

SEA FEVER – BARITONE SONGS BY BRITISH COMPOSERS

DUTTON EPOCH CDLX 7199

RODERICK WILLIAMS baritone

BBC CONCERT ORCHESTRA

conducted by **MARTIN YATES**

Sir Arnold Bax (1883-1953)

The Song of the Dagger

(*from 'The Bard of the Dimbovitza'*)

The dagger at my belt it dances

Whene'er I dance;

But when I drink the foaming wine-cup,

Then it grows sad;

For it is thirsty too, the dagger,

It thirsts for blood!

"Give, give me drink," it saith, "O Master,

For if I wear no stain of crimson,

The sunshine is ashamed to glitter

Upon my blade.

Then give, that I too may be drunken

With the warm blood that flows from wounds.

The maids will find thy kisses sweeter

When thou hast quenched my thirst,

And I shall dance, when thou art dancing,

More gaily at thy belt."

Did I but heed my dagger, now at night-time,

I should go find thee, love.

Beneath thy shift I should seek out so deftly

The spot where beats thy heart,

And pour thy blood's red warmth out for my

dagger,

Because thy kiss, O love, thou hast denied me,

And because I for that thy kiss have thirsted,

Even as the dagger thirsteth for thy blood.

Then will the sunshine sparkle and be merry,

Seeing thy red young blood,

Yea, and the merry sunbeams, they shall dry it,

Together with my tears.

My tears and thy blood shall flow together,

Mingling like rivers twain;

And though thy blood be hot, yet can it never

Be burning as my tears.

Nay, but thy blood will wonder when it feeleth

How burning are my tears.

The dagger at my belt, it dances

Whene'er I dance;

But when I drink the foaming wine-cup,

Then it grows sad;

For it is thirsty too, the dagger,

It thirsts for blood!

*Roumanian folk-song translated by
Carmen Sylva and Alma Strettel*

Welcome, Somer

Now welcome, somer with thy sonne softe

that hast this wintres weders over shake,

And driven away the longe nightes blake!

Saint Valentine, that art full hy in lofte,

Thus singen smalle foules for thy sake;

Now welcome, somer with thy sonne softe

that hast this wintres weders over shake.

Wel have they cause for to gladden ofte,

Sith ech of hem recovered hath his make;

Ful blissfully they singen when they wake:

Now welcome, somer with thy sonne softe

that hast this wintres weders over shake.

Geoffrey Chaucer

Viking-Battle-Song

Let loose the hounds of war,

The whirling swords!

Send them leaping afar,

Red in their thirst for war;

Odin laughs in his car

At the screaming of the swords!

Far let the white-ones fly,

The whirling swords!

Far off the ravens cry

Death-shadows cloud the sky.

Let the wolves,

the wolves of the Gael die.

'Neath the screaming swords!

Ye Shining Ones yonder High in Valhalla

Shout now with thunder;

Drive the Gaels under,

Cleave them asunder,

Swords of Valhalla.

Fiona Macleod

John Ireland (1879-1962)

Sea Fever

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea

and the sky,

And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;

And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the

white sails shaking,

And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn

breaking.

I must go down to the seas again,

for the call of the running tide

Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;

And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds

flying,

And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the

sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant

gypsy life,

To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the

Wind's like a whetted knife;

And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing

fellow-rover;

And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the

long trick's over.

John Masefield

When Lights go Rolling Round the Sky

When lights go rolling round the sky,

Then up my heart, then ope mine eye,

With Molly and Polly And John so jolly –

Away say we, with melancholy, Heigh-ho and

heigh-ho,

For me, for me's no melancholy.

First rolls the sun in rosy morn,

And wheels away whate'er's forlorn:

Then look I to my Molly, And, certes, John to

Polly –

To each the girl, the love, the wife,

A rosy morn of rosy life: And so, and so, O ho,

O ho.

When lights go rolling round the sky,

Then up my heart then ope mine eye,

With Molly and Polly And John so Jolly –

Away say we, with melancholy, Heigh-ho and

heigh-ho,

For me, for me's no melancholy.

When moves the early moon a-west

We say the vesper time is best;

And then lead I my Molly, And cometh John with

Polly,

To sweet sequestered willow shade.

For such dear girls and lovers made: And so, and so,

O ho, O ho.

When lights go rolling round the sky,

Then up my heart then ope mine eye,

With Molly and Polly And John so jolly

Away say we, with melancholy, Heigh-ho and

heigh-ho,

For me, for me's no melancholy.

James Vila Blake

Youth's Spring-Tribute (from 'Marigold')

On this sweet bank your head thrice sweet and dear

I lay and spread your hair on either side,

And see the newborn woodflowers bashful-eyed

Look through the golden tresses here and there.

On these debateable borders of the year

Spring's foot half falters; scarce she yet may know

The leafless blackthorn-blossom from the snow;

And through her bowers the wind's way still is clear.

But April's sun strikes down the glades to-day;

So shut your eyes upturned and feel my kiss

Creep, as the Spring now thrills through every spray,

Up your warm throat to your warm lips: for this

Is even the hour of Love's sworn suit-service,

With whom cold hearts are counted castaway.

D G Rossetti

The Holy Boy: a Carol of the Nativity

Lowly, laid in a manger,

With oxen brooding nigh,

The Heav'nly Babe is lying

His Maiden Mother by.

Lo! The way-faring sages,

Who journey'd far through the wild,

Now worship, silent adoring,

The Boy, The Heav'nly Child –

The Heav'nly Child.

Leave your work and your playtime,

And kneel in homage and prayer,

The Prince of Love is smiling

Asleep in his cradle there!

Bend your hearts to the wonder,

The Birth, the Mystery mild,

And worship, silent adoring,

The Boy, the Heav'nly Child –

The Heav'nly Child!

Dim the light of the lantern,

And bare the mean abode,

Yet gold and myrrh and incense

Proclaim the Son of God.

Lowly laid in a manger

By Virgin undefiled,

Come worship, silent, adoring,

The Boy, The Heav'nly Child.

The Heav'nly Child!

Herbert S Brown

Hope the Hornblower

"Hark ye, hark to the winding horn;
 Sluggards, awake, and front the morn!
 Hark ye, hark to the winding horn;
 The sun's on meadow and mill,
 Follow me, hearts that love the chase;
 Follow me, feet that keep the pace:
 Stirrup to stirrup we ride, we ride,
 We ride by moor and hill.

"Huntsman, huntsman, whither away?
 What is the quarry afoot to-day?
 Huntsman, huntsman, whither away,
 And what the game ye kill?
 Is it the deer, that men may dine?
 Is it the wolf that tears the kine?
 What is the race ye ride, ye ride,
 Ye ride by moor and hill?"

"Ask not yet till the day be dead
 What is the game that's forward fled,
 Ask not yet fill the day be dead
 The game we follow still.
 An echo it may be, floating past;
 A shadow it may be, fading fast:
 Shadow or echo, we ride, we ride,
 We ride by moor and hill."

*Sir Henry Newbolt***If There Were Dreams to Sell**

If there were dreams to sell,
 What would you buy?
 Some cost a passing bell;
 Some a light sigh,
 That shakes from Life's fresh crown
 Only a rose-leaf down.
 If there were dreams to sell,
 Merry and sad to tell,
 And the crier rang the bell,
 What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
 With bowers nigh,
 Shadowy, my woes to still,
 Until I die.
 Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
 Fain would I shake me down.
 Were dreams to have at will,
 This best would heal my ill,
 This would I buy.

*Thomas Lovell Beddoes***When I Am Dead, My Dearest**

When I am dead, my dearest,
 Sing no sad songs for me;
 Plant thou no roses at my head,
 Nor shady cypress tree:
 Be the green grass above me
 With showers and dewdrops wet;
 And if thou wilt, remember;
 And if thou wilt, forget.
 I shall not see the shadows,
 I shall not feel the rain;
 I shall not hear the nightingale
 Sing on, as if in pain:
 And dreaming through the twilight
 That doth not rise nor set,
 Haply I may remember
 And haply may forget.

*Christina Rossetti***Sir George Dyson (1883-1964)****Valour**

Who would true valour see.
 Let him come hither
 One here will constant be,
 Come wind, come weather;

There's no discouragement
 Shall make him once relent
 His first avowed intent
 To be a pilgrim,
 To be a pilgrim.

Who-so beset him round
 With dismal stories,
 Do but themselves confound;
 His strength the more is.

No lion can him fright,
 He'll with a giant fight,
 But he will have a right
 To be a pilgrim,
 To be a pilgrim.

Hob-goblin nor foul fiend
 Can daunt his spirit,
 He knows he at the end
 Shall life inherit.

Then fancies fly away;
 He'll not fear what men say;
 He'll labour night and day
 To be a pilgrim,
 To be a pilgrim.

*John Bunyan***Morning and Evening**

My God, who makes the Sun to know
 His proper hour to rise,
 And to give light to all below,
 Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chamber of the east
 His morning race begins,
 He never tires, nor stops to rest
 But round, but round the world he shines.

So, like the Sun, would I
 fulfil the business of the day;
 Begin my work betimes,
 Begin my work betimes, and still
 March, still march on my heavenly way.

And now another day is gone,
 I'll my Maker's praise.
 My comforts ev'ry hour
 Make known His providence and grace.

I lay my body down to sleep;
 Let angels guard my head,
 And through the hours of darkness keep
 Their watch
 Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart
 I close my eyes,
 Since thou wilt not remove;
 And in the morning,
 And in the morning let me rise
 Rejoicing, rejoicing in thy love.

*Isaac Watts***The Seekers**

Friends and loves we have none,
 nor wealth nor blessed abode
 But the hope, the burning hope,
 and the road, the open road.

Not for us are content,
 and quiet and peace of mind.
 For we go seeking cities
 That we shall never find.

There is no solace on earth
 for us such as we,
 Who search for the hidden beauty
 that eyes may never see.

Only the road and the dawn,
 the sun, the wind, and the rain.
 And the watch-fire under the stars
 and sleep, and the road again.

We travel the dusty road
 till the light of the day is dim,
 And sunset shows the spires
 away on the world's rim.

Friends and loves we have none,
 nor wealth nor blessed abode,
 But the hope, the burning hope, –
 And the road, the open road.

*John Masefield***Hymn to the Stars****(Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam)**

When I survey the bright Celestial sphere;
 So rich with jewels hung, that Night
 Doth like an Ethiop bride appear:

My soul her wings doth spread
 And heavenward flies,
 Th' Almighty's mysteries to read
 In the large volumes of the skies.
 For the bright firmament
 Shoots forth no flame
 So silent, but is eloquent
 In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
 Contracts its light
 Into so small a character,
 Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look
 We shall discern
 In it, as in some holy book,
 How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror
 That far-stretch'd power,
 Which his proud dangers traffic for,
 Is but the triumph of an hour:

That from the farthest North,
 Some nation may,
 Yet undiscover'd, issue forth,
 And o'er his new-got conquest sway:

Some nation yet shut in
 With hills of ice
 May be let out to scourge his sin,
 Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
 Their ruin have;
 For as yourselves your empires fall,
 And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute:-

For they have watch'd since first
The World had birth:
And found sin in itself accrue,
And nothing permanent on Earth.

William Habington

Praise

Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing
My God and King.

The heav'ns are not too high,
His Praise may thither fly,
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing
My God and King.

The Church with psalms must chout,
No door can keep them out;
But, above all, the heart
Must bear, must bear the longest part.

Let all the world on ev'ry corner sing
My God, my God, my God and King.

George Herbert

Rutland Boughton (1878-1960)

Songs of the English

Fair is Our Lot

Fair is our lot – O goodly is our heritage!
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)
For the Lord our God Most High
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the
Earth!

Yea, though we sinned – and our rulers went from
righteousness –
Deep in all dishonour tho' we stained our
garments' hem.
Oh be ye not dismayed,
Though we stumbled and we strayed,
We were led by evil counsellors –
The Lord shall deal with them!

Hold ye the Faith – the Faith our Fathers sealèd us;
Whoring not with visions – otherwise and overstale.
Except ye pay the Lord
Single heart and single sword,
Of their children in their bondage shall He ask
them treble-tale!

Keep ye the Law – be swift in all obedience –
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown;
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we
serve the Lord!
let men know we serve the Lord!

Rudyard Kipling

The Coastwise Lights

(Our Brows are Bound with Spindrift)

Our brows are bound with spindrift and the weed
is on our knees;
Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging,
smoking seas.
From rock and reef and skerry – over headland,
ness, and voe –
The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships
of England go!

Through the endless summer evenings, on the
lineless, level floors;
Thro' the yelling Channel tempest when the
siren hoots and roars –
By day the dipping house-flag, by night the
rocket's trail. –
As the sheep that graze behind us so we know
them where they hail.

We bridge across the dark, and bid the helmsman
have a care,
The flash that wheeling inward wakes his sleeping
wife to prayer;
From our vexed eyries, head to gale, we bind in
burning chains
The lover from the sea-rim drawn – his love in
English lanes.

Go, get you gone up-Channel with the sea-crust on
your plates;
Go, get you into London with the burden of your
freights!

Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and say, if
any seek,
The Lights of England sent you and by silence
shall ye speak!
and by silence shall ye speak!

Rudyard Kipling

The Price of Admiralty

(We Have Fed Our Seas)

We have fed our sea for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Tho' there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead
We have strawed our best to the weeds unrest,
To the shark and the sheering gull
If blood be the price of admiralty
Lord God, we ha' paid in full.

There's never a floor does shoreward now
But lifts a keel we manned;
There's never an ebb goes seaward now
But drops our dead on the sand –
But slinks our dead on the sands forlore
from the Ducies to the Swin
If blood be the price of admiralty
Lord God, we ha' paid it in.

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,
For that is our doom and pride,
As it was when they sailed with the *Golden Hind*,
Or the wreck that struck last tide –
Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef
Where the ghastly blue lights flare
If blood be the price of admiralty
Lord God, we ha' bought it fair!

Rudyard Kipling

Edgar Bainton (1880-1956)

Christmas Eve

Hark! The bells ringing!
In the deep night,
in the depth of the winter of man.
Lo! Once more the Son is born.

O age-long,
not in Nazareth alone,
nor now today
but through all
ages of the past.
The bells of Christmas ringing;
The saviour-music
like a dream from heaven
Touching the slumb'ring heart.

Sweet promise which the people
with unerring instinct cling to!
O winter sun arising
nevermore to set.

O nature slowly changing,
slow transforming to the hearts of men,
Shrine of the soul,
Shrine of the new-born god of man himself.

Edward Carpenter

Little Heart within Thy Cage

Little heart within thy cage so many years
year after year
Beating, still beating, so tenderly yearning
For comrade love, the love which is to come.

Often near stopping, or wounded like a bird,
so full of pain – thy thread of life almost snapped,
Yet with joy so wonderful,
over all and through all continuing.

Soon altogether shalt thou stop, little heart,
and the beating and the pain here shall cease;
But out of thee that life breathed
into the like of thee like of others
Shall never stop nor cease.

Through a thousand beautiful forms, so beautiful,
through the gates of a thousand hearts,
Eman inparted freed, we will pass on.
I and my joy will suddenly pass on.

Edward Carpenter

Sir Hubert Parry (1848-1918)

King Arthur's Farewell to Guenever (*Guenever*, Act II)

with AILISH TYNAN soprano

Arthur: Guenever I scarce can ask God speed for thee
and yet God thee keep.

Guenever: Gone is the light the dark clouds sweep
like black flags of night across the sky.
Arthur, some ill draws nigh; go not to battle.
On every hand traitors possess the land.

Arthur: Nay Guenever, I may not stay.
Yet if thou wilt, arm me once more as in the days gone by.
See the fair hilt is dim, as when the mystic arm in samite upheld it o'er the waters calm.

Guenever: Some ill it doth portend.

Arthur: Nay, haply but life's end.
A dark dream came last night when all were sleeping.
Deep circling waters gathered round.
All robed in gold I lay mid serpent creeping,
and every limb with tangled snakes was bound.
Me thought I wakened in the dawning golden.
I lay sore wounded on the strand,
and round wept Queens in raiment dark enfolden,
a black barge grating on the clean-washed strand.
Mid deathless flowers I saw fair ripples gleaming;
o'er level meads resplendent towers shone, and through wide gates
I saw a glad throng streaming, and then I knew I was in Avalon.
And then I dreamed I heard my own name spoken.
A voice called: 'Arthur'.
By the water's side stood Gareth,
his face with strange light smiling.
He welcomed me
and all around I saw bright figures kneeling,
and silver clad above the mystic throng.
One priestlike bore the cup of healing
and round me rose the triumph flood of song.

Guenever: O Arthur, leave me not,
I repent me.

Arthur: Nay! Hush. Or day is spent.
Even now at the gate our banners wait.

Guenever: If it must be so, yet leave me not without forgiveness.

Arthur: Thou art forgiven.
Make thy peace with God.
And take for old love's sake
'Farewell' with this last kiss.

Una Taylor