

LORELT

MY LAST DUCHESS THE SONGS OF GRACE WILLIAMS



BARITONE

Jeremy Huw Williams

PIANO & HARPSICHORD

Paula Fan

HARP

Rachel Kay Green

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28. <i>Y Gwŷdd</i> (The Loom)	3.26

TOTAL PLAYING TIME 76.43

BARITONE

Jeremy Huw Williams

PIANO & HARP

Paula Fan

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Rachel Kay Green

Recorded at Crowder Hall on 14, 15 and 16 August 2017
with the support of the Fred Fox School of Music at the
University of Arizona, Tucson.

Recorded and Mastered by Wiley Ross.

Producer: Paula Fan

Executive Producer: Odaline de la Martinez

CD Production: Key Production

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MY LAST DUCHESS - THE SONGS OF GRACE WILLIAMS

Jeremy Huw Williams (BARITONE)
Paula Fan (PIANO AND HARPSICHORD)
Rachel Kay Green (HARP)

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Until the middle of the twentieth century, it would have been almost unimaginable that a Welsh composer might be remembered more for their instrumental canon than works for voices. That such a fate has befallen Grace Williams is no slight on her ability to write vocal music: rather, it is that her orchestral works in particular have been of such significance that others have been neglected. Williams's *Penillion* (1955), Symphony No. 2 (1956), *Sea Sketches* (1944), Trumpet Concerto (1963) and, in particular, *Fantasia on Welsh Nursery Tunes* (1940) have all, to one extent or another, established themselves in the professional repertoires of Welsh and British musicians. The same can certainly not be said for her choral works, still less her songs.

Williams's songs span the entire duration of her compositional output, both preceding and post-dating her works for orchestra alone. Her first work that can be dated with any certainty – *Slow, slow fresh fount* (c.1925) – is a setting of words from Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*; whilst *My Last Duchess* dates from 1974, a mere year before she stopped composing and three before her death. In stature and style, however, the two scores are worlds apart: if *Slow, slow fresh fount* is a well crafted miniature, a little derivative of the Vaughan Williams she was yet to meet, *My Last Duchess* is a near-operatic scena in the form of a monologue. Robert Browning's poem is summarised by Rhiannon Mathias as being 'concerned with themes of sex, violence and the ruthless brutality of patriarchal control', and it comes as no surprise that the composer had first

conceived of it as a subject for the opera house rather than recital hall. In re-imagining her concept more than ten years after it had been abandoned, she retained considerable dramatic licence both in the occasionally virtuoso piano part and in-built stage directions to the baritone.

Tarantella and *Thou Art The One Truth* both date from the 1930s: Williams's most concentrated period of song-writing. *Tarantella* (1930) sets the eponymous and then-recently published poem by Hilaire Belloc in predictably lively fashion, turning to a contrasting coda as the text becomes more pensive. Talk of drinking, clapping and dancing is rattled out at breakneck speed over an accompaniment initially bordering on pentatonicism. Upon reaching the final repetitions of 'Do you remember...?', however, tolling semitones list between major and minor – and, although the final chord leaves the matter technically unresolved, there is little doubt of the overall direction of textural and tonal travel. Williams returned to the same text for a movement of 1951's choral suite, *The Dancers*.

Thou Art The One Truth (1935) sets words from Dhan Gopal Mukerji's *My Brother's Face*, possibly after traditional Indian writings. Stylistically, it is in complete contrast to *Tarantella*: gone are the dance-rhythms and alliteration in favour of steady processional meditation on the spiritual truths underlying the world's formation. The entire song is built above tolling Cs in the left hand of the piano, though only in the very final bars is tonal resolution truly achieved. Williams evidently thought enough

of this work to revise the orchestra-accompanied original as a true song for baritone and piano: the 1950 version heard on this recording.

Much of Grace Williams's output of the late 1940s and early 1950s comprises works for performance media other than the concert stage. Film scores and incidental music for radio plays provided important sources of income as well as musical inspiration, and included three separate accompaniments to the words of Henry Trece: *The Dark Island*, *The End of a World* and *Rataplán*. From the first of these three, Williams extracted a short suite for string orchestra and a solitary song, *The Red Sun Rises*, as independent works performable in their own right. As in *Thou Art The One Truth*, Williams selected an ever-repeated bass note (this time F sharp), over which is declaimed a vocal melody almost folk-like in its simplicity. Only the minor key and gentle clashes in the interludes hint at the desolation implied by the text.

In June 1962, the BBC in Wales commissioned Williams to write a 'song cycle in penillion style' for its Festival of Welsh Music and celebration of its twenty-five year occupancy of studios in Park Place, Cardiff. The commission both allowed her to realise an earlier intention to explore Welsh texts (prior to settling on Gerard Manley Hopkins in *Six Poems* for the 1958 Cheltenham Festival) and to return to the stanzaic structural forms of the original Welsh artform previously utilised in her orchestral *Penillion*. Having recently completed her only opera, *The Parlour* (1961), she relished the opportunity to return to composing on a

more intimate scale, and the premiere of *Four Mediaeval Welsh Poems* was scheduled for 5 February 1963, featuring Helen Watts as contralto soloist and Osian Ellis on harp.

Choosing the texts had been a relatively simple matter: Williams had long been close friends with Enid Picton Davies who, in 1936, had married the renowned scholar and poet, Thomas Parry. His *The Oxford Book of Welsh Verse* (1962) was a major literary undertaking published at a very convenient time for Williams's commission and she sourced all four poems from its contents. The nine hundred years of Welsh writings contained within its covers permitted the selection of suitably contrasting subject matters: the declamatory and impassioned lament for Cynddylan (seventh-century king of Brythonic Wales) could hardly be more different from the playful, childish text of 'Hwiangerdd'. Her third poem can hardly have been a chance selection for, more than twenty-five years earlier, she had set it in English translation with orchestral accompaniment as *Stand forth, Seithenin!* (1935). Themes of death and burial return for the concluding song in a setting of simple and touching profundity.

Unsurprisingly, perhaps, *Four Mediaeval Welsh Poems* owes rather more to its national musical heritage than had *Penillion*, its orchestral predecessor. Even the choice of accompanying instruments suggests a conscious nod to archaicism; fusing the timbres of Welsh tradition with those of wider European art-music. 'Boddi Maes Gwyddno', in particular, inhabits this

contradiction by interweaving harpsichord and vocal melodic phrases in a manner reminiscent of penillion of the past. Nevertheless, the lack of folk tunes and the breaking of the strict relationships between harp and voice ensures a wholly contemporary approach, and Williams is known to have reserved special affection for this work as one of her most stylistically representative.

Stricter in staging but freer in structure is *Two 9th Century Welsh Poems* (1964): the result of a commission from Osian Ellis for a further pair of songs for him to sing to his own harp accompaniment. In contrast to the formal structural patterns of *Four Mediaeval Welsh Poems*, the penillion principle of air and countermelody is abandoned in favour of clearer differentiation between melody and accompaniment; reverting instead to the performing force(s) of traditional penillion. The overt declamation of 'Eryr Pengwern' might even be considered reminiscent of the performing style of medieval poet-harpers; 'Y Dref Wen' is more introverted and atmospheric.

Incorporating traditional folk melodies into her music formed a feature of Grace Williams's musical style between 1930 (*Hen Walia*) and the mid-1950s. This same period also includes the vast majority of her folk song settings – mostly, though not exclusively, written for the various incarnations of the Welsh Region of the BBC. Crucial to any discussion of these 'composed arrangements' is an understanding of Williams's belief that the composer should reflect the character of the tune and the words associated with it rather than adopt

either sanctimonious purism or disingenuous complexity. A successful honouring of the tune required a balance between integrity, imagination and flair: the latter two being qualities Williams perceived as lacking in most of the published versions of Welsh songs and all the arrangements by Cecil Sharp and his stylistic contemporaries, which she dismissed as 'dull as dishwater' whilst the 'usual harmony-text-book accomp[animents]. ... kill the tunes' (to Enid Parry, 1949 and 1950). In contrast, however, she accused Benjamin Britten's famous interpretation of 'Llwyn Onn' ('The Ash Grove') of 'playing cat + mouse' with the tune's naturally simple beauty.

Williams's own arrangements, perhaps unsurprisingly, vary in style from 'North of Sharp' to 'South of Britten', and form finely crafted examples of the genre regardless. The more melodically explorative traditional tunes (such as 'Dafydd y Garreg Wen') unsurprisingly inspired the most questioning accompaniments, whilst the *Six Welsh Oxen Songs* represented one of Williams's first forays into music publishing (Boosey & Co., 1937) and are as important for that as for their undoubted quality as arrangements. 'Margoton va t'à l'eau' ('Belinda went to the well') was also published (by OUP), in 1949, but likely dates from the war years or earlier, having been written for her then-employers at the Camden School for Girls. 'Jim Cro', meanwhile, will perhaps be the best known to Williams aficionados of all the tunes on the present recording: not in this guise, with piano accompaniment, but as the opening melody quoted in *Fantasia on Welsh Nursery Tunes*.

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
 Looking as if she were alive. I call
 That piece a wonder, now; Frà Pandolf's hands
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
 Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
 'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
 The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
 But to myself they turned (since none puts by
 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
 How such a glance came there; so, not the first
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot
 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek; perhaps
 Frà Pandolf chanced to say, 'Her mantle laps
 Over my lady's wrist too much,' or 'Paint
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint
 Half-flush that dies along her throat.' Such stuff
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had
 A heart — how shall I say? — too soon made glad,
 Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
 Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
 The dropping of the daylight in the West,
 The bough of cherries some officious fool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule

She rode with round the terrace — all and each
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men — good! but thanked
 Somehow — I know not how — as if she ranked
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
 In speech — which I have not — to make your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, 'Just this
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
 Or there exceed the mark' — and if she let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse —
 E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
 Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

2.

The Fair Homestead, nestled in woodland –
It is as it always was:
Blood smeared on the land.

The Fair Homestead in the landscape –
Again at the green memorial:
Blood smeared underfoot.

The Fair Homestead in the valley –
Always joyful the prey-bird in battle's mess
Among the people lying dead.

The Fair Homestead between Tern and Trodwyd –
More likely a broken shield after battle
Than an ox should shelter from the sun.

The Fair Homestead between Tern and Trafal –
More likely blood on the grass
Than the ploughing of land left fallow.

3.

Grey-capped eagle of Pengwern, tonight
Its yelp is shrill,
Jealous of the flesh I loved.
Grey-capped eagle of Pengwern, tonight
Its cry is shrill,
Jealous of Cynddylan's flesh.
Grey-capped eagle of Pengwern, tonight
Is its claw aloft,
Greedy for the flesh I love.
Far calls the eagle of Pengwern tonight,
It watches on men's blood.
Trenn will be called a luckless town.
Far calls the eagle of Pengwern tonight,
It watches men's blood.
Trenn will be called a glittering town.

4.

Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?
And the tedding and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees,
And the wine that tasted of tar?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
(Under the vine of the dark verandah)?
Do you remember an Inn, Miranda,
Do you remember an Inn?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
Who hadn't got a penny,
And who weren't paying any,
And the hammer at the doors and the Din?
And the Hip! Hop! Hap!
Of the clap
Of the hands to the twirl and the swirl
Of the girl gone chancing,
Glancing,
Dancing,
Backing and advancing,
Snapping of a clapper to the spin
Out and in –
And the Ting, Tong, Tang, of the Guitar.
Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?

Never more;
Miranda,
Never more.
Only the high peaks hoar:
And Aragon a torrent at the door.
No sound
In the walls of the Halls where falls
The tread
Of the feet of the dead to the ground
No sound:
Only the boom
Of the far Waterfall like Doom.

5.

Thou art the one Truth to whom men have given many names;
Thou art the sanctity that is in woman,
And the manliness that is in man;
Thou art the young woman and the little brother that stands beside her,
Thou art the aged one leaning on a staff,
Thou art the newborn, thousand faced in every child,
The dragonfly's blue loveliness flashing through space,
The startled light in the ruby eyes of a dove,
Thou art the dancer footing the seasons,
And the large-wombed cloud
(Heavy with the pregnancy of its lightning child)
That drags its dark side laboriously
Over the tumult of the blue-black sea;
All these forms
Reiterate that Thou art the Ultimate Silence
Over which gathers the dust of sound.

6.

The red sun rises
Over the field,
And ravens gather
Black harvest's yield.

Over the great stones
A dark cloud lies.
Cradled in hawthorn
A sad bird cries.

Away from his people
The sad King flies
As the red sun sets
And the dark bird cries.

7.

The hall of Cynddylan is dark tonight,
Without fire, without bed;
I shall weep awhile, I shall be silent after.
The hall of Cynddylan is dark tonight,
Without fire, without candle;
But for God, who will give me sanity?
Hall of Cynddylan, you have become shapeless,
Your shield is in the grave;
While he lived, you were not mended with hurdles.
The hall of Cynddylan is dark tonight,
Without fire, without songs;
Tears furrow the cheeks.
The hall of Cynddylan, it pains me to see it
Without roof, without fire;
My lord dead, myself alive.
Hall of Cynddylan, every hour pierces me
After the great rejoicing
That I saw on thy hearth.

8.

The petticoat of Dinogad, mottled, mottled,
From the skins of martens it was made:
Whistle, whistle, whistle,
We sing, eight slaves sing.
When thy father went to hunt,
With his spear on his shoulder, and club in his hand,
He called swift hounds —
'Giff, Gaff, catch, catch, bring, bring.'
He would kill fish in his coracle,
As when a lion kills an animal.
When thy father went to the mountain,
He brought back a roebuck, a wild boar, and a stag,
A speckled grouse from the mountain,
And fish from the Falls of Derwenydd.
Of all that your father reached with his spear.
Of wild boar, wildcat, fox,
Nothing escaped unless it was winged.

9.

Stand forth Seithenin
And behold the dwelling of heroes, —
The plain of Gwyddno the ocean covers!
Accursed be the sea guard,
Who after his carousal let loose
The destroying fountain of the raging deep.
Accursed be the watcher,
Who after his drunken revelry,
Loosed the fountain of the desolating sea.
A cry from the sea arises above the ramparts;
Even to heaven does it ascend, —
After the fierce excess comes the long cessation!
A cry from the sea ascends above the ramparts;
Even to heaven does the supplication come! —
After the excess there ensues restraint!
A cry from the sea awakens me this night! —
It marks not my achievement, for
After the excess comes our downfall.
A cry from the sea arises above the winds!
Our generous and unsparing God made it —
After the excess there ensues only destitution.
A cry from the sea impels me
From my place of rest this night!
After the excess comes the far extending death!

10.

There are cuckoos for me under the trees of the grove,
And if I could sleep in their downy feathers,
As God lives, as far as I know, I should be happy.
And if I am not allowed to, I shall die.
I will have myself buried in primroses,
Where a birch tree grows on either side of my head,
And daisies on my cheeks,
And red roses on my bosom,
And white roses on my heart
And wild roses at my side,
And rosemary all around me,
And wood sorrel at my feet.

11.

Mother goes amilking
And trips adown the dale,
Gathers up her apron,
And takes an empty pail;
The cow in the cowhouse
Will soon begin to low,
The calf went afishing
With little Jim Crow;
Jim Crow Crystal,
One, two, four;
The little pig is sitting
All plump by the door.
Little John and Jimmie
Have gone to Froughton fair;
Johnnie wants a rabbit
And Jimmie wants a hare;
Johnnie wants some cattle,
A little pig or two,
And Jimmie wants a pony,
And cockadoodledoo.
Cockadoodledandy
He wept throughout the night,
Wants to borrow sixpence
To buy him feathers bright.
Jim Crow Crystal,
One, two, four;
The little pig is sitting
All plump by the door.

12.

Hushaby my pretty one,
Hushaby when day is done,
Hushaby my pretty one,
May you sleep until the morning.

Hushaby my pretty one,
Hushaby when day is done,
Hushaby my pretty one,
May you arise as you please.

13.

O Mary, Mary come
Out into the morning sun,
The birds are singing gaily
And all the ploughmen hum —
Hoo, on! Hoon on! Hoo!

O Mary, Mary, soon
Will the hour be striking noon,
So lay the table quickly
With knife and fork and spoon.
Hoo on! Hoo on! Hoo!

O Mary, Mary, see
Even now it's time for tea,
The cows are coming slowly,
And milking soon you'll be.
Hoo on! Hoo on! Hoo!

O Mary, Mary, dear,
The evening air cool and clear,
It's time to go astrolling
For night will soon be here.
Hoo on! Hoo on! Hoo!

14.

Johnny, little Johnny, going to the fair,
Buys a fine, fat cow, and little calf, and mare.
Hie away! Hie away! Hie!

Cow and calf are wailing, alack, alas!
Wailing to go back and eat fine grass.
Hie away! Hie away! Hie!

Calf is running homeward all alone,
Johnny tries to find him, hear him moan.
Hie away! Hie away! Hie!

Calf is now alimping, Johnny, too, a crack,
Mare begins to laugh, and gives them all a shock.
Hie away! Hie away! Hie!

Cow now topples Johnny in the ditch,
See him scramble out as black as pitch.
Hie away! Hie away! Hie!

Johnny, little Johnny, going to the fair,
That is now the end, so we'll leave them there.
Hie away! Hie away! Hie!

15.

The blackbird flies so fleetly,
The linnet sings so sweetly,
And new born lambs o'er dale and hill
Do skip and play so neatly.
Hoo away!

For now the earth is waking,
And all the birds are mating,
Yet though I hear their joyful song,
My heart is well-nigh breaking.
Hoo away!

I loved a gentle maiden
Who left me all forsaken,
Now I alone must ever roam,
With sorrow heavy-laden.
Hoo away!

16.

The farmyard cock is crowing,
And day light fast is growing;
No time to lurk, we must to work,
The fields so merrily mowing,
Hie away!

The farmyard chicks are clucking,
We'll soon their feathers be plucking,
And Rip the hound leaps in the pond,
And gives poor Sue a ducking.
Hie away!

So to the fields we'll hurry,
There ne'er was such a scurry!
The breakfast burned, the milk not churned,
But 'tis no time for worry.
Hie away!

17.

Johnny goes to market on Midsummer day,
Shame to see him squander his gold away;
Nowhere more to roam,
See him coming home;
Sad, anon, for poor old John.
Hoo on hoo!

Johnny comes courting my sister Jane,
Day by day they're strolling down our lane;
Jane's a maiden bright,
Holds his purse-strings tight;
Fine to see how they'll agree!
Hoo on hoo!

18.

I saw three ships asailing,
Asailing, ay, asailing,
From Swansea Bay to Mandalay,
Asailing, ay, asailing.
Hie away!

I saw three rogues ariding,
Ariding, ay, ariding,
From Bangor town to County Down,
Ariding, ay, ariding.
Hie away!

I saw three soldiers marching,
Amarching, ay, amarching,
From Waterloo to Timbuctoo,
Amarching, ay, amarching.
Hie away!

19.

Belinda went to the well,
And then as I've heard tell,
She slipped and tumbled in,
And down and down she fell.
Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Let her yell, yell, yell!

'You're floating round about,
You're drowning there's no doubt,
Belinda what will you give me
If I pull you out?'
Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Let her shout, shout, shout!

'A golden penny to buy
Yourself an apple pie,'
'That's not enough, Belinda
I'll have to let you die.'
Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Let her cry, cry, cry!

'I'll give you anything
If but a rope you'll bring,'
'Belinda all I want
Is just a kiss in the ring'
Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Let her sing, sing, sing!

20.

Black be the day and accurst be the story,
Tyrants have vanquish'd the sons of the free,
At our destruction, the sun veil'd his glory,
Proud foemen's swords must our yoke henceforth be!
Fiends howl'd with joy on the red field of slaughter,
Wolves and owls search'd for their prey 'mong the brave,
Liberty weeps o'er the marsh of old Rhuddlan,
When thy fair Freedom is sunk in the grave.

Deep may the marsh be o'erwhelmed by the ocean,
Open, oh Neptune, the gates of thy deep:
Fast on the harps of our bards tears are flowing,
Rise, Lord, nor let now thy dread vengeance sleep!
Once more I'll gaze on yon dark scene of slaughter,
Freedom unconquer'd but sleeps in her grave,
Better to die neath old Rhuddlan's still water,
Calm is that sleep for the sons of the brave!

21.

A little golden haired Princess
Lies fast asleep within my arm,
And well she knows that I shall keep her safe from harm.
Without the tempest rages through the trees,
And ever wilder blows the gale,
Yet she sleeps in peace;

My little golden haired Princess,
I'll guard you safely through the night,
And in my arms I'll rock you till the morning light.

Your father to the war has flown
To drive invaders from our shores,
And banish all who would destroy our vales and moors;
And though the battle rages through the night,
O do not fear, for in my bower
You are hid from sight;
My little golden haired Princess,
Sleep on until the strife is o'er,
Sleep on until sweet peace returns to us once more!

22.

I was young and used to roam according to my fancy,
Until one day I met a maid, and oh, it was my Nancy;
She was like a dewy morn upon the mountain heather,
And she was fair like golden corn in lovely summer weather.

I was young, and foolish too, and so I used to tell her
That I would wed no other if some cruel fate befell her.
As I listened to the lark a-rising from the hollow,
I little dreamt of all the dark, unhappy days to follow.

I was young, and would not heed all those who were foretelling
That she was far too rich and fine to share my humble dwelling;
She would love me well, I knew, and soon be in my keeping;
But oh, they broke our hearts in two, and tore her from me, weeping.

When I watch the tender wheat fall down beneath the sickle,
No longer do I wonder why they say that love is fickle;
Many years have flown away with many a youthful fancy,
Yet when the summer days return I grieve again for Nancy.

23.

'Bring me my harp', was David's sad sigh,
'I would play one more tune before I die.
Help me, dear wife, put the hands to the strings,
I wish my loved ones the blessing God brings.'

'Last night an angel called with heaven's breath:
"David, play, and come through the gates of death!"
Farewell, faithful harp, farewell to your strings,
I wish my loved ones the blessing God brings.'

24.

At early dawn of morning,
While yet the sky was grey,
I wander'd in the greenwood,
With heart so free and gay.
And the blackbird there was singing,
All the wood and vale were ringing
With his lay,
In the wood at dawn of day.

I lov'd to hear his warbling,
And tarried there so long,
And all my heart's affection
Repaid him for his song.
For in truth his tender trilling
Ev'ry sense with joy was thrilling
With his lay
Softly at the dawn of day.

25.

'Where are you going, my lovely, dark maid?'
'Going amilking, O sir,' she said,
Oh, her coal black eyes and black braided hair,
Glowing with a beauty beyond compare!

'May I go with you, my lovely, dark maid?'
'Go if it please you, O sir,' she said,
Oh, her coal black eyes and black braided hair,
Glowing with a beauty beyond compare!

'O I would kiss you, my lovely, dark maid.'
'How would you kiss me, O sir?' she said,
Oh, her coal black eyes and black braided hair,
Glowing with a beauty beyond compare!

'O, will you wed me, my lovely, dark maid?'
'If my mother bids me, O sir!' she said,
Oh, her coal black eyes and black braided hair,
Glowing with a beauty beyond compare!

'What is your fortune, my lovely dark maid?'
'My face is my fortune, O sir,' she said,
Oh, her coal black eyes and black braided hair,
Glowing with a beauty beyond compare!

'Then I cannot marry you, my lovely dark maid.'
'No one has asked you to, O sir!' she said,
Oh, her coal black eyes and black braided hair,
Glowing with a beauty beyond compare!

26.

There is beauty only second to Eden
In your warm bosom, fair maiden.
Dear loved one, bright and happy;
Beautiful star, hear this lovesick one.

Promise your love to me tonight,
We'll make vows before we leave
To engage, come what may.
Place your trust, and say you'll come.

Bright happier one, love of my breast
Best and fairest that I ever loved
I will take you as a partner
Place your trust, and say you'll come.

In your eyes I find truth
That shines like stars of grace and virtue;
For me, seeing you is a joy.
Beautiful star, hear this lovesick one.

27.

Tell me, masters of Wisdom
From what thing is longing made;
And what is put in it
That it never fades through wearing it.

Gold fades, silver fades,
Velvet fades. Silk fades,
Everything fades —
But longing never fades.

Great and cruel longing
Breaks my heart,
When I am sleeping at my heaviest at night.
Longing comes and wakes me.

28.

One night, as I sat weaving at my loom,
All my thoughts were filled with dark and wintry gloom;
My joy had long departed,
My youthful years had flown away,
Flown away and left me all too soon,
And, alas, upon my spirit care was strewn.
Then slowly I arose and left my loom,
And, in my sorrow, wandered from my lonely room;
A myriad stars were shining,
And all the heavens were bright and clear,
Bright with silv'ry radiance from the moon,
And the nightingale poured forth her silv'ry tune.



Pianist **Paula Fan** has performed on five continents as soloist and chamber musician, recorded over twenty commercial albums, and has broadcast for the BBC, NPR, Radio Television China, and international stations from Bosnia to Australia. As one of the first recipients of the doctorate in Collaborative Piano, she has lectured on the subject worldwide. She has taught at the University of Arizona as its only Regents' Professor from the Fine Arts, and as Visiting Professor at the Eastman School of Music. She was also Principal Keyboardist with the Tucson Symphony Orchestra for more than thirty seasons.

As both performer and teacher, one of her greatest interests has been building bridges between classical music and audiences of all ages and backgrounds, as well as between disciplines. In collaboration with the Arizona Research Institute for Solar Energy, she was co-founder of the Solar Storytellers, a piano trio playing electric instruments powered by a golf cart with a solar panel for a roof, which performed on the National Mall in Washington DC, at the Aspen Science Center, and in Arizona. She now serves as the first Senior Fellow at the University of Arizona's Confluencenter for Creative Inquiry and continues to tour internationally as pianist and lecturer.

American harpist **Rachel Kay Green** has earned praise throughout the world. She has been the first prize winner in many competitions, including the Golden Era of Romantic Music International Competition, the American Fine Arts Festival Russian Music Competition, the Angie Southard Competition, the ENKOR International Music Competition, the Young Texas Artists Music Competition, and the T. Gordon Parks Concerto Competition and was the top prize winner at the Fourth International Harp Competition in Mexico. Rachel has toured extensively, giving solo recitals in Hong Kong, at the Rio Harp Festival in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in New York's Carnegie Hall, and throughout the United States. She has performed for the American Musicological Society and as first harpist for the Summer Opera Program at the International Lyric Academy in Italy. As a concerto soloist, she has appeared with the Tucson Symphony Orchestra, the University of Northern Colorado Symphony Orchestra and the Arapahoe Philharmonic.

Rachel received her Doctor of Musical Arts and Master of Music degrees at the University of Arizona, studying under Dr. Carrol McLaughlin. She holds a Bachelor of Music degree from the University of Northern Colorado, where she completed a double emphasis in harp performance and piano performance.



The Welsh baritone **Jeremy Huw Williams** studied at St John's College, Cambridge, at the National Opera Studio, and with April Cantelo. He made his debut with Welsh National Opera as Guglielmo (*Così fan tutte*) and has since appeared in more than sixty operatic roles. He has given performances at major venues in North and South America, Australia, China, Hong Kong, and most European countries.

He has given recitals at the Wigmore Hall and Purcell Room, and at many major music festivals. He is renowned as a fine exponent of contemporary music, having commissioned much new music and given premieres of works by Alun Hoddinott, William Mathias, John Tavener, Michael Berkeley, Paul Mealer, Julian Phillips, Richard Causton, Mark Bowden, and Huw Watkins. He frequently records for BBC Radio 3 (in recital, and with the BBC NOW, CBSO, BBC SO, BBC SSO, BBC Philharmonic and BBC CO), and has made many commercial recordings, including ten solo discs of songs.



He was awarded an Honorary Fellowship by Glyndŵr University in 2009 for services to music in Wales, and received the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Aberdeen in 2011.

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