SIR THOMAS ALLEN
MALCOLM MARTINEAU

Songs
my father taught me

Love’s Garden of Roses
A Brown Bird Singing
Trees · Until · A Mood
Bird of Love Divine
God’s Garden · Passing by
My Dearest Heart
It is only a tiny garden
Love, could I only tell thee
Smilin’ through
The Cheviot Hills
On the banks of the Wabash, far away
She is far from the land
The Trumpeter
Till the boys come home
The Old House
Bird Songs at Eventide
I’ll walk beside you
... and others
The completion of this record marks something of a watershed for me in a career not without incident and highlight.

So why, you may ask, should a recording of what were once mostly popular songs be just as telling, if not more so, than the commitment to disc of the great works of Mozart, Wagner, Verdi, Berlioz and so many other heavyweight names? I can only say that nostalgia and sentiment are almost entirely responsible, plus a genuine love of the often simple but very beautiful melodies that lie within these songs.

The majority of them did indeed enjoy popularity in their day, still do in some cases. Others never made their mark, and I feel should have done, but who can ponder the eternal riddle of why, with works of not dissimilar quality, some make it and others don’t?

There’s no academia behind this recording, just my very simple need to recapture memories I have of amateur singers coming through our house in Seaham Harbour, to practise these songs and others with my father at a time when there seemed a need for reassurance, perhaps, following two world wars. Then, there was no embarrassment at the sentiment common to so many of them, as one might experience now.

My father, I think, would have liked the record and I want it to be in his beloved memory … Thomas Allen to Thomas Allen.

Thomas Allen
The ballad was a prime ingredient of entertainment in Victorian drawing-rooms. Composers and versifiers turned out examples in their thousands for a captive market. Superior musical minds may have decried their simple sentiment and basic musical resource, but the best examples have remained popular into the twenty-first century. What’s more, even after the gramophone and radio combined to change the nature of home entertainment, composers and lyricists continued to produce new examples, not only in Britain but also in America. Examples of all kinds take their place in this varied recital.

1 Passing by (1875)
Words: Robert Herrick (1591–1674)
Music: Edward C Purcell (Edward Purcell Cockram, 18??–1932?)

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

Her gesture, motions, and her smile,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguile,
Beguile my heart I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die!

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

The words of ‘Passing by’ are attributed to the seventeenth-century poet Robert Herrick, who wrote the words of the song ‘Cherry Ripe’. The composer, who used the pseudonym Edward C Purcell, survived his setting’s publication by almost sixty years, without achieving any comparable success. The song’s graceful vocal line helped make it one of the most enduring of Victorian ballads. Like others in this collection, it was memorably recorded—in 1940—by John McCormack.

The lark in the clear air
Words: Samuel Ferguson (1810–1886)
Music: traditional Irish air, arranged by Phyllis Tate (1911–1987)

Dear thoughts are in my mind, and my soul soars enchanted
As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day
For a tender beaming smile to my hope has been granted,
And tomorrow she shall hear all my fond heart would say.

I shall tell her all my love, all my soul’s adoration,
And I think she will hear and will not say me nay.
It is this that gives my soul all its joyous elation,
As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.

The Irish poet and antiquary Samuel Ferguson was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was called to the bar in 1838 and became a Queen’s Counsellor in 1859. He retired in 1867 when he was appointed deputy-keeper of Irish records, for which he was knighted in 1878. He set his words for ‘The lark in the clear air’ to the traditional Irish air ‘An Trailliur’, performed here in an arrangement by Phyllis Tate.

3 My Dearest Heart (1876)
Words: anonymous
Music: Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842–1900)

All the dreaming is broken through,
Both what is done and undone I rue.
Nothing is steadfast, nothing is true,
But your love for me, and my love for you.
My dearest, dearest heart!

When the winds are loud, when the winds are low,
When the roses come, when the roses go,
One thought, one feeling is all I know,
My dearest, dearest heart!

The time is weary, the year is old,
And the light of the lily burns close to the mould;
The grave is cruel, the grave is cold,
But the other side is the city of gold,
My darling, darling heart!
The ready market for ballads provided a source of income for many aspiring young Victorian composers, of whom the future composer of the Savoy Operas was a prime example. ‘My Dearest Heart’ was published in 1876, the year after *Trial by Jury*, and proved one of his most successful creations in the genre. The author of the words was uncredited.

### Until (1910)

*Words:* ‘Edward Teschemacher’ (Edward Frederick Lockton, c1875–1940); *Music:* Wilfrid Sanderson (1878–1935)

No rose in all the world until you came,
No star until you smiled upon life’s sea,
No song in all the world until you spoke,
No hope until you gave your heart to me.

O rose, bloom ever in my lonely heart,
O star, shine steadfast with your light divine,
Ring on, O song, your melody of joy,
Life’s crowned at last.

And love, and love is ever mine.

Wilfrid Ernest Sanderson was the son of a Wesleyan minister and the father of an Anglican bishop. Born in Ipswich of Lancastrian parents, he moved to Launceston in Cornwall as an infant, was educated in London, and died in Surrey. However, his career was spent mainly as organist, choirmaster and composer in Doncaster. In this last guise he produced some wonderfully stirring of ballads, among them ‘Until’. The beautiful words are by Edward Frederick Lockton, here using the pseudonym ‘Edward Teschemacher’.

### Love’s Garden of Roses (1914)

*Words:* Ruth Rutherford (d1952)
*Music:* Haydn Wood (1882–1959)

Come, dearest heart, ’mid the flow’rs of June,
Come out in my garden so gay;
I’ve roses, bright roses of ev’ry hue
And sunshine for the whole day.

There is laughter and song in my garden
And a spell over all the land.
Ah! Never a fairer world could be,
To wander hand in hand.

Come to my garden of roses;
Winds whisper low.
Ne’er was so sweet a garden
With love aglow.

Laughter and love in the sunshine;
Joys all divine.
Come, ob come to my garden,
Dearest heart of mine.

Come, dearest heart, where the flow’rs enfold
A dream that is tender and true.
’Tis here we may find in a rose’s heart,
A message glad for me and you.

There is laughter and song in my garden,
And such bliss that our hearts can tell,
In the world we walk together,
Where love alone doth dwell.

Born in Slaithwaite, Yorkshire, Haydn Wood was given his unusual first name by parents inspired by Haydn’s *Creation*. He was raised on the Isle of Man and became one of the most successful of the ballad composers in the years around the First World War. Later, like Eric Coates, he moved on from ballad composition to become one of the prime composers of British light orchestral music. The most enduring of Wood’s ballads is ‘Roses of Picardy’, but others won almost equally huge popularity in their time. This charming example is one of the best.
Drink to me only
Words: Ben Jonson (1572–1637)
Music: traditional air, arranged by Roger Quilter (1877–1953)

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I’ll not ask 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 honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And send’st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

It is only a tiny garden,
With a charm that is all its own,
The sweetest spot on God’s glad earth
That I have ever known.
It’s just a glimpse of heaven,
Beneath a sky of blue,
It is only a tiny garden,
But it holds my love and you.

Love songs using the imagery of birds, roses and gardens were a popular facet of Edwardian and Georgian ballads, and Haydn Wood was clearly as partial to them as anybody. Along with the likes of ‘Roses of Picardy’ and ‘Love’s Garden of Roses’, this further example helped keep up spirits by providing a reminder of the beauty of nature during the harsh days of World War I.

Love, could I only tell thee (1896)
Words: Clifton Bingham (c1858–1913)
Music: J M Capel (1862–1931)

Love, could I only tell thee
How dear thou art to me,
Show thee my heart’s devotion,
Say how I worship thee!
The height of stars above thee,
The deepness of the sea,
Are as the height and deepness
Of my heart’s love for thee.
Dear to the knight his glory,
And to the king his throne,
But this heart of mine a kingdom
More dear than all doth own!
Seas hold no fairer treasure,
The sky no star so pure,
And I love thee, I love thee,
With a love that shall endure!
When we awhile are parted,
The days seem lonely years;
I count the weary moments
Without thee by my tears.
As thou art near or far, love,
The earth is glad or grey;
Life without thee is darkness,
Life by thy side is day.

The importance of a telling setting of a ballad’s title is clearly demonstrated by this lovely example, which was sent on the road to popularity by being interpolated into Sidney Jones’s highly successful musical play *The Geisha*. The composer, John Mais Capel, had a varied theatrical career as singer, musical director and composer. The lyricist, Graham Clifton Bingham, was the son of a Bristol bookseller. He wrote stories, children’s books and a large number of song lyrics, of which the most famous is ‘Love’s Old Sweet Song’.

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**A Mood** (1923)

*Words:* E J Macdermott (dates unknown)
*Music:* Alison Travers (d1979)

The songs of the birds in the sunshine,
The buzz of the bee, the caw of the rook,
The bleating of lambs, the murmuring brook,
Fill my soul with a deepening wonder.

The sun sinks to rest in the evening
With halo of gold, the hush of the twilight,
Sombre bright hue, heaven all starlight,
Then my soul from things earthly will wander.

The nightingale’s song in the darkness,
The hoot of the owl, the chirp of the cricket,
The croak of the frog, the dim distant
Roll of the sea on the grey rocks yonder.

Alison Travers had a few years of musical prominence during the 1920s, when various piano and vocal compositions and orchestral suites by her were published. After receiving a good musical education, she went to live in the middle of the Malayan jungle without even a piano. There she wrote down as best she could the melodies which came to her, and on returning to London she had various dances published. It was Leslie Boosey, of the publisher Boosey & Co, who suggested she try ballad-writing. This she did most successfully with ‘A Mood’, whose words were written by Edward J Macdermott, the manager of the Finsbury Park Empire.

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**Smilin’ through** (1918)

*Words and music:* Arthur A Penn (1875–1941)

There’s a little brown road windin’ over the hill
To a little white cot by the sea:
There’s a little green gate at whose trellis I wait,
While two eyes of blue come smilin’ through
At me!

There’s a grey lock or two in the brown of the hair;
There’s some silver in mine, too, I see;
But in all the long years, when the clouds brought their tears,
Those two eyes of blue kept smilin’ through
At me!

Born in London in 1875, Arthur Ambrose Penn was supposedly a direct descendant of William Penn, the Quaker founder of Pennsylvania. Like this famous ancestor, Penn emigrated to America, where he wrote words and music for many songs and operettas. He described the inspiration for ‘Smilin’ through’ as being an advertisement on a train, showing a cottage at the end of a
road winding through fields. “I wrote the song in twenty minutes,” he remembered, “the music first, then the words, on the back of an envelope coming in one day on a Long Island train. I had no title for it—that came with the words.”

Arthur Sullivan composed this moving example of Victorian faith after being confined to the bedside of his elder brother Frederic during his last illness. The words were by the poetess Adelaide Anne Procter, and the song was carried to popularity in Victorian Britain by the singer Antoinette Stirling. Its huge popularity is demonstrated by the fact that it was even sung by Caruso, who wrote out the words in Italian phonetics for the purpose.

11 The Lost Chord (1877)
Words: Adelaide A Procter (1825–1864)
Music: Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842–1900)

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease;
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel’s psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexèd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

It may be that death’s bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heav’n
I shall hear that grand Amen.

12 The Holy City (1892)
Words: Frederic E Weatherly (1848–1929)
Music: ‘Stephen Adams’ (Michael Maybrick, 1844–1913)

Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair,
I stood in old Jerusalem
Beside the temple there.
I heard the children singing,
And ever as they sang,
Methought the voice of angels
From heav’n in answer rang.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Lift up your gates and sing,
Hosanna in the highest!
Hosanna to your King!

And then methought my dream was chang’d,
The streets no longer rang,
Hush’d were the glad Hosannas
The little children sang.
The sun grew dark with mystery,
The morn was cold and chill,
As the shadow of a cross arose
Upon a lonely hill.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Hark! How the angels sing,
Hosanna in the highest!
Hosanna to your King!
And once again the scene was chang’d;
New earth there seemed to be;
I saw the Holy City
Beside the tideless sea;
The light of God was on its streets,
The gates were open wide,
And all who would might enter,
And no one was denied.
No need of moon or stars by night,
Or sun to shine by day;
It was the new Jerusalem
That would not pass away.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Sing for the night is o’er!
Hosanna in the highest!
Hosanna for evermore!

A barrister by profession, Fred Weatherly was one of the most prolific and successful writers of ballad lyrics. (He wrote, among many other things, the words to ‘Danny Boy’.) As for ‘Stephen Adams’, that was the pen-name of Liverpool-born Michael Maybrick, who also pursued a career as a singer under his real name. For the final twenty-five years of his life Maybrick lived at Ryde, Isle of Wight, where he was elected mayor five times. In 1889 he had been a witness in a sensational trial following the murder of his brother James, a Liverpool cotton-broker, and the case has recently attracted renewed attention with the publication of a Victorian diary supposedly identifying James Maybrick as the serial-killer, Jack the Ripper.

John Gair Robson, better known as Jack Robson, was one of the best-loved figures on Tyneside for his popular songs. These included examples in Geordie dialect such as ‘Whereivvor ye gan ye’re sure to find a Geordie’ and ‘The puddens that me mother used to myek’. More formal in style was his evocation of the local scenery of ‘The Cheviot Hills’. Robson was born in Annitsford, the same Northumbrian village as the singer Owen Brannigan.
organist and school headmaster, he used his musical talents to benefit pupils wherever he taught in Northumberland.

On the banks of the Wabash, far away (1897)
Words and music: Paul Dresser (1857–1906)
Round my Indiana homestead wave the cornfields, In the distance loom the woodlands clear and cool. Oftentimes my tho’ts revert to scenes of childhood, Where I first received my lessons, Nature’s school. But one thing there is missing in the picture; Without her face it seems so incomplete. I long to see my mother in the doorway, As she stood there years ago her boy to greet.
Oh, the moonlight’s fair tonight along the Wabash; From the fields there comes the breath of new-mown hay, Through the sycamores the candlelights are gleaming, On the banks of the Wabash, far away.
Many years have passed since I strolled by the river, Arm in arm, with sweetest Mary by my side. It was there I tried to tell her that I loved her; It was there I begged of her to be my bride. Long years have passed since I strolled thro’ the churchyard. She’s sleeping there, my angel, Mary dear. I loved her but she thought I didn’t mean it, Still I’d give my future were she only here.

Paul Dresser (né Dreiser) was the older brother of Theodore Dreiser, author of An American Tragedy and other novels. Born in Terre Haute, Indiana, Paul became an actor, playwright, songwriter, producer and music publisher, writing over a hundred songs for New York City’s ‘Tin Pan Alley’. The most famous was this one, in which he recalled his boyhood days on the banks of the Wabash river. Dresser died destitute before his fiftieth birthday, but this song gave him celebrity—above all in his native state, where it was adopted as the Indiana State Song.

A Brown Bird Singing (1922)
Words: ‘Royden Barrie’ (Rodney Richard Bennett, d1948)
Music: Haydn Wood (1882–1959)
All through the night there’s a little brown bird singing, Singing in the hush of the darkness and the dew. Would that his song through the stillness could go winging, Could go winging to you, To you.
All through the night-time my lonely heart is singing Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird ever knew. Would that the song of my heart could go a-winging, Could go a-winging to you, To you.

The importance of Haydn Wood’s contributions to the ballad repertoire is demonstrated by this further tender example. The poet this time is ‘Royden Barrie’, a pseudonym that hid the identity of Rodney Bennett, a writer of educational textbooks who was also the father of composer Richard Rodney Bennett.

She is far from the land (1897)
Words: Thomas Moore (1779–1852)
Music: E Frank Lambert (?Frederick Psalmon?, 18??–1925/8)
She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps, And lovers around her are sighing, But boldly she turns from their gaze and weeps, For her heart in his grave is lying.
She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains, Ev’ry note which he lov’d awaking; Ah! Little they think who delight in her strains, How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.
He had lived for his love, for his country he died, They were all that to life had entwined him; Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried, Nor long will his love stay behind him.
Oh! Make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,  
When they promise a glorious morrow,  
They’ll shine o’er her sleep like a smile from the west,  
From her own lov’d island of sorrow.

James Joyce mentions the song ‘She is far from the land’ in *Ulysses*. It appeared originally around 1810 in Volume 4 of the Irish poet Thomas Moore’s *Irish Melodies*, using an old Irish air ‘Open the door’. Later, this new setting was provided by Frank Lambert, who was one of the most successful of ballad composers for the publisher Chappell & Co. around 1900. Moore’s lyric was inspired by Robert Emmet, an Irish patriot hanged after leading an uprising in Dublin in 1803, and his fiancée, Sarah Curran, who subsequently died of a broken heart.

In *Summertime on Bredon* (1911)
*Words*: A E Housman (1859–1936)
*Music*: Graham Peel (1877–1937)

In summertime on Bredon  
The bells they sound so clear;  
Round both the shires they ring them  
In steeples far and near,  
A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning  
My love and I would lie,  
And see the coloured counties,  
And hear the larks so high  
About us in the sky.

The bells would ring to call her  
In valleys miles away;  
“Come all to church, good people;  
Good people come and pray.”  
But here my love would stay.

And I would turn and answer  
Among the springing thyme,  
“Oh, peal upon our wedding,  
And we will hear the chime,  
And come to church in time.”

But when the snows at Christmas  
On Bredon top were strown,  
My love rose up so early  
And stole out unbeknown  
And went to church alone.

They tolled the one bell only,  
Groom there was none to see,  
The mourners followed after,  
And so to church went she,  
And would not wait for me.

The bells they sound on Bredon,  
And still the steeples hum  
“Come all to church, good people.”  
O noisy bells, be dumb;  
I hear you, I will come.

Albert Edward Housman was a leading British poet of his time, as well as an eminent classical scholar. He was born near Bromsgrove in Worcestershire, and his poetry includes nostalgic evocations of the countryside near where he was brought up. ‘In Summertime on Bredon’, evoking the hill of that name, comes from the celebrated cycle *A Shropshire Lad*. The setting here is by Gerald Graham Peel, who composed over a hundred songs and made something of a speciality of Housman settings.
The Trumpeter (1904)
Words: J Francis Barron (c1868–1940)
Music: J Airlie Dix (18??–1911)

Trumpeter, what are you sounding now?
(Is it the call I’m seeking?)
“You’ll know the call,” said the Trumpeter tall,
“When my trumpet goes a-speakin’.
I’m rousin’ ’em up;
I’m wakin’ ’em up,
The tents are astir in the valley,
And there’s no more sleep with the sun’s first peep,
For I’m soundin’ the old ‘Reveille!’”

Trumpeter, what are you sounding now?
(Is it the call I’m seeking?)
“Can’t mistake the call,” said the Trumpeter tall,
“When my trumpet goes a-speakin’.
I’m urgin’ ’em on,
They’re scamperin’ on,
There’s a drummin’ of hoofs like thunder.
There’s a madd’nin’ shout as the sabres flash out,
For I’m sounding the ‘Charge’ no wonder.”

Trumpeter, what are you sounding now?
(Is it the call I’m seeking?)
“Lucky for you if you hear it at all
For my trumpet’s but faint in speakin’,
I’m callin’ ’em home! Come home! Come home!
Tread light o’er the dead in the valley,
Who are lyin’ around face down to the ground,
And they can’t hear me sound the ‘Rally’.
But they’ll hear it again in a grand refrain,
When Gabriel sounds the last ‘Rally’.”

Besides his ballads, J Airlie Dix was a substantial composer of comic songs, some of which were interpolated into stage shows in the early years of the twentieth century. It was with this setting of stirring words by John Francis Barron that he achieved his most lasting success.

Bird of Love Divine (1912)
Words: Kathleen Birch (dates unknown)
Music: Haydn Wood (1882–1959)

One day there sang a little bird
From out the heaven’s blue.
No sweeter song was ever heard,
For, Love, he sang of you. Ah ... !
One day the world with song shall ring,
For joy that you are mine,
And in my heart shall ever sing
That bird of Love divine. Ah ... !

In this fourth example on this disc of Haydn Wood’s effective love songs, the imagery this time is not of flowers and gardens but birds.

God’s Garden (1902?)
Words: Dorothy Frances Gurney (1858–1932)
Music: E Frank Lambert (?Francis Psalmon?, 18??–1925/8)

The Lord God planted a garden
In the first white days of the world;
And placed there an angel warden,
In a garment of light unfurled.
So near to the peace of heaven,
The hawk might nest with the wren;
For there, in the cool of the even,
God walked with the first of men.

And I dream that these garden closes,
With their shade and their sun-flecked sod,
And their lilies and bowers of roses
Were laid by the hand of God.
The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer God’s heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.

The Victorian preoccupation with religion meant that, alongside the secular ballad, the sacred song was an important part of the parlour repertory. Frank Lambert,
who provided the setting of ‘She is far from the land’, also contributed this typical example of the sacred song.

**Till the boys come home** (1914)
*Words*: Lena Guilbert Ford (1870–1918)
*Music*: Ivor Novello (David Ivor Davies, 1893–1951)

They were summoned from the hillside,
They were called in from the glen,
And the country found them ready
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardship,
As the soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking
Make it sing this cheery song.

Keep the home fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of home;
There’s a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come home.

Over seas there came a pleading,
“Help a nation in distress,”
And we gave our glorious laddies;
Honour made us do no less,
For no gallant son of Britain
To a foreign yoke shall bend,
And no Englishman is silent
To the sacred call of friend.

Better known as ‘Keep the home fires burning’, this song was the first big success of Cardiff-born future matinée idol and composer of hugely popular romantic musicals, Ivor Novello. It proved a rallying song for troops sent abroad to the battlefields of World War I. Poignantly, the words were by American journalist and poetess Lena Guilbert Ford, who lost her life in March 1918 when a Zeppelin airship dropped a bomb on her home in Maida Vale, London.

**Trees** (1922)
*Words*: Joyce Kilmer (1886–1918)
*Music*: Oscar Rasbach (1888–1975)

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth’s sweet-flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

By a curious coincidence, ‘Trees’—like ‘Till the boys come home’—has verses by an American journalist and poet who lost his life in World War I. It was supposedly an old oak tree in his native New Brunswick, New Jersey, that inspired Joyce Kilmer’s lovely poem, which was published in 1913 and at once became popular. However, Kilmer died as an army sergeant in Seringes, France, in July 1918. The musical setting by composer and educator Oscar Rasbach appeared four years later, and appropriately also enjoyed much popularity in France.

**The Old House** (1935)
*Words and music*: Frederick O’Connor (1870–1943)

Lonely I wander through scenes of my childhood,
They call back to mem’ry those happy days of yore;
Gone are the old folk, the house stands deserted,
No light in the windows, no welcome at the door.

Here’s where the children played games on the heather,
Here’s where they sailed their wee boats on the burn.
Where are they now? Some are dead, some have wandered,
No more to their home shall those children return.
Lone is the house now and lonely the moorland,
The children are scattered, the old folk are gone.
Why stand I here like a ghost and a shadow?
'Tis time I were moving, 'tis time I passed on.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Frederick O’Connor was a distinguished soldier, who served in India for many years. A prisoner of war in Persia in World War I, he served on special duties in Siberia in 1918 and was British Envoy in Nepal from 1921 to 1925. He was knighted on his retirement from the Indian Political Department in 1925, after which he pursued widespread interests. He was a close friend of Walt Disney and British royalty, and his keen interest in music led to the composition of published songs. These included ‘The Old House’, which is another that owes its popularity to having been recorded—in November 1939—by John McCormack. The song recalls an old cottage in Ireland where a childhood nanny of O’Connor’s lived.

‘Royden Barrie’ appears once again (see ‘A brown bird singing’), this time as lyricist for Eric Coates. Born in Hucknall, Nottinghamshire, Coates had over 130 published songs to his credit, most of them before he made an even deeper impression as the master of elegantly tuneful light orchestral music. Barrie inspired Coates to some of his most successful songs, as witness the easy melodic invention of this example. This song, too, enjoyed popularity in French translation.

**Bird Songs at Eventide** (1926)

*Words:* ‘Royden Barrie’ (Rodney Richard Bennett, d1948)
*Music:* Eric Coates (1886–1957)

Over the quiet hills
Slowly the shadows fall;
Far down the echoing vale
Birds softly call;
Slowly the golden sun
Sinks in the dreaming west;
Bird songs at eventide
Call me to rest.

Love, though the hours of day
Sadness of heart may bring,
When twilight comes again
Sorrows take wing;
For when the dusk of dreams
Comes with the falling dew,
Bird songs at eventide
Call me to you.

Composed in the year when George V was briefly succeeded on the British throne by Edward VIII, this elegant and dignified song was one of the last ballads to enter standard currency. That it did so is particularly thanks, once again, to a John McCormack recording from November 1939. The verse is again by Edward Frederick Lockton, this time writing under his real name.

Notes by ANDREW LAMB © 2002
SIR THOMAS Allen

Thomas Allen is an established star of the great opera houses of the world. At the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, where in 1996 he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his debut with the company, he has sung over forty roles. He has been particularly acclaimed for his Billy Budd, Pelléas, Eugene Onegin, Count Almaviva, Sixtus Beckmesser and, of course, Don Giovanni, roles he has made his own all over the world. Equally renowned on the concert platform, he appears in recital in the United Kingdom, throughout Europe, in Australia and America, and has appeared with the world’s great orchestras and conductors. The greatest part of his repertoire has been extensively recorded. Thomas Allen’s first book, Foreign Parts—A Singer’s Journal, was published in 1993. His many honours and awards include Honorary Membership of the Royal Academy of Music, Prince Consort Professor of the Royal College of Music, the Hambro Visiting Professorship of Opera Studies at Oxford University, Fellowship of the Royal College of Music, Fellowship of the University of Sunderland, D.Mus. from Durham University and M.A. from Newcastle University. In the New Year’s Honours of 1989 he was created a Commander of the British Empire and in the 1999 Queen’s Birthday Honours he was made a Knight Bachelor.
Malcolm Martineau was born in Edinburgh, read Music at St Catharine’s College, Cambridge, and studied at the Royal College of Music. His teachers have included Geoffrey Parsons, Kendall Taylor and Joyce Rathbone. He accompanied at master-classes at the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh for Dame Joan Sutherland, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Suzanne Danco and Ileana Cotrubas. He presented his own series at St John’s, Smith Square, of the complete songs of Debussy and Poulenc and a Britten series at Wigmore Hall which was broadcast by the BBC.

Malcolm Martineau has accompanied many of the world’s leading singers including Dame Janet Baker, Sir Thomas Allen, Sarah Walker, Della Jones, Frederica von Stade, Barbara Bonney, Anne Sofie von Otter, Ann Murray, Dame Felicity Lott, Angela Gheorghiu, Olaf Bär, Ian Bostridge, Simon Keenlyside and Bryn Terfel. Among many noted instrumentalists he accompanies clarinettist Emma Johnson. He has appeared throughout the United Kingdom, North America, Australia and at the Aix-en-Provence, Vienna, Edinburgh, Hohenems and Salzburg Festivals. He presented the complete Lieder of Hugo Wolf at the 1998 Edinburgh Festival.

His current and future recitals with Amanda Roocroft, Barbara Bonney, Karita Mattila, Joan Rodgers, Sir Thomas Allen, Ann Murray, Susan Graham, Christopher Maltman, Solveig Kringelborn, Petra Lang, Simon Keenlyside, Magdalena Koúená and Bryn Terfel take him to La Scala Milan, Paris (Chatelet), Barcelona (Liceu), Amsterdam (Concertgebouw), Vienna (Konzerthaus and Musikverein), New York (Alice Tully Hall and Carnegie Hall) and the Aldeburgh and Salzburg Festivals.
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with MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano
‘Thomas Allen recalls happy evenings round the family piano and offers this well sung collection, which will strike a lost chord with many’ (BBC Music Magazine)

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‘I was amazed, listening to the rich warmth of Thomas Allen’s voice, just how many of these songs I knew …

Popular, enduring tunes encapsulating a golden era, honestly performed by one of the great baritones of our age’ (Classic FM Magazine)

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SIR THOMAS ALLEN baritone
MALCOLM MARTINEAU piano