



Pictures of Light

music by
William Baines

Duncan Honeybourne
piano
with Gordon Pullin
tenor

Pictures of Light

1	Paradise Gardens	10:32
2	The Naïad	4:17
	Silverpoints	7:33
3	I. Labyrinth	2:48
4	II. Water-Pearls	0:57
5	III. The Burning Joss-stick	2:37
6	IV. Floralia	1:10
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7	I. The Lone Wreck	2:55
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10	I. Drift-Light	3:35
11	II. Bursting Flames	1:51
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13	No. 1 in G	1:17
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Music by William Baines (1899-1922)

Five Songs

		8:14
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22	II. Fern Song	1:02
23	III. By the Sea	2:36
24	IV. A Lyric (The Vigil)	1:54
25	V. Morning	1:11

Robin Walker (b.1953):

26	At the Grave of William Baines	16:06
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Total playing time:	77:33
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Duncan Honeybourne

(piano)

with

Gordon Pullin

(tenor: tracks 21-25)

William Baines

Born Horbury, 26th March 1899 | Died York, 6th November 1922

At four o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, 6th November, 1922, in a back bedroom at 91, Albemarle Road, York, clasping his father's hand, and from the tubercular condition that had begun to overtake him six months previously, William Baines died. In the late-1950s I came with my parents to live at the other end of Albemarle Road, and no. 91 was a house I saw every Sunday as an infant. It is on the corner of a street, the first house down which was occupied by my grandparents, and was therefore a place I was in the vicinity of regularly.

It was only a decade or so later, prompted by events marking the fiftieth anniversary of the death of William Baines, and my discovery of his work thereby, that the *genius loci* of that vicinity was established. It arose from a sense that his life and work, as I engaged with it, was a meeting of poignancy and triumph within the individual spirit - the engendering of a benediction that was the equal of seemingly unallayed sadness, and that as such imparted solid meaning to life itself. This sense has only been strengthened within me in the subsequent half-century, and is largely the reason for undertaking this recording. Such sentiments as I describe can only be sustained by the location of human and musical greatness outside oneself, and in the year of the centenary of his death we do well to mark that condition in the life and music of William Baines.

We have my friend the late Roger Carpenter (1936-2019) to thank for his seminal interest in Baines, and for his subsequent authoritative and sympathetic writings about him. Roger Carpenter knew Mary Baines, the composer's mother, from 1954, and persuaded her to pass the manuscripts of her son's works to the British Museum Library, where he became trustee of the Baines estate. Without Roger Carpenter our understanding of William Baines would be slender, and with the passing of time the signal of his weakened voice could well have failed to register. It is from his transcribed copies of the Baines manuscripts that the *Five Songs* and *Eight Preludes* are performed on this recording.

It seems to me that the abiding attribute of the music of William Baines - assuring its survival and its progress through the generations - is its rootedness in Nature. He was the man who, as his diary entry for 15th June, 1918 informs us, set out from Albemarle Road at 5.45am to cycle forty miles to the Yorkshire coastal town of Bridlington, observing wild roses in the hedges of the East Riding as he cycles, and already having “two new names for pieces” that evoke their beauty. Towards the end of September he was at Flamborough, “where I can see and hear the rolling sea, as it greets me with its voice from a great world” - later recording, “a blue sky not to be bettered in Italy - fleecy clouds and fleecy sheep - all these make me wish for better days.” These entries encapsulate his response to Nature’s manifestations - wild growth, water, light - and his native genius was spontaneously stimulated by a precise emotional evaluation of his experience in the language of musical notation.

His “wish for better days” was a reference to wartime conditions, and the fact that the holiday in Flamborough was his last freedom before his call-up papers demanded he report to Blandford Camp in Dorset. Within a week he was a soldier. Within three weeks his parents in York received a telegram informing them their son was “dangerously ill” with septic poisoning. Recovery and demobilisation followed in January, 1919, but the recovery was only partial, and there is a sense of him living thereafter as permanently damaged and weakened, and restricted as to where and when he could travel. This tragic condition does however seem to mark the emergence of true musical maturity in the compositions, and though it is possible to consider that this would have happened without the experience of illness and trauma, the equation probably includes a deepening of sensibility consequent upon his extreme experiences.

It is a largely chronological selection of his mature music that is presented on this disc. Maturity for William Baines, as for all genuine composers, is the practice of passionate classicism, where what is said makes a match with the means of saying it. Influences are apparent - Chopin, Debussy, Liszt, Ravel, Scriabin - but acknowledgement of sources is not necessary in the light of the thorough absorption of them, and it is his true digestion of tradition which ensures that William Baines has become a part of it.

Robin Walker

The Music

The Piano Music: notes by Duncan Honeybourne

Paradise Gardens

This survey of the piano music of William Baines opens with the luxuriant impressionistic washes of *Paradise Gardens*. This tone poem brought the composer his earliest conspicuous public success; the nineteen-year-old Baines was finding his feet as a composer and a new maturity was beckoning, yet the threat of military service cast a cloud over his mood. On 3rd June 1918 Baines wrote in his diary of a walk with his mother and brother near York:

“Last night Mother, Teddy and I went by car as far as Haxby and then had a very pleasant walk. It was a beautiful evening. Returning home we came on the walls and there was a lovely view overlooking the gardens of the Station Hotel. You looked through thick green foliage on to the grounds, which were beautifully laid out with flowers - and in the centre a little fountain was playing. A perfect blue sky and the sun shining low made indeed a grand picture. “Paradise Gardens” will on some future occasion probably be used as a title for one of my compositions.”

Baines began work on the piece just two days later.

It is not difficult to see why *Paradise Gardens* achieved public success. It is serene, impassioned and poised, its lyrical opening giving way to broad climaxes and episodes of melting tenderness and liquidity. Full of long-breathed phrases and warm lyrical lines, it is spiced by surprising touches of Bainesian chromaticism.

The Naïad

The Naïad comes from a set of Three Concert Studies, which Baines' biographer Roger Carpenter brands “his finest achievement in terms of pianoforte technique”. Initially entitled “Bowery Nook”, *The Naïad* is headed by a quotation from Keats:

*A bowery nook will be Elysium –
An eternal book, whence I may copy
Many a lovely saying about the leaves and
Flowers – about the playing of
Nymphs in woods and fountains.*

Carpenter notes that Baines modelled the piece on Ravel's *Ondine*, and the work is certainly a major achievement for a composer still not twenty-one years of age. The work's dedicatee, Frederick Dawson, describes the central lyrical episode as "seraphic", whilst the outer sections evoke the dancing of waves and rivulets.

Silverpoints

Completed during the closing months of 1920 and the opening few days of 1921, *Silverpoints* comprises a set of four evocative and highly perfumed character miniatures and was published by Elkin at the end of 1921 with a dedication to Baines's loyal champion, the pianist Frederick Dawson. The inspiration of the sea always loomed large in the composer's psyche, often with extended and fanciful imaginative horizons, and the opening piece is a good example of this. *Labyrinth* (subtitled "A Deep Sea Cave") evokes a mysterious and menacing mood and is somewhat Debussyan in its colours and textures. In its watery contemplation it is slightly reminiscent of the French composer's prelude *La Cathédrale Engloutie*, but the harmonic language and pianistic design is entirely Baines's own. The right hand ostinato figure is in compound time, much of the left hand in simple time, and the large intervallic leaps in the left hand melody breathe a desperate intensity into the majestically wrought climactic moments.

Water Pearls, founded on a repeated bass figure, is a scurrying scherzo requiring a breathless effervescence in performance. Frederick Dawson suggested that it should convey "the flash and glitter of falling water." The third piece in the set, *The Burning Joss-Stick*, is darkly evocative, mystical, even unsettling. Roger Carpenter brands it "a progression of chords redolent of Cyril Scott's mysticism like drifting clouds of incense." Carpenter goes on to tell us that Frederick Dawson described the final

whispered E major second inversion chord, heard against a majestic E flat minor chord, as “the door of Heaven closing on sinners but allowing a chink of light to shine faintly through the gloom.” *The Burning Joss-Stick* bears a separate, individual dedication “to Mrs Frederick Dawson” and the piece gave rise to a delightful story told of a recital Baines gave in Leeds. Two elderly ladies were sitting in the audience and one asked the other “What is a joss-stick?”. “Something to do with an aeroplane I think”, replied her friend, to which her companion retorted: “Ah, yes, they say he’s been in the Air Force.”

The final piece, *Floralia*, is one of Baines’s most sublime and ecstatic creations, harnessing luxuriant arpeggios and irregular metres to striking effect. Dawson commented that the specified use of the sustaining pedal contrived to catch the effect of a “bagpipe drone.” The piece is prefaced with the following unreferenced quote:

Nymphlike children danced and threw flowers o’er the

Festive shrine of fair Flora.

Zephyrus joyfully sang through the trees with the

Scent of all the woodland May-flowers in his breath.

Tides

Tides, a sequence of two mature and dramatic tone poems, was the last work the composer saw through the press. It is among Baines’s finest, most dramatic and consistent creations, and again it draws its inspiration from the sea, and specifically the moods of the composer’s beloved Yorkshire coast. In a 1920 interview Baines made some revealing comments about his approach to composition: “I am like Debussy; I have learnt more from the wind than from any master. Music was in me, naturally. I am a great believer in exercising the imagination, and I think the reason I have attained a distinctive style all my own is that I have always tried to do something different from anything I have ever heard.” Several commentators have noted colouristic parallels between *Tides* and Britten’s much later opera *Peter Grimes* (written some twenty years after Baines’s death), and it is tempting to reflect upon the distinctive North Sea aura which wove its spell around both composers.

In his monograph on Baines, Roger Carpenter observes that “the North Sea’s thick fogs and consequent phenomena must often have impressed themselves on Britten’s mind, and Baines could write of “the lonely grey which always seems to cloak our beloved Flamboro’ towards night-time”.”

The Lone Wreck paints a compelling, haunted picture of an abandoned seacraft deep in the ocean, the cries of seabirds ringing over the flurries of waves and the swirls of seaspray. The piano writing is superbly effective and idiomatic. The autograph carries the following heading:

“In the hidden beach the deep sea rolls around the lonely wreck;
Where the albatross with wings outspread –
White like the beaten foam,
Flies o’er and about the silent masts
All hung with seaweeds –
(and now touched with sungold).”

Goodnight to Flamboro’ carries a quotation from Edward Dowden: “Cry, Sea! It is thy hour; thou art alone.” The sea moans throughout in a repeated left hand semiquaver figure, over which lyrical chordal movement gently undulates, rising to fever pitch in a pounding *con fuoco* climax. The work ends in tranquil repose, all passion spent and Baines’s darkly menacing chromaticism threading a deep vein of melancholic uneasiness until a shaft of light suffuses a pure C major chord at the very end.

The Island of the Fay

This striking, richly-hewn and densely-textured journey in sound was originally composed as a piano piece, then orchestrated (as *Island of the Fay*, with the definite article dropped). It packs a veritable kaleidoscope of shifting colours and myriad shades of light into its short duration, and the warmly lyrical lines are etched against a backdrop of sinewy chromatic shifts and pulsating inner intensity. It is easy to see why Baines might have envisaged a reworking for orchestra, but such is his individual - one might say orchestral - approach to piano sound and colour that for me this is

undeniably a solo piano piece in conception and design, albeit in an iconoclastically Bainesian language. It is all about liquidity of sound and blend, with compelling inner voices and a rapt *intimo* middle section.

Pictures of Light

The three pieces which comprise *Pictures of Light* were assembled posthumously by Frederick Dawson and prepared for publication in 1927. The sequence opens with the hypnotic *Drift-Light*, headed by the quotation: "...The angels' ladders are shafts of light..." Baines's biographer Roger Carpenter eloquently sets the scene for the piece's compelling interplay: "Within the compass of a single octave in B major the right hand sets up a scintillating rotary movement of semiquavers; scraps of melody glint through this haze, and another octave bass meanders beneath." The second piece of the set, *Bursting Flames*, is mercurial and quixotic, its flames raging in devastating torrents whilst embers of melody surge in the tenor and reappear, veiled and reflective, at the end. Carpenter suggest that "While Scriabin's spirit certainly infuses the fidelity with which intermittent outbursts blaze up towards an incandescent climax, this energy soon burns itself out, until the spark flickering and glowing peters away."

The final piece, *Pool-Lights*, to which - as Dawson observed - "a melancholy interest attaches", was Baines's very last composition and it seems to me to be infused by both a spareness of aesthetic and a transcendental lucidity of utterance. This icy musical landscape is, as Carpenter remarks, "as far removed from the luxuriance of *Paradise Gardens*, completed a mere 34 months previously, as are Scriabin's five last preludes from his set of op.11".

Eight Preludes

The set of *Eight Preludes* was constructed by the pianist Robert Keys from various manuscripts left by Baines, all but one left without performance directions and requiring ingenuity and imagination based on Baines's wider *oeuvre*. I came to these pieces following a long acquaintance with the composer's published piano music, and

I was delighted and fascinated to recognise a strong family likeness in the colouristic tints, intervallic shifts, lyrical shapes and pianistic layout I found in these intriguing pieces. Some of the titles were suggested by Keys, for instance that of the final prelude - *Eroica* - and that given to the third (*Ebbing Tide*) to replace the original suggestion of *In the Tide-Rip*. *Wind Sprites* is a deliciously light and virtuosic confection, whilst *Ebbing Tide* spins a magical lyrical repose via a meandering melody set against a rocking accompaniment. As always, Baines maintains a signature predilection to, as Roger Carpenter observed, “unfold the unexpected”, and this unpredictability lends enchantment and excitement to passages which might otherwise have been merely pedestrian. *Shade-Imagery* flickers with nervous energy, whilst *A Fairy Story* was, as the manuscript tells us, “told by William especially for Bessie Dawson”, the eleven-year old daughter of Lady Dawson at Baines’s beloved Nun Appleton Hall. The final *Eroica* is elemental and wild, a furious stampede in octaves. Six of these preludes were given their first broadcast performances by Robert Keys - a pianist, member of the Royal Opera House music staff and a lifelong advocate for Baines - on the BBC Home Service in October 1956.

Duncan Honeybourne

Five Songs: notes by Gordon Pullin

1. Fountains

*Soft is the collied night, and cool
The wind about the garden pool.
Here will I dip my burning hand
And move an inch of drowsy sand,
And pray the dark reflected skies
To fasten with their zeal mine eyes.
A million million leagues away
Among the stars the goldfish play,
And high above the shadowed stars
Wave and float the nenuphars.*

(James Elroy Flecker - English, 1884-1915)

No splashing fountain here, but perhaps a gentle trickle in a *garden pool* in which are reflected *the stars* among which goldfish are seen to play. Baines marks the song *Moderato murmurando* and the rocking motif in the accompaniment turns into a lullaby. He treats the poem as one of two verses, of six lines and four lines. Adding a very slight difference to the accompaniment for the second verse, at the climax he contrasts the more provoking end of line six with the effortless distance of the stars that carry the water lilies away with them as the music dies away. Twenty-five bars of gentle perfection.

2. Fern Song

*Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
And spread out your arms again,
And say, 'Tho' the sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He hath labour'd, alas, in vain,
But for the shade
That the Cloud hath made,
And the gift of the Dew and the Rain.'
Then laugh and upturn
All your fronds, little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain!*

(John Banister Tabb - American, 1845-1908)

This song, one bar shorter than *Fountains* and over more quickly thanks to its *Allegretto* marking, in addition has the instruction *Delicatissimo, like liquid pearls*. Here is another gentle accompaniment, but this time a sparkling challenge to the accompanist, marked *pianissimo* until the ninth bar, when begins a *crescendo* throughout the reply of the Fern to the Poet. A sudden *ritenuto* and *molto diminuendo* and we are back with the Poet and

the Fern laughing in the rain. Even more so than in *Fountains* the words are set so simply and naturally that one scarcely appreciates the achievement.

3. By the Sea

*Why does the sea moan evermore?
Shut out from heaven it makes its moan,
It frets against the boundary shore;
All earth's full rivers cannot fill
The sea, that drinking thirsteth still.*

*Sheer miracles of loveliness
Lie hid in its unlooked-on bed.
Anemones, salt, passionless
Blow flower-like, just enough alive
To blow and multiply and thrive.*

*Shells quaint with curve, or spot, or spike,
Encrusted live things argus-eyed,
All fair alike, yet all unlike,
Are born without a pang, and die
Without a pang, and so pass by.*

(Christina Rossetti - English, 1830-1894)

In *Fountains* the bass in the piano provided a pedal for half the setting. In *Fern Song* it was only used for six bars. Here in *By the Sea* it comes into its own in two-bar phrases representing the rolling back and forth of the waves on the shore. Only for the last verse does Baines reverse the process, with the 'pedal' theme now in the right hand of

the piano. Here he is setting a longer poem, twice as long as the first two, and marked *Lento e mesto*. Christina Rossetti's poem can be understood in many ways: certainly she pictures the sea as fretting against the shore, but equally David Attenborough would appreciate her description of life on its *unlooked-on bed*. The vocal line again is simple and melodic, confined within an octave. In verses two and three Baines lightens the effect with a falling two-semiquaver phrase. Like the first two songs, it fades away, as all these *miracles of loveliness...pass by*.

4. A Lyric (The Vigil)

*Hour by hour I sit,
Watching the silent door.
Shadows go by on the wall,
And steps in the street.
Expectation and doubt
Flutter my timorous heart.
So many hurrying home -
And thou still away.*

(Sappho - Greek, c.6th century BC)

The nineteenth century saw a revival of interest in the poet Sappho, acclaimed amongst the Ancient Greeks as one of their greatest poets. Most of her poems have disappeared (there is only one complete one) so we are left with very little of any length among some ten thousand 'snippets'. This 'lyric', so-called because such poems were accompanied on the lyre by the poet, is one of the many translations that have been made of her works over the last hundred-and-fifty years or so. In this small cycle of Baines' songs it fits smoothly after *By the Sea*, darkening further what was already perhaps a rather dark mood. The vocal part is the most restricted of all five songs, the voice often moving in tones and semitones. The piano begins with a firm melody

(although marked *malinconico*) which the voice ignores. After the first ten of the twenty-two bars, following a brief *fluttering of my timorous heart* the accompaniment resigns itself to joining the melancholy of the vocal line.

5. Morning

The fire of April leaps from forest to forest, Flashing up in leaves and flowers from all nooks and corners. The sky is thrifless with colours, The air delirious with songs. The wind-tost branches of the woodland Spread their unrest in our blood. The air is filled with bewilderment of mirth; And the breeze rushes from flower to flower, asking their names.

(Rabindranath Tagore - Indian (Bengali), 1861-1941)

This Tagore poem, written out as a continuous short paragraph, was first published in 1917. It comes from a stage play called *The Cycle of Spring* where the poet says it should be sung by a group of from three to thirty youths, and Baines from the start matches the 'leap' of the poet with his own *spiritoso* music and matches the restlessness of the words with the occasional change from 4/4 to 3/4 and 5/4. The piano is given full rein, with a marching right-hand pitted against - or occasionally joining - thunderous triplets in the bass. The vocal line seems to take its cue from the line *delirious with songs* and there is no pause in its *unrest* and *bewilderment* by what is happening around it. Then suddenly, after a climax unlike anything in the other songs, the wind, and the music, are gone.

Gordon Pullin

At the Grave of William Baines

Robin Walker (b.1953)

This work was written in 1999 to mark the centenary of the birth of William Baines. He was born at 11, Shepstye Road, Horbury, West Riding of Yorkshire, and after his death in York it was at Horbury Cemetery that his remains were laid to rest.

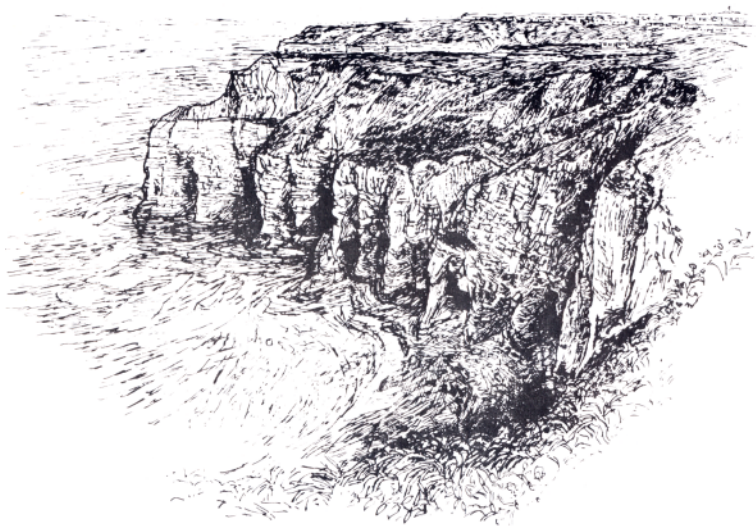
He was an artist who lived in his own reality, and who - sponsored by the natural world - composed with a wild spirituality that never violated innocence or musical integrity. His diaries tell of an enraptured spirit, for whom pleasure and enjoyment were only adjuncts to an overridingly serious artistic endeavour. Furthermore the music of William Baines makes bedfellows of the seemingly opposed states of elation and desolation, suggesting a continuum operating within him between *ecstasis* on the one hand and *ascesis* on the other. It is such considerations that guide the structuring of the present piece, compelled forward by the concerted forces of exaltation and tragedy towards a conclusion that recognises suffering for the beauty and miracle it is.

These are the thoughts one entertains, inspired by the deceased, as one deliberates at his graveside. Always in mind also are the all-but ineffable words he whispered to his mother on the morning of his death:

I should have liked to live, but I am not afraid to die.

An imperishable utterance that has starkly tolled in my inner ear for a generation, and will continue to do so.

Robin Walker



Flamborough Head

by Richard Bell

The Musicians

Duncan Honeybourne enjoys a colourful and diverse career as a pianist and in music education. Commended by *International Piano* magazine for his "glittering performances" and *Musical Opinion* for his "great technical facility and unfailing imagination", he is best known for his interpretations of 20th and 21st century British piano music.

Following concerto debuts in 1998 at Symphony Hall, Birmingham and the National Concert Hall, Dublin, he made recital debuts in London, Dublin, Paris, and at international festivals in Belgium and Switzerland. His 2012 debut recital disc was described by *Gramophone* magazine as "not to be missed by all lovers of English music", whilst *BBC Music Magazine* reported: "There are gorgeous things here. Hard to imagine better performances."

Honeybourne has toured extensively in the UK, Ireland and Europe as solo and lecture recitalist, concerto soloist and chamber musician, appearing at many major venues and leading festivals. His solo performances have been frequently broadcast on BBC Radio and TV and more than 20 radio networks worldwide. Duncan's engagements for regional music societies and arts centres across England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland have included hundreds of solo recitals as well as partnerships with renowned artists and ensembles. Many appearances on BBC Radio 3 have included the complete solo piano music of Ruth Gipps across a week of programmes for the composer's centenary, and several first broadcasts of contemporary piano works.

Premieres of over 70 solo works written for him have included John Joubert's Third Piano Sonata, John Casken's *Tempus Plangendi*, Cecilia McDowall's *Notes from Abroad*, three piano cycles by Sadie Harrison, Adam Gorb's *After the Darkness*, Peter Reynolds' last piano piece, *Penllyn*, for Late Music York, and the Andrew Downes Piano Concerto at Birmingham Town Hall. He has also revived many forgotten scores by composers of earlier generations, and was invited by the BBC to give the world premiere of two rediscovered piano preludes by English romantic composer Susan Spain-Dunk in a recital broadcast live on Radio 3 from St. David's Hall, Cardiff.

Honeybourne's discography includes contemporary works dedicated to him by celebrated composers as well as complete recorded cycles of the solo piano music of Moeran and

Joubert (featuring the composer's early *Rhapsody Evocations* which Duncan revived from the manuscript), plus premiere recordings of piano works by Bainton, Gurney, Armstrong Gibbs and Walford Davies. Duncan's solo discs have been awarded 5 stars in *Musical Opinion* and *International Piano*, and featured as *MusicWeb International* Recording of the Year, CD of the Week on FMR Radio in South Africa and Recommended CD on Austrian Radio. *Contemporary Piano Soundbites*, his album of new piano miniatures commissioned from established and emerging composers during the 2020 UK lockdown was described by Tom Service on BBC Radio 3's *New Music Show* as "a dazzling explosion of creativity."

Born in Dorset in 1977, Duncan gave his first London recital at 15 and his first BBC broadcast recital at 17. He was a prizewinner at the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal Birmingham Conservatoire, where he graduated with First Class Honours and later received the honorary award of HonRBC for professional distinction. His teachers included Rosemarie Wright, Philip Martin, John York and Dame Fanny Waterman, and he completed his studies in London for three years with Mikhail Kazakevich on a Goldenweiser Scholarship from the Sheepdrove Trust. Duncan Honeybourne is a Piano Tutor at the University of Southampton and Sherborne School, and Founder/Artistic Director of the Weymouth Lunchtime Chamber Concerts, which celebrated their 20th birthday in 2022.

www.duncanhoneybourne.com

Gordon Pullin first sang the songs of William Baines in York, accompanied by Francis Jackson, the Minster organist. They also performed some of them at Nun Appleton Hall, where the piano was one that Baines himself would have played.

Gordon Pullin has always specialised in English Song, making a number of CDs entitled 'The English Tenor Repertoire', and giving recitals on the BBC which included songs by Parry, Vaughan Williams, Finzi, Ireland, Bax and many others (including Francis Jackson), as well as many first performances.

Gordon sang the first two of the Baines songs in the play about the composer, 'Goodnight to Flamborough', which was broadcast on the BBC.



Duncan Honeybourne



Gordon Pullin

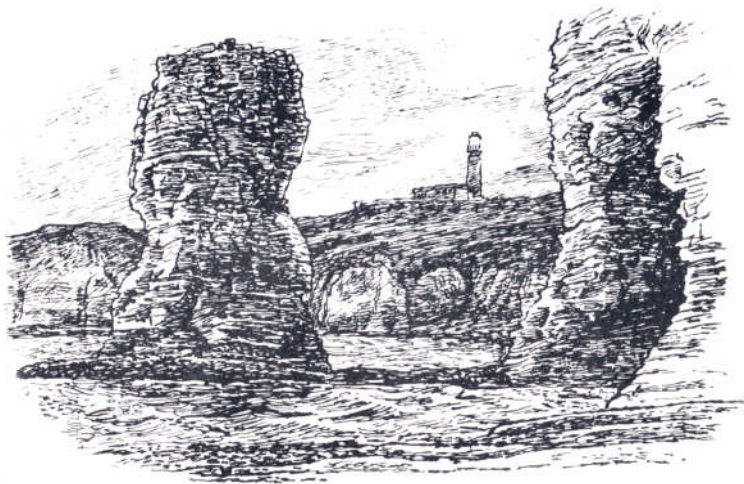
Robin Walker was born in York in 1953 and attended schools attached to York Minster - where he was Head Chorister - for ten years. He studied at Durham University with the Australian composer David Lumsdaine, and at the Royal College of Music with the late Anthony Milner.

Having taught successively at the universities of London and Manchester he resigned his post and moved to the Pennine hills of northern England, where for the last thirty-five years he has lived on or next to a farm in the West Riding of Yorkshire.



It is in this context that Nature and culture have been contemplated, and a musical response made to their reality - a response where sensing and differentiated feeling have pre-eminence over the intellect, and any musical fabrication seeking to be founded upon it.

Attention to such verities has produced a preoccupation with symphonic music and with spontaneous 'folk' utterance, where material is formed by the archetypal shaping that naturally arises from the instinctual. These forces have most recently been brought to bear in an on-going opera: a tragic romance set in 1890s rural France, where the action is mythologised for the sake of abiding relevance, and in which the personal story of the creator is cast - and laid to rest - in perpetuity.



*The Great Stack 'Adam' at Flamborough Head
as it was in Baines's lifetime*

by Richard Bell

**This recording has been generously supported by
The Douglas Steele Foundation and the Ida Carroll Trust.**

All tracks (1-26) were recorded at Holy Trinity Church, Hereford on 3rd and 4th June 2022.

Recording engineer: Stephen Plews

Producer: Robin Walker

Editing and Mastering: Phil Hardman

Booklet notes and biographies by Duncan Honeybourne, Gordon Pullin, and Robin Walker

Front cover image: William Baines at Nun Appleton in 1921

Back cover image: Robin Walker at the grave of William Baines in the civic cemetery at Horbury.

Photograph by Justine O'Brien.

Photograph of Duncan Honeybourne by Kris Worsley.

Photograph of Gordon Pullin by John Bertalot

Photograph of Robin Walker by Justine O'Brien

Drawings of Flamborough by Richard Bell

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WILLIAM BARNES
COMPOSER
DIED AT YORK NOV 1888
AGED 25.
THOMAS CARLETON ATTORNEY
ALSO OF EDWARD HENRY
(TEDDY)
HIS BROTHER.
DIED JUNE 22ND 1888.
AGED 17.
LEAVES ONE THING

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