

Charles Villiers Stanford

Orchestral Songs

Sharon Carty, Morgan Pearse
BBC CONCERT ORCHESTRA
John Andrews

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852–1924)

Orchestral Songs

Sharon Carty *mezzo-soprano*
Morgan Pearse *baritone*
BBC Singers Tracks 8–10
BBC Concert Orchestra

John Andrews *conductor*

Produced in association with the BBC Concert Orchestra and BBC Radio 3



**An Irish Idyll in Six
Miniatures, Op. 77, No. 2**

1. A Fairy Lough [3:43]

**The Clown's Songs from
Twelfth Night, Op. 65, No. 2**

2. Come Away Death [3:34]

3. **Is it the Wind of the Dawn?** [2:42]

4. **La belle dame sans merci** [6:46]

From **The Triumph of Love, Op.82**

5. I think that we were children [3:32]

6. When in solemn stillness [3:53]

7. O Flames of Passion [2:29]

Cavalier Songs, Op. 17

8. Marching Along [2:32]

9. King Charles [2:00]

10. Boot, Saddle, To Horse [1:56]

From **Songs of Faith, Op. 97**

11. To the Soul [3:31]

12. Tears [4:41]

13. Joy, Shipmate, Joy! [1:50]

From **Irish Songs and Ballads**

14. Chieftain of Tyrconnell [3:22]

From **Songs of Old Ireland**

15. The Foggy Dew [2:40]

16. When She Answered me [1:47]

17. **O Ye Dead** [4:00]

From **Songs of Old Ireland**

18. Battle Hymn [1:21]

19. Lament for O R O'Neill [3:35]

20. Emer's Farewell to Cucullain [4:16]

Songs of Erin, Op. 76, No. 22

21. The Alarm [1:34]

Bible Songs, Op. 113, No. 3

22. A Song of Hope [7:03]

Total playing time [72:57]



Charles Villiers Stanford: Orchestral Songs

The brilliance of Stanford's orchestral technique is reflected in the practice he often exercised of scoring pieces originally conceived for piano or organ. This can be witnessed, for example, in the *Four Irish Dances* Op. 89 (1903), first composed for the piano, but later transferred with idiomatic prowess to the orchestra. (Such understanding of the orchestral idiom and its fundamental difference from the 'transient' acoustical nature of the piano was perhaps only surpassed by the prodigious vision of Respighi and Ravel who often orchestrated their keyboard works for orchestra).

Stanford was also in the habit of orchestrating his songs for solo voice and piano, often for the purposes of having an interlude or diversion in an orchestral concert (this was a common custom in, for example, the concerts of the Philharmonic Society), or a choral concert where the song might be an appropriate focus or 'show piece' for one of the attendant soloists. In most cases this was for his fellow Irish countryman and premiere baritone, Harry Plunket Greene, who had come to prominence in England in 1888 with his appearance in Handel's *Messiah* at the People's Palace, but there were

others such as the dramatic mezzo-soprano, Marie Brema, the Russian soprano (and wife of Henry Wood), Olga Michailoff and the American baritone, David Bispham who were also beneficiaries of his song orchestrations.

Stanford's theatrical setting of John Keats's ballad **La belle dame sans merci**, a harrowing fable of seduction, love and loss (not dissimilar to the German legend of 'Die Lorelei'), dates from 1877, but it was not orchestrated until 1888 when it was specially produced for a concert at the Royal College of Music on 26 March 1888, and it was later included in a concert entirely of Stanford's music in the Grosser Saal of the Berlin Philharmonie on 14 January 1889. The score is now lost, but since Stanford clearly believed in its orchestral manifestation, it has been included here in an orchestration by Jeremy Dibble. In 1882, Stanford entered into the first of several projects to publish his musical arrangements of the Irish traditional song repertoire. *Songs of Old Ireland*, dedicated to Johannes Brahms, was a great success and, among its fifty arrangements using texts by the Irish antiquarian, Alfred Perceval Graves, antiquarian, poet and educationist (perhaps better known as the father of the poet, Robert Graves), were melodies which fondly adorned the pianos of many a Victorian parlour. Almost certainly as a result of this publication's acclaim, he

arranged several of them for Plunket Greene. **When she answered me**, a simple melody, scored for slender resources, is undated, but may have been scored at the same time as **The Foggy Dew** which is dated 30 April 1893, while the orchestration of the more tragic and sumptuously embellished **Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill** (which Stanford later incorporated into his plangent *Irish Rhapsody* No. 2 Op 84 of 1903 championed by Willem Mengelberg) bears the date 8 April 1892. Two other arrangements were made specially for Marie Brema who later appeared in the role of Beatrice in Stanford's seventh opera *Much Ado About Nothing* in 1901. The expressive **Emer's Farewell to Cucullain**, using the familiar 'Londonderry Air' was scored for small forces in contrast to the more strident **Battle Hymn** which deploys a larger orchestra. Both manuscripts are undated although we know that Brema sang them at a concert at the Crystal Palace in December 1894.

The **Three Cavalier Songs** Op. 17, taken from Robert Browning's *Bells and Pomegranates* (later published in *Dramatic Lyrics*) for baritone, male chorus and piano were originally completed in 1880 and sung at a concert of the Cambridge University

Musical Society on 22 March 1882. Stanford entertained high hopes that they might be sung again, in orchestral garb, with the well-known English baritone, Charles Santley, at the Birmingham Festival in 1882, but Birmingham turned down the suggestion. However, in August 1893, Stanford took the opportunity to orchestrate them for David Bispham who sang them with the Bach Choir in London on 8 May 1894. Indeed, Bispham championed the songs and sang them several times during his later visits to London. In these three entertaining, rousing songs, the perspective of the English Civil War is seen through the eyes of the Royalists, not least by way of the Kentish Uprising and the loyal role of Brancepeth Castle (its owner Sir Nicholas Cole took part in the defence of Newcastle in 1644).

Stanford set a substantial number of Tennyson's poems to music, but he began his collaboration with the Poet Laureate in the 1870s with an incidental score for the play *Queen Mary*. It proved to be an unhappy experience because of a jealous intrigue on the part of the theatre's musical director, Robert Stoepel, but in 1893, after the death of Tennyson the previous year, the opportunity emerged to write a new score for Becket, which had been written in 1884. Stanford, who, at one point, had considered

the play as a suitable subject for an opera, leapt at the chance and produced a generous and inspired score for Henry Irving, its director. Among the more lavish orchestral numbers were several short vocal interludes, one of which was the love duet **Is it the wind of the dawn** in Act II Scene 1 sung before the entry of King Henry and his paramour, Rosamund de Clifford, though, owing to difficulties with adapting the play to the stage, this passionate number was sadly omitted from the production.

Three further arrangements of Irish traditional melodies were made for Plunket Greene during the 1890s. **Chieftain of Tyrconnell** was scored as a New Year's gift on 31 December 1892, and tells the sorry tale of Red Hugh O'Donnell, the sixteenth-century Irish clan chief who, after leading the rising against English rule in Ireland during the Nine Years War, suffered exile in Spain after the devastating defeat at Kinsale in 1602. The tune later appeared in another collection of traditional melodies arranged by Stanford in collaboration with Alfred Perceval Graves, *Irish Songs and Ballads* (1893). The melancholy setting of Thomas Moore's **O ye dead** was scored on 29 September 1895, shortly after the publication of Stanford's *The Irish Melodies of Thomas Moore* Op. 60 which he dedicated to his

old Dublin friend, Joseph Robinson. Cast in a rich D flat major (rather than the D major of the publication), Stanford's unusual inclusion of trombones in the scoring (which has similarities with the Viennese mass orchestrations of the late eighteenth century) suggests an almost sacred context for the lament of the dead and exiled and the memory of happier times. **The Alarm**, a more urgent, scherzo-like song, scored for larger orchestra was included in a third collection of fifty Irish arrangements, *Songs of Erin* Op. 76 (1900) and conjures up an urgent vision of the Irish battle cry against the invading Norsemen.

Feste's songs from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* became a focus for Stanford in October 1896 when he composed *The Clown's Songs* from Shakespeare's Comedy. The songs were published in 1897 by Boosey and in March 1898 Stanford scored the second of the triptych, **Come away, death**, for small orchestra. Described by one critic as 'a lugubrious setting...made even more lugubrious by an orchestral colouring in which the very depths of despair seem to be sounded', the song was sung soon afterwards in a Philharmonic Society concert by Plunket Greene on 28 April.

In 1901, Stanford published his first Irish song cycle, *An Irish Idyll* Op. 77, setting words by the poetess, Moira O'Neill. Among the songs was *The Fairy Lough* which was often sung by Plunket Greene in his pioneering recitals in London and the provinces (sometimes with Stanford as his accompanist); in fact, such was Plunket Greene's admiration of the song (which was later a focus of his book, *The Interpretation of Song*, published in 1912 and based on earlier lectures), Stanford scored the song for him in September 1909, the gossamer orchestration of which anticipated the legerdmain of his partsong cycle for female chorus and small orchestra, *Fairy Day*, of 1913.

The Triumph of Love Op. 82, a collection of five settings of sonnets by his lifelong friend and cousin, Edmond Holmes, was published in 1903. Of these five substantial songs, Stanford orchestrated three of them in June 1906. Olga Michailoff, the wife of Henry Wood, sang two of them – the lyrically nostalgic 'I think that we were children long ago' and the fiery 'O flames of passion' – at a Promenade Concert of 23 October 1909 under her husband's direction. It was her last public appearance and she died two months later. The third song, 'When in the solemn stillness', a dark, mysterious, probing canvas, appears not to have been performed

during Stanford's lifetime and is probably heard here for the first time in its orchestral garb.

Stanford's three spacious song settings of Walt Whitman formed the second part of a larger collection of *Six Songs of Faith* Op. 97 (Set I was made up of poems by Tennyson) which he composed in 1906. In 1913, with the prospect of a concert of his music at the Norfolk Festival, Connecticut, an east coast tour, and an honorary doctorate at Yale University, he returned to these songs to which he clearly owned a fondness. Taking material from two of the songs, **Darest thou now, O soul** (which had been set by two of his pupils, Charles Wood and Vaughan Williams) and **Joy shipmate, joy!**, he recomposed them into a choral work, *Song to the Soul* which, with Whitman's transcendental texts, had an appropriate contemporary American flavour. Unable to accommodate his choral work, Norfolk also had to reschedule his visit for 1915, but instead they acceded to performances of his 'Irish' Symphony and his Second Piano Concerto (its world premiere) and two orchestrations of his Whitman songs, 'Darest thou now, O soul' and **Tears** to be sung by the American baritone, Clarence Whitehill. To complete the set of three songs, 'Joy shipmate, joy!' has been orchestrated here by Jeremy Dibble.

Among Stanford's most original hybrid forms were his *Six Bible Songs* Op. 113 composed in 1909 and published by Stainer & Bell. Symphonic in scope, they are more extended in structure than more conventional songs, and their organ accompaniments are almost orchestral in terms of scale and dynamic range – attributes which make them unique in Stanford's output but also in the wider European romantic song repertoire. The third song of the set, **A Song of Hope**, is a setting of Psalm 130 ('Out of the deep have I called'). From the depths of sorrow (symbolised by the persistent upward motive in the voice and accompaniment), the song, fearful in sentiment, becomes more animated ('If thou, O Lord, wilt be extreme') before a greater optimism emerges ('I look for the Lord') with a sense of hope in God's mercy. Perhaps sensing the song's emotional weight, Stanford was moved to orchestrate it for organ and strings, though this rather beautiful arrangement has remained unpublished.

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Texts

1. **A Fairy Lough, Op. 77 No. 2**
Lough-a-reem-a! Lough-a-reem-a;
Lies so high among the heather;
A little lough, a dark lough,
The water's black an' deep.
Ould herons go a-fishin' there,
An' seagulls all together
Float roun' the one green island
On the fairy lough asleep,

Lough-a-reem-a! Lough-a-reem-a;
When the sun goes down at seven,
When the hills are dark an' airy,
'Tis a curlew whistles sweet!
Then somethin' rustles all the reeds
That stand so thick an' even;
A little wave runs up the shore
An' flees, as if on feet.

Lough-a-reem-a! Lough-a-reem-a;
Stars come out, an' stars are hidin';
The wather whispers on the stones;
The flittherin' moths are free.
One'st before the mornin' light
The Horsemen will come ridin'
Roun' an' roun' the fairy lough
And no one there to see.

*Agnes Shakespeare Higginson (1864–1955)
as Moira O'Neill*

2. **Come Away Death**
Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall
be thrown:

A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

From Twelfth Night by William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

3. Is it the Wind of the Dawn?

1. Is it the wind of the dawn that I hear
in the pine overhead?

2. No; but the voice of the deep as it hollows
the cliffs of the land.

1. Is there a voice coming up with the
voice of the deep from the strand,
Once coming up with a Song in the
flush of the glimmering red?

2. Love that is born of the deep coming
up with the sun from the sea.

1. Love that can shape or can shatter a
life till the life shall have fled?

2. Nay, let us welcome him, Love that
can lift up a life from the dead.

1. Keep him away from the lone little isle.
Let us be, let us be.

2. Nay, let him make it his own, let him
reign in it – he, it is he,

Love that is born of the deep coming
up with the sun from the sea.

From Becket by Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)

4. La belle dame sans merci

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So lone and palely loitering?
The sedge hath wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woebegone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest done.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
'I love thee true.'

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream'd – Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.



I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried – 'La belle dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!'

I saw their starved lips in the gloom,
With horrid warning gaping wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

John Keats (1795–1821)

The Triumph of Love

5. I think that we were children long ago
In some far land beyond the gates of death,
Where souls, too innocent for bliss or woe,
Wait for renewal of their mortal breath.
I think we played together on the shore
Of some blue inlet of eternity,
And heard the waters rolling evermore,
And saw the mystic light on land and sea.
I think we roam'd together, side by side, –
Heart link'd to heart in childhood's guileless love –
Haunted by fears of Ocean waste and wide,
By gleams of glory from the worlds above,
By faint remembrances of days on earth,
By dim forebodings of our second birth.

6. When in solemn stillness of the night,
My musing soul is filled with love of thee,
I seem to stand upon the world's last height,
The flaming rampart of all things that be.
And as I pause upon that lonely verge
And plunge my gaze into the gulf below,
I see the cosmic billows sweep and surge
From death to life, with endless ebb and flow.

But howsoever deep my soul may drink
Of light and life, and wonder and desire, –
Love still remains, – the love that thou hast waked –
Its deeps unfathomed and its thirst undried.

7. O Flames of Passion, will ye never die,
That trampled into dust anon revive,
And wrap my heart in fire and stream on high! –
O rebel flames, die down and ye shall live.
Ay, ye shall burn more bravely than of old,
Fed by the fuel of love's self-control, –
Burn till your fiercer heat seems pale and cold,
Burn in the furnace of love's inmost soul.
Ay, ye shall burn, when Love has quenched your fire,
Burn on for aye, triumphant in your death;
For, as your tempest-driven waves expire,
They wake again, lit by love's purest breath; –
Wake to new life, though lost to mortal sight,
In love's white flame, in love's transcendent light.

From The Triumph of Love by Edmond Holmes (1850–1936)

Cavalier Songs

8. Marching Along
*Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.*

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Marching along, fifty-score strong...

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're–

Marching along, fifty-score strong...

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here

Marching along, fifty-score strong...

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

Marching along, fifty-score strong...

9. King Charles
*King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here', in hell's despite now,
King Charles!*

Who gave me the goods that went since?
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?...

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's damned troopers shot him?

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?...

10. Boot, Saddle, To Horse
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery grey,

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
'God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay–

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
Who laughs, 'Good fellows ere this, by my fay',

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, 'Nay!
'I've better counsellors; what counsel they?

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

*From Bells and Pomegranates (later published in
Dramatic Lyrics) by Robert Browning (1812–89)*

Songs of Faith

11. To the Soul
Darest thou now O Soul,
Walk out with me toward the Unknown Region,
Where neither ground is for the feet
nor any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh,
nor lips, nor eyes, are in that land.

I know it not O Soul;
Nor dost thou – all is a blank before us;
All waits, undream'd of, in that region,
that inaccessible land.



Till when the ties loosen,
All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense,
nor any bounds, bound us.

Then we burst forth -- we float,
In Time and Space, O Soul, prepared for them;
Equal, equipt at last, --
(O joy! O fruit of all!) them to fulfil, O Soul.

12. Tears
Tears! tears! tears!
In the night, in solitude, tears,
On the white shore dripping, dripping,
suck'd in by the sand,
Tears, not a star shining, all dark and desolate,
Moist tears from the eyes of a muffled head;
O who is that ghost? that form in the dark, with tears?
What shapeless lump is that, bent,
crouch'd there on the sand?
Streaming tears, sobbing tears, throes,
choked with wild cries;
O storm, embodied, rising, careering
with swift steps along the beach!
O wild and dismal night storm,
with wind -- O howling and desperate!
O shade so sedate by day, with calm
countenance and steady pace,
But away at night as you fly,
none looking -- O then the unloosen'd ocean,
Of tears! tears! tears!

13. Joy, Shipmate, Joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry,
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy, shipmate, joy.

From Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman (1819–1892)

14. Chieftain of Tyrconnell

Sore misery to Erin, that you spread
Your sails for far-off Espan, Hugh the Red!
But sorest doom that on a foreign strand
Quenched your keen eye and from your falt'ring hand
Has struck down the faithful brand.

Who now for us shall sweep the cattle spoil
In bellowing tumult o'er the foamy Foyle?
And till the steers are driven dispersed to sward,
Hurl back, like thee, the Avenger from the ford,
Hugh O'Donnell of the Sword?

Who now upon the plunderers from the Pale
Shall wreck the fiery vengeance of the Gael?
With sudden onslaught strike the Saxon crew
And smite them as you smote them through and through,
Chieftain of Tyrconnell, who?

Last who like thee, with comforts manifold
Shall keep and cherish sick and poor and old?
For ah! thy open ever-flowing store
Of food and drink and clothing maet galore
Fails them now for evermore.

Alfred Perceval Graves (1846–1931)

15. The Foggy Dew

Oh! a wan cloud was drawn
O'er the dim, weeping dawn,
As to Shannon's side I returned at last;
And the heart in my breast
For the girl I loved best
Was beating -- ah, beating, how loud and fast!
While the doubts and the fears
Of the long, aching years
Seemed mingling their voices with the moaning flood;
Till full in my path,
Like a wild water-wraith,
My true love's shadow lamenting stood.

But the sudden sun
The cold, cruel mist
Into dancing showers of diamond dew;
And the dark flowing stream
Laughed back to his beam,
And the lark soared singing aloft in the blue;
While no phantom of night,
But a form of delight
Stood with arms outspread for her darling boy:
And the girl I love best
On my wild, throbbing breast
Hid her thousand treasures, with a cry of joy.

Alfred Perceval Graves (1846–1931)

16. **When She Answered me**

When she answered me her voice was low,
But minstrel never matched his chords
To such a wealth of words
In Tomora's palace long ago.

When her eyes looked back the love in mine,
Not Erin's self upon my sight
Has started out of stormy night
With a bluer welcome o'er the brine.

And no other orbs can e'er eclipse
That magic look of maiden love,
And never song my soul shall move
Like that low sweet answer of her lips.

Alfred Perceval Graves

17. **O Ye Dead**

Oh, ye Dead! oh, ye Dead!
whom we know by the light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes,
though you move like men who live,
Why leave you thus your graves,
In far off fields and waves,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,

To haunt this spot where all
Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that wail'd you, like your own, lie dead?

It is true, it is true, we are shadows cold and wan;
And the fair and the brave whom we loved on earth are gone;
But still thus even in death,
So sweet the living breath
Of the fields and the flowers in our youth we wander'd o'er,
That ere, condemn'd, we go
To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,
We would taste it a while, and think we live once more!

*From The Melodies of Thomas Moore
by Thomas Moore (1779–1852)*

18. **Battle Hymn**

Above the thunder crashes,
Around the lightning flashes:
Our heads are heaped with ashes
But Thou, God, art nigh!
Thou launchest forth the levin,
The storm by Thee is driven,
Give heed, O Lord, from Heaven,
Hear, hear our cry!

For lo, the Dane defaces
With fire Thy holy places,
He hews Thy priests in pieces,
Our maids more than die.
Up, Lord, with storm and thunder,
Pursue him with his plunder,
And smite his ships in sunder,
Lord God Most High!

Alfred Perceval Graves

19. **Lament for O R O'Neill**

Oh! black breaks the morrow in tempest and gloom,
When we bear to our sorrow O'Neill to the tomb.
Whilst with wailing and weeping the long, long train
Comes woefully weeping o'er Uladh's dark plain.

'Twas not reaving their cattle, you fell, Owen Roe,
Or in red, raging battle, your face to the foe.
But the black snake of treason they sent, O'Neill,
To pierce you with poison since you scoffed at their steel.

Oh! leader God-gifted, oh! arm stern of stroke,
That well-nigh had lifted from our shoulders the yoke,
Your death-bell is ringing our doom, our doom,
For with you we are bringing our hopes to the tomb!

Alfred Perceval Graves

20. **Emer's Farewell**

O might a maid confess her secret longing
To one who dearly loves, but may not speak!
Alas! I had not hidden to thy wrongdoing
A bleeding heart beneath a smiling cheek;
I had not stemmed my bitter tears from starting,
And thou had'st learned my bosom's dear distress,
And half the pain, the cruel pain of parting,
Had passed, Cucullin, in thy fond caress.

But go! Connacia's hostile trumpets call thee,
Thy chariot mount and ride the ridge of war,
And prove whatever feat of arms befall thee,
The hope and pride of Emer of Lismore;
Ah, then return, my hero, girt with glory,
To knit my virgin heart so near to thine,
That all who seek thy name in Erin's story
Shall find its loving letters linked with mine.

Alfred Perceval Graves

21. **The Alarm**

Hurry down, hurry down, hurry down ever,
From the wrack-ridden mountain and yellow rushing river,
Stern horsemen and footmen with spear, axe and quiver,
Oh, hurry down, hurry down, your land to deliver.
Haste, oh, haste, for in cruel might clustering
Far and near the fierce Nordman is mustering,
Haste, oh, haste, or the daughters you cherish,
The bride of your bosom shall far more than perish.

Lo! how he toils down that narrow pass yonder,
Ensnared by his spoils and oppressed by his plunder!
Flash on him, crash on him, God's fire and thunder!
And scatter and scatter his fell ranks asunder.
Oh, smite the wolf, ere he slinks from the slaughter,
Oh, rend the shark, ere he wins to deep water.
Pursue and hew him to pieces by the haven,
And feast with his red flesh the exulting sea raven.

Alfred Perceval Graves

22. **A Song of Hope**

Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord.
Lord, Hear my voice,
O, let Thine ears consider well
the voice of my complaint.
If Thou Lord, wilt be extreme
to mark what is done amis:
O Lord, who may abide it?
For there is mercy with Thee,
therefore shalt Thou be feared.
I look for the Lord;
my soul doth wait for Him;
in his word is my trust.
My soul looketh for the Lord,
more than watchmen look for the morning,
in his word is my trust.
Let Israel hope in the Lord;
for with the Lord there is mercy,
and with Him is plentiful redemption;
And He shall redeem Israel from all his sins;
for with the Lord there is mercy,
and in his word is my trust.

Psalms 130

John Andrews (conductor)

John Andrews has conducted many of the UK's leading orchestras and ensembles including the BBC Symphony Orchestra, the BBC Concert Orchestra, the Royal Scottish National Orchestra, the BBC Singers, BBC Philharmonic, Scottish Opera and the Manchester Camerata.

On three occasions, he has won the BBC Music Magazine Award for his Resonus Classics recordings of: Malcolm Arnold's *The Dancing Master* (2021); J.F. Lampe's *The Dragon of Wantley* (2023); and *Works for Piano and Orchestra by Lutyens, Maconchy and Wallen* (2024). Alongside the two BBC Music Magazine Awards, his recording of Ethel Smyth's *Der Wald* won Presto Music's 'Rediscovery of the Year' in 2023.

He has gained a formidable reputation for bringing neglected masterpieces back to public attention. Building on his early discoveries of the unloved corners of Italian *bel canto* and the English baroque, he has championed composers from Eccles, Arne and Lampe in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to Arnold, Lutyens and Maconchy in the twentieth and twenty-first.



Photography: Edmond Chioo

Sharon Carty (mezzo-soprano)

Sharon Carty is an alumna of the RIAM Dublin, MDW Vienna, and the Oper Frankfurt Opernstudio programme. Her opera repertoire includes many of the important roles for lyric coloratura mezzo-soprano including *Dorabella*, *Dido*, *Orfeo*, *Hänsel*, *Ruggiero* and *Sesto* as well as premiering a number of new opera works in Ireland, Germany and Italy.

Recent opera performances have seen her at Irish National Opera, Oper Frankfurt, Wexford Festival Opera, the Festival di due mondi, Spoleto, and Blackwater Valley Opera.

Recordings include *The Mountebanks* with the BBC Concert Orchestra, and *La Traviata* on DVD with the NDR Radiophilharmonie. A disc of Schubert songs was released in May 2020 with Jonathan Ware. From September 2025 she will be the Artistic Director of Sligo Baroque Music Festival in the west of Ireland.



Photography: Frances Marshall



Morgan Pearse (baritone)

Australian born, Morgan Pearse is widely recognised as one of the most exciting and talented baritones of his generation.

He made his professional début with English National Opera and since then has worked at the highest level performing regularly with many major orchestras and conductors worldwide including the BBC Symphony, Moscow Philharmonic, Melbourne and Tasmanian Symphony, Academy of Ancient Music and Netherlands Radio Philharmonic, Sakari Oramo, Richard Egarr and Sir Mark Elder as well as with several major opera houses including Opernhaus Zürich, the Badisches Staatstheater, Bolshoi Theatre and New Zealand Opera. He has given recitals at various prestigious venues including the Wigmore Hall.

BBC Singers

The BBC Singers has held a unique place at the heart of the UK's choral scene since 1924, collaborating with many of the world's leading composers, conductors and soloists. Awarded the Royal Philharmonic Society's prestigious Ensemble Award in March 2024, they are also celebrating their 100 year anniversary in the 24/25 season.

The BBC Singers promotes a 50:50 gender policy for composers whose music it performs, and champions composers from all backgrounds. Recent concerts and recordings include music by Soumik Datta, Joanna Marsh, Reena Esmail, Sun Keting and Roderick Williams, and recent collaborations have featured Laura Mvula, Clare Teal, and the South Asian dance company Akademi.

The BBC Singers appears annually at the BBC Proms. The 2023 season saw the group perform at the First and Last Nights, as well as concerts with Sir Simon Rattle, an evening with Jon Hopkins and the BBC Symphony Orchestra, and a concert with Chief Conductor Sofi Jeannin.



BBC Concert Orchestra

The mission of the BBC Concert Orchestra is to bring inspiring musical experiences to everyone, everywhere, with the ensemble's versatility as the key. The Orchestra explores a wide selection of classical and contemporary music for BBC Radio 3 and is broadcast regularly on *Friday Night Is Music Night*. It has performed on many soundtracks, including *Blue Planet*, *Serengeti* and *Wild Isles* for BBC One, as well as recording new music for BBC Sounds' *Music & Meditation* podcast and George the Poet's award-winning, *Have You Heard George's Podcast?* In 2022, it recorded Isobel Waller-Bridge's score for Charlie Mackesy's Oscar winning animated film, *The Boy, The Mole, The Fox and The Horse*. It also performs in BBC Radio 2's Piano Room Month for BBC iPlayer and BBC Sounds, featuring artists including Stormzy, P!nk and Ed Sheeran.

The orchestra appears regularly at London's Southbank Centre, Nottingham Royal Concert Hall and venues across the UK, and makes annual appearances at the BBC Proms. The BBC CO offers enjoyable and innovative education and community activities. It is involved in a new partnership with the universities in Nottingham, and programmes including Create Yarmouth, BBC Ten Pieces, the BBC Young Composer competition, the BBC Open Music programme.

Acknowledgements

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The Stanford Society was formed in 2007 to promote greater interest in Stanford's life and music and to encourage and support performances and recordings of his music. The Society holds an annual Stanford Festival Weekend in a Cathedral City in the UK or Ireland. These Weekends have included performances of music by Stanford (including premiers of the Second Violin Concerto and Variations for Violin and Orchestra in orchestrations by Jeremy Dibble) and his students and contemporaries as well as talks, social events and Cathedral services. Society members also receive regular newsletters with news and information about performances of Stanford's music and new recordings. Further information about the Stanford Society may be found at the Society's website at www.thestanfordsociety.org or by contacting Daniel Wilkinson-Horsfield, the Society's Honorary Secretary, at cvstanfordsociety@gmail.com

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Producer & editor: Adam Binks
Engineer: Dave Rowell
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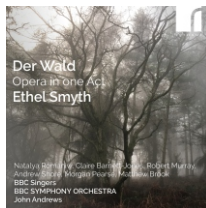
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'Smyth's swashbuckling spirit, orchestral flair and dramatic instincts are much in evidence'
The Times

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