

ADRIAN GREEN TENOR  
NOEL SKINNER PIANO

∞ ENGLISH ∞  
SONGBOOK

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WITH MUSIC BY ARCHER · BRITTEN · BUTTERWORTH · COATES  
DRAKETT · ELGAR · FINZI · GRAINGER · GREEN · GURNEY · HEAD  
IRELAND · QUILTER · SOMERVELL · VAUGHAN WILLIAMS · WARLOCK

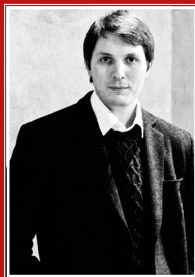
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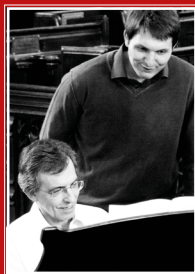
CONVIVIUM  
RECORDS

## SONGS OF YOUTH, LOVE AND LOSS

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ADRIAN GREEN



ADRIAN GREEN AND  
NOEL SKINNER

TOTAL RUNNING  
TIME 57 MINS

## ADRIAN GREEN

A music graduate of Royal Holloway, University of London and recipient of the Dame Felicity Lott Bursary, Adrian is Director of Convivium Records and Convivium Singers. Whilst Convivium Records has worked recently for a number of high profile clients including The Baltic Exchange, London, and The Royal School of Church Music, Convivium Singers have worked with many notable composers and conductors, and performed at a number of international choral festivals. They have been recommended on BBC Radio 3's 'CD Review' as 'an extraordinarily good choir to listen to', with reference to their recording of Jonathan Dove's choral music available on NAXOS. Recent guest conductors of the group have included Neil Ferris, David Price, Malcolm Archer, and Eamonn Dougan.

Adrian has been a member of Portsmouth Cathedral Choir and administrated their Chorister Outreach Programme since 2008, taking a teaching role that he

continues with funding from the Diocese of Portsmouth. Alongside this, he is a vocal coach at Portsmouth Grammar School and St James Senior Boys' School (London). He performs regularly as a soloist with various choirs across the country and Europe, as well as giving solo recitals and occasional workshops. Adrian currently studies with Andrew King.

## NOEL SKINNER

Noel Skinner won a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Music and studied with Leslie England and the accompanist Rex Stephens; during his studentship he won many prizes, including the Harold Samuel Bach Prize and the McFarren Prize (at that time the highest award for Piano). He has appeared at the Wigmore Hall, Purcell Room, Queen Elizabeth Hall, St John's Smith Square and in several recitals at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, both as a soloist and in chamber music. He has wide experience as an accompanist, operatic répétiteur and teacher.

## IS SHE NOT PASSING FAIR?

*Edward Elgar (pub. 1908)*

*Words by Louisa Stuart Costello*

*Is she not passing fair? was completed in 1886, making it the earliest in this selection of songs. At times Elgar's keyboard writing can sound as though it was conceived for orchestral forces rather than piano. The opening questions posed by the narrator are beautifully balanced with passages of softer singing, which develop into a grand declaration of love, full of confidence and clarity.*

Is she not passing fair,  
She whom I love so well?  
On earth, in sea, or air,  
Where may her equal dwell?  
Oh! tell me, ye who dare  
To brave her beauty's spell,  
Is she not passing fair,  
She whom I love so well?

Whether she speak or sing,  
Be jocund or serene,  
Alike in ev'rything,  
Is she not beauty's queen?  
Then let the world declare,  
Let all who see her tell,  
That she is passing fair,  
She whom I love so well!

## THE EAST RIDING

*John Ireland (pub. 1920)*

*Words by Eric Chilman*

*Ireland's setting of The East Riding propels us with the winds that carry the fortunes of travellers over land and sea. The broad chordal piano accompaniment supports a rising and falling melody creating a similar feeling of expansiveness to that found in his better-known setting of Sea Fever.*

Salt-laden, sad with cry of ships  
That in its forefront go,  
The seawind rages — he that whips  
From east the land I know.  
And burden'd with a heathy scent  
Of bee-robbed moorland cries  
The tiger Arctic southward bent  
When the bluff easter dies.

And blandly from the Pennine height  
Across the Riding sail  
Winds of the west, and soft and light  
The south wind gives me hail.  
And "Hail, good hail" they shout, and shake  
The sapling, branch and bole  
Beloved brother winds that rake  
The corners of my soul.

## A SEA BURTHEN

*Michael Head (pub. 1949) Words by C. Fox Smith*

*In his first of a set of Six Sea Songs, Head's A Sea Burthen perhaps harkens back a few years from 1949 to the Second World War. The courageous cry of 'East away, O! West away' by the sailors leaving home takes on a haunting quality as they slip away through the final bars of the song.*

A ship swinging  
As the tide swings up and down,  
And men's voices singing  
East away, O! West away  
And a very long way from London Town,  
A very long way from London Town.

A lantern glowing  
And the stars looking down  
And the sea swells flowing  
East away, O! West away  
And a very long way from London Town,  
A very long way from London Town.

Lights in wild weather  
From a tavern window old and brown,  
And men singing together,  
East away, O! West away  
And a very long way from London Town,  
A very long way from London Town.

## THE SEA-BIRD

*Music and Words by Roger Quilter (pub. 1901)*

*The Sea-Bird is the first of all Quilter's published songs. Performed at Crystal Palace in 1900 to open his set of Songs of the Sea, the imagery of a bird flying away into the unknown emphasises a sense of solitude in travel, but also the potential of the 'unknown', alluded to by the concluding major chords in the piano accompaniment.*

I watched a sea-bird flying  
Along the wintry shore,  
Just as the light was dying  
O'er sunset's golden floor.  
I saw him curve and quiver  
Against the fading sky,  
And heard the sad waves shiver  
Under his death-like cry.  
Slowly his great wings lifting,  
He floated away alone,  
Like some tired spirit drifting  
Into the great Unknown.



Left to right: Noel Skinner · Adrian Green  
Andrew King · Alexander Norman · Kevin Hodgson

## A KINGDOM BY THE SEA

*Arthur Somervell (pub. 1901) Words by Edgar Allan Poe*

*Edgar Allen Poe's last complete poem, Annabel Lee, provided Somervell with the text for a song more akin to fairytale and fiction than a factual event. The narrator's love for the girl in a kingdom across the sea weathers even the envy of angels and the loss felt at her death.*

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden then 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 in 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,  
My beautiful Annabel Lee.

But 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 her sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

## ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

*Ralph Vaughan Williams (pub. 1926)*

*Words by William Shakespeare*

*Orpheus with his lute takes its inspiration from Greek mythology and the tale of a musician so refined in his art that even nature obeyed his will. The delicate handling of voice and accompaniment gives a sense of the gentle harmonic power behind the melody. Vaughan Williams uses a gentle strumming effect in the piano accompaniment to evoke the sound of a lute.*

Orpheus with his lute made trees,	Ev'rything that heard him play,
And the mountain tops that freeze,	Even the billows of the sea,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:	Hung their heads, and then lay by.
To his music plants and flow'rs	In sweet music is such art,
Ever sprung as sun and showers	Killing care and grief of heart,
There had made a lasting spring.	Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

## THE BAYLY BERITH THE BELL AWAY

*Peter Warlock (pub. 1919) Words anonymous - fifteenth century*

*Some have concluded that The bayly berith the bell away relates to a young woman's dilemma. Should she devote herself to God or man? Perhaps the lily and rose represent the choice between religious purity and love. In light of this her repetition of 'the rose I lay' hints at her choice. Particularly moving in Warlock's setting is the glorious change of key in voice and piano that reflects the sun suddenly shining through the glass window of the church.*

The maidens came when I was in  
my mother's bow'r.

I had all that I would.

The bayly berith the bell away,

The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.

The silver is white, red is the gold,

The robes they lay in fold.

The bayly berith the bell away,

The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.

And through the glass window  
shines the sun.

How should I love and I so young?

The bayly berith the bell away,

The lily, the lily, the rose I lay.

## THE SALLEY GARDENS

*arr. Benjamin Britten (pub. 1943) Words by William Butler Yeats*

*The Salley Gardens stands as one of Britten's most performed folk-song settings. It has been speculated that the gardens were a place where residents of Ballysdare cultivated trees for thatching materials. The melody of the song is simply presented and Britten is careful not to over-complicate the piano accompaniment to the voice, allowing the words to be heard clearly.*

Down by the Salley Gardens my love and I did meet,  
She passed the Salley Gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,  
But I being young and foolish with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand;  
She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs,  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.



## THE GREEN HILLS O' SOMERSET

*Eric Coates (pub. 1916) Words by Frederic Weatherly*

*Coates's setting of The green hills o' Somerset must have been influenced in some part by those he knew who never returned to their country from the First World War. Whilst returning to Somerset and hearing the blackbird's song, the narrator realises that, now alone, the countryside is of no comfort to them as it serves as a painful reminder of the ensuing loss of life and love through war.*

Oh the green hills o' Somerset  
Go rolling to the shore,  
'Twas there we said that we'd get wed,  
When spring came round once more.

'Twas there we kissed and said goodbye  
Beside the kirkyard wall,  
And the song the blackbird sang to us  
Was sweetest song of all.

Green hills o' Somerset!  
Green hills o' Somerset!  
When shall we walk by you,  
Green hills, once more!

Oh the green hills o' Somerset  
Go rolling to the sea,  
And still today the violets  
Are blooming there for me.

The shadows kiss the waving grass,  
Beside the kirkyard wall,  
But the song the blackbird sings to me  
Is saddest song of all.

Green hills o' Somerset!  
Green hills o' Somerset!  
No more we walk by you,  
Green hills, no more!

## GO, LOVELY ROSE

*Roger Quilter (pub. 1922) Words by Edmund Waller*

*Published in 1922, Quilter's setting of Go, lovely rose, highlights the temporary nature of love, through the singer's conversation with a flower. Quilter allows the melody to flow naturally to fit the words as required in each verse, making a bold and impassioned case against hesitation in love.*

Go, lovely rose -  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired:  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die - that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee;  
How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

## ∞ SILENT NOON

*Ralph Vaughan Williams (pub. 1903) Words by Dante Gabriel Rossetti*

*Silent Noon is a masterly sonnet in which the narrator reflects on such a moment of 'visible silence, still as the hourglass'. But time moves on and the stillness is slowly brought back into focus by the returning musical theme employed by Vaughan Williams at the outset of the song, as the narrator seeks to capture that moment of true love.*

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,  
The finger points look through like rosy blooms:  
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms  
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.  
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,  
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge,  
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.  
'Tis visible silence, still as the hourglass.

Deep in the sun-search'd growths the dragon-fly  
Hangs like a blue thread loosen'd from the sky:  
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.  
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dow'r,  
This close-companion'd inarticulate hour,  
When twofold silence was the song of love.

## ∞ THE SIGH

*Gerald Finzi (pub. 1933)  
Words by Thomas Hardy*

*One of a set of poems by Hardy that make up A Young Man's Exhortation, Finzi's The Sigh explores the narrator's curiosity. From the introduction there is a sense of uncertainty in piano and voice which pervades much of the song. As time passes, the transition to November leads the narrator to an increasing sense of regret that the sigh was never fully understood.*

Little head against my shoulder,  
Shy at first, then somewhat bolder,  
And up eyed;  
Till she, with a timid quaver,  
Yielded to the kiss I gave her;  
But, she sighed.

That there mingled with her feeling  
Some sad thought she was concealing  
It implied.

-Not that she had ceased to love me,  
None on earth she set above me;  
But she sighed.

She could not disguise a passion,  
Dread, or doubt, in weakest fashion  
If she tried:  
Nothing seemed to hold us sundered,  
Hearts were victors; so I wondered  
Why she sighed.

Afterwards I knew her thoroughly,  
And she loved me staunchly, truly,  
Till she died;  
But she never made confession  
Why, at that first sweet concession,  
She had sighed.

It was in our May, remember;  
And though now I near November  
And abide  
Till my appointed change, unfretting,  
Sometimes I sit half regretting  
That she sighed.



## SLEEP

*Ivor Gurney (pub. 1920) Words by John Fletcher*

*Composed in December 1913, Sleep is amongst the most haunting of Gurney's songs. He had suffered from mood swings through his teenage years, and following his departure from the army in 1919 he was admitted to an asylum in 1922. Against a repetitive figuration in the piano, the melody ebbs and flows eventually reaching a climactic plea in the final phrases of the song before the harmony finally comes to rest.*

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving  
Lock me in delight awhile;  
Let some pleasing dream beguile  
All my fancies; that from thence  
I may feel an influence  
All my powers of care bereaving!

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,  
Let me know some little joy!  
We that suffer long annoy  
Are contented with a thought  
Through an idle fancy wrought:  
O let my joys have some abiding.

## EARLY ONE MORNING

*arr. Percy Grainger (pub. 1940) Words traditional*

*Australian-born, Grainger played a prominent role in the revival of interest in British folk music and so is included here as an honorary English composer. His setting of Early one morning was completed in New York and dedicated to Edvard Grieg. The two verses set by Grainger use the simple major key melody framed by a piano introduction and postlude (with voice) which convey a sense of mourning much more harmonically complex and worthy of the historical turmoil presented by the outbreak of war in Europe in 1939.*

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,  
I heard a maid sing in the valley below;  
"O, don't deceive me, O, never leave me!  
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,  
Remember the bow'r where you vow'd to be true.  
"O, don't deceive me, O, never leave me!  
How could you use a poor maiden so?"



 **BREDON HILL**

*George Butterworth (pub. 1912)*

*Words by Alfred Edward Housman*

*Butterworth's life was cut short when he was killed at the Battle of the Somme in 1916. His setting of Bredon Hill has a sense of joy, passion, drama and tragedy which bring to life the story of a life lost.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## IN DREAMS

*Will Drakett (pub. 2012) Words by Robert Louis Stevenson*

*Will Drakett's setting of In Dreams is the first of the final three tracks on the recording, which were always envisaged as an epilogue of sorts. The text by Robert Louis Stevenson is from a set of poems entitled Songs of Travel. Here the narrator sees the choice he must make between settling with love and returning to the world's highway side.*

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand  
As heretofore:  
The unremember'd tokens in your hand  
Avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,  
Enshrines, endears.  
Cold beats the light of time upon your face  
And shows your tears.

He came and went, perchance you wept awhile  
And then forgot.  
Ah me! but he that left you with a smile  
Forgets you not.

## YOUTH AND LOVE

*Malcolm Archer (pub. 2012) Words by Robert Louis Stevenson*

*Malcolm Archer's setting of Youth and Love continues the story of the narrator in Stevenson's poetry. Overcome by the pleasures that assail him, the narrator gives into his fate and moves on, leaving love at the garden gate to return once more to a life of apparent freedom for which he yearns.*

To the heart of youth the world is a highway side.  
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,  
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,  
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land  
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as the stars at night when the moon is down,  
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate  
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,  
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,  
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

## WHEN I AM DEAD, MY DEAREST

*Adrian Green (pub. 2012) Words by Christina Rossetti*

*The final setting in this recording is to words by Christina Rossetti.*

*Stevenson's poems have highlighted the journey and discovery of youth and love, which eventually curbed by responsibility, are tried by the reality of a harsh world. When I am dead, my dearest seeks to console rather than lament the perhaps inevitable loss of love.*

When I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me;  
Plant no roses at my bed,  
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.

## WITH THANKS

*With thanks to my parents who have always encouraged my singing. Hannah Ockendon, my brilliant first singing teacher whom I will never forget. Clem Salaman, for his enthusiasm in teaching hymn singing to my class at school. Loulla Gorman, who also taught music at St James Senior Boys' School, for her energy, enthusiasm and passion which I try to emulate in how I work as a musician. Margaret Lobo, for her unfailing support and encouragement of my voice as a teacher and friend.*

*Amongst my friends, I would like to thank Catherine Alderman, David Fletcher, Andrew Sisson and the Parish Church of St Michael, Highgate in particular for their support of this project. Finally, I owe a debt of gratitude to Noel Skinner, Andrew King and Alexander Norman for their support, advice and encouragement throughout this recording.*

Adrian Green, May 2013



# ENGLISH SONGBOOK

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