my Bessy, the morning is fair,
The breath of young roses is fresh on the air,
The sun has long glanced over mountain and lake –

Then awake from thy slumbers, my Bessy,
awake.

Oh, come whilst the flowers are still wet with
the dew –

I'll gather the fairest, my Bessy, for you;
The lark poureth forth his sweet strain for thy
sake–

Then awake from thy slumbers, my Bessy,
awake.

The hare from her soft bed of heather hath
gone,
The coot to the water already hath flown;
There is life on the mountain and joy on the
lake –

The awake from thy slumbers, my Bessy,
awake.

James Joseph Callanan (1795-1828)

2. The Song of Love

It is not cold.
The song of love;
It needs not gold,
The song of love.

It is not after
Halt of laughter
Love ends: it wends
Watching the fiery stars.

Barry Duane Hill

3. Under the leavès green

Who shall have my fair lady?
Who shall have my fair lady?
Who but I, who but I, who but I?
Under the leavès green.

The fairest man
That best love can
Dandirly, dandirly, dandirly dan,
Under the leavès green.

Anon, c. 1600

4. She is all so slight

She is all so slight
And tender and white
As a May morning.
She walks without hood
At dusk. It is good
To hear her sing.

It is God's will
That I shall love her still
As he loves Mary,
And night and day
I will go forth to pray
That she loves me.

She is as gold:
Lovely, and far more cold.
Do thou pray with me,
For if I win grace
To kiss twice her face
God has done well to me.

Richard Aldington

5. Brown is my Love

Brown is my Love, but graceful;
And each renowned whiteness,
Match't with her lovely brown, loseth its
brightness.

Fair is my Love, but scornful;
Yet have I seen despised
Dainty white lilies, and sad flow'rs well prized.

Anon, 16th century

6. Three Roses (original title: A White Rose)

The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
O, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal lips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

John Boyle O'Reilly (1844-1890)

7. Passing By

There is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her free behaviour, winning looks,
Will make a lawyer burn his books;
I touched her not, alas! not I,
And yet I love her till I die.

Had I her fast betwixt mine arms,
Judge you that think such sports were harms;
Were't any harm? No, no, fie, fie!
For I will love her till I die.

Should I remain confinèd there
So long as Phoebus in his sphere,
I to request, she to deny,
Yet I would love her till I die.

Cupid is winged and doth range;
Her country so my love doth change;
But change she earth, or change the sky,
Yet I will love her till I die.

Anon, c.1600

8. Horror follows Horror

Horror follows horror within me;
There is a chill fear
Of the storm that does deafen and din me
And rage horribly near.

What black things had the human
Race in store, what mind could view –
Good guard the hour that is coming;
Mankind safe, honour bring through.

Ivor Gurney

9. Severn Meadows

Only the wanderer
Knows England's graces,
Or can anew see clear
Familiar faces.

And who loves joy as he
That dwells in shadows?
Do not forget me quite
O Severn meadows.

Ivor Gurney (from "Severn and Somme")

10. From Omiecourt

O small dear things for which we fight-
Red roofs, ricks crowned with early gold,
Orchards that hedges thick enfold –
O visit us in dreams tonight!

Who watch the stars though broken walls
And ragged roofs, that you may be

Still kept our own and proudly free
While Severn from the Welsh height falls.

Ivor Gurney (from "War Embers", 1919)

11. The Falcon

15. Corpus Christi

*Lullay, lullay, lullay, lullay,
The Falcon hath borne my mak away.*

He bear him up, he bear him down,
He bear him into an orchard brown.

In that orchard there was an hall,
It was hangèd with purple and pall.

And in that hall there was a bed;
It was hangèd with gold so red.

And in that bed there lyeth a knight,
His woundèd bleeding day and night.

By that bedside there kneeleth a may,
And she weepeth both night and day.

And by that bedside standeth a stone;
'Corpus Christi' written thereon.

Anon (Scots, c. 1500)

12. I am the gilly of Christ

I am the gilly of Christ,
The mate of Mary's Son;
I run the roads at seeding time,
And when the harvest's done.

I sleep among the hills,
The heather is my bed.
I dip the termon well for drink
And pull the sloe for bread.

No eye has ever seen me,
But shepherds hear me pass,
Singing at fall of even
Along the shadowed grass.

The beetle is my bellman,
The meadow-fire my guide,
The bee and bat my ambling nags
When I have need to ride.

All know me only the Stranger,
Who sits on the Saxons' height:
He burned the bacach's little house
On last St. Bridgid's night.

He sups off silver dishes,
And drinks in a golden horn,
But he will wake a wiser man
Upon the Judgment Morn!

I am the gilly of Christ,
The mate of Mary's Son;
I run the roads at seeding time,
And when the harvest's done.

The seed I sow is lucky,
The corn I reap is red.

And whoso sings the Gilly's Rann
Will never cry for bread.

Joseph Campbell

13. Drop, drop slow tears

Drop, drop, slow tears
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from heaven
The news and Prince of peace:
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to treat;
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease:
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let his eye
See sin, but through my tears.

Phineas Fletcher

14. O my dere hert

O my dere hert, young Jesus sweat,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock Thee in my hert
And never mair from Thee depart.

But I sall praise Thee ever moir
With sangis sweet unto Thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt Balulalow.

*Martin Luther, translated from Latin
by the Wedderburn brothers (pub.1567)*

16. Full Fathom Five

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange;
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
“Ding-dong”

Hark! now I hear them – “ding-dong bell”.

William Shakespeare (from The Tempest)

17. When that I was and a little tiny boy

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man’s estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
‘Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
But that’s all one, our play is done,
And we’ll strive to please you every day.

William Shakespeare (from Twelfth Night)

18. O Mistress Mine

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 sweetening;
Journeys end in lover’s meeting,
Ev’ry 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.

William Shakespeare

19. Black Stichel

As I was lying on Black Stichel
The wind was blowing from the South;
And I was thinking of the laughers
Of my love’s mouth.

As I was lying on Black Stichel
The wind was blowing from the West;
And I was thinking of the quiet
Of my love’s breast.

As I was lying on Black Stichel
The wind was blowing from the North;
And I was thinking of the countries
Black with wrath.

As I was lying on Black Stichel

The wind was blowing from the East;
And I could think no more for pity
Of man and beast.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

20. The Far Country

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

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

A. E. Housman

21. All night under the moon

All night under the moon
Plovers are flying
Over the dreaming meadows of silvery light,
Over the meadows of June
Flying and crying –
Wandering voices of love in the hush of the night.

All night under the moon
Love, though we're lying
Quietly under the thatch, in the silvery light
Over the meadows of June
Together we're flying –
Rapturous voices of love in the hush of the night.
Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (from "Friends" 1916)

22. The salley gardens

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

William Butler Yeats

23. Little Trotty Wagtail

Little Trotty wagtail, he went in the rain,
And tittering, tottering sideways he ne'er got straight again;
He stooped to get a worm, and looked up to catch a fly,
And then he flew away ere his feathers they were dry.

Little Trotty wagtail, he waddled in the mud,
And left his little footmarks, trample where he would.
He waddled in the water-pudge, and waggle went his tail,

And chirrup up his wings to dry upon the garden rail.

Little Trotty wagtail, you nimble all about,
And in the dimpling water-pudge you waddle in and out'

Your home is nigh at hand, and in the warm pigsty,
So, little master wagtail, I'll bid you a good-bye.

John Clare

24. The Whin

Sweet as the breath of the whin
Is the thought of my love –
Sweet as the breath of the whin
In the noonday sun –
Sweet as the breath of the whin
In the sun after rain.

Glad as the gold of the whin
Is the thought of my love –
Glad as the gold of the whin
Since wandering's done –
Glad as the gold of the whin
Is my heart home again.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (1917)

25. She is ever for the new

Let her give her hand, her glove,
Let her sigh and swear she dies!
He that thinks he hath her love
I shall never think him wise,
For be the old love ne'er so true

She is ever for the new.
One nail drives another forth,
Land must lose where sea doth win,
First that comes, though least of worth,
Drives him out that first was in!
For be the old love ne'er so true
She is ever for the new.

Store of dishes makes the feast,
Shift of clothes is sweet and clean;
Change of pasture fatts the beast,
Think you then she will be lean?
For be the old love ne'er so true
She is ever for the new.
Anon (From 'The Academy of Compliments' 1650)

26. Jillian of Berry

For Jillian of Berry she dwells on a hill,
And she hath good beer and ale to sell,
And of good fellows she thinks no ill,
And thither will we go now, now, now,
And thither will we go now.

And when you have made a little stay,
You need not ask what is to pay,
But kiss your hostess and go your way,
And thither will we go now, now, now,
And thither will we go now.

From Beaumont & Fletcher's 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle', 1610)

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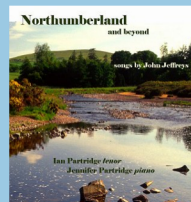
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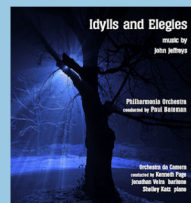
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