FOR THOSE LISTENERS who are not familiar with Britten’s life, the briefest of sketches will set these folksong arrangements in context. Born in Lowestoft in 1913, the son of the local dentist, his was very much a middle class provincial upbringing, with a prep school and public school education. At the age of thirteen he started private composition lessons with the composer Frank Bridge, and at sixteen he went to the Royal College of Music and was soon recognised as a precocious talent. When still nineteen he was the subject of approving internal minuting in the BBC.

By the outbreak of the war he had produced a substantial catalogue of music, though he was not finally established and was probably regarded in many quarters as too clever by half. On 29 April 1939 he sailed for the USA with Peter Pears, not to return until 1942. His Serenade for tenor, horn and strings appeared in 1943 and was recognised immediately, but it was the first performance of his opera Peter Grimes in June 1945 which seemed to ratify his reputation as the leading composer of his generation. Living in Aldeburgh for the rest of his life, and founding the Aldeburgh Festival in 1948, he was established as a national figure securely rooted in Suffolk. Choral works such as the cantata St Nicholas (1948) and the Spring Symphony (1949) resulted in his music being taken up by local choral societies. The War Requiem in 1962 attracted an enormous following and celebrations to mark his fiftieth birthday in 1963 were on a national scale. He suffered increasing ill-health in 1972 and, despite an operation to replace a heart valve, died in 1976, not two weeks after his sixty-third birthday.

The majority of the folksong arrangements were completed well before the War Requiem and thus come from that period in his life effectively bounded by his American sojourn, Peter Grimes and the War Requiem. The folksongs really appeared in three groups. The first group consisted of three volumes, published respectively in June 1943, December 1946 and December 1947. Then there was a gap of a dozen years before he turned to Moore’s Irish Melodies for his fourth volume, published in May 1960. Soon the fifth followed in February 1961 and the sixth with guitar (the songs had been played by Julian Bream during the late 1950s) in November 1961.

The final set, for the harpist Osian Ellis, dates from Britten’s last year, by which time he was in a wheelchair. Arranged in the Spring of 1976, these effectively constitute an epilogue to the earlier arrangements, and were not published until 1980.

Britten always composed with particular performers in mind and this is true of the folksong arrangements. At first written for himself and Pears, and briefly also for Sophie Wyss, he would later write for Pears to sing with guitar, inspired by the artistry of Julian Bream, and still later for Osian Ellis.

Collectors have long been fascinated by probably the most elusive of Britten recordings, the ‘Irish Reel’ from his music for the film Village Harvest (or Around the Village Green). This was a documentary directed by Marion Grierson and Evelyn Spice for the Travel and Industrial Development Association in 1936. On 21 October that year we find Britten writing in his diary about the music for the film: ‘all arrangements of folk & traditional tunes (some from Moeran)—all lovely stuff, & I must admit my scoring comes off like hell’1. The score includes the tunes Early one morning and The Plough Boy, both featured by Britten in later volumes of folksong settings.

Yet in spite of this stylish handling of folksongs, Britten, in his twenties, never associated himself with what has been called the ‘folksong school’—indeed quite the contrary. Frank Bridge, for one, would certainly have imbued in him some scepticism of that approach to music, and he was quite against Vaughan Williams’s way with folksong, and what he considered to be his amateurishness. Writing to Grace Williams in January 1935 Britten spoke trenchantly of RVW’s Five Mystical Songs: ‘that ‘pi’ and artificial mysticism combined with, what seems to me, technical incompetence, sends me crazy …’2 Yet Britten professed himself ‘thrilled’ by a 1934 broadcast of Welsh folksongs arranged by Grace Williams.

Both Britten and Pears long admired Percy Grainger’s
treatment of folksongs, and Britten had met E J Moeran soon after the older man had completed his collection of some 150 Norfolk songs. Later Britten remembered how, when Moeran was living near Norwich in the early 1930s, the two became warm friends in spite of their twenty-year age difference. ‘His approach to music was passionately subjective’, Britten later recalled, ‘and his occasional amateur floundering came in for some rather bossy teenage criticisms from me—which he accepted gratefully and humbly.’ Britten was to take The Shooting of his Dear from Moeran’s published collection.

When, in 1936, Britten and Lennox Berkeley found themselves at the Barcelona Festival of the ISCM, literally at the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, they attended a festival of folk dances. ‘Oh—this native music!’ wrote Britten, and it was not long before the two young composers had arranged Catalan dances to produce their jointly composed suite Mont Juic. When Britten went to the USA he produced two further orchestral works that also use folksongs—Canadian Carnival and the Scottish Ballad for two pianos and orchestra. So in 1941 he was certainly a practised hand at dealing with traditional tunes. Later, at the end of his life, Britten’s last orchestral work was the Suite on English Folk Tunes, subtitled ‘A Time There Was’, Op 90, a quotation from Thomas Hardy’s poem ‘Before Life and After’ which years before he had set in Winter Words and dedicated to the memory of Percy Grainger.

So Britten’s music was framed in folksong, and it is clear it was not the songs about which he had reservations but the chauvinism implied in many composers’ use of national tunes. Writing on leaving the USA in 1942, he remarked: ‘Three years ago it seemed to me that a self-conscious wave of musical nationalism was sweeping this country, and I was sorry to see it . . . now, more than ever, nationalism is an anachronistic irrelevance.’

It seems likely that it was Peter Pears who first drew Britten’s attention to the possibility of English folksong arrangements as encores and endings to the concerts that he and Britten gave at the end of their time in America. This was when Britten was feeling very homesick, waiting for a passage back to England, and his preoccupations which ultimately led to the composition of Peter Grimes may well have sparked the first folksong settings when he had nothing else in view. In a letter to the conductor Albert Goldberg on 7 October 1941 Britten wrote: ‘I have arranged a few British folksongs which have been a ‘wow’ wherever performed so far!’ A concert at Grand Rapids, Michigan, on 26 November 1941 ended with a group of four—The Sally Gardens, The Bonny Earl o’ Moray, Little Sir William and Oliver Cromwell, while on 14 December that year the group was The Ash Grove, Twelve Days of Christmas, The Bonny Earl o’ Moray and The Crocodile, the second and fourth of which were never published and are not included here.

While the songs he arranged in America were all for Pears, Britten put together the second volume, of French songs, for Sophie Wyss. The Swiss soprano, sixteen years Britten’s senior, had been long domiciled in England when Britten first knew her. She sang the first performance of Britten’s Our Hunting Fathers in 1936 and later On this Island and, little by little, the Rimbaud songs which eventually became the cycle Les Illuminations. Wyss had had an important role in the establishment of Britten’s reputation, but by the time he returned from the USA he had, in a sense, outgrown her, for Pears had taken on her former role. Britten’s first recording of folksongs looked to the French songs and five of them were recorded by Britten and Wyss in May 1943 but their issue was delayed and Pears and Britten’s first recording, actually recorded the following January, appeared before just two of the French songs were issued in September 1944. The songs were dedicated to Wyss’s children, Arnold and Humphrey Gyde.

On returning to England, Britten and Pears gave recitals for CEMA and War Relief in 1942 and 1943, and the folksongs were pressed into service. Henceforth they became an established part of their repertoire and were among the works that attracted an audience at first potentially hostile on account of their pacifism. The publication of the first volume,
together with the appearance of the *Serenade for tenor, horn and strings*, marked 1943 as a turning point in the development of Britten’s public. In fact the folksong arrangements must have had a not insignificant role in establishing Britten with a wider audience. There were orchestral arrangements as well, and four of these had their first performance on 13 December 1942 at the Odeon Cinema, Southgate!

Gradually the songs that were to be published in 1947 in the third volume appeared in programmes, and certainly during 1945 *Sweet Polly Oliver*, *There’s none to soothe*, *The Plough Boy* and *The Foggy*, *Foggy Dew* featured at music clubs. In fact *The Foggy*, *Foggy Dew*, more than any other, really established Britten’s following with this audience, with its slightly risqué—indeed to some members of its first audiences scandalous—words. It was the perfect encore.

In 1940 Britten had published an article in the American journal *Modern Music* on ‘England and the Folk-Art Problem’ in which he remarked:

The chief attractions of English folksongs are the sweetness of the melodies, the close connection between words and music, and the quiet uneventful charm of the atmosphere. This uneventfulness however is part of the weakness of the tunes, which seldom have any striking rhythms or memorable melodic features. Like much of the English countryside they creep into the affections rather than take them by storm.⁷

**Volume 1**

When Britten came to select seven arrangements for a first volume, each song had a separate dedication reflecting his American friends in whose company they had been written and first performed. Although one or two later volumes have individual dedications, he gave no other folksongs this treatment. The dedications are as follows: *The Sally Gardens* to Clytie Mundy, Peter Pears’s singing teacher in the USA (born in Australia, she had sung for Beecham before emigrating to New York in 1920); *Little Sir William* to Dr William Mayer, the psychiatrist in whose house Britten and Pears stayed; *The Bonny Earl o’ Moray* to Mildred Titley, one of Mayer’s circle and also a doctor; *O can ye sew cushions?* to Meg Mundy, Clytie’s daughter; *The Trees they grow so high* to Bobby Rothman, the son of another American friend David Rothman, the owner of a hardware store near the Mayers; *The Ash Grove* and *Oliver Cromwell* to the Mayer children, Beata and Christopher.

In his first volume Britten offers one tune each from Ireland (*The Sally Gardens*) and Wales (*The Ash Grove*), two from Scotland (*The Bonny Earl o’ Moray*, *O can ye sew cushions?*) as well as two from Somerset (*Little Sir William*, *The trees they grow so high*) and a nursery rhyme from Suffolk (*Oliver Cromwell*). *The Sally Gardens* sets words by Yeats. *The trees they grow so high* would have been familiar in the 1930s from Patrick Hadley’s use of the tune in his ‘symphonic ballad’ *The Trees so High*. Cecil Sharp prints many variants of the tune. Britten appears to have used the one collected from Harry Richards at Curry Rivel, Somerset, on 28 and 29 July 1904, though Britten’s words are a slight variant again.

Pears has indicated that Britten ‘wanted to recreate these melodies with their texts for concert performance, to make them art-songs . . . he therefore takes the tune as if he had written it himself and thinks himself back as to how he would turn it into a song’⁸. Some contemporary commentators were disconcerted by Britten’s treatment of *The Beggar’s Opera* in 1948, itself a collection of traditional tunes, and it is a similar freshness that is felt here. They have become songs by Britten and his signature is in almost every bar. The piano parts are miracles of invention and imagination, and this is underlined in the orchestral versions. *The Sally Gardens* is a typical example, remarkably simply realised, the left-hand figure and the telling modulation on the word ‘foolish’ intensifying the lover’s regret. The apparently independent counter-melody in *The Ash Grove*, the suggestion of pipes and the death march in the funereal *The Bonny Earl o’ Moray*, all establish the canvas on which the song is played out, but are not always
accompaniments in the conventional sense. Percy Grainger wanted his folksong arrangements to be intensely passionate; ‘piercingly’ is one of his markings. Britten follows in that tradition, but uses infinitely sparer and more precisely targeted means.

Volume 2
The second set are French traditional tunes, some of them familiar. English translations by Iris Rogers were provided in the published score, which Pears would sometimes sing. Again the piano parts intensify the story being told. In Fileuse the fast figuration evokes the spinning-wheel as the singer broods on her youth beyond recall, while Le roi s’en va-t’en chasse (The King is gone a-hunting) is filled with horns calling, and the set finishes on a rowdy note with the flat-footed ländler of Quand j’étais chez mon père.

Britten appears to have conceived his second collection of folksongs for Wyss as a set, unlike most of the others which were collected by degrees. Page numbers appear on the manuscript which suggest Britten was selecting from one specific source, though the source has not been identified. These folksong arrangements were written late in 1942 and published in 1946. The first time that the French folksongs were sung as a set may have been at a National Gallery Concert on 15 March 1943.

Volume 3
Dedicated to Joan Cross after the successes of Peter Grimes and The Rape of Lucretia, the third collection of folksongs starts not with a traditional tune but with William Shield’s (1748–1829) well-known setting of The Plough Boy written with piccolo solo for John O’Keeffe’s The Farmer. Here Britten’s opening tune, high on the piano—echoing Shield’s piccolo—exactly sets the mood. Sometimes Britten takes a feature from the tune and makes it into the accompaniment, as in The Ash Grove or Come you not from Newcastle?; elsewhere he uses the whole tune in canon with the voice, as in Sweet Polly Oliver.

John Hullah’s The Song Book was a favourite source for Britten in making these arrangements and the Scottish song There’s none to sooth, with its overtones of Victorian ballad, and The Miller of Dee come from this source. In the latter the conventional sound of the mill-race in the rushing accompaniment is made striking by the constant opposition of E flat against the E natural of the vocal line.

O Waly, Waly is a Somerset folksong collected by Cecil Sharp, though Britten’s version does not exactly equate with the three versions published by Sharp and the words appear to be a conflation of two of them. The song is found in several earlier printed sources. Britten’s accompaniment contrasts the lover’s predicament with the inexorable impersonality of the sea.

Britten and Pears used to programme four of these arrangements under the title Four Old English Characters—Sally in our Alley, The Plough Boy, Dibdin’s Tom Bowling (not collected in the folksong sets) and The Lincolnshire Poacher.

Volume 4
This volume was dedicated to Anthony Gishford, best known to most Britten enthusiasts as the editor of the Festschrift A Tribute to Benjamin Britten on his Fiftieth Birthday. Gishford, who was a director of Britten’s then publishers Boosey & Hawkes from 1947 to 1958, had a long association with the composer. The fourth volume is devoted to the Irish poet and musician Thomas Moore (1779–1852). Britten contributed the following prefatory note: ‘All the texts of these songs are from Thomas Moore’s Irish Melodies published between 1808 and 1834—in one case from the slightly later National Melodies. In most instances I have also taken the tunes from the same sources (music arranged by Sir John Stevenson); however, in a few cases I have preferred to go back to Bunting’s Ancient Music of Ireland, which had in the first place inspired Tom Moore to write his lyrics.’

They appear to date from 1957 and 1958. Two (The Minstrel Boy and How sweet the answer) were performed at
the Kammermusiksaal, Graz, by Pears and Britten on 24 April 1957, yet when a group of five were sung at a Victoria and Albert Museum Gallery Chamber Concert on 26 January 1958 they were announced as a ‘first performance’. They were later sung at Cecil Sharp House to mark the Diamond Jubilee of the Folk Song Society.

**Volume 5**

Britten’s sources in this set are not entirely taken from folk music. While *The Brisk Young Widow* was again collected by Cecil Sharp (from George Radford at Bridgewater Union, Somerset, on 22 August 1905), *Sally in our Alley*, with words and music by Henry Carey (c.1689–1743), is not true folk music, and *Ca’ the yowes* sets words by Robert Burns. *The Lincolnshire Poacher* and *Early one morning* are familiar folksongs, the latter already used by Britten in his 1936 film score, and may well have come from a school compilation of folksongs. The contrast between *The Lincolnshire Poacher* with its galloping accompaniment and the poised stillness of *Early one morning* is striking.

The economy of means needed by Britten to make his point in the earlier folksong arrangements was remarkable. In the later sets his economy of gesture is even more striking, reflecting Britten’s world in the late 1950s. As Hugh Wood once remarked about them, ‘a cold wind is blowing over the garden’.

**Volume 6**

In the late 1950s Julian Bream emerged as the leading player of both lute and guitar and accompanied Pears in Dowland and other songwriters of his period. Britten composed for him the *Songs from the Chinese* and a selection of folksong encores eventually collected in Volume 6. The sources for these settings are varied. The Dorset folksong *I will give my love an apple* is taken from Hammond and Vaughan Williams’s *Folksongs for Schools*. The middle three were collected by Cecil Sharp: *Sailor-boy* is from Sharp’s *Seventeen Nursery Songs from the Appalachian Mountains*; the Somerset folksong *Master Kilby* from Sharp’s *Folksongs for Schools* and *The Soldier and the Sailor* is in Cecil Sharp’s *Collection of English Folksongs* which tells us it was sung by Shepherd Haden at Bampton, Oxfordshire, 21 August 1909. To place it in the 1950s Britten changes ‘King’ to ‘Queen’ in the third and fourth verses. For *Bonny at Morn* Britten looked to W G Whittaker’s *North Country Folksongs*. Finally *The Shooting of his Dear*, a folksong of great significance to E J Moeran, is taken from the latter’s *Six Norfolk Folksongs* first published in 1924.

The guitar accompaniments are totally idiomatically conceived for the instrument, from the intoxicating dancing guitar in *Sailor-boy* to the merest whisper of figuration so evocative in *Master Kilby*. In *The Shooting of his Dear* all memories of Moeran’s harmonisation are instantly banished by the guitar’s punchy chords and the eerie murmuring of the guitar demi-semi-quavers in the final verse.

At a recital at the 1958 Aldeburgh Festival, on 17 June, Pears and Julian Bream rounded off a recital which included the first performance of Britten’s *Songs from the Chinese* with three of these: *The Shooting of his Dear*, *Master Kilby* and *The Soldier and the Sailor*. The songs were published in 1961.

**Eight Folk Song Arrangements**

The *Eight Folk Song Arrangements* of 1976 are taken from varied sources and are informed by the varied colouring of a harp part written for a virtuoso. *Lord! I married me a wife* is another song collected by Cecil Sharp in the USA, as *Rain and Snow*, and was sung by Mrs Tom Rice at Big Laurel, North Carolina, on 18 August 1916, from *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*. Still in North America, *She’s like the swallow* is a Newfoundland song adapted from a song sung by John Hunt at Dunville, Placentia Bay, on 8 July 1930.

*Lemady* was sung by Robert Beadle at Stoup Brow, Whitby, Yorkshire, in September 1911, the music noted by Clive Carey, the words by Mary Neal. This was published in the *Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song Society* from 1899 and the source of a vast number of folksongs. *Bonny at Morn* is a
Northumbrian tune taken from W G Whittaker’s *North Countrie Ballads, Songs and Pipe Tunes* who in turn took it from *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* published in 1885.

*I was lonely and forlorn* sets English words by Osian Ellis to the traditional Welsh tune ‘Bugeilio’r Gwenith Minstrelsis’ which was collected by Maria Jane Williams of Aberpergwm and published in *Ancient National Airs of Gwent and Morgannwg*. Still in Wales, the well-known tune *David of the White Rock* is taken from the mid-Victorian collection by the proponent of school singing, John Hullah, to whose *The Song Book* Britten had had recourse in earlier settings. The melody is by David Owen (1709–1739) published in *Musical and Poetical Relicks of the Welsh Bards* in 1784. To the Welsh words by Ceiriog, Osian Ellis has added a second verse. The English words come from Hullah.

*The False Knight upon the road* is another song from the Appalachians, sung by Mrs T G Coates at Flag Pond, Tennessee, on 1 September 1916, and published in Sharp’s collection cited above. Finally, *Bird Scarer’s Song* is another from *Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song Society* and had been collected by Cecil Sharp (No 266B in Sharp’s Collection) from the singing of Mr John Parnell at East Harptree, Somerset, on 16 April 1904.

Viewed as a whole, Britten’s folksong arrangements, covering as they do not only all the countries of the British Isles but also France, are remarkable as much for their renewal of tradition as for the personality of their arranger. Indeed, as in the case of Percy Grainger’s arrangements, for many of them ‘composer’ might be a better word.

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1 *Letters from a Life*, I p 455
2 *From Parry to Britten*, p 179
3 Aldeburgh Festival Programme, 1973
4 *Letters from a Life*, I p 425
5 *Modern Music*, 1942
6 *Letters from a Life*, II p 983
7 *Modern Music*, 1940
8 Peter Pears, as quoted by Headington, p 74, without indication of source
9 The full text of Britten’s short introduction to Volume 4

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1 The Sally Gardens
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
Down by the Sally gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the Sally 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 did 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.

2 Little Sir William
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
Easter day was a holiday
Of all days in the year,
And all the little schoolfellows went out to play
But Sir William was not there.
Mamma went to the Jew’s wife house
And knockèd at the ring,
Saying, ‘Little Sir William, if you are there,
Pray let your mother in’.
The Jew’s wife open’d the door and said:
‘He is not here today.
He is with the little schoolfellows out on the green
Playing some pretty play’.
Mamma went to the Boyne water
That is so wide and deep,
Saying, ‘Little Sir William, if you are there,
Oh pity your mother’s weep’.
‘How can I pity your weep, mother,
And I so long in pain?
For the little pen knife sticks close to my heart
And the Jew’s wife hath me slain.
‘Go home, go home, my mother dear,
And prepare my winding sheet,
For tomorrow morning before eight o’clock,
You with my body shall meet.
‘And lay my Prayer Book at my head,
And my grammar at my feet,
That all the little schoolfellows as they pass by
May read them for my sake’.

3 The Bonny Earl o’ Moray
LORNA ANDERSON soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
Ye Hielands and ye Low-lands,
O where hae ye been?
Thay hae slain the Earl o’ Moray,
And laid him on the green.
He was a braw gallant
And he rade at the ring;
And the bonnie Earl o’ Moray . .
He might have been a king.
O wae tae ye, Huntley,
And where-fore did ye sae?
I bade ye bring him wi’ you
And forbade ye him to slay.
He was a braw gallant
And he played at the glove;
And the bonnie Earl o’ Moray . .
He was the Queen’s love.
O lang will his Lady
Look frae the Castle Doune,
Ere she see the Earl o’ Moray
Come sound-in’ thru’ the toon . .

4 O can ye sew cushions?
LORNA ANDERSON soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
O can ye sew cushions and can ye sew sheets,
And can ye sing ballulow when the bairn greets?
And hie and baw, birdie, and hie and baw, lamb,
And hee and baw, birdie, my bonnie wee lamb.
I’ve placed my cradle on yon hilly top,
And aye as the wind blew my cradle did rock.
O hush-a-by, babie, O baw lily loo,
And hee and baw, birdie, my bonnie wee doo.
Hie-o, wie-o, what will I do wi’ ye?
Black’s the life that I lead wi’ ye,
Many o’ you, little for to gi’ ye,
Hie-o, wie-o, what will I do wi’ ye?
The trees they grow so high
LORNA ANDERSON soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
The trees they grow so high and the leaves they do grow green,
And many a cold winter’s night my love and I have seen.
Of a cold winter’s night, my love, you and I alone have been,
Whilst my bonny boy is young, he’s a-growing.
Growing, growing,
Whilst my bonny boy is young, he’s a-growing.
O father, dearest father, you’ve done to me great wrong,
You’ve tied me to a boy when you know he is too young.
O daughter, dearest daughter, if you wait a little while,
A lady you shall be while he’s growing.
Growing, growing,
A lady you shall be while he’s growing.
I’ll send your love to college all for a year or two,
And then in the meantime he will do for you;
I’ll buy him white ribbons, tie them round his bonny waist
To let the ladies know that he’s married.
Married, married,
To let the ladies know that he’s married.
I went up to the college and I looked over the wall,
Saw four-and-twenty gentlemen playing at bat and ball.
I called for my true love, but they would not let him come,
All because he was a young boy and growing.
Growing, growing,
All because he was a young boy and growing.
At the age of sixteen, he was a married man,
And at the age of seventeen he was father to a son,
And at the age of eighteen the grass grew over him.
Cruel death soon put an end to his growing.
Growing, growing,
Cruel death soon put an end to his growing.
And now my love is dead and in his grave doth lie.
The green grass grows o’er him so very, very high.
I’ll sit and I’ll mourn his fate until the day I die,
And I’ll watch all o’er his child while he’s growing.
Growing, growing,
And I’ll watch all o’er his child while he’s growing.

The Ash Grove
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
When twilight is fading, I pensively rove,
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash-grove.
’Twas there while the blackbird was joyfully singing,
I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart;
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing,
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.
Still glows the bright sunshine o’er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird his note from the tree,
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain;
But what are the beauties of nature to me?
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
All day I go mourning in search of my love.
Ye echoes, O tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
She sleeps ’neath the green turf down by the Ash-grove.

Oliver Cromwell
LORNA ANDERSON soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
Oliver Cromwell lay buried and dead,
Hee-haw, buried and dead,
There grew an old apple-tree over his head,
Hee-haw, over his head.
The apples were ripe and ready to fall,
Hee-haw, ready to fall,
There came an old woman to gather them all,
Hee-haw, gather them all.
Oliver rose and gave her a drop,
Hee-haw, gave her a drop,
Which made the old woman go hippety hop,
Hee-haw, hippety hop.
The saddle and bridle, they lie on the shelf,
Hee-haw, lie on the shelf,
If you want any more you can sing it yourself,
Hee-haw, sing it yourself.
La Noël passée
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano

La Noël passée, povret orphelin.
Ma goule affamée, n’avait plus de pain ...
M’en fus sous fenestre du bon Roy Henry,
Et lui dis « Mon Maistre, oyez ... bien ceci ».

Prenez vos musettes et vos épinettes
Jésus, cette nuit, s’est fait tout petit.
En cette nuitée, au vieux temps jadis.
Naquit en Judée, un de mes amis ... 
Avait pour couchette une crèche en bois,
Et dans la povrette des ramas de pois.
Et de sa chambrette, oyant mon récit,
Avecque amourette le bon Roy sourit.
Prit en sa cassette deux écus dorés;
De sa main doucette me les a donnés.
Disant: « Petit ange, je suis content,
Afin que tu manges, voilà de l’argent ... 
Pour la douce France et son Roy Henry,
Prie avecque instance ton petit amy ! »

Voici le printemps
LORNA ANDERSON soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano

Voici le printemps qui passe ; « Bonjour, tisserand, bonjour ! 
Ami, cède-moi ta place, j’en ai besoin pour un jour.
C’est moi qui fais la toilette
Des bois, des prés et des fleurs.
Donne vite ta navette;
Tu sais qu’on m’attend ailleurs ».

Voici le printemps qui passe ; « Bonjour, mon peintre, bonjour ! 
Ta main s’obstine et se lasse, a faire un semblant du jour.
Donne vite ta palette,
Ta palette et ton pinceau.
Tu vas voir le ciel en fête
Rajeunir dans mon tableau ».

One Christmas I’m starving, the orphan child said,
And never a farthing, to buy me some bread ...
I went to the window of good King Henry,
And said to him, ‘My Lord, listen to this well’.

Set your pipes ringing and your spinets,
Jesus, tonight, is born.

For this very evening in days long gone by,
Was born in Judea, a child such as I ...
He lay in a manger, his cradle of wood,
To guard him from danger an ox by him stood.

And in his chamber, on hearing my story,
For jubilation the good King he smiled;
He took from a casket two golden crowns,
And his kind hand gave them to me.

He said: ‘Little angel, it is my will,
That you never go hungry, here is some gold ...
For sweet France and King Henry
spend it by right, my little friend!’

Here is the Spring passing by; ‘Good day, weaver, good day!
My friend, lend me your chair, I need it for a day.
I am he who cleanses
The woods, the meadows and the flowers.
Quickly, lend me your shuttle;
I am awaited elsewhere, you know.’

Here is the Spring passing by; ‘Good day, painter, good day!
Your labouring hand wearies as it makes a likeness of the day.
Quickly, lend me your palette,
Your palette and your brush.
You will see the festive sky
Revitalized in my picture.’
Voici le printemps qui passe ; « Bonjour, fillettes, bonjour !
Donnez vos fuseaux, de grâce, que je travaille à mon tour.
J’ai promis sous les charmilles
Ma laine aux nids d’alentour.
Je vous dirai, jeunes filles,
Où se niche aussi l’amour ».

Here is the Spring passing by; ‘Good day, maidens, good day!
Lend me your spindles, I implore you, that I in turn may work.
Under the arbours I promised
My wool to the nests round about.
I will tell you, O maidens,
The place where love also nestles.’

10 Fileuse
LORNA ANDERSON soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano

Lorsque j’étais jeunette, je gardais les moutons,
Tirouli, tiroula, tirouli, tiroulou, Tirouli, tiroula, tirouli, rouli, roule.

N’étais jamais seullette à songer par les monts.
Mais d’autres bergerettes avec moi devisaient.
Parfois de sa musette un berger nous charmait.
Il nous faisait des rondes, joli’ rondes d’amour.
Mais me voilà vieille, reste seule toujours.

When I was a young girl I tended the sheep,
I never dreamt in solitude upon the mountainside.
But other young shepherdesses would talk with me.
Sometimes a shepherd would play the pipes for our delight.
He would play pretty love dances for us.
Yet now I am old, and still on my own.

11 Le roi s’en va-t’en chasse
LORNA ANDERSON soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano

Le roi s’en va-t’en chasse, dans le bois des Bourbons,
Mon aimable bergère, dans les bois des Bourbons,
Bergère Nanon.

Ne trouve rien en chasse, ni cailles, ni pigeons,
Mon aimable bergère, ni cailles, ni pigeons.
Bergère Nanon.

Rencontre une bergère qui dormait dans les joncs,
Mon aimable bergère, qui dormait dans les joncs,
Bergère Nanon.

« Voulez vous être reine, dedans mes beaux donjons ?
Mon aimable bergère, dedans mes beaux donjons,
Bergère Nanon ?

« Vous aurez des carrosses et de l’or à faison,
Mon aimable bergère, et de l’or à faison,
Bergère Nanon.

« Et cour de grandes dames, de ducs et de barons,
Mon aimable bergère, de ducs et de barons,
Bergère Nanon. »

The king goes hunting, in the woods of Bourbons,
My adorable shepherdess, in the woods of Bourbons,
Shepherdess Nanon.

He finds nothing out hunting, not a quail, not a pigeon,
My adorable shepherdess not a quail, not a pigeon,
Shepherdess Nanon.

He meets a shepherdess who sleeps in the rushes,
My adorable shepherdess, who sleeps in the rushes.
Shepherdess Nanon.

‘Would you like to be a queen, in my fine castles?
My adorable shepherdess, in my fine castles,
Shepherdess Nanon?

‘You would have carriages and quite enough gold,
My adorable shepherdess, and quite enough gold,
Shepherdess Nanon.

‘And a court of stately ladies, of dukes and of barons,
My adorable shepherdess, of dukes and of barons,
Shepherdess Nanon.’
« Merci, merci, beau Sire, mais j’aime un pauv’ garçon,
Qui aime sa bergère. mais j’aime un pauv’ garçon,
Qui aime Nanon! »

‘Thank you, thank you, good Sir, but I love a humble boy,
Who loves his shepherdess, but I love a humble boy,
Who loves Nanon!’

12 La belle est au jardin d’amour
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano

La belle est au jardin d’amour,
Il y a un mois ou cinq semaines.
Laridondon, laridondaine.
Son père la cherche partout,
Son amoureux qui est en peine.
« Berger berger, n’as tu point vu,
Passer ici celle que j’aime? »
« Elle est là-bas dans ce vallon,
A un oiseau conte ses peines. »
Le bel oiseau s’est envolé,
Et le chagrin bien loin emmène.

Beauty is in the garden of love,
There she has lain for a month or five weeks.
Laridondon, laridondaine.
Her father seeks her everywhere,
Her lover is broken-hearted.
‘Shepherd, O shepherd, have you not seen,
My beloved pass by here?’
‘She is down in yonder valley,
Recounting her woes to a bird.’
The beautiful bird has flown,
And sorrow carries him far away.

13 Il est quelqu’un sur terre
LORNA ANDERSON soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano

Il est quelqu’un sur terre, va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train, et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
Il est dans la vallée, va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train, et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
Il est dans la vallée, un moulin près du pont.
L’amour y moud’ sa graine, va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train, et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
L’amour y moud’ sa graine, tant que le jour est long.
La nuit vers les étoiles, va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train, et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
La nuit vers les étoiles, Soupire sa chanson.
La rou’ s’y est brisée. Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train, et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
La rou’ s’y est brisée. Finie est la chanson.

There is someone in the world, turn, little wheel!
Gently turn, go your way, and whisper your sweet refrain,
There is someone in the world to whom my dreams incline.

There is in the valley, turn, little wheel!
Gently turn, go your way, and whisper your sweet refrain,
There is in the valley, a windmill by the bridge.

Love grinds the barley there, turn, little wheel!
Gently turn, go your way, and whisper your sweet refrain,
Love grinds the barley there, for as long as is the day.

Night turns towards the stars, turn, little wheel!
Gently turn, go your way, and whisper your sweet refrain,
Night turns towards the stars, and sings her song.

The wheel there is broken. Turn, little wheel!
Gently turn, go your way, and whisper your sweet refrain,
The wheel there is broken. The song is at an end.
14  **Eho! Eho!**
LORNA ANDERSON soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano

Eho! Eho! Eho! Les agneaux vont aux plaines,
Eho! Eho! Eho! Et les loups vont aux bois.

Tant qu’aux bords des fontaines ou dans les frais ruisseaux,
Les blancs moutons s’y baignent, y dansant au pré-au.

Mais queuq’-fois par vingtaine y s’éloign’ des troupeaux,
Pour aller sous les chênes, aux herbagens nouveaux.

Et les ombres lointaines leur-z’y cach’ leurs bourreaux,
Malgré leurs plaintes vaines, les loups mang’ les agneaux.

T’es mon agneau, ma reine. Les grand’ vill’ c’est le bois,
Par ainsi Madeleine, t’en vas pas loin de moi!

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15  **Quand j’étais chez mon père**
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano

Quand j’étais chez mon père,
apprenti pastoureau,
il m’a mis dans la lande,
pour garder les troupiaux.

Troupiaux, troupiaux,
je n’en avais guère.
Troupiaux, troupiaux,
je n’en avais biaux.

Mais je n’en avais guère,
je n’avais qu’ trois agneaux;
et le loup de la plaine
m’a mangé le plus biau.

Il était si vorace
n’a laissé que la piau,
N’a laissé que la queue,
pour mettre à mon chapiau.

Mais des os de la bête
me fis un chalumiau
pour jouer à la fete,
à la fêt’ du hamiau.

Pour fair’ danser l’village,
dessous le grand ormiau,
et les jeun’s et les vieilles,
les pieds dans les sabiots.

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**Eho! Eho! Eho! The lambs go to the plains,**
**Eho! Eho! Eho! and the wolves go to the woods.**

**Just by the fountains or in the fresh brooks,**
**The white sheep bathe, gamboling in the meadow.**

**But sometimes some twenty go some way from the flocks**
**To wander under the oaks to pastures new.**

**And the distant shadows hide their executioners within,**
**Despite the futile cries, the wolves devour the lambs.**

**You are my lamb, my queen. The wood is big cities**
**Just like the Madeleine, do not stray far from me!**

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**When I lived with my father**
**As an apprentice shepherd,**
**He sent me to the moor**
**To look after the sheep.**

Sheep, sheep,
I had but a few.
Sheep, sheep,
I had none that were bonny.

No, I had but a few,
I had but three lambs;
And the wolf from the plain
Ate the finest of those.

He was so ravenous
He left only the pelt,
He left only the tail
To put on my hat.

But the bones of the animal
Made me a pipe
To play at the fair,
At the village fair.

So the village could dance
Beneath the great elm,
Young women and old
With clogs on their feet.
16 The Plough Boy
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano

A flaxen-headed cowboy, as simple as may be,
And next a merry plough boy, I whistled o’er the lea;
But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
And soon I’ll be a butler, and whey my jolly face.

When steward I’m promoted I’ll snip the tradesmen’s bill,
My master’s coffers empty, my pockets for to fill.
When lolling in my chariot so great a man I’ll be,
You’ll forget the little plough boy who whistled o’er the lea.

I’ll buy votes at elections, and when I’ve made the pelf,
I’ll stand poll for the parliament, and then vote in myself.
Whatever’s good for me, sir, I never will oppose:
When all my ayes are sold off, why then I’ll sell my noes.

I’ll joke, harangue and paragraph, with speeches charm the ear,
And when I’m tired on my legs, then I’ll sit down a peer.
In court or city honour so great a man I’ll be,
You’ll forget the little plough boy who whistled o’er the lea.

17 There’s none to soothe
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano

There’s none to soothe my soul to rest,
There’s none my load of grief to share,
Or wake to joy this lonely breast,
Or light the gloom of dark despair.

The voice of joy no more can cheer,
The look of love no more can warm
Since mute for aye’s that voice so dear,
And closed that eye alone could charm.

18 Sweet Polly Oliver
LORNA ANDERSON soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano

As sweet Polly Oliver lay musing in bed,
A sudden strange fancy came into her head.
‘Nor father nor fancy shall make me false prove,
I’ll list as a soldier, and follow my love.’

So early next morning she softly arose
And dressed herself up in her dead brother’s clothes.
She cut her hair close and she stained her face brown,
And went for a soldier to fair London Town.

Then up spoke the sergeant one day at his drill.
‘Now who’s good for nursing? A captain, he’s ill.’
‘I’m ready,’ said Polly. To nurse him she’s gone,
And finds it’s her true love all wasted and wan.

The first week the doctor kept shaking his head,
‘No nursing, young fellow, can save him,’ he said.
But when Polly Oliver had nursed him back to life,
He cried, ‘You have cherished him as if you were his wife’.

Oh, then Polly Oliver, she burst into tears
And told the good doctor her hopes and her fears,
And very shortly after, for better or for worse,
The captain took joyfully his pretty soldier nurse.

19 The Miller of Dee
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano

There was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sung from morn till night,
no lark more blithe than he.

And this the burden of his song for ever used to be:
‘I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.
‘I love my mill, she is to me like parent, child and wife,
I would not change my station for any other in life.

Then push, push, push the bowl, my boys,
and pass it round to me,
The longer we sit here and drink, the merrier we shall be.’

So sang the jolly miller, who lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sung from morn till night,
no lark more blithe than he.

And this the burden of his song for ever used to be:
‘I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me.’

20 The Foggy, Foggy Dew
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano

When I was a bachelor I lived all alone and worked at the weaver’s trade
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong, was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the winter time, and in the summer too …
And the only, only thing I did that was wrong was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.
One night she came to my bedside when I lay fast asleep,
She laid her head upon my bed and she began to weep.
She sighed, she cried, she damn’d near died, she said:
‘What shall I do?’
So I hauled her into bed and I covered up her head,
just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.
Oh, I am a bachelor and I live with my son, and we work at
the weaver’s trade.
And ev’ry single time that I look into his eyes, he reminds me
of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the winter time, and of the summer too,
And of the many, many times that I held her in my arms,
just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

O Waly, Waly
LORNA ANDERSON soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
The water is wide, I cannot get o’er,
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.
Oh, down in the meadows the other day
A-gath’ring flowers both fine and gay,
A-gath’ring flowers both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.
I leaned my back up against some oak,
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;
But first he bended, and then he broke,
And so did my false love to me.
A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
She’s loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I’m in:
I know not if I sink or swim.
Oh, love is handsome and love is fine,
And love’s a jewel while it is new,
But when it is old, it groweth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

Come you not from Newcastle?
LORNA ANDERSON soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
Come you not from Newcastle?
Come you not there away?
Oh, met you not my true love,
Riding on a bonny bay?
Why should I not love my love?
Why should not my love love me?
Why should I not speed after him,
Since love to all is free?

The Brisk Young Widow
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
In Chester town there liv’d
A brisk young widow.
For beauty and fine clothes
None could excel her.
She was proper stout and tall,
Her fingers long and small,
She’s a comely dame withall,
She’s a brisk young widow.
A lover soon there came,
A brisk young farmer,
With his hat turn’d up all round,
Seeking to gain her.
‘My dear, for love of you
This wide world I’d go through
If you will but prove true
You shall wed a farmer.’
Says she: ‘I’m not for you
Nor no such fellow.
I’m for a lively lad
With lands and riches,
’Tis not your hogs and yowes
Can maintain furbelows,
My silk and satin clothes
Are all my glory’.
‘O madam, don’t be coy
For all your glory,
For fear of another day
And another story.
If the world on you should frown
Your top-knot must come down
To a Lindsey-woolsey gown.
Where is then your glory?’
At last there came that way
A sooty collier,
With his hat bent down all round,
And soon he did gain her:
Whereat the farmer swore,
‘The widow’s mazed, I’m sure.
I’ll never court no more
A brisk young widow!’

24 Sally in our Alley
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
Of all the girls that are so smart
There’s none like Pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart
And lives in our alley.
There’s ne’er a lady in the land
That’s half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart
And lives in our alley.
Of all the days within the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that’s the day that comes between
A Saturday and Monday,
For then I’m dressed in all my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart
And lives in our alley.
When she is by I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely:
My master comes like any Turk
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his bellyful
I’ll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart
And lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart
And lives in our alley.
My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I’d better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh, then I’ll marry Sally;
Oh, then we’ll wed and then we’ll bed,
But not in our alley.

25 The Lincolnshire Poacher
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
When I was bound apprentice in famous Lincolnshire,
Full well I served my master for more than seven year
Till I took up to poaching as you will quickly hear;
O ’tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.
As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
’Twas there we spied the game-keeper, for him we did not care,
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump o’er anywhere;
O ’tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.
As me and my companions were setting four or five,
And taking on ’em up again, we caught a hare alive,
We took the hare alive, my boys, and thro’ the woods did steer,
O ’tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.
I threw him on my shoul’dier, and then we trudgèd home,
We took him to a neighbour’s house, and sold him for a crown,
We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not tell you where,
O ’tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.
Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare,
Bad luck to every game-keeper that will not sell his deer,
O ’tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.
Early one morning
LORNA ANDERSON soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing in the valley below;
‘O don’t deceive me, O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?
‘O gay is the garland, fresh are the roses
I’ve culled from the garden to bind on thy brow.
O don’t deceive me, O do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?
‘Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
Remember the bow’r where you vow’d to be true;
O don’t deceive me, O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?’
Thus sung the poor maiden, her sorrow bewailing,
Thus sung the poor maid in the valley below;
‘O don’t deceive me! O do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?’

Ca’ the yowes
LORNA ANDERSON soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
Ca’ the yowes to the knowes,
Ca’ them where the heather growes,
Ca’ them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.
Hark the mavis evening sang,
Sounden Clouden’s woods amang;
Then a-folding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.
We’ll gang down by Clouden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide
O’er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.
Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stol’n my very heart;
I can die but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

I will give my love an apple
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, CRAIG OGDEN guitar
I will give my love an apple without e’er a core,
I will give my love a house without e’er a door,
I will give my love a palace wherein she may be,
And she may unlock it without any key.
My head is the apple without e’er a core,
My mind is the house without e’er a door,
My heart is the palace wherein she may be,
And she may unlock it without any key.

Sailor-boy
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, CRAIG OGDEN guitar
We go walking on the green grass
Thus, thus, thus,
Come all you pretty fair maids,
Come walk along with us.
So pretty and so fair
As you take yourself to be,
I’ll choose you for a partner,
Come walk along with me.
I would not be a blacksmith
That smuts his nose and chin,
I’d rather be a sailor-boy
That sails thro’ the wind.
Sailor-boy, sailor-boy,
Sailor-boy for me,
If ever I get married
A sailor’s wife she’ll be.

Master Kilby
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, CRAIG OGDEN guitar
In the heat of the day
When the sun shines so freely,
There I met Master Kilby,
So fine and so gay.
Then I pull’d off my hat
And I bowed to the ground
And I said: ‘Master Kilby,
Pray where are you bound?’
'I am bound for the West,
There in hopes to find rest,
And in Nancy’s soft bosom
I will build a new nest.

‘And if I were the master
Of ten thousand pounds
All in gay gold and silver
Or in King William’s crowns.

‘I would part with it all
With my own heart so freely,
But it’s all for the sake
Of my charming Nancy.

‘She’s the fairest of girls,
She’s the choice of my own heart,
She is painted like wax-work
In every part’.

4 The Soldier and the Sailor
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, CRAIG OGDEN guitar

As the soldier and the sailor
Was a-walking one day,
Said the soldier to the sailor:
‘I’ve a mind for to pray.’
‘Pray on then,’ said the sailor,
‘Pray on once again,
And whatever you do pray for,
I will answer ‘Amen’.’

‘Now the first thing I’ll pray for,
I’ll pray for the Queen,
That she have peace and plenty
All the days of her reign,
And where she got one man
I wish she had ten;
And never want for an Army.’
Said the sailor, ‘Amen’.

‘Now the next thing I’ll pray for,
I’ll pray for the Queen,
That she have peace and plenty
All the days of her reign,
And where she got one ship
I wish she had ten;
And never want for a Navy.’
Said the sailor, ‘Amen’.

5 Bonny at Morn
LORNA ANDERSON soprano, CRAIG OGDEN guitar

The sheep’s in the meadows,
The kye’s in the corn,
Thou’s ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.

Canny at night, bonny at morn,
Thou’s ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.

The bird’s in the nest,
The trout’s in the burn,
Thou hinders thy mother
In many a turn.

We’re all laid idle
Wi’ keeping the bairn,
The lad winnot work
And the lass winnot lairn.

6 The Shooting of his Dear
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, CRAIG OGDEN guitar

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

Then home went young Jimmy with his dog and his gun,
Saying, ‘Uncle, dear uncle, have you heard what I’ve done?
Cursed be that old gunsmith that made my old gun,
For I’ve shot my own true love in the room of a swan’.
Then out came bold uncle with his locks hanging grey,
Saying, ‘Jimmy, dear Jimmy, don’t you go away.
Don’t you leave your own country till the trial come on,
For you never will be hangèd for the shooting a swan’.

So the trial came on and pretty Polly did appear,
Saying, ‘Uncle, dear uncle, let Jimmy go clear,
For my apron was bound round me and he took me for a swan,
And his poor heart lay bleeding for Polly his own’.

7 **Lord! I married me a wife**
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, BRYN LEWIS harp

Lord! I married me a wife!
She gave me trouble all my life!
Made we work in the cold rain and snow.

8 **She’s like the swallow**
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, BRYN LEWIS harp

She’s like the swallow that flies so high,
She’s like the river that never runs dry,
She’s like the sunshine on the lee shore,
I love my love and love is no more.

It’s out of those roses she made a bed,
A stony pillow for her head.
She laid her down, no word did say,
Until this fair maid’s heart did break.

’Twas out in the garden this fair maid did go,
A-picking the beautiful prime-rose;
The more she pluck’d the more she pulled
Until she got her ape-ron full.

9 **Lemady**
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, BRYN LEWIS harp

One midsummer’s morn as I were a-walking
The fields and the meadows were coverèd with green,
The birds a-sweetly singing so pleasant and so charming,
So clearly in the morning by the break of the day.

Arise, arise, go pluck your love a posy
Of the prettiest flower that grows in yonder green,
O yes I’ll arise and pluck lilies, pink and roses
All for my dearest Lemady, the girl I adore.

O Lemady, O Lemady what a lovely lass thou art,
Thou art the fairest creature that ever my eye did see!
I’ll play you a tune all on the pipes of ivory
So early in the morning by the break of the day.

10 **Bonny at morn**
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, BRYN LEWIS harp

The sheep’s in the meadows,
The kye’s in the corn,
Thou’s ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.

*Canny at night, bonny at morn,*
*Thou’s ower lang in thy bed,*
*Bonny at morn.*

The bird’s in the nest,
The trout’s in the burn,
Thou hinder thy mother
In many a turn.

We’re all laid idle
Wi’ keeping the bairn,
The lad winnot work
And the lass winnot lairn.

11 **I was lonely and forlorn**
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, BRYN LEWIS harp

Mi sy’n fachgen i fanc ffôl
Yn caru’n ôl fy ffansi,
Myfi’n bugeilio’r gwenith gwyn,
Ac arall yn eifedi.

Pam na ddeui ar fy ôl
Rhyw ddydd ar ei gilydd?
Gwaith ’rwy’n dy weld, y feinir fach,
Yn lanach, lanach beunydd.

Tra bo dwr y môr yn hallt,
A thra bo ’ngwallt yn tyfu;
A thra bo calon yn fy mron,
Mi fyddai’n fyyddlon iti.
Dywed imi'r gwir heb gel,
A rho dan sêl d'atebion:
P'run ai myfi, ai arall, Gwen,
Sydd orau gen dy galon?

I was lonely and forlorn
Among the meadows mourning;
For I had wooed her oft and long,
Yet others reaped her loving.

Not to me this maid did come
To cure my painful yearning.
Yet I had watched, the fields among,
Her beauty and her blooming.

While the seas do ebb and flow
And minutes do not falter;
And while my heart beats in my breast,
My 'fliction ne'er will alter.

I'll ne'er kiss her cheeks so fair,
Nor feel her arms embracing:
For I had watched the ripening wheat,
Yet others reaped her loving.

12 David of the White Rock
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, BRYN LEWIS harp

‘Cariwch,’ medd Dafydd, ‘Fy nhelyn imi,
Ceisiaf cyn marw roi tân arni hi
Codwch fy nwylo i gyrraedd ytant;
Dyuw a’ch bendithio, fy ngweddd a’m plant.’

Llifai’r alawon o’r tanau yn lli,
Melys oedd ceiniau fy nhelyn imi.
Nid oes a ers o’r afaith a’r tân;
Gwywodd yr awen, a thwodd y gân.

‘Neithiwr mi glywais lais angel fel hyn:
“Dafydd, tyrd adref, a chana ttrwy’r glyn”.
Delyn fy mebyd! ffarwel i dy dant.
Dyuw a’ch bendithio, fy ngweddd a’m plant.’

13 The False Knight upon the road
LORNA ANDERSON soprano, BRYN LEWIS harp

The knight met the child in the road …

‘O where are you going to?’ said the knight in the road.
‘I am going to my school’, said the child as he stood.
He stood and he stood and it’s well because he stood.

‘I wish you was on the sands’, said the knight in the road.
‘I think I hear a bell’, said the knight in the road.

Near me, in silence, my harp lies unstrung,
Weak are my fingers, and falt’ring my tongue!
Tuneful companion, we parted must be;
Thou canst no longer bring comfort to me.
Yet ere we sever, thy master would fain
Swan-like expire in a last dying strain;
And when above him the cypress bough was,
Spirits shall murmur it over his grave.

Life and its follies are fading away,
Love hath departed, why then should I stay?
Cold is my pale cheek and furrowed with care,
Dim is my eyesight, and snow-white my hair.
14 Bird Scarer’s Song
JAMIE MacDOUGALL tenor, BRYN LEWIS harp
Shoo all ’er birds you be so black,
When I lay down to have a nap.
Shoo arlo birds.
Hi shoo all ’er birds!
Out of master’s ground into Tom Tucker’s ground,
Out of Tom Tucker’s ground into Luke Cole’s ground,
Out of Luke Cole’s ground into Bill Veater’s ground.
Shoo arlo birds. Ha! Ha!

15 Avenging and bright
REGINA NATHAN soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin
On him who the brave sons of Usna betrayed!
For ev’ry fond eye which he waken’d a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o’er her blade.
By the red cloud which hung over Conner’s dark dwelling,
When Ulad’s three champions lay sleeping in gore
By the billows of war which so often high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory’s shore!
We swear to avenge them! no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance be wreaked on the murderer’s head!
Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are our tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all.

16 Sail on, sail on
REGINA NATHAN soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark,
Wherever blows the welcome wind;
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each smiling billow seems to say,
‘Though death beneath our surface be,
Less cold we are, less false than they,
Whose smiling wrecked thy hopes and thee’.

Sail on, sail on, through endless space,
Through calm, through tempest, stop no more;
The stormiest sea’s a resting place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
Or if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet,
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

17 How sweet the answer
REGINA NATHAN soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night;
When rous’d by lute or horn she wakes
And far away, o’er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.
Yet love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e’er beneath the moonlight’s star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.
’Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then,
The sigh, that’s breath’d for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breath’d back again.

18 The Minstrel Boy
REGINA NATHAN soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone
In the ranks of death you’ll find him;
His father’s sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
‘Land of Song’, said the warrior bard,
‘Tho’ all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, this rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee’.
The Minstrel fell! but the foeman’s chain
Could not bring that proud soul under,
The harp he lov’d ne’er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, ‘No chain shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and brav’ry!
Thy song were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slav’ry’.

At the mid hour of night
REGINA NATHAN soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
At the mid hour of night when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lonely vale we lov’d when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think that if spirits can steal from the region of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight; thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember’d even in the sky.
Then I’ll sing the wild song, which once ‘twas rapture to hear,
When our voices, both mingling, breathed like one on the ear,
And, as Echo far off thro’ the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my love! ’tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls
Faintly answering still the notes which once were so dear!

Rich and rare
REGINA NATHAN soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But O her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and her snow-white wand.
‘Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, thro’ this bleak way?
Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?’
‘Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For, tho’ they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more!’
On she went and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever was she who relied
Upon Erin’s honour and Erin’s pride!

Dear Harp of my Country!
REGINA NATHAN soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o’er thee long;
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song!
The warm lay of love and the light tone of gladness
Have waken’d thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echo’d the deep sigh of sadness,
That e’en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.
Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine,
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch’d by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throb’d at our lay ’tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own!

Oft in the stilly night
REGINA NATHAN soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber’s chain has bound me,
Fond Mem’ry brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears of boyhood years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm’d and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber’s chain has bound me,
Sad Mem’ry brings the light
Of other days around me.
When I remember all
The friends, so link’d together,
I’ve seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber’s chain has bound me,
Sad Mem’ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

The Last Rose of Summer
REGINA NATHAN soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
’Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flow’r of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.
I’ll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o’er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie senseless and dead.
So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love’s shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither’d.
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

O the sight entrancing
REGINA NATHAN soprano, MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
O the sight entrancing,
When morning’s beam is glancing
O’er files array’d
With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing.
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet’s voice repeating
That song whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating.
Then if a cloud comes over
The brow of sire or lover,
Think ’tis the shade
By vict’ry made,
Whose wings right o’er us hover.
Yet ’tis not helm or feather
For ask yon despot whether
His plumèd bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need ’em
Adorn but man with freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead ’em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
’Tis mind alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever!
BRITTEN  L’intégrale des arrangements de chansons populaires

POUR LES AUDITEURS qui ne seraient pas familiers avec la vie de Britten, une brève esquisse de sa carrière replacera ces arrangements de chansons populaires dans leur contexte. Né à Lowestoft en 1913, fils du dentiste local, il est issu d’un milieu bourgeois de province et suit une scolarité privée. Il prend ses premiers cours particuliers de composition à treize ans avec le compositeur Frank Bridge, et entre à seize ans au Collège Royal de Musique de Londres où il est bientôt reconnu comme un talent précoce. Il n’a encore que dix-neuf ans lorsqu’il fait l’objet d’une note d’appréciation positive de la BBC.


Le dernier groupe, écrit pour la harpiste Osian Ellis, date de la dernière année de sa vie, alors qu’il était confiné à la chaise roulante. Arrangées au cours du printemps 1976, ces chansons font figure d’épilogue aux premiers arrangements, et ne furent publiées qu’en 1980. Britten composait toujours avec un exécutant particulier en tête, et ses arrangements de chansons populaires ne font pas exception à la règle. Tout d’abord écrits pour Pears et lui-même, et brièvement pour Sophie Wyss, ils devaient plus tard être destinés à Pears accompagné par une guitare—le compositeur trouvant une source d’inspiration dans l’art du guitariste Julian Bream—and plus tard encore à Osian Ellis.

Les collectionneurs de disques sont depuis longtemps fascinés par ce qui est sans doute le disque le plus introuvable de Britten, le « Quadrille irlandais » extrait de la musique qu’il écrivit pour le film Village Harvest (ou Around the Village Green)—un documentaire réalisé par Marion Grierson et Evelyn Spice pour l’Association britannique pour le Développement de l’Industrie et du Voyage en 1936. Le 21 octobre de cette année-là, Britten consigna dans son journal à propos de cette musique : « tous les arrangements de chants traditionnels et populaires (certains sont de Morean)—sont très attachant, et je dois admettre que mes versions ne sont pas mal du tout ». La musique comprend notamment Early one morning et The Plough Boy, deux chants que Britten inclura...
dans ses volumes d’arrangements de chansons populaires.

Cependant, malgré le cachet de ses traitements de chansons populaires, Britten, dans ses vingt ans, ne s’associera jamais avec ce qu’on appela la Folksong School, au point même de s’en détacher aussi nettement que possible. Frank Bridge, entre autres, l’avait sans doute imprégné d’un certain scepticisme à l’égard de cette approche de la musique, et il était assez opposé à la façon d’aborder la chanson populaire d’un Vaughan Williams, reprochant en particulier à celui-ci son amateurisme. Dans une lettre adressée à Grâce Williams en janvier 1935, Britten évoque les Cinq chansons mystiques de Vaughan Williams sur un ton incisif : « ce mysticisme ‹pi› et artificiel, allié ace que j’estime être une certaine incompétence technique, me met hors de moi … » Britten s’était néanmoins déclaré « électrisé » par la radio-diffusion, en 1934, d’une série de chansons populaires galloises arrangées par Grâce Williams.

Britten et Pears admiraient tous deux les arrangements de chansons populaires de Percy Grainger, et Britten avait fait la connaissance d’E J Moeran peu après que celui-ci eût achevé de compiler son recueil de quelque 150 chansons du Norfolk. Plus tard, Britten évoquera l’amitié qui lia les deux hommes dans les années 1930, alors que Moeran vivait près de Norwich, malgré la vingtaine d’années qui les séparaient. « Son approche de la musique était ardemment subjective », se souvint-il, « et ses rares barbotements d’amateur déclenchaient en moi des critiques d’adolescent autoritaire — qu’il acceptait avec reconnaissance et humilité ». Le compositeur devait retenir du recueil de Morean la chanson The Shooting of his Dear.

Lorsque Britten et Lennox Berkeley se retrouvèrent au festival de l’ISCM à Barcelone en 1936, au moment même où éclatait la guerre civile espagnole, ils assistèrent à un festival de danses folkloriques. « Oh — cette musique locale ! » écrivit Britten, et avant peu les deux jeunes compositeurs avaient arrangé les danses catalanes de leur suite Mont Juic, une œuvre composée conjointement. Britten devait écrire deux autres pièces orchestrales inspirées également de chansons populaires durant son séjour aux Etats-Unis — Canadian Carnival et la Ballade écossaise pour deux pianos et orchestre. Aussi avait-il une certaine expérience dans l’art de traiter des chants traditionnels lorsqu’il composa ses premiers arrangements de chansons populaires en 1941. Sa dernière œuvre orchestrale, à la fin de sa vie, fut la Suite sur des chants populaires anglais, sous-titrée A Time There Was (« Il fut un temps »), une citation tirée de Before Life and After, un poème de Thomas Hardy que Britten avait mis en musique des années auparavant dans Winter Words, et dédié à la mémoire de Percy Grainger.

La musique de Britten s’appuyait ainsi sur la chanson populaire, et il est clair que ce n’est pas à l’égard des chansons elles-mêmes qu’il émit des réserves, mais quant au chauvinisme latent de l’utilisation de chants nationaux par de nombreux compositeurs. Il nota à ce propos, à l’époque où il quittait les Etats-Unis en 1942 : « Il y a trois ans, il m’avait semblé voir une vague de nationalisme musical déferler consciemment sur ce pays, ce qui m’avait chagriné … aujourd’hui, plus que jamais, le nationalisme est déplacé et anachronique ».

Il est probable que ce soit Peter Pears qui le premier attira l’attention de Britten sur la possibilité de terminer les concerts qu’ils donnaient ensemble vers la fin de leur séjour en Amérique par des arrangements de chansons populaires anglaises. Britten éprouvait alors une profonde nostalgie, attendant que se présentât une opportunité de regagner l’Angleterre, et ses préoccupations, qui devaient finalement aboutir à la composition de Peter Grimes, furent sans doute à l’origine de ses premiers arrangements de chansons populaires alors qu’il n’avait rien d’autre en vue. Il écrivit au chef d’orchestre Albert Goldberg le 7 octobre 1941 : « J’ai arrangé quelques chansons populaires britanniques qui ont jusqu’ici fait sensation où qu’elles aient été jouées ». Le 26
novembre 1941, un concert à Grand Rapids, dans le Michigan, se conclut sur quatre de ces arrangements—*The Sally Gardens*, *The Bonny Earl o’ Moray*, *Little Sir William* et *Oliver Cromwell*, tandis que le 14 décembre de la même année furent données *The Ash Grove*, *Twelve Days of Christmas*, *The Bonny Earl o’ Moray* et *The Crocodile*; le second et le quatrième arrangements de ce dernier groupe ne furent jamais publiés et ne figurent pas sur cet enregistrement.

Alors que les chansons que Britten avait arrangées en Amérique étaient toutes destinées à Pears, les arrangements qui constituent son second volume, sur des chansons françaises, furent écrits pour Sophie Wyss. De seize ans l’aînée de Britten, la soprano suisse était depuis longtemps installée en Angleterre, où le compositeur la rencontrera pour la première fois. Elle interpréta la première représentation de son cycle de mélodies *Our Hunting Fathers* en 1936, puis *On this Island* et, petit à petit, les mélodies de Rimbaud, qui devaient être rassemblées sous le titre *Les Illuminations*. Wyss avait joué un rôle important dans l’établissement de la réputation de Britten, mais à son retour des Etats-Unis celui-ci s’en était en quelque sorte détaché, Pears ayant pris la place qu’elle avait précédemment occupée. Les premières chansons populaires enregistrées par Britten furent ces chansons françaises—il enregistra cinq d’entre elles avec Wyss en mai 1943 ; leur sortie fut cependant retardée et c’est le premier enregistrement de Pears et Britten, datant en fait du mois de janvier de l’année suivante, qui sortit tout d’abord, précédant la sortie de deux des chansons françaises en septembre 1944. Britten dédia ces chansons aux enfants de Wyss, Arnold et Humphrey Gyde.

De retour en Angleterre, Britten et Pears donnèrent des récitals pour le CEMA et l’organisation War Relief en 1942 et 1943, y incluant notamment les chansons populaires. Celles-ci firent dès lors partie intégrante de leur répertoire et furent parmi les œuvres qui finirent par attirer un public d’abord potentiellement hostile en raison de leur caractère pacifiste. Avec la publication du premier volume, et la sortie de la *Sérénade pour ténor, cor et cordes*, l’année 1943 marqua un tournant dans le développement du public de Britten. Les arrangements de chansons populaires jouèrent sans doute un rôle non négligeable dans l’établissement de la réputation de Britten auprès du grand public. Ils comprenaient notamment quelques arrangements orchestraux, et quatre d’entre eux furent exécutés pour la première fois le 13 décembre 1942 à l’Odeon Cinéma de Southgate !


En 1940, Britten avait fait publier dans la revue américaine *Modern Music* un article sur « l’Angleterre et le problème de l’art populaire », dans lequel il notait : « Le principal intérêt des chansons populaires anglaises sont la douceur de leurs mélodies, le lien étroit entre les paroles et la musique, et le charme calme et paisible de leur atmosphère. Ce calme fait cependant partie de la faiblesse de leurs airs, qui se distinguent rarement par un rythme frappant ou quelque caractéristique mélodique marquante. Comme la plupart des paysages de la campagne anglaise, ils gagnent notre attachement de manière insidieuse plutôt qu’en nous bouleversant ». 

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Britten komponierte immer für bestimmte Künstler, was sich auch auf die Folksong-Bearbeitungen bezieht. Erst schrieb er sie für sich selbst und Peter Pears, kurze Zeit auch für Sophie Wyss. Später schrieb er für Pears mit Gitarrenbegleitung, wozu Britten die Inspiration von Julian Bream erhielt, und dann für Osian Ellis.

auch in späteren Bänden der Folksong-Bearbeitungen behandelt.


Sowohl Britten als auch Pears hatten schon lange bewundert, wie Percy Grainger Volkslieder behandelte, und Britten hatte E J Moeran kennengelernt, kurz nachdem der ältere Mann seine Sammlung von 150 Liedern aus Norfolk fertiggestellt hatte. Später erinnerte sich Britten daran, daß sich zwischen den beiden trotz eines Altersunterschiedes von zwanzig Jahren eine herzliche Freundschaft entwickelte, als Moeran Anfang der 30er Jahre in der Nähe von Norwich lebte. „Sein Ansatz zur Musik war leidenschaftlich subjektiv“, schrieb Britten, „und in meiner jugendlichen Wichtigtuerei habe ich seine gelegentlich dilettantischen Ausrutscher recht heftig kritisiert—was er aber bescheiden und dankbar akzeptierte“. Später entnahm Britten das Lied The Shooting of his Dear der veröffentlichten Sammlung Moerans.

Als sich Britten und Lennox Berkeley 1936, fast am Vorabend des spanischen Bürgerkrieges, im Rahmen des Barcelona Festivals der ISCM kennenlernten, nahmen sie an einem Fest der Volkstänze teil. „Oh, diese urtümliche Musik!“ schrieb Britten, und es dauerte nicht lange, bis die beiden jungen Komponisten katalanische Tänze für ihre gemeinsam komponierte Suite Mont Juic bearbeitet hatten. Als Britten nach Amerika fuhr, stellte er zwei weitere Orchesterwerke vor, die ebenfalls Volksmelodien enthielten—Canadian Carnival und die Scottish Ballad für zwei Klaviere und Orchester. 1941 war er also recht gewandt in der Behandlung traditioneller Melodien.


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Front illustration: The green grass over him …
An original watercolour, inspired by Britten’s folksong settings,
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### BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913–1976)

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<th>Volume 6</th>
<th>England with guitar</th>
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<td>I will give my love an apple</td>
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**Eight Folk Song Arrangements with harp**

| 7        | Lord! I married me a wife | JAMIE MACDOUGALL [1'14] |
| 8        | She’s like the swallow    | JAMIE MACDOUGALL [2'41] |
| 9        | Lemady                    | JAMIE MACDOUGALL [1'26] |
| 10       | Bonny at morn             | JAMIE MACDOUGALL [3'32] |
| 11       | I was lonely and forlorn  | JAMIE MACDOUGALL [2'12] |
| 12       | David of the White Rock   | JAMIE MACDOUGALL [3'02] |
| 13       | The False Knight upon the road | LORNA ANDERSON [3'30] |
| 14       | Bird Scarer’s Song        | JAMIE MACDOUGALL [0'55] |

**Volume 4 Moore’s Irish Melodies with piano**

| 15       | Avenging and bright      | REGINA NATHAN [1'37] |
| 16       | Sail on, sail on         | REGINA NATHAN [2'31] |
| 17       | How sweet the answer     | REGINA NATHAN [2'05] |
| 18       | The Minstrel Boy         | REGINA NATHAN [2'24] |
| 19       | At the mid hour of night | REGINA NATHAN [2'46] |
| 20       | Rich and Rare            | REGINA NATHAN [2'57] |
| 21       | Dear Harp of my Country! | REGINA NATHAN [3'03] |
| 22       | Oft in the stilly night  | REGINA NATHAN [2'49] |
| 23       | The Last Rose of Summer  | REGINA NATHAN [4'09] |
| 24       | 0 the sight entrancing   | REGINA NATHAN [1'57] |

**Volume 5 The British Isles with piano**

| 23       | The Brisk Young Widow    | JAMIE MACDOUGALL [2'01] |
| 24       | Sally in our Alley       | JAMIE MACDOUGALL [4'34] |
| 25       | The Lincolnshire Poacher | JAMIE MACDOUGALL [2'00] |
| 26       | Early one morning        | LORNA ANDERSON [2'50]  |
| 27       | Ca’ the yowes            | LORNA ANDERSON [4'21]  |

LORNA ANDERSON, REGINA NATHAN soprano
JAMIE MACDOUGALL tenor
MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
BRYN LEWIS harp, CRAIG OGDEN guitar
NOTES EN FRANÇAIS + MIT DEUTSCHEN KOMMENTAR

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3. Volume 3 The British Isles with piano
4. Volume 5 The British Isles with piano

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1. Volume 6 England with guitar
2. Eight Folk Song Arrangements with harp
3. Volume 4 Moore’s Irish Melodies with piano

LORNA ANDERSON soprano
REGINA NATHAN soprano
JAMIE MACDOUGALL tenor
MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
BRYN LEWIS harp
CRAIG OGDEN guitar

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