All in the April evening

FAVOURITES FROM THE REPERTOIRE OF THE GLASGOW ORPHEUS CHOIR

LAUDIBUS

MICHAEL BREWER

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LAUDIBUS
MICHAEL BREWER conductor
I N 1901 IN THE CITY OF GLASGOW a young funeral undertaker and self-taught musician was appointed conductor of a mixed-voice choir attached to a working-men’s club. Early in 1906 the choir asserted its independence and became the Glasgow Orpheus Choir. At the time of its final concert forty-five years later its international renown was assured and its place in the affections of the music-loving public unique. Today, its influence on the development of partsong singing is seen to have been profound. All over the world choirs have been formed in its image and the standard it established acts as a stimulus to countless choral bodies.

As this recording was conceived in respectful remembrance of the Orpheus—as it came to be known—and comprises choral pieces imperishably associated with it, it would seem apposite to amplify the story of the choir’s origin and career and to describe the development of its repertoire. In doing so, one point should be clarified: the repertoire was much wider than the extent of recordings by the Orpheus suggests. By and large, public recollection of the choir is confined to a relatively small number of pieces of immediate sentimental, poetic or rhythmic appeal. It has been forgotten that the Orpheus gave many first performances and regularly sang partsongs and motets by such composers as Elgar, Brahms, Bach, Bruch, Bantock, Cornelius and Parry, as well as liturgical works of the Roman Catholic and Russian Orthodox Churches.

At the outset of the choir’s existence, and for a few years thereafter, its repertoire was limited to the run-of-the-mill partsongs, folksong arrangements, glees and so on, which were the staple amateur choral diet of the time. It was not long until these began to prove inadequate to the choir’s developing technique and aesthetic awareness. In particular, the folksong arrangements were hymn-like in texture and little more than exercises in four-part harmony. Thus it came about that the conductor was prevailed upon to start composing and arranging himself. As it happened, coincidentally, Marjory Kennedy-Fraser was revealing to the world the wealth of Hebridean folksong, and composers like Granville Bantock were inspired to make choral arrangements of them. Most of these were written with the Orpheus in mind and were first performed by them.

At the same time, the rapid growth of the competitive festival movement in the North of England was encouraging the development of choral technique, and the demand for more and better music was being responded to by composers of the calibre of Elgar, Holst, Parry and Vaughan Williams. Thus the works of these composers came to be woven into the strand of the Orpheus.

In the end, however, it was the popular and well-loved pieces which survived in human rememberance and this recording is a small anthology of these.

* * *

All in the April evening

SIR HUGH ROBERTON (1874–1952)
Partsong for mixed voices

A common reaction to the mention of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir is ‘Oh, yes—All in the April evening’. This is not unnatural because this partsong anthem (an early original work of the composer to the words by Katharine Tynan), assumed the status of a signature tune. It is now sung and loved throughout the English-speaking world—‘an inspiration in the morning and a benediction in the evening’, as expressed by an elderly Australian to her son.

All in the April ev’ning,
April airs were abroad;
The sheep with their little lambs
Pass’d me by on the road.
The sheep with their little lambs,
Pass’d me by on the road,
All in the April ev’ning
I thought on the Lamb of God.
The lambs were weary and crying
With a weak human cry,
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.
Up in the blue, blue mountains,
Dewy pastures are sweet,
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet.
But for the Lamb, the Lamb of God,
Upon the hilltop green,
Only a cross, a cross of shame,
Two stark crosses between,
All in the April ev’ning,
April airs were abroad;
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought on the Lamb of God.

KATHARINE TYNAN (1861–1931)

The Banks o’ Doon
Arranged by SIR HUGH ROBERTON (1874–1952)
Traditional Scottish air arranged for mixed voices
One of the finest Scots Lowland airs, better known as ‘Ye banks and braes’. These words are by Robert Burns.

Ye banks and braes o’ bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu’ o’ care!
Thou’ll break my heart, thou warbling bird
That wantons thro’ the flow’ring thorn!
Thou minds me o’ departed joys,
Departed never to return.
Aft hae I rov’d by bonnie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o’ its love,
And fondly sae did I o’ mine.
Wi’ lichtsome heart I pu’d a rose,
Fu’ sweet upon its thorny tree!
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi’ me.

ROBERT BURNS (1759–1796)

An Eriskay Love Lilt
Arranged by SIR HUGH ROBERTON (1874–1952)
Traditional Gaelic song arranged as a partsong for mixed voices
Across the severing oceans a young man sings to his loved one of his constancy and she to him of the joy of her love. The melody and text are taken from the Songs of the Hebrides collection by Marjory Kennedy-Fraser and Kenneth Macleod.

Vair me o rovan o
Vair me o rovan ee
Vair me o ru o ho
Sad am I without thee.
When I’m lonely dear white heart,
Black the night or wild the sea,
By love’s light my foot finds
The old pathway to thee.

Vair me o rovan o …
Thou ‘rt the music of my heart,
Harp of joy oh cruirt mo chridh, *
Moon of guidance by night,
Strength and light thou ‘rt to me.

Vair me o rovan o …

* cruirt mo chridh = harp of my heart

Dream Angus
Arranged by SIR HUGH ROBERTON (1874–1952)
Traditional Scottish song arranged for three-part choir alto RACHAEL LLOYD

It was customary for each Orpheus programme to include a slot for the women alone and one for the men. More often than not the women sang about Dream Angus, the giver of sleep, a Scottish sandman.

Can ye no’ hush yer weepin’, O?
A’ the wee lambs are sleepin’, O,
Birdies are nestlin’, nestlin’ the gither,
Dream Angus is hirplin owre the heather.
Dreams to sell, fine dreams to sell;
Angus is here wi’ dreams to sell,
Hush ye, my baby, and sleep without fear;
Dream Angus has brought you a dream, my dear.

List to the curlew cryin’, O!
Fainter the echoes dyin’, O,
Even the birds and beasties are sleepin’,
But my bonnie bairn is weepin’, weepin’.

Dreams to sell . . .

GEORGE CHURCHILL

5 The Wee Cooper o’ Fife
Arranged by SIR HUGH ROBERTON (1874–1952)
Traditional Scottish ballad arranged for mixed voices
A traditional tale of gentility tamed. The comprehensible words relate the narrative, the others are picturesque vocables meaning little or much according to inflection.

There was a wee cooper wha lived in Fife,
Nickety nackety, noo, noo, noo,
And he had gotten a gentle wife.
Hey Willy Wallacky, hoo
John Dougal alane, quo rushity, roue, roue.

She wad na bake, nor wad she brew,
Nickety nackety, noo, noo, noo,
For spillin’ o’ her comely hue,
Hey Willy Wallacky, hoo
John Dougal alane, quo rushity, roue, roue.

She wad na caird, nor wad she spin,
Nickety nackety, noo, noo, noo,
For shamin’ o’ her gentle kin,
Hey Willy Wallacky, hoo
John Dougal alane, quo rushity, roue, roue.

The cooper has gane to his woo’pack,
Nickety nackety, noo, noo, noo,
And he’s laid a sheepskin on his wife’ back,
Hey Willy Wallacky, hoo
John Dougal alane, quo rushity, roue, roue.

I’Il no’ be shamin’ your gentle kin,
Nickety nackety, noo, noo, noo,
But I will skelp my ain sheepskin,
Hey Willy Wallacky, hoo
John Dougal alane, quo rushity, roue, roue.

O I will bake and I will brew,
Nickety nackety, noo, noo, noo,
And think nae mair o’ my comely hue,
Hey Willy Wallacky, hoo
John Dougal alane, quo rushity, roue, roue.

O I will wash and I will spin,
Nickety nackety, noo, noo, noo,
And think nae mair o’ my gentle kin,
Hey Willy Wallacky, hoo
John Dougal alane, quo rushity, roue, roue.

Noo ye wha ha’e gotten a gentle wife,
Nickety nackety, noo, noo, noo,
Just mind ye o’ the wee cooper o’ Fife.
Hey Willy Wallacky, hoo
John Dougal alane, quo rushity, roue, roue.

6 Ca’ the yowes
Arranged by RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872–1958)
Scottish folk song arranged for tenor solo and mixed-voice chorus
tenor MARK DOBELL

Ca’ the yowes (‘Call the ewes’) is one of the finest Scottish melodies. The original words are by a wandering minstrel woman, Tibbie Pagan, their final form created by Robert Burns. The musical setting by Vaughan Williams shows that great composer in his most sensitive mood.

Ca’ the yowes tae the knowes,
Ca’ them whar the heather grows,
Ca’ them whar the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis’ e’en in’ sang,
Sounding Cluden’s woods amang;
Then afauldin’ let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.
**Fair and lovely as thou art,**
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die, but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

While waters wimple tae the sea
While day blinks in the lift sae hie
Till death shall blin’ my e’e
Ye shall be my dearie.

**ROBERT BURNS (1759–1796)**

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**The Turtle Dove**

Arranged by RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872–1958)
Folksong collected and arranged for soloist and mixed voices
tenor ROBERT DAVIES

The Turtle Dove was collected by Vaughan Williams and made widely known by his settings in various arrangements. Its theme of farewell and promised constancy appears in many traditional forms.

Fare you well, my dear, I must be gone,
And leave you for a while;
If I roam away I’ll come back again,
Though I roam ten thousand miles, my dear,
Though I roam ten thousand miles.

So fair thou art my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I;
But I never will prove false to the bonny lass I love,
Till the stars fall from the sky, my dear,
Till the stars fall from the sky.

The sea will never run dry, my dear
Nor the rocks melt with the sun,
But I never will prove false to the bonny lass I love,
Till all these things be done, my dear,
Till all these things be done.

O yonder doth sit that little turtle dove,
He doth sit on yonder high tree,
A-making a moan for the loss of his love,
As I will do for thee, my dear,
As I will do for thee.

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**O can ye sew cushions?**
Arranged by GRANVILLE BANTOCK (1868–1946)
An old Scottish cradle song arranged for mixed-voice chorus

Over the fifty years of the existence of the Orpheus Choir no song, not even All in the April evening, was sung more often than O can ye sew cushions? This arrangement by Granville Bantock was made for the Orpheus, with which the composer had a close and warm relationship over many years.

O can ye sew cushions, and can ye sew sheets?
And can ye sing baluloo when the bairn greets?
And hee and ba, birdie, and hee and ba, lamb!
And hee and ba, birdie, my bonnie wee lamb!

Hee O, wee O, what will I do wi’ you?
Black’s the life that I lead wi’ you!
Mony o’ you, little for to gi’e you—
Hee O, wee O, what will I do wi’ you?

I’ve placed my cradle on yon holly top;
And aye as the wind blew my cradle did rock.
O hushaba, baby, O ba lilly loo!
And hee and ba, birdie, my bonnie wee doo!

Hee O, wee O . . .

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**Wi’ a hundred pipers**
Arranged by PURCELL JAMES MANSFIELD (1889–1968)
Scottish partsong, harmonized and arranged for mixed-voice choir

Another composer who worked closely with the Orpheus Choir and wrote specifically for it was Purcell J Mansfield, Devon-born but a Glasgow resident for most of his life. He excelled in setting stirring songs like Wi’ a hundred pipers.

Wi’ a hundred pipers, an’ a’, an’ a’,
We’ll up an’ gie them a blaw, a blaw.
O, its ower the Border awa’, awa’,
We’ll on an’ we’ll march tae Carlisle Ha’,
Wi’ its yetts and castle, an’ a’, an’ a’.
Oh! our Sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,
Wi’ their tartans, kilts, an’ a’, an’ a’,
Wi’ their bonnets, feathers an’ glitt’ring gear,
An’ pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.
Will they a’ return to their ain dear glen?
Will they a’ return, our Hieland men?
Second-sichted Sandy looked fu’ wae
An’ mither’s gra’ when they marched away.
Wi’ a hundred pipers, an’ a’, an’ a’,
We’ll up an’ gie them a blaw, a blaw.
Oh, wha is foremost o’ a’, o’ a’?
Oh, wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie Charlie the king o’ us a, hurra!
Wi’ his hundred pipers, an’ a’, an’ a’!
His bonnet and feather he’s waving high,
His prancin’ steed maist seems to fly!
The Nor’ wind plays wi’ his curly hair,
While the pipers blaw in an unco flare!
Wi’ a hundred pipers, an’ a’, an’ a’,
We’ll up an’ gie them a blaw, a blaw.
The Esk was swollen sae red, sae deep,
But shouter to shouter the brave lads keep;
Twa thousand swam ower to fell English ground,
An’ danced themselves dry to the pibroch’s sound.
Dumfoundered the English they saw, they saw,
Dumfoundered they heard the blaw, the blaw!
Dumfoundered they ran awa’, awa’!
Frae the hundred pipers, an’ a’, an’ a’!
Wi’ a hundred pipers, an’ a’, an’ a’,
We’ll up an’ gie them a blaw, a blaw.

LADY NAIRNE (1766–1845)

Drink to me only with thine eyes
Arranged by SIR HUGH ROBERTON (1874–1952)
English partsong for men’s voices
Another well-known and much-loved song which has been arranged many times. This version is by Sir Hugh Roberton.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup
And I’ll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove’s nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon’ring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither’d be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent’s’t it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear;
Not of itself, but thee.
BEN JONSON (1572/3–1637) The Forest: ix ‘To Celia’

All through the night
Arranged by SIR HUGH ROBERTON (1874–1952)
Traditional Welsh song arranged for mixed voices

All through the night is the immortal air Ar hyd y nos. Here verse 1 uses an old English text and the words to verse 2 are by Sir Hugh Roberton. The arrangement was made for the Glasgow Orpheus Choir’s visit to the 1947 Llangollen International Eisteddfod.

While the moon her watch is keeping,
All through the night,
While the weary world is sleeping,
All through the night,
O’er my bosom gently stealing
Vision of delight revealing,
Breathes a pure and holy feeling,
All through the night.
Little stars are brightly shining,
All through the night,
Light the way of those repining,
All through the night,
From thy radiance may they borrow
Comfort sweet to heal their sorrow,
Tell them of a glad tomorrow,
All through the night.
12 Fyer! Fyer
THOMAS MORLEY (1557–1602)
Madrigal for five voices
The Orpheus was too big in number to be a genuine ‘madrigal’
choir and therefore eschewed performance of madrigals of a
light or delicate kind. It did however give many performances
of madrigals which lent themselves to presentation on a
broader canvas such as Fyer! Fyer and Bennet’s All creatures
now are merry-minded.

Fyer, fyer! Fyer, fyer! my heart! my heart!
Fa la la la …
Fyer, fyer! Fyer, fyer! my heart! my heart!
Fa la la la …
O help! O help! Alas! O help!
Ay me! Ay me! I sit and cry me,
And call for help, alas, but none comes nigh me!
Fa la la la …

13 All creatures now are merry-minded
JOHN BENNET (?1575/80—?)
Madrigal for five voices
All creatures now are merry, merry-minded.
The shepherds’ daughters playing,
The nymphs are fa-la-la-ing.
Yond bugle was well winded.
At Oriana’s presence each thing smileth.
The flowers themselves discover;
Birds over her do hover;
Music the time beguileth.
See where she comes, with flowery garlands crowned
Queen of all queens renowned.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana:
Long live fair Oriana, fair Oriana.

14 Ave verum corpus
WILLIAM BYRD (1539/40–1623)
Motet for four voices
The beautiful Ave verum corpus is an example of a quieter
polyphony which also appeared in Orpheus programmes.

Ave verum corpus, natum de Maria Virgine:
vere passum immolatum in cruce pro homine,
cuius latus perforatum unda fluxit sanguine:
esto nobis praegustatum in mortis examine.
O dulcis, o pie, o Jesu, Fili Mariae, miserere mei.
Amen.

Hail true body, born of the Virgin Mary:
truly dead, sacrificed, on the cross for mankind,
whose pierced side flowed with a tide of blood:
behold the one tested in death for us.
O sweet, gentle Jesus, Son of Mary, have mercy on me.
Amen.

15 Crimond
Melody by JESSIE IRVINE (1836–1887), arranged by
DAVID GRANT (1833–1893), descant solo by W BAIRD ROSS
For four-part choir with descant
soprano CHARLOTTE MOBBS
This is a late nineteenth-century addition to Scottish psalmody.
This tune had almost disappeared when it was made known to
the members of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir. As they disrobed
after concerts they quietly intoned it and thus it came to the
attention of the conductor. Once arranged and taken into the
choir’s repertoire it became established as the closing item of
each concert. Today it is known and sung everywhere.

The Lord’s my shepherd, I’ll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again:
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev’n for his own name’s sake.

Yea, though I walk in death’s dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill:
For thou art with me: and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint.
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me:
And in God’s house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Scottish Psalter (1650)
Adapted from PSALM 23 by FRANCIS ROUS (1579–1659) &
WILLIAM WHITTINGHAM (1524–1579) and others

16 Never weather-beaten sail
SIR C HUBERT H PARRY (1848–1918)
Motet for mixed voices from Songs of Farewell

Never weather-beaten sail by Parry is to some degree overshadowed by Thomas Campion’s setting of his own words, but it is a moving twentieth-century realization of the poem.

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim’s limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly, out of my troubled breast:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest!
Ever blooming are the joys of Heaven’s high Paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines; whose beams the blessed only see:
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee!

THOMAS CAMPION (1567–1620)

17 My love dwelt in a northern land
SIR EDWARD ELGAR (1857–1934)
A romance for four-part choir

Almost every Elgar partsong was sung by the Orpheus soon after publication and some of them were in its more or less permanent repertoire. My love dwelt in a northern land and As torrents in the summer are two of these; both are deeply poetic and sensitive.

My love dwelt in a northern land.
A dim tower in a forest green
Was his, and far away the sand
And gray wash of the waves were seen
The woven forest boughs between:
And through the northern summer night
The sunset slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, silver white,
Came gleaming through the forest gray,
And fled like ghosts before the day:
And oft, that month, we watched the moon
Wax great and white o’er wood and lawn,
And wane, with waning of the June,
Till, like a brand for battle drawn,
She fell and flamed in a wild dawn.

I know not if the forest green
Still girdles round that castle gray,
I know not if the boughs between
The white deer vanish ere the day:
The grass above my love is green,
His heart is colder than the clay.

ANDREW LANG (1844–1912)

18 As torrents in summer
SIR EDWARD ELGAR (1857–1934)
Four-part song from the cantata King Olaf

As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, tho’ the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains;
So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o’erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel, and know not,
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining.

HENRY LONGFELLOW (1807–1882)
**Corpus Christi**
PETER WARLOCK (1894–1930)
An old English carol set for soprano and tenor solos and mixed-voice chorus
soprano BRYONY LANG, tenor MARK DOBELL
A 1920s masterpiece, *Corpus Christi* soon found its way into the Orpheus repertoire and was much loved by the singers.

Lully, lullay, lully, lullay,
The faucon hath borne my make away.
He bare him up, he bare him down,
He bare him into an orchard brown.
In that orchard there was a hall,
That was hanged with purple and pall.
And in that hall there was a bed:
It was hanged with gold so red.
And in that bed there lithe a knight,
His wounds bleeding day and night.
By that bedside there kneeleth a may,
And she weepeth night and day.
By that bedside there standeth a stone:
*Corpus Christi* written thereon.
Lully, lullay, lully, lullay! Ah.

**The Blue Bird**
SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD (1854–1924)
Four-voice partsong with soprano solo
soprano BRYONY LANG
Though the poet was not Irish, as the composer was, the setting of this haunting colour-in-sound piece would seem to be a blue lake mirroring the blue hills of Donegal.

The lake lay blue below the hill,
O’er it, as I looked, there flew
Across the waters, cold and still
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,
The sky beneath me was blue in blue,
A moment ere the bird had passed
It caught his image as he flew.
MARY E COLERIDGE (1861–1907)

**Full fathom five**
RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872–1958)
Four-part, mixed-voice chorus
The Three Shakespeare Songs *Full fathom five*, *The cloud-capp’d towers* and *Over hill, over dale* are miracles of compressed musical expression. *Full fathom five* portrays the eerie, subterranean bells tolling their requiem for those lost at sea with strange, hypnotic harmonies.

*Full fathom five thy father lies;*
*Of his bones are coral made;*
*Those are pearls that were his eyes:*
*Nothing of him that doth fade,*
*But doth suffer a sea-change*
*Into something rich and strange.*
*Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:*
*Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong bell.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) *The Tempest* I:2

**The cloud-capp’d towers**
RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872–1958)
For four-part, mixed-voice chorus
This is Prospero’s great speech from Shakespeare’s *The Tempest*. The opening chords seem to float in the air as they conjure images of towers, temples and the realization of mankind’s insubstantial nature on ‘the great globe itself’.

*The cloud-capp’d towers, the gorgeous palaces,*
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,*
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,*
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,*
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff*
As dreams are made on, and our little life*
Is rounded with a sleep.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) *The Tempest* IV:1

**Over hill, over dale**
RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872–1958)
for four-part, mixed-voice chorus
This third Shakespeare song is of a lighter vein. A nimble, gossamer scherzo, as fleet as Puck himself.
Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough briar,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire  
I do wander everywhere.  
Swifter than the moonë’s sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours:  
I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip’s ear.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) A Midsummer Night’s Dream II:1

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours:  
I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip’s ear.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) A Midsummer Night’s Dream II:1

The long day closes  
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN (1842–1900)

There was a time of anti-Victorianism in the following epochs, which prompted a counter-defence. During such a period the Orpheus Choir sometimes quite consciously took part by singing works by composers such as Pinsuti and Sullivan.

No star is o’er the lake,  
Its pale watch keeping,  
The moon is half awake,  
Through gray mist creeping.  
The last red leaves fall round  
The porch of roses,  
The clock hath ceased to sound,  
The long day closes.

Sit by the silent hearth  
In calm endeavour,  
To count the sound of mirth,  
Now dumb for ever.  
Heed not how hope believes  
And fate disposes:  
Shadow is round the eaves,  
The long day closes.  
The lighted windows dim  
Are fading slowly.  
The fire that was so trim  
Now quivers lowly.  
Go to the dreamless bed  
Where grief reposes,  
Thy book of toil is read,  
The long day closes.

HENRY F CHORLEY (1808–1872)
LAUDIBUS

soprano Bryony Lang, Claire Bowker, Nicola Corbishley, Helen Lloyd
Alice Gairdner, Faith Brewer, Charlotte Mobbs

alto Rachael Lloyd, Naomi Brewer, Kathy Bannister, Rachel Shatliff

tenor Mark Dobell, Mike Jeremiah, Robert Davies, Andrew Brown, Duncan French

bass Ben Davies, Christopher Neale, Peter Csemiczky, James Holliday

Sebastian Dawson Bowling

MICHAEL BREWER conductor

Recording Engineers ANTONY HOWELL, JULIAN MILLARD
Recording Producer MARK BROWN
Executive Producers EDWARD PERRY, SIMON PERRY
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