

Dutton Epoch
CDLX 7246

John Ireland – *Orchestral Songs and Miniatures*
&
Orchestral Songs by Elgar

BBC Concert Orchestra
conducted by Martin Yates
Roderick Williams baritone

Sir Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

Follow the Colours (1907) *words: Captain W de Courcy Stretton*

Thousand, thousands of marching feet,
All through the land, all through the land;
Gunners and Sappers, Horse and Foot,
A mighty band, a mighty band.

Follow the Colours, follow on,
Where'er they go, where'er they go;
Loyal the hearts that guard them well,
'Twas ever so, 'twas ever so.
March, march, march!
Roll the drums, and blow the fifes,
And make the bagpipes drone;
Glory for some and a chance for all,
Till we come again to our own.

England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales
Send forth their sons, send forth their sons;
Children of Empire seas beyond
Stand to their guns, stand to their guns.
Follow the Colours, follow on,
etc., etc., etc.

Some will return, and some remain,
We heed it not, we heed it not;
Something's wrong, to put it right's
The Soldier's lot, the Soldier's lot.
Follow the Colours, follow on.
etc., etc., etc.

A War Song (1884 orch. 1903) *words: C Flavell Hayward*

Hear the whiz of the shot as it flies,
Hear the rush of the shell in the skies,

Hear the bayonet's clash, ringing bright,
See the flash of the steel as they fight,
Hear the conqueror's shout!
As the foe's put to rout!
Hear the cry of despair
That is rending the air —
Now the neigh of a horse, now the bugle's loud blast.
See! anger and pain, passion and shame,
A struggle for life, a thirst for fame.
Ah!

Glory or death, for true hearts and. brave,
Honour in life, or rest in a grave.

Now the warfare is o'er, life is past,
Now in peace lie the dead, still at last;
Bronzed and brown, wan and pale, side by side,
Side by side, as they fought, fell and died;
There they lie, rank and pride,
Rags and wealth, proved and tried.
Youth and age, fear and trust,
Scarred and scorched, in the dust;
Gone forever their pain, anger, passion, and shame,
Gone! tumult and smoke, conflict and din,
Gone, anguish and trouble, sorrow and sin, —
Ah!

Glory or death, for true hearts and. brave,
Honour in life, or rest in a grave.

John Ireland (1879-1962)

Annabel Lee (1910 orch. 2009) *words: Edgar Allan Poe*

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love -
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me -
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud one night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we -
Of many far wiser than we -
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling -my darling -my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea -
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

In Praise of Neptune (1911) *words: Thomas Campion*

Of Neptune's empire let us sing,
At whose command the waves obey;
To whom the rivers tribute pay,
Down the high mountains sliding:
To whom the scaly nation yields
Homage for the crystal fields
Wherein they dwell:
And every sea-dog pays a gem
Yearly out of his wat'ry cell
To deck great Neptune's diadem.

The Tritons dancing in a ring

Before his palace gates do make
The water with their echoes quake,
Like the great thunder sounding:
The sea-nymphs chant their accents shrill,
And the sirens, taught to kill
With their sweet voice,
Make ev'ry echoing rock reply
Unto their gentle murmuring noise
The praise of Neptune's empery.

Here's to the Ships (1911 orch. 1912) *words: P J O'Reilly*

Here's to the ships, the grey ships,
The ships that wayward go,
Proudly to keep our flag afloat
In lands of sun or snow.
Here's to the ships, the grey ships,
That know not let nor bar,
The ships that guard our Motherland, –
Our kith and kin afar!

Here's to the guns, the long guns,
That speak with lips aflame,
Defiant as the thunderbolt
When grim war is the game.
Here's to the guns, the long guns,
That ope the sea gates wide, –
The guns that fierce dominion hold,
And will not be denied!

Here's to the men, the best men,
That e'er a nation boasts,
The men from vale and tor and town, –
The last and best of toasts!
Here's to the men, the seamen,
Who, at their country's call,
Will man her ships, will fight her guns;
The men! the best of all!

Psalm 23 (1958)

The Lord is my Shepherd,
therefore I can lack nothing.
He shall feed me in a green pasture,
and lead me forth
beside the waters of comfort.
He shall comfort my soul,
and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness

for His Name's sake.
Yea though I walk
through the valley of the shadow of death
I will fear no evil,
for thou art with me,
thy rod and thy staff comfort me.
Thy loving kindness and mercy
shall follow me all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.