

signum
CLASSICS

REBECCA CLARKE

THE COMPLETE SONGS

KITTY WHATELY
NICHOLAS PHAN
ANNA TILBROOK



REBECCA CLARKE

THE COMPLETE SONGS

1	Greeting	KW, AT	[1.29]
2	Shy One	NP, AT	[1.33]
3	A Dream	KW, AT	[2.16]
4	The Cloths of Heaven	NP, AT	[2.10]
5	One That Is Ever Kind ("The Folly of Being Comforted")**	KW, AT	[2.54]
6	Down by the Salley Gardens (version for voice and violin)**	NP, MB	[1.52]
7	June Twilight	KW, AT	[2.42]
8	The Seal Man (arr. for voice, viola, and piano**)	KW, MB, AT	[5.31]
9	Oh, Dreaming World**	NP, AT	[2.57]
10	Up-hill**	NP, AT	[3.58]
11	Sleep	KW, NP, AT	[2.27]
12	Spirits	KW, GAR, AT	[3.05]
13	Shiv, Who Poured the Harvest ("Shiv and the Grasshopper")**	KW, AT	[1.54]
14	Chanson**	KW, AT	[2.10]
15	Three Old English Songs: I. It was a Lover and his Lass	KW, MB	[2.21]
16	Three Old English Songs: II. Phillis on the new made Hay	KW, MB	[2.25]
17	Three Old English Songs: III. The Tailor and the Mouse	KW, MB	[2.00]
18	Vor der Türe schläft der Baum	NP, MB, AT	[2.44]
19	Du**	KW, AT	[3.38]
20	Oh Welt**	KW, AT	[1.45]
21	Nach einem Regen**	NP, AT	[1.46]
22	Vergissmeinnicht**	NP, AT	[1.38]
23	Das Ideal**	NP, AT	[3.20]
24	The Cherry-Blossom Wand	NP, AT	[3.13]
25	The Donkey	NP, AT	[2.33]
26	The Aspidistra	NP, AT	[1.57]
27	Ah for the Red Spring Rose**	KW, AT	[2.09]
28	God Made a Tree	KW, AT	[2.24]

Total: [1.10.55]

KITTY WHATELY, mezzo soprano (KW) |
 NICHOLAS PHAN, tenor (NP) | ANNA TILBROOK, piano (AT)

*Musicians of the Seattle Chamber Music Society – James Ehnes, Artistic Director |
 Karen Gomyo & Erin Keefe, violins | Paul Neubauer, viola | Mark Kosower, cello

1	Binnorie: A Ballad** (arr. for voice, viola, and piano)	KW, MB, AT	[13.39]
2	Weep You No More, Sad Fountains**	NP, AT	[2.07]
3	Come, Oh Come, My Life's Delight	NP, AT	[1.36]
4	A Psalm of David, When He Was in the Wilderness of Judah	NP, AT	[4.51]
5	Magna est veritas**	NP, AT	[1.53]
6	Take, O Take Those Lips Away	NP, RW, AT	[2.37]
7	Cradle Song	KW, AT	[2.49]
8	Infant Joy	KW, AT	[1.12]
9	Tiger, Tiger	KW, AT	[4.21]
10	Eight O'Clock	NP, AT	[2.25]
11	The Moving Finger Writes**	NP, AT	[1.40]
12	Lethe	KW, AT	[2.57]
13	Return of Spring**	KW, AT	[1.54]
14	Tears	KW, AT	[1.21]
15	The Color of Life**	KW, AT	[2.15]
16	Klage**	NP, AT	[2.09]
17	Manche Nacht**	NP, AT	[3.23]
18	Aufblick	NP, AT	[2.28]
19	Durch die Nacht**	NP, AT	[1.47]
20	Wandrer's Nachtlied	NP, AT	[1.55]
21	Stimme im Dunkeln**	NP, AT	[2.45]
22	Nacht für Nacht	KW, GAR, AT	[2.22]
23	Daybreak*	NP	[2.39]
24	Down by the Salley Gardens (version for voice and piano)	KW, AT	[1.53]
25	Three Irish Country Songs: I. I know my love	NP, MB	[1.54]
26	Three Irish Country Songs: II. I know where I'm goin'	NP, MB	[2.20]
27	Three Irish Country Songs: III. As I was going to Ballynure	NP, MB	[1.46]
28	Away, Delights!	NP, RW, AT	[2.46]
29	Hymn to Pan	NP, RW, AT	[2.35]

Total: [1.20.25]

GWENETH ANN RAND, soprano (GAR) |
 RODERICK WILLIAMS, baritone (RW) | MAX BAILLIE, violin (MB)

** World Premiere Recording

INTRODUCTION

Of any composer, one might reasonably ask: why record their complete works? It's a fair question—even for so-called “canon” figures like Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms, or J.S. Bach. No creative career is without missteps, and a comprehensive catalogue inevitably includes both masterpieces and lesser works.

Yet it is precisely through such exhaustive study that we've come to understand these composers' musical languages so well that their music—early, middle, and late—has become second nature to musicians and listeners alike. This deep familiarity shapes our sense of their style and reinforces their place in history.

Rebecca Clarke, by contrast, dismissed the idea that her unpublished works were worth revisiting. “I'm not Beethoven,” she reportedly scoffed. But that's precisely why we must examine them. For composers who have not yet received their due—and who have been historically marginalized for any number of reasons—such study is essential. Without it, how else can we understand their syntax, their voice, and their place in the broader musical landscape?

Clarke's hesitation—“I'm not Beethoven”—reflects a familiar artistic humility, perhaps even insecurity. It's understandable. Every artist wants to present only their best. But for those of us who champion her music today, this instinct must be balanced against a broader truth: canonical composers have long benefited from the preservation and performance of all their works, not just the best-known ones. Clarke deserves no less.

Each of Clarke's songs reveals a composer rich in imagination, literary insight, and expressive nuance. They are musically sophisticated, thoughtfully crafted, and brimming with the potential that becomes fully realized in mature masterpieces like *The Seal Man* or *The Cloths of Heaven*. Much like Bach—whose greatness lies in the

remarkable consistency of his vast output—Clarke's songs, subjective as taste may be, rarely (if ever) miss the mark.

We are deeply grateful to our colleague Christopher Johnson for making available Clarke's early unpublished manuscripts for this album. This recording affirms her place as one of the great song composers of the 20th century—and the vocal repertoire is richer for it.

© Nicholas Phan

REBECCA CLARKE

THE SONGS AND DUETS

Rebecca Clarke (1886–1979) wrote vocal chamber music over the whole of her career; from *Wandrer's Nachtlied*, her first completed composition, in 1903, through to her overhaul of *Lethe*, in the winter of 1976–77. Taken together, her songs and duets constitute one of the greatest and most distinctive contributions to the vocal repertoire of the twentieth century.

Clarke started experimenting with composition as a teenage violin-student with only a few terms of harmony and piano under her belt, but her earliest works—eighteen songs and a vocal duet, mostly to German texts—clearly anticipate the thematic deployment of the deep bass, the boldness in combining widely disparate ranges, the poetic literalism, and the highly developed musical taste and theatrical judgment that would characterise the great works of her maturity. They also demonstrate a lively market-awareness in their deployment of so much German verse, with the occasional musical nod to Brahms, at a time when the Lieder-recital was a cutting-edge growth

industry, London's recital-halls rivaled anything in Berlin and Vienna, and Brahms's late works were still thought of as lean, stripped-down contemporary music.

Some of these pieces—perhaps including *Aufblick*, *Nacht für Nacht*, and *Vergissmeinnicht*, to guess by the beautifully finished autographs—led to Clarke's being taken on as a student by Sir Charles Stanford, the greatest composition teacher of the age. Stanford believed in withholding “the crutches of suggestive poetry” until a student had demonstrated her “power of writing absolute music,” but almost immediately he made a practical suggestion that would transform Clarke's life: “You must come into the orchestra,” he said. “Change over to the viola, because then you are right in the middle of the sound, and can tell how it's all done.” As a result, Clarke became, not only one of the world's great violists, but a composer who always left a nice acoustical pocket for any leading part, be it instrumental or vocal, so that her compositions practically balance themselves. Another powerful influence was Vaughan Williams's song-cycle *On Wenlock Edge* and its principal exponent, the great Gervase Elwes, whose style—simple, direct, forceful, fully theatrical, every phrase crackling with emotional life, fiercely characterised, rhythms briskly articulated but flickering with subtle rubato, mood and feeling always to the fore, and technical correctness be damned—would find echoes in the work of every other singer Clarke admired or associated herself with.

Elwes took up *Shy One* and *The Cloths of Heaven* around 1918, and made Clarke so famous as a composer of songs that her triumph with a concert-length instrumental piece—her now-classic Viola Sonata—at the 1919 Coolidge Competition not only caused a sensation, but came as a complete surprise, even to those who thought they knew her work. Clarke was courted by other great recitalists, including Lawrence Strauss, John Goss, and Povla Frijsh, all of whom made a specialty of *The Seal Man*, and Norman Notley, who premiered the *Old English Songs*, and then, with his partner David Brynley, prompted the tenor-baritone duets. *Shy One* and *The Seal Man* became fixtures in the concert hall and—perhaps surprisingly, in the case of *The Seal Man*—on the adjudication

circuit, and Frijsh included *Shy One* in her recorded anthology of art songs, released to international acclaim in 1941. Clarke's vocal music suffered a dip in popularity during the heyday of what she called “the ground-glass school of composition,” but strong new advocates emerged, beginning in the 1960s with Jane Manning and Richard Rodney Bennett, and continuing to the present day with Jan de Gaetani, Graham Trew, Patricia Wright, Antony Rolfe Johnson, Sarah Walker, Suzanne Mentzer, Sarah Connolly, James Gilchrist, Emily d'Angelo, James Newby, Golda Schultz, Roderick Williams, Nicholas Phan, and Kitty Whately, to name but a few.

Much of Clarke's vocal music has been recorded, but the present album brings it all together under one roof, including a complete survey of the early songs (only *Tears* was previously recorded), and first recordings of *Weep You No More, Sad Fountains*, in its original solo version, and the epic *Binnorie: A Ballad*. It would take a sizeable monograph even to begin to lay out the riches in these works, or to sketch their histories. Luckily, Clarke's work speaks so powerfully for itself that only a few bits of background information may be necessary:

Aufblick (1904) shows that Clarke's artistic judgment was firmly in place, almost from the beginning. Webern, Szymanowski, and Bax each set this text within a few years of Clarke, but only she had the acuity to introduce a distinct new sound just before the voice cries, “Hark!”, the discipline to forgo illustration of the gushing stream and twinkling stars that are explicitly *not* present on the occasion, and the discrimination to understand that an evocation of *Glockenchöre* (“bell-choirs”) emanating from a far-off cathedral must fall somewhere between a single bell-tone (Webern) and a clangour of overwhelming magnitude (Szymanowski, Bax).

Oh Welt (1904): Clarke's father was from Boston, and she was used to hearing and seeing American English in the home, so “Oh” often replaces “O” in her manuscripts. This particular text may have been given to Clarke by the writer, a friend of Clarke's father. A slightly different version was set by Arnold Mendelssohn, the writer's cousin. I can find no evidence that the text was ever published in its own right.

Vor der Türe (1905), an ambiguous lullaby, plays on “Wulf” (the child’s name) and “Wölfchen” (“little wolf,” a faintly alarming term of endearment), encrypting the fact that the poet’s son was named Wulf, and, thus, that the hand rocking the cradle may be the poet’s own.

Durch die Nacht (1906): The rapid staccato fluttering in the piano-part imitates the “humming and singing” of telegraph wires, which Clarke captured one afternoon, on her way to the town swimming-pool, by pressing her ear to the poles.

A Psalm of David, When He Was in the Wilderness of Judah (1920) is a virtual lexicon of Clarke’s close involvement with Ernest Bloch’s music, which also provided inspiration for her Trio and *The Seal Man*.

The Seal Man (1921–24) is a tragedy of pure intent and honest dealing, despite much victimist palaver to the contrary. It is not essential to read the source from which Clarke extracted her text—John Masfield’s yarn of the same title, in *A Mainsail Haul*—but it will be clarifying.

Come, Oh Come, My Life’s Delight and *Three Old English Songs* (both 1924) mark the beginnings of a deliberate turn towards “writing absolutely simply,” with Bloch nowhere evident.

Binnorie: A Ballad (c. 1941) was discovered in Clarke’s papers long after her death. Circumstantial evidence suggests that she wrote it during World War Two, while marooned in the United States and thrown, unhappily, upon the mercy of her two sisters-in-law, and that she subsequently concealed its existence. In any case, there is no record of her ever having mentioned it.

Lethe: Clarke set this piece aside while she and I were cataloging her works in 1976–77, revised it, threw away the original manuscript, mentioned it only after the catalogue was done, and dated it 1941, but never decided where it fit into that year’s

crowded field. It seems like the inverse of *Binnorie*, taking all the things that make that piece so shocking—the passionate declamation, the huge leaps, the steady rain of dissonance—and gentling them into a slow-moving, delicately inflected, almost disembodied incantation that barely raises its voice.

The Donkey (1942) was conceived as a showpiece for Povla Frijsh, who, at that point in her career, was as much *diseuse* as singer. It, too, may encrypt a reaction to Clarke’s uneasy family situation, with savage, dissonant, hammer-blows, sweeping over more than an octave, at “Starve, scourge, deride me,” a baleful, low monotone at “I keep my secret still,” and a screaming echo of the opening of Clarke’s Viola Sonata—note for note, at pitch—at “a shout about my ears.”

Finally, a few words about our decision to record *The Seal Man* and *Binnorie* in new arrangements featuring that mainstay of Clarke’s other career, the viola. Clarke was a prolific arranger, and she deliberately undermarked her publications, so as to give performers plenty of leeway. More to the point, she hated being treated like a monument (“I’m not Beethoven, you know!”), and if anyone asked her how she wanted something played, she snapped, “Do it your way, not mine.” We have followed her lead, on the theory that, even if she weren’t sold on the result, she would have said, “Well, I can certainly hear how you feel about the music.”

—Christopher Johnson

For more information on Clarke’s life, career, and works, and for access to her manuscripts and papers, see her official website, rebeccaclarkecomposer.com.

Christopher Johnson, Clarke’s great-nephew by marriage, catalogued her works, with her participation, and has edited more than eighty of her compositions and arrangements for publication.

KITTY WHATELY

Kitty Whately is one of the UK's most characterful mezzo sopranos of the operatic stage and concert platform, and a highly acclaimed interpreter particularly of contemporary opera and art song.

She has performed leading roles in world and UK premieres of opera by Mark Anthony Turnage, Missy Mazzoli, Mark Adamo and Vasco Mandonça, alongside song cycles written especially for her by Jonathan Dove, Sally Beamish, Steven Hough, Juliana Hall and Tarik O'Regan. She has appeared with major opera houses including Covent Garden, Glyndebourne, English National Opera, Opera Holland Park, Scottish Opera, and Internationally. She has received critical acclaim for performances of opera by Benjamin Britten and Bernard Hermann, as well as a huge variety of roles from the core canon of classical opera.

As a past winner of the Kathleen Ferrier award, and former BBC New Generation Artist, Kitty is in high demand as a recitalist and concert artist. She has sung with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and her frequent performances with the BBC orchestras include De Falla's *The Three Cornered Hat* (BBC National Orchestra of Wales), her BBC Proms debut in Sir Peter Maxwell Davies' *Suite from Act II of Caroline Mathilde*, as well as recordings of Ravel's *Sheherazade* with BBC Philharmonic Orchestra, Canteloube's *Songs of the Auvergne* with John Wilson and BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, and songs by Rodgers & Hammerstein, Jerome Kern and Cole Porter with BBC Concert Orchestra. Recent concert performances have included Mahler *Das Lied von der Erde* at the Mizmorim Festival in Basel, *The Dream of Gerontius* with Crouch End Festival Chorus at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, Beethoven's 9th Symphony with BBC Philharmonic Orchestra, Mahler's 2nd Symphony with the orchestra of the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and Mahler's 8th Symphony with the Symphony Orchestra of Chetham's School of Music.

Kitty regularly performs recital programmes in all the major chamber venues in the UK, partnering most often with Simon Lepper, Joseph Middleton, and Anna Tilbrook, among many others. Kitty makes regular appearances on BBC Radio 3, in concert and in recordings made for Radio 3's *Composer of The Week* series. She features on several discs of song, including many solo albums, as well as collaborations with other singers including Roderick Williams, Mary Bevan, John Mark Ainsley, Iestyn Davies, John Chest and other notable artists.

Kitty is the co-founder of the charity SWAP'ra (Supporting Women And Parents in Opera).



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NICHOLAS PHAN

Described by *The Boston Globe* as “one of the world’s most remarkable singers,” Grammy Award–winning tenor Nicholas Phan is widely recognized as an artist of distinction. With a remarkably diverse repertoire spanning nearly five centuries, he performs regularly with the world’s leading orchestras and opera companies. A dedicated recitalist and passionate champion of art song and vocal chamber music, Phan has appeared on leading recital series and chamber music stages, including Carnegie Hall, London’s Wigmore Hall, the Kennedy Center, San Francisco Performances, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the Philadelphia Chamber Music Society, and the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. In 2010, he co-founded Art Song Chicago, an organisation committed to promoting this underrepresented repertoire, where he continues to serve as Artistic Director.

A celebrated recording artist, Phan won the 2025 Grammy Award for Best Opera Recording for his recording of Kaija Saariaho’s *Adriana Mater* with Esa-Pekka Salonen and the San Francisco Symphony. His album, *A Change Is Gonna Come*, was nominated for the 2025 Grammy Award for Best Classical Solo Vocal Album. His previous albums, *Stranger: Works for Tenor by Nico Muhly*, *Clairières*, and *Gods and Monsters*, were nominated for the same award in 2023, 2020 and 2017. He is the first singer of Asian descent to be nominated in the history of the Best Classical Solo Vocal Album category, which has been awarded by the Recording Academy since 1959. Sought after as a curator and programmer, in addition to his work as artistic director of Art Song Chicago, Phan is the host and creator of BACH 52, a web series examining the music of Johann Sebastian Bach. He has created programs for broadcast on WFMT and WQXR and has also served as guest curator for projects with the Philadelphia Chamber Music Society, Bravo! Vail Music Festival, San Francisco Opera Center, and San Francisco Performances, where he served as the vocal artist-in-residence from 2014-2018. Phan’s programs often examine themes of identity,

highlight unfairly underrepresented voices from history, and strive to underline the relevance of music from all periods to the currents of the present day.



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ANNA TILBROOK

Anna has been a regular artist at all the major concert halls and festivals since her debut at the Wigmore Hall in 1999 and frequently broadcasts for Radio 3.

She has collaborated with many leading singers and instrumentalists including Lucy Crowe, James Gilchrist, Ian Bostridge, Mary Bevan, Sophie Bevan, Barbara Hannigan, Kitty Whately, Sir John Tomlinson, Sir Willard White, Nicholas Phan, Roderick Williams, Matthew Rose, Nicholas Daniel, Michael Collins, Natalie Clein, Philip Dukes, Jack Liebeck, Pavel Šporcl, Elise Bâtnes, Chloe Hanslip, Emily Sun, Louisa Tuck, Sol Gabetta, Guy Johnston, Laura van der Heijden, Jess Gilliam, Ben Goldscheider and the Fitzwilliam, Carducci, Sacconi, Elias, Navarra and Barbirolli string quartets. She has also accompanied José Carreras, Angela Gheorghiu and Bryn Terfel in televised concerts.

Performance highlights include recitals at Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Carnegie Hall New York, Wigmore Hall, St John's Smith Square, deSingel Antwerp, Alte Oper Frankfurt, Athénée Paris, Opera National du Rhin, Anima Mundi Pisa, NOSPR Katowice, Wrocław Cantans, appearances at the Edinburgh, Aldeburgh, Cheltenham, Oxford Lieder, Jersey, West Cork and Savannah (Georgia) Chamber Music festivals. She has also curated many series of concerts for the BBC and a number of festivals at Sinfonia Smith Square.

In 2022 Anna and James Gilchrist celebrated 25 years as a duo partnership. They have made many acclaimed recordings of English Song for Linn and Chandos, the Schubert song cycles for Orchid, and the Schumann cycles. In August 2021 Lucy Crowe and Anna marked 20 years of working together by releasing their album "Longing" featuring Lieder by Strauss, Berg and Schoenberg on the Linn label. In 2023 Anna was on the jury for the Song Prize for Cardiff Singer of the World. She is Professor of piano at the Royal Academy of Music where she was made a Fellow in May 2025, and she also teaches at the University of Oxford.



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GWENETH ANN RAND

Gweneth Ann Rand trained at the University of Exeter, Goldsmith's College and the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, London. During her training she received the Maggie Teyte, Ian Fleming and Sybil Tutton Awards. She was a Vilar Young Artist at the Royal Ballet & Opera and in 2001 represented England at BBC Cardiff Singer of the World. She is a Wigmore Hall Associate Artist (2021-2026).

Her operatic roles include Aida (English National Opera, Opera Holland Park, Theater Bremen, Oper Kiel, Finnish National Opera, Macedonian Opera, Opera Poznań, Oldenburgisches Staatstheater); Senta *Der fliegende Holländer* (London Lyric Opera/Barbican); *Leonora La forza del destino* (Oper Köln); *Leonora Il trovatore* (Welsh National Opera); *Amelia Un ballo in maschera* and *Margherita/Helena Mefistofele* (Theater Erfurt); *Tosca* (Teatro Nacional de São Carlos); *Gutrune Götterdämmerung* (BBC Proms); the title roles in *La Gioconda* and *La Wally*, *Santuzza Cavalleria Rusticana* (Opera Holland Park); *Bess Porgy and Bess* (Basel Chamber Orchestra, Macedonian Philharmonic); *Ariadne Ariadne auf Naxos* (Orchestre de Picardie); and appearances for the Royal Ballet & Opera in *Elektra*, *Daphne* and *The Cunning Little Vixen*.

In concert she has performed Schoenberg *Gurrelieder* (Orquesta Sinfónica de Minería, Melbourne Symphony Orchestra); Tippett *A Child of Our Time* (NDR Hannover, City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Göteborgs Symfoniker); Mahler *Das klagende Lied* (BBC Proms); the European premiere of Elliott Carter *Of Rewaking*, Vaughan Williams *Third Symphony* (CBSO); Verdi *Requiem* (Truro Cathedral, King's College Chapel, York Minster); Brahms *Ein deutsches Requiem*, Strauss *Vier letzte Lieder* (Canterbury Cathedral); Poulenc *Gloria* (Three Choirs Festival); Zemlinsky *Der König Kandaules* (Gran Canaria); Dvořák *Stabat Mater* (Madrid); and Britten *War Requiem* (Warsaw).

Gweneth Ann is widely known for her acclaimed interpretations of Messiaen's song cycles *Harawi* (BBC Proms, Cheltenham Festival, Opera North, Oxford International

Song Festival, Wigmore Hall) and *Poèmes pour Mi* (BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, Gürzenich Orchester Köln, Tonhalle Orchester Zürich).



© Christa Holka

RODERICK WILLIAMS

Roderick Williams is one of the UK's most sought-after baritones and is constantly in demand on the concert platform and in recital, encompassing repertoire from the baroque to world premieres.

Opera engagements have included major roles at leading opera houses worldwide including the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, English National Opera, Dutch National Opera, Dallas Opera, the Bregenz Festival and Oper Köln. He has been involved in many world premieres including Alexander Knaifel's *Alice in Wonderland*, several operas by Michel van der Aa, the title role in Robert Saxton's *The Wandering Jew*, and the UK premiere of Sally Beamish's *Judas Passion* with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment.

He is an accomplished recital artist who can be heard regularly at venues and festivals including Wigmore Hall, Kings Place, LSO St Luke's, the Perth Concert Hall, Ludlow Song Festival, Oxford Lieder Festival, Howard Assembly Room in Leeds, Bath International Festival, Three Choirs Festival, Aldeburgh Festival, Edinburgh International Festival, the Concertgebouw and the Musikverein. In 2019 he performed all three Schubert cycles at Wigmore Hall.

His numerous recordings include Vaughan Williams, Berkeley and Britten operas for Chandos, and an extensive repertoire of English song with pianist Iain Burnside for Naxos. Other recent recordings include an award-winning album of French song with Roger Vignoles for Champs Hill Records, the three Schubert Cycles with Iain Burnside for Chandos, and recordings of Stanford and Somervell with Susie Allan for Somm. He has also recorded Schubert's *Winter Journey* in a new translation by Jeremy Samms with Christopher Glynn for Signum. He sang *Captain Balstrode* / *Peter Grimes* with the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra for Chandos (Gramophone Recording of the Year 2021). He has also recorded his own arrangement of

Butterworth's *A Shropshire Lad* and other English repertoire with the Hallé and Sir Mark Elder, also for Chandos.



© Theo Williams

MAX BAILLIE

From soloist and leader-director to chamber musician, programme curator, and improviser, Max Baillie switches roles with ease. He has developed a reputation as a uniquely creative musician, leading him to work with artists from across the musical spectrum including Steve Reich, Mischa Maisky, Bjork, John Williams, Abel Selaocoe, Thomas Adès, Bobby McFerrin, Zakir Hussain, Max Richter, Anoushka Shankar, James Thierrée, Jacob Collier, and many more.

Alongside his group Lodestar Trio with its unique Scandinavian folk versions of Bach and other Baroque music, Max plays in ZRI, a quintet inspired by the Viennese Red Hedgehog Tavern where Brahms and Schubert heard the Gypsies play. As a member of both ensembles Max plays all over Europe. Max enjoys appearing as guest leader-director for ensembles which have included Manchester Collective, Scottish Ensemble, Sinfonia Cymru, Manchester Camerata, Britten Sinfonia, *CHAARTS* in Switzerland, and collaborating at chamber music festivals including recently in the UK, Romania, Italy, Norway, and Bulgaria. Max is also one half of *Sonnen*, an experimental electronic music duo with Vahagn Mattosian. The duo has performed at Snape Maltings for the *Festival of New* and been supported by a residency hosted by the Britten Pears Foundation.

Max was mentored by the legendary violinist Ivry Gitlis and is a graduate of the Yehudi Menuhin School. Max runs a concert series in his hometown in St Leonards-on-Sea where he collaborates with many of his friends including Laura van der Heijden, Fred Thomas, Alice Zawadzki, Héloïse Werner, Guy Johnston, and many more.

Max plays the mandolin, and was awarded first class honours in Political Philosophy at Christ's College, Cambridge.

www.maxbaillie.com



© James Champion

1. GREETING (1927)

Text: Ella Young

Over the wave-patterned sea-floor,
 Over the long sun-burnt ridge of the world,
 I bid the winds seek you.
 I bid them cry to you
 Night and morning
 A name you loved once;
 I bid them bring to you
 Dreams, and strange imaginings, and sleep.

2. SHY ONE (1912?)

Text: W. B. Yeats

Shy one, shy one,
 Shy one of my heart,
 She moves in the firelight
 Pensively apart.

She carries in the dishes,
 And lays them in a row.
 To an isle in the water
 With her would I go.

She carries in the candles,
 And lights the curtained room,
 Shy in the doorway
 And shy in the gloom;

And shy as a rabbit,
 Helpful and shy.
 To an isle in the water
 With her would I fly.

3. A DREAM (1926)

Text: W. B. Yeats

I dreamed that one had died in a strange place
 Near no accustomed hand,

And they had nailed the boards above her face,
 The peasants of that land,
 And [wond'ring], planted by her solitude
 A cypress and a yew.

I came and wrote upon a cross of wood
 — Man had no more to do —
 'She was more beautiful than thy first love
 This lady by the trees,'
 And gazed upon the mournful stars above
 And heard the mournful breeze.

4. THE CLOTHS OF HEAVEN (1912?)

Text: W. B. Yeats

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

5. ONE THAT IS EVER KIND (1911?)

Text: W. B. Yeats

One that is ever kind said yesterday:
 'Your well beloved's hair has threads of grey
 And little shadows come about her eyes;
 Time can but make it easier to be wise
 Though now it's hard, till trouble is at an end;
 And so be patient, be wise and patient, friend.'
 But heart, there is no comfort, not a grain.
 Time can but make her beauty over again
 Because of that great nobleness of hers;
 The fire that stirs about her, when she stirs
 Burns but more clearly; [Ah] she had not these
 ways
 When all the wild summer was in her gaze.

[Oh] heart, [Oh] heart, if she'd but turn her
 head,
 You'd know the folly of being comforted.

1. 6. and 2. 24 DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS (1919, arr. 1955)

Text: W. B. Yeats

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.

7. JUNE TWILIGHT (1925)

Text: John Masefield

The twilight comes; the sun
 Dips down and sets,
 The boys have done
 Play at the nets.

In a warm golden glow
 The woods are steeped.
 The shadows grow;
 The bat has cheeped.

Sweet smells the new-mown hay;
 The mowers pass
 Home, each his way,
 Through the grass.

The night-wind stirs the fern,
 A night-jar spins;
 The windows burn
 In the inns.

Dusky it grows. The moon!
 The dew descends.
 Love, can this beauty in our hearts
 end?

8. THE SEAL MAN (1922)

Text: John Masefield

'And he came by her cabin to the west of the
 road, calling. There was a strong love came up
 in her at that, and she put down her sewing
 on the table, and "Mother," she says, "there's
 no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no door.
 There's no iron, nor no stone, nor anything at
 all will keep me this night from the man I love."
 And she went out into the moonlight to him,
 there by the bush where the [flow'rs] is pretty,
 beyond the river. And he says to her: "You are
 all of the beauty of the world, will you come
 where I go, over the waves of the sea?" And she
 says to him: "My treasure and my strength,"
 she says, "I would follow you on the frozen hills,
 my feet bleeding."

'Then they went down into the sea together,
 and the moon made a track [on] the sea, and
 they walked down it; it was like a flame before
 them. There was no fear at all on her; only a

great love like the love of the Old Ones, that was stronger than the touch of the fool. She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like flowers, and she went down into the sea with her man, who wasn't a man at all. She was drowned, of course. It's like he never thought that she wouldn't bear the sea like himself. She was drowned, drowned.'

9. OH, DREAMING WORLD (1905)

Text: Katharine Coolidge

Oh, dreaming world, thou floatest light and free
As summer clouds soft cradled in the sky;
Held to thy mother-breast I dream with thee,
Nor would awake, lest waking I should die:
Yet Death will waken thee for thy dreams' sake;
And if thy dreams are so entrancing sweet,
What vision waits thee when thou shalt awake
To unknown Life, when Death and
dreaming meet!
Oh, light-winged world, I dream with thee
to-day;
Suffer me thus a passing while to share
Thy golden dower, and dream myself away;
Life in thine arms is so impassioned [sweet]!
Enfold me with the magic of thy breath,
Until I wake beyond thy dream of Death.

10. UP-HILL (1907?)

Text: Christina Rossetti

'Does the road wind up-hill all the way?'
'Yes, to the very end.'
'Will the day's journey take the whole long day?'
'From morn to night, my friend.'

'But is there for the night a resting-place?'
'A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.'
'May not the darkness hide it from my face?'
'You cannot miss that inn.'

'Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?'
'Those who have gone before.'
'Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?'
'They will not keep you standing at that door.'

'Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?'
'Of labour you shall find the sum.'
'Will there be beds for me and all who seek?'
'Yea, beds for all who come.'

11. SLEEP (1935)

Text: John Fletcher

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies; that from thence
I may feel an influence
All my powers of care bereaving!

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought

[By] an idle fancy wrought:
O let my joys have some abiding!

12. SPIRITS (1909?)

Text: Robert Bridges
Angel spirits of sleep,
White-robed, with silver hair,
In your meadows fair,
Where the willows weep,
And the sad moonbeam
On the gliding stream
Writes her scatter'd dream:

Angel spirits of sleep,
Dancing to the weir
In the hollow roar
Of its waters deep;
Know ye how men say
That ye haunt no more
Isle and grassy shore
With your moonlit play;
That ye dance not here,
White-robed spirits of sleep,
All the summer night
Threading dances light?

13. SHIV, WHO POURED THE HARVEST (1904)

Text: Rudyard Kipling

Shiv, who poured the harvest and made the
winds to blow,
Sitting at the doorways of a day of long ago,
Gave to each his portion, food and toil and fate,
From the King upon the gudgee to the Beggar
at the gate,
All things made he—Shiva the Preserver.

*Mahadeo! Mahadeo! [All things made he,
Thorn for the camel, fodder for the kine,
And Mother's heart for sleepy head, O little Son of mine!]*

14. CHANSON (1904?)

Text: Maurice Maeterlinck
J'ai cherché trente ans, mes sœurs,
Où s'est-il caché?
J'ai marché trente ans, mes sœurs,
Sans m'en rapprocher ...

J'ai marché trente ans, mes sœurs,
Et mes pieds sont las,
Il était partout, mes sœurs,
Et n'existe pas ...

L'heure est triste enfin, mes sœurs,
Ôtez mes sandales,
Le soir meurt aussi, mes sœurs,
Et mon âme a mal ...

Vous avez seize ans, mes sœurs,
Allez loin d'ici,
Prenez mon bourdon, mes sœurs,
Et cherchez aussi ...

Song

I've searched for thirty years, my sisters,
To find its hiding place!
I've walked for thirty years, my sisters,
And am no nearer yet ...

I've walked for thirty years, my sisters,
And weary are my feet,
It was everywhere, my sisters,
And yet does not exist ...

In the end is sorrow, sisters,
Take my sandals off,
The evening wanes as well, my sisters,
And anguish fills my soul ...

My sisters, you are sixteen now,
Get you gone from here,
Take my walking stick, my sisters,
And seekers be yourselves ...

Translation: Rafaël Newman

THREE OLD ENGLISH SONGS (1924)

15. I. IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

Text: William Shakespeare

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, with a ho, with a hey, nonny no,
And a hey nonny nonny no;
That o'er the green corn-fields did pass
In springtime, in springtime, in springtime,
The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding a ding,
Hey ding a ding a ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring!

[....]

This carol they began that hour, ...
How that a life was but a flower

Then, pretty lovers, take the time, ...
For love is crownèd with the prime

16. II. PHILLIS ON THE NEW MADE HAY

Text: Traditional

Phillis on the new made hay,
Fair, but lonely still she lay,
Wasting all the summer day
In melancholy sighing;
Till Amintor came that way
And bid her cease repining.

Told her he had loved her long,
Loved her well and loved too long;
Phillis feared he'd do her wrong
And feared to say she loved him;
Till he swore in word and song
She never need reprove him.

He had bought the wedding ring,
Many a bow and silken string,
Fit for queen or fit for king,
To show he truly loved her;
Thus did he declare and sing
Until at last he moved her.

17. III. THE TAILOR AND THE MOUSE

Text: Traditional

A tailor had a little mouse,
Hi diddly um cum feedle;
They lived together in one house,
Hi diddly um cum feedle.

Hi diddly um cum tarum tantum,
Through the town of Ramsey,
Hi diddly um cum over the lea,
Hi diddly um cum feedle.

The tailor thought his mouse was ill, ...
So he gave it half of one blue pill, ...

The tailor thought his mouse would die, ...
So he baked it in an apple pie, ...

The tailor thought his mouse was dead, ...
So he got another in its stead, ...

18. VOR DER TÜR SCHLÄFT DER BAUM (1905?)

Text: Detlev von Liliencron

Vor der Türe schläft der Baum,
Durch den Garten zieht ein Traum.
Langsam schwimmt der Mondeskahn,
Und im Schläfe kräht der Hahn.
Schlaf, mein Wölfchen, schlaf.

Schlaf, mein Wulf. In später Stund'
Küß ich deinen roten Mund.
Streck dein kleines dickes Bein,
Steht noch nicht auf Weg und Stein.
Schlaf, mein Wölfchen, schlaf.

Schlaf, mein Wulf. Es kommt die Zeit,
Regen rauscht, es stürmt und schneit.
Lebst in atemloser Hast,
Hättest gerne [Ruh] und Rast.
Schlaf, mein Wölfchen, schlaf.

Vor der Türe ...

Outside the door

The tree's asleep outside the door,
a dream is drifting through the yard,
the moon swims slowly in its vessel,
the cock is crowing in its sleep.
Sleep, my little Wolf, now sleep!

Sleep, my Wolf. It's late at night,
I plant a kiss on your red mouth.
Stretch your roly-poly leg out,
Not made yet for paths of stone.
Sleep, my little Wolf, now sleep!

Sleep, my Wolf. The time has come,
the rain comes down, with storm and snow.
Your life is one long breathless hurry,
you are grateful for a rest.
Sleep, my little Wolf, now sleep!

The tree's asleep ...
Translation: Rafaël Newman

19. DU (1905?)
Text: Richard von Schaukal
Wie aus tiefen Wäldern bist du,
wo keine schweren Menschen gehen.
Wie in der Waldquelle
seh ich mich rein und [klar] in [Dir].
Ich bin ein heißer unzufriedener Mensch
mit einem herrischen Kinderherzen.
[Tau liegt auf] meinen Haaren [aus] den Nächten
der Sehnsucht,
Meine Hände zittern nach Glück.
[Und] meine Seele kann fliegen
hoch über den Tagen.
Ich seh ihr nach und staune,
lächle und weine.
Manchmal aber bin ich wie ein König.
Und alles ist [Dein].
[Dein] ward [es] ohne Schenken.
Du kamst, und es war [Dein].
Ich bin so sicher, [Dein] zu sein mit allem.

You

As if you came from deepest woods
where heavy folk don't venture,
as in a forest spring
I see myself reflected, pure and true in you.
I am a hot and discontented soul
with the heart of an imperious child.
Dew lies upon my hair from
nights of longing,
my hands trembling for happiness.
And my soul can soar
high above the days:
I watch it go and am astonished,
smile and weep.
But on occasion I am like a king ...
And everything belongs to you:
it did not have to be presented, it was simply
yours,
you came and it was yours.
I am so certain I am yours, along with
everything.
Translation: Rafaël Newman

20. OH WELT (1904?)

Text: Lili du Bois-Reymond
Oh Welt, du gibst mir Schauer und Wonnen,
Es rauschen mir deine Stürme und Wellen,
es leuchten mir deine Sterne [und] Sonnen,
deine Wolken sind meine Spielgesellen.
Deiner Blumen unendliche Düfte und Farben,
deiner Schneegebirge heiliges Schweigen,
deine roten Blitze und reifen Garben;
Alles [gibst] du mir, Alles zu eigen.
Oh Welt, du hast mir so viel gegeben[!]
Zum Dankesopfer was soll ich dir bringen?
Ich will dich lieben, ich will [dir leben]
und deine Schönheit preisen und singen.

Oh world,

Oh world, you give me joys and shivers,
The sighing of your tides and weather,
Your stars and suns all shining for me,
your clouds, my playmates in the sky.
Your flowers, bright and myriad scented,
The holy hush of your high peaks,
Your ruddy lightning, ripened
wheatsheaves;
You give it all, for me to own.
Oh world, your gifts are such a bounty!
What shall I give you in return?
I'll love you, and live in your honor,
extol your grace, and sing your praise.
Translation: Rafaël Newman

21. NACH EINEM REGEN (1906?)

Text: Richard Dehmel
Sieh, der Himmel wird blau;
die Schwalben jagen sich
wie Fische über den nassen Birken.
Und du willst weinen?

In deiner Seele werden bald
die blanken Bäume und blauen Vögel
ein goldnes Bild sein.
Und du weinst?

Mit meinen Augen
seh ich in deinen
zwei kleine Sonnen.
Und du lächelst.

After a shower

See, the sky is turning blue;
the swallows chase each other
like fish above the dripping birches.
And you would like to weep?

Soon in your spirit
the pristine trees and sky-blue birds
will be a golden idol.
And you are weeping?

My eyes behold
in yours
two tiny suns.
And you are smiling.
Translation: Rafaël Newman

22. VERGISSMEINNICHT (1907)

Text: Richard Dehmel
Vergißmeinnicht in einer Waffenschmiede —
was haben die hier zu tun?
Sollte heimlich der Friede
hinterm Hause am Bache ruhn?

Laut hallen die Hämmer in hartem Takt:
Angepackt, angepackt,
die Arbeit muß zu Ende!
Und das Eisen glüht, und das Wasser zischt;
und wenn der Schwalch die Flamme auffrischt,
glänzen die schwarzen Hände.

Aber manchmal blickt ein rußig Gesicht
still nach dem himmelblau blühenden Strauß.
Dann scheint, eine Stimme singt hinterm Haus:
vergiß mein nicht! —

Forget-me-nots

Forget-me-nots in an armory—
what can they be doing here?
Is it peace that rests in secret
by the brook behind the house?
The hammers ring in rowdy, rhythmic chorus:

All together, all together,
workers, see the work is done!
The iron glows, the water whistles;
and when smoke stirs the fire up,
then their blackened hands emerge.

And yet, here and there a sooty visage
softly seeks the sky-blue petals.
Then it seems a voice sings from behind the
building:
forget me not!
Translation: Rafaël Newman

23. DAS IDEAL (1907?)

Text: Richard Dehmel
[Drum] hab ich meine Sehnsucht stets gebüßt;
ich ging nach Liebe aus auf allen Wegen,
auf allen kam die Liebe mir entgegen,
[doch] hab ich meine Sehnsucht stets gebüßt ...

Es stand ein Baum in einem Zaubergarten,
[von] tausend Blüten [duftete sein Bild],
[und] eine leuchtete vor allen [mild];
es stand ein Baum in einem Zaubergarten.

Und aus den tausend pflückte ich die eine,
sie war noch schöner mir in meinen Händen,
[sodaß ich] kniete, Dank dem Baum zu spenden,
von dem aus tausend ich gepflückt die eine.

Ich hob die Augen zu dem Zauberberaume,
und wieder schien vor allen eine Licht,
und meine welkte schon — ich dankte nicht;
ich hob die Augen zu dem Zauberberaume ...

Doch hab ich meine Sehnsucht nie verlernt;
ich ging nach Liebe aus auf allen Wegen,
auf jedem [reifte] mir ein andrer Segen,
drum hab ich meine Sehnsucht nie verlernt.

The ideal

Thus, I have always paid for my desire,
I've looked for love on every path I've trod,
on every path I've trod love came to meet me,
still, I have always paid for my desire ...

There was a tree in a magician's garden,
a thousand blossoms ringed its crown with
scent,
but one shone with a gentle light more brightly;
there was a tree in a magician's garden.

And from those thousand blossoms I plucked
that one,
it shone more brightly still upon my hands;
but I fell to my knees, to thank the tree
from which I had, from all those thousand,
plucked that one.

I lifted up my eyes to the magician's tree
and once again one blossom shone more bright,
and mine already wilting — I gave no thanks;
I lifted up my eyes to the magician's tree ...

Still, I have never given up desiring;
I've sought for love on every path I've trod,
on every path another blessing lured me,
and thus I've never ceased in my desire.

Translation: Rafaël Newman

24. THE CHERRY-BLOSSOM WAND (1927)

Text: Anna Wickham

I will pluck from my tree a cherry-blossom
wand,
And carry it in my merciless hand,
So I will drive you, so bewitch your eyes,
With a beautiful thing that can never grow
wise.

Light are the petals that fall from the bough,
And lighter the love that I offer you now;
In a spring day shall the tale be told
Of the beautiful things that will never grow old.

The blossoms shall fall in the night wind,
And I will leave you so, to be kind:
Eternal in beauty, are short-lived flowers,
Eternal in beauty, these exquisite hours.

I will pluck from my tree

25. THE DONKEY (1942)

Text: G. K. Chesterton

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born.

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

26. THE ASPIDISTRA (1929)

Text: Claude Flight

I had an aspidistra
'Twas growing in a pot.
'Twas old and green and dusty,
A living, lingering blot.
I took away its curtains
Because I loved them not.

I took away its curtains
Of lace with velvet tied.
I took away its curtains
Which were the creature's pride.
I took away its curtains
And the aspidistra died.

27. AH FOR THE RED SPRING ROSE (1904)

Text: Calderón

Ah for the red spring rose,
Down in the garden growing,
Fading as fast as it blows,
Who shall arrest its going?
Peep from thy window and tell,
Fairest of flowers, Isabel.

Wither it would, but the bee
Over the blossom hovers,
And the sweet life ere it flee
With as sweet art recovers,
Sweetest at night in his cell,
Fairest of flowers, Isabel.

28. GOD MADE A TREE (1954)

Text: Katherine Kendall

God made a tree.
Man felled it and with craft and cunning
fashioned it crosswise.
God hung on it.

God made a rose.
Man plucked it and with crooked skill
twisted its thorns crownwise.
God wore it.

God made a stone.
Man hewed it and sealed Him in a tomb with
it gravewise.
God rose from it.

2. 1. BINNORIE: A BALLAD (1941?)

Text: Traditional Scottish Ballad

There were twa sisters sat in a bower;

Binnorie, O Binnorie!

There came a knight to be their wooer,

By the bonnie milldams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,
But he loved the youngest above all thing.

The eldest she was vexèd sair,
And sair envied her sister fair.

Upon a morning fair and clear,
She cried upon her sister dear,

'O sister, sister, take my hand,
And let's go down to the river-strand.'

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
And led her down to the river-strand.

The youngest stood upon a stone,
The eldest came and pushed her in.

'O sister, sister, reach your hand!
And ye shall be heir o' half my land.

O sister, reach me but your glove!
And sweet William shall be your love.'

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
Until she cam to the miller's dam.

Out then came the miller's son,
And saw the fair maid swimming in.

'O father, father, draw your dam!

There's either a mermaid or a milk-white swan.'

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
And there he found a drowned woman.

You couldna see her middle sma',
Her gowden girdle was so braw.

You couldna see her lily feet,
Her gowden fringes were so deep.

All among her yellow hair
A string o' pearls was twisted rare.

You couldna see her fingers sma',
Wi' diamond rings they were cover'd a'.

And by there came a harper fine
That harpit to the king at dine.

And when he looked that lady on,
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan.

He's made a harp of her breastbone,
Whose sound would melt a heart of stone.

He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,
And wi' them strung his harp sae rare.

He went into her father's hall,
And there was the court assembled all.

He laid his harp upon a stone,
And straight it began to play alone.

'O yonder sits my father, the King,
And yonder sits my mother, the Queen;

And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
And by him my William, sweet and true.

But the last tune that the harp played then —
Binnorie, O Binnorie!

Was 'Woe to my sister, false Helèn!'

By the bonnie milldams o' Binnorie.

2. 2. WEEP YOU NO MORE, SAD FOUNTAINS (1912?)

Text: John Dowland

Weep you no more, sad fountains;

What need you flow so fast?

Look how the snowy mountains

Heaven's sun doth gently waste.

But my sun's heavenly eyes

View not your weeping,

That now [lies] sleeping

Softly, now softly lies

Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,

A rest that peace begets.

Doth not the sun rise smiling

When fair at even he sets?

Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,

Melt not in weeping

While she lies sleeping

Softly, now softly lies

Sleeping.

2. 3. COME, OH COME, MY LIFE'S DELIGHT (1923)

Text: Thomas Campion

Come, O come, my life's delight!

Let me not in languor pine:

Love loves no delay; thy sight

The more enjoyed, the more divine.

O come, and take from me

The pain of being deprived of thee.

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,

Like a little world of bliss.

Beauty guards thy looks: the rose

In them pure and eternal is.

Come then! and make thy flight

As swift to me as heavenly light!

2. 4. A PSALM OF DAVID, WHEN HE WAS IN THE WILDERNESS OF JUDAH (1920)

Text: Psalm 63, (Authorized Version, 1611)

I O God, thou art my God; early will I seek

thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh

lengtheneth for thee in a dry and thirsty land,

where no water is;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have

seen thee in the sanctuary.

3 Because thy lovingkindness is better than life,

my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up

my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and

fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with

joyful lips:

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and

meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in

the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.
8 My soul followeth hard after thee: thy
right hand upholdeth me.
9 But those that seek my soul, to destroy
it, shall go into the lower parts of the
earth.

10 They shall fall by the sword: they shall
be a portion for foxes.
11 But the king shall rejoice in God; every
one that sweareth by him shall glory; but
the mouth of them that speak lies shall
be stopped.

2. 5. MAGNA EST VERITAS (1907)

Text: Coventry Patmore

Here, in this little Bay,
Full of tumultuous life and great repose,
Where, twice a day,
The purposeless, glad ocean comes and
goes,
Under high cliffs, and far from the huge
town,
I sit me down.

For want of me the world's course will
not fail:
When all its work is done, the lie shall rot;
The truth is great, and shall prevail,
When none cares whether it prevail or
not.

2. 6. TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY (1935?)

Text: William Shakespeare

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,

Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain.

2. 7. CRADLE SONG (1929)

Text: William Blake

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.

O the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful night shall break.

2. 8. INFANT JOY (1913?)

Text: William Blake

'I have no name
I am but two days old.' —
What shall I call thee?
'I happy am
Joy is my name.' —
Sweet joy befell thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy but two days old,
Sweet joy I call thee;
Thou dost smile.
I sing the while
Sweet joy befell thee.

2. 9. TIGER, TIGER (1931)

Text: William Blake

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dared its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears:
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

2. 10. EIGHT O'CLOCK (1927)

Text: A. E. Housman

He stood, and heard the steeple
Sprinkle the quarters on the morning town.
One, two, three, four, to market-place and
people
It tossed them down.

Strapped, noosed, nighing his hour,
He stood and counted them and cursed his
luck;
And then the clock collected in the tower
Its strength, and struck.

2. 11. THE MOVING FINGER WRITES (1905?)

Text: Edward Fitzgerald

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to It for help—for It
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

2. 12. LETHE (1941)

Text: Edna St. Vincent Millay

Ah, drink again
This river that is the taker-away of pain,
And the giver-back of beauty!

In these cool waves
What can be lost?—
Only the sorry cost
Of the lovely thing, ah, never the thing itself!
The level flood that laves
The hot brow

And the stiff shoulder
Is at our temples now.

Gone is the fever;
But not into the river;
Melted the frozen pride,
But the tranquil tide
Runs never the warmer for this,
Never the colder.

Immerse the dream.
Drench the kiss.
Dip the song in the stream.

2. 13. RETURN OF SPRING (1910?)

Text: Ssü-K'ung T'u

A lovely maiden, roaming
The wild dark valley through,
Culls from the shining waters
Lilies and lotus blue.
With leaves the peach-trees are laden.
The wind sighs through the haze,
And the willows wave their shadows
Down the oriole-haunted ways.
As, passion-tranced, I follow,
I hear the old refrain
Of Spring's eternal story,
That was old and is young again.

2. 14. TEARS (1910)

Text: Wang Seng-ju

High o'er the hill the moon barque steers.
The lantern lights depart.
Dead springs are stirring in my heart;
And there are tears....
[And] that which makes my grief more deep
Is that you know not when I weep.

2. 15. THE COLOR OF LIFE (1909?)

Text: Ssü-K'ung T'u

Would that we might for ever stay
The rainbow glories of the world,
The blue of the unfathomed sea.
The rare azalea late unfurled,
The parrot of a greener spring,
The willows and the terrace line,
The stranger from the night-steeped hills,
The roselit brimming cup of wine.
Oh for a life that stretched afar,
Where no dead dust of books were rife,
Where spring sang clear from star to star;
Alas! what hope for such a life?

2. 16. KLAGE (1904?)

Text: Richard Dehmel

In diesen welken Tagen,
wo Alles bald zu Ende ist,
sturmzerfetzte Sonnenblumen
über dunkle Zäune ragen,

Wolken jagen
und den Boden flammenfarbne
Blätterstürze schlagen:
da müssen wir nun tragen,
was wir uns mußten sagen

in diesen welken Tagen.

Lament

In these days of wilting weather,
When everything is coming to an end,
When, ravaged by the storm, sunflowers
Nod their heads above the dark enclosures,

When clouds pursue each other through the
sky,

and drifts of leaves, the color of flame,
crash abruptly to the ground:
now we must bear the things
we had no choice but to confide in one
another

in these days of wilting weather.

Translation: Rafaël Newman

2. 17. MANCHE NACHT (1907)

Text: Richard Dehmel

Wenn die Felder sich verdunkeln,
fühl ich, wird mein Auge heller;
schon versucht ein Stern zu funkeln,
und die Grillen wispern schneller.

Jeder Laut wird bilderreicher,
das Gewohnte sonderbarer,
hinterm Wald der Himmel bleicher,
jeder Wipfel hebt sich klarer.

Und du merkst es nicht im Schreiten,
wie das Licht verhundertfältigt
sich entringt den Dunkelheiten.
Plötzlich stehst du überwältigt.

Many a night

When the fields grow somber
I can feel my eyes grow brighter;
A star is trying even now to sparkle,
and the crickets' whispers mount in tempo.

Every sound evokes a fuller image,
What was familiar grows more strange,
beyond the forest there's a paler heaven,
every treetop rises starker overhead.

And you fail to notice as you wander
through it
How the light a hundredfold now
Wrests itself from out of all the
darknesses around you.
Suddenly you stand stock-still, amazed.
Translation: Rafaël Newman

2. 18. AUFBLICK (1904)

Text: Richard Dehmel

Über unsre Liebe hängt
eine tiefe Trauerweide.
Nacht und Schatten um uns beide.
Unsre Stirnen sind gesenkt.

Wortlos sitzen wir im Dunkeln.
Einstmals rauschte hier ein Strom,
einstmals sahn wir Sterne funkeln.

Ist denn Alles tot und trübe?
Horch — : ein ferner Mund — : vom
Dom — :

Glockenchöre ... Nacht ... Und Liebe ...

Look up

Above our love there hangs
a weeping willow down.
Night and shadows ring us both around.
Our brows are sunken low.
Wordless, we sit in darkness.
A stream once flowed through here,
We once saw stars here winking.

Is everything then dead and dreary?
Hark — : a distant voice — :
from the cathedral — :

Choruses of bells ... Night ... And love ...
Translation: Rafaël Newman

2. 19. DURCH DIE NACHT (1906)

Text: Richard Dehmel

Und immer Du, dies dunkle Du,
und durch die Nacht dies hohle Sausen;
die Telegraphendrähne brausen,
ich schreite meiner Heimat zu.

Und Schritt für Schritt dies dunkle Du,
es scheint von Pol zu Pol zu sausen;
und tausend [Wörter] hör ich [brausen,
ich] schreite stumm der Heimat zu.

Through the night

And ever you, this darkling you,
and through the night this hollow humming;
the telegraph wires roaring,
I march towards my homeland.

And step by step this darkling you,
as if it hummed from pole to pole;
and I hear the roaring of a thousand words
and march towards my homeland, mute.

Translation: Rafaël Newman

2. 20. WANDRERS NACHTLIED (1903?)

Text: Goethe

Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur! Balde
Ruhest du auch.

Vagabond's Lullaby

Peace reigns over
every mountain,
not a breath stirs
any tree;
in the forest birds are silent.
Just you wait! Soon
you too will find repose.

Translation: Rafaël Newman

2. 21. STIMME IM DUNKELN (1904?)

Text: Richard Dehmel

Es klagt im Dunkeln irgendwo.
Ich möchte wissen, was es ist.
Der Wind klagt wohl die Nacht an.

Der Wind klagt aber nicht so nah.
Der Wind klagt immer in der Nacht.
In meinen Ohren klagt mein Blut,
mein Blut wohl.

Mein Blut klagt aber nicht so fremd.
Mein Blut ist ruhig wie die Nacht.
Ich glaub, ein Herz klagt irgendwo.

Voice in the darkness

In darkness somewhere comes a wailing.
I'd like to know what it might be.
The wind it must be, railing 'gainst the night.
And yet the wind's lament is not so near.
The wind's lament, it rises ever in the night.
My blood is wailing in my ears,
My blood it must be.
And yet my blood's lament is never so bizarre.
My blood is silent as the night.
I think it is a heart a-wailing somewhere.
Translation: Rafaël Newman

2. 22. NACHT FÜR NACHT (1907)

Text: Richard Dehmel

Still, es ist ein Tag verflossen.
Deine Augen sind geschlossen.
Deine Hände, schwer wie Blei,
liegen dir so drückend ferne.
Um dein Bette schweben Sterne,
dicht an dir vorbei.

Still, sie weiten dir die Wände:
Gieb uns her die schweren Hände,
sieh, der dunkle Himmel weicht —
Deine Augen sind geschlossen —
still, du hast den Tag genossen —
dir wird leicht — —

Night after night

Hush, another day has passed,
your eyes are closed;
your hands, as heavy as lead,
press upon you, far away;
stars are floating round your bedstead,
hard by your head, and then they're gone.

Hush, they spread the walls about you:
let us hold your heavy hands;
look, the darkling heaven's melting,
your eyes are closed;
hush, your day has been a good one,
you grow light.

Translation: Rafaël Newman

2. 23. DAYBREAK (1904)

Text: John Donne

Stay, O sweet and do not rise!
The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not: it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay! or else my joys will die
And perish in their infancy.

2. 24 (see 1. 6: DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS) (1919)

THREE IRISH COUNTRY SONGS (1926)

2. 25. I. I KNOW MY LOVE

Text: Traditional

'I know my love by his way of walkin'
And I know my love by his way of talkin'
And I know my love drest in a suit o' blue,
And if my love leaves me what will I
do-o-o?'
And still she cried 'I love him the best,
And a troubled mind, sure, can know no
rest.'
And still she cried 'Bonny boys are few,
And if my love leaves me what will I do?

'There is a dance house in Maradyke
And there my true love goes ev'ry night,
He takes a strange one upon his knee,
and don't you think now that vexes
me-e-e?'
And still she cried . . .

'If my love knew I could wash and wring,
If my love knew I could weave and spin,
I'd make a coat all of the finest kind,

but the want of money, sure, leaves me behind.'
And still she cried

2. 26. II. I KNOW WHERE I'M GOIN'

Text: Traditional

I know where I'm goin', she said,
And I know who's goin' with me.
I know who I love,
But the dear knows who I'll marry.

I have stockings of silk,
Shoes of fine green leather;
Combs to buckle my hair,
And a ring for ev'ry finger.

Some say he's black,
But I say he's bonny,
The fairest of them all,
My handsome, winsome Johnny.

Feather beds are soft,
And painted rooms are bonny,
But I would leave them all
To go to my love Johnny.

I know where I'm goin'

2. 27. III. AS I WAS GOING TO BALLYNURE

Text: Traditional

As I was goin' to Ballynure, the day I well
remember;
For to view the lads and lasses on the fifth day
of November;
With a ma-ring-doo-a-day,
With a ma-ring-doo-a-daddy oh.

As I was goin' along the road [as] homeward I
was [walking]
I heard a wee lad behind a ditch-a to his wee
lass was [talking]....

Said the wee lad to the wee lass, 'It's will ye let
me kiss ye?
For it's I have got the cordial eye that far
exceeds the whisky!' ...

'This cordial that ye talk about there's very few
o' them gets it,
For there's nothin' now but crooked combs
and musilin gowns can catch it[!]' ...

As I was goin' along the road

2. 28. AWAY, DELIGHTS! (1912-13?)

Text: John Fletcher

Away, delights! go seek some other dwelling,
For I must die.
Farewell, false love! thy tongue is ever telling
Lie after lie.
For ever let me rest now from thy smarts;
Alas, for pity go
And fire their hearts
That have been hard to thee! Mine was not so.

Never again deluding love shall know me,
For I will die;
And all those griefs that think to overgrow me
Shall be as I:
For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry—
'Alas, for pity stay,
And let us die
With thee! Men cannot mock us in the clay.'

2. 29. HYMN TO PAN (1912-13?)

Text: John Fletcher

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep;
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground
Fills the music with [its] sound.

Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing!
Thou who keep'st us chaste and free
As the young spring;
Ever be thy honour spoke
From that place the morn is broke
To that place day doth unyoke!

*NB. Square brackets indicate Clarke's alterations of
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