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NAXOS

Grace
WILLIAMS
(1906–1977)

Songs

Y Deryn Pur • Lights Out • Cariad Cyntaf

Jeremy Huw Williams, Baritone

Wendy Hiscocks, Piano

Grace
WILLIAMS
(1906–1977)

- | | | |
|----|---|------|
| 1 | Slow, slow, fresh fount (c. 1925)
Text: Ben Jonson (1572–1637) | 2:07 |
| 2 | I had a little nut tree (c. 1930)
Text: Traditional English | 1:01 |
| 3 | Green Rain (1933)
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| 4 | Stand forth, Seithenin (comp. 1935, arr. 1951)
Text: English translation by Lady Charlotte Guest (1812–1895)
of <i>Boddi Maes Gwyddno</i> from the <i>Black Book of Carmarthen</i> | 3:04 |
| 5 | Ffarwel i Langyfelach ('Farewell to Llangyfelach') (1920s?)
Text: Traditional Welsh, Sir Thomas Parry (1904–1985) | 1:56 |
| 6 | Llangynwyd (1920s?)
Text: Traditional Welsh, Sir Thomas Parry | 1:11 |
| 7 | The Song of Mary (1939, rev. 1945)
Text: Bible: KJV – New Testament: St Luke 1:46–55 | 3:44 |
| 8 | Shepherds watched their flocks by night (1948)
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| 9 | Fairground (1949)
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| 10 | Flight (1949, rev. 1954)
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Text: Traditional Welsh		
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Grace Williams (1906–1977)

Songs

Grace Williams' lifelong interest in writing for voice(s) no doubt owed something to her upbringing in Barry, South Wales. There, her father, William Matthew Williams, had conducted the world-renowned Romilly Boys' Choir, played a significant role in delivering the National Eisteddfod of 1920, and generally encouraged his daughter and her siblings to enjoy a musically adventurous childhood. Periods of study at the Royal College of Music under Ralph Vaughan Williams and in Vienna with Egon Wellesz were followed by around 15 years of combining composition with a career in music education in and around London. Ill health forced a return to Barry in 1947 – her place of birth once again becoming her home for the remaining 30 years of her life.

While Williams' few surviving works of the 1920s are all for voices, the increasing prevalence of the orchestra in her output has no doubt contributed to her being chiefly remembered today as a composer of colourful, well-crafted instrumental music. Works such as *Fantasia on Welsh Nursery Tunes* (1940), *Sea Sketches* (1944), *Penillion* (1955) and the *Trumpet Concerto* (1963) have achieved a public prominence through radio broadcasts and live performances that her vocal music never has, with only *Fairest of Stars* (1973, for soprano and orchestra) being committed to disc during her lifetime. Listeners had to wait until 1985 to be able to purchase a recording of any of her choral pieces and until 2017 to hear any of her voice/piano songs – despite a body of work which her biographer, Malcolm Boyd, credited with being 'of the highest quality and originality'.

Solo Vocal Works

The original works heard (all for the first time) on the present recording span the full range of Williams' career and musical style; ranging from her earliest surviving composition in any genre to 1967's *Fear no more the heat o' the sun*. Nothing is known of the circumstances which inspired the c. 1925 setting of words by Ben Jonson, *Slow, slow, fresh fount*, but the artistry of its composer is as evident in the careful placement of rests in the opening vocal line as the inevitable, yet unexaggerated climax on the final 'fall grief in showers' and the simplicity of its piano postlude.

By the early 1930s, Williams' musical language had become more distinctive – a product, no doubt, of her two starkly contrasting tutors and the freedom to listen to a far wider range of contemporary music in London than had been available in south Wales. *I had a little nut tree* and *Green Rain* present contrasting examples of this: the child-like lyrics of the former set to a near-pentatonic melody and paired with a relatively simple, almost bare piano accompaniment; while the latter, marked '*lusingando*' (coaxing, tenderly, intimately) is harmonically rich, with a gloriously elegant, at times almost ecstatic, vocal line.

The Song of Mary is still more musically complex. Dating from 1939 and originally scored for soprano and small orchestra, its chromatic shifts are redolent of the late Romanticism of Strauss and Mahler (influences of whom can be traced in Williams' music at least as late as the 1950s). Williams revised it twice, and her extensive surviving correspondence of the period suggests that she considered it to be far more representative of her own compositional voice than the near contemporary – and far more often heard, then as now – *Fantasia on Welsh Nursery Tunes*.

Also originally scored for orchestral accompaniment, *Stand forth, Seithenin* sets Charlotte Guest's English translation of the Welsh *Seithenin, saf di allan* (from the poem *Boddi Maes Gwyddno*), found in the medieval texts of the *Mabinogion*. The setting, like the prose, is for the most part martial, defiant and declamatory – words which also describe Williams' later return to the same text (this time in its original language) for the third of her *Four Mediaeval Welsh Poems* (1962) for contralto, harp and harpsichord.

Although Grace Williams was a more than competent pianist, both *Fairground* and *Flight* (1949) would probably have taxed her to her very limits. Both songs are florid, impetuous and playful, full of joyous word-painting (the texts are by Sam Harrison and Laurence Whistler respectively), and place huge demands on singer and accompanist alike. It is possible that they were composed as companion pieces, and highly likely that they represent a short burst of true self-expression after a period in Williams' compositional career otherwise dominated by incidental music for film and radio and countless folk-song arrangements (of which more anon).

When thou dost dance (1951), though slight by comparison with *Fairground* and *Flight*, effectively conveys a sense of tender lightness in a vocal line soaring above burbling semiquavers and certainly belies the 'Not worth performing' comment scrawled on the manuscript by its composer. *Ow, Ow, Tlysau* (1964) is far more musically conservative: Williams referred to it (together with its companion song, *Crys y mab*) as 'a kind of pastiche' after the style of the Welsh Romantic lolo Morgannwg and even joked that she 'didn't mean to do them – they just happened'!

Lights Out (1965) and *Fear no more the heat o' the sun* (1967) each present contrasting settings of text concerning death – whether as tragedy or liberation. *Lights Out*, in particular, shares an almost processional atmosphere, with great use made of stark, bare octaves in the piano. (Williams subsequently re-worked this song for harp and trumpet accompaniment in *The Lovely Gift of the Gab*: a curious collection of semi-incidental music which accompanied an anthology of Welsh poetry presented at the 1965 Commonwealth Arts Festival.) Little is known about the circumstances of *Fear no more*. As with Williams' further Shakespeare setting of the following year (*When my love swears*), it survives in rough pencil sketches and is performable today only thanks to the expertise of its editor and Welsh music expert, A.J. Heward Rees.

Folk Song Arrangements

While a precise chronology of Grace Williams' folk-song arrangements is virtually impossible to establish, they largely date from the 1930s until the mid-1950s – a period which also broadly includes all her original works which quote traditional melodies in any meaningful way. Most – though by no means all – were commissions for children's programmes from supportive staff at the Welsh Region of the BBC; some appear to have been written purely for personal satisfaction, while others were published, including as part of the influential *Oxford Choral Songs* series from Oxford University Press.

Among the numerous folk songs found on this album, *Ffarwel i Langyfelach* and *Llangynwyd* are certainly among the earliest of Williams' works to survive and may date back to the 1920s. Drawn from a set of nine arrangements, the first is a ballad sung by a soldier's ex-sweetheart, and the second is an 'oxen song'. Although musically fairly conservative, the accompaniment displays the care Williams took from the outset of her career to enhance, rather than detract from, the traditional tunes.

This same craftsmanship is equally evident in Williams' settings of folk melodies irrespective of their country of origin. Songs from England, France and Russia comprise her suite of *Four Folk Songs*; the Czech carol *Shepherds watched their flocks by night* is suitably bright and joyful until its sleep-filled final verse; while the *Three Yugoslav Folk Songs* set the young performers for whom they were written increasing challenges with each movement. *À Lauterbach* – an Alsatian melody – may have been prepared specifically for Sophie Wyss's 1955 record of arrangements of French tunes by Vaughan Williams, Britten, Matyas Seiber and others; while *Le Chevalier du guet* is dedicated to, and was perhaps composed for, Williams' one-time employers at The Camden School for Girls.

Of the closing songs on this album, Williams' stylistic fingerprints are most firmly placed on her setting of the beautiful love song, *Cariad Cyntaf*. This undated arrangement alternates major and minor thirds at will, and there is perhaps even something of the Welsh *penillion* tradition in the piano's counterpoint against the third and fourth stanzas. In a note on the manuscript, Williams admitted unrepentantly that 'The first three bars of the second half of the tune are not traditional. I have always felt that the second part of this tune was missing, and so have tried my best to fill the gap'!

Graeme Cotterill

1 Slow, slow, fresh fount

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears;
Yet slower, yet, O faintly, gentle springs!
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers;
Fall grief in showers.

Ben Jonson (1572–1637)

2 I had a little nut tree

I had a little nut tree,
Nothing would it bear,
But a silver nutmeg,
And a golden pear.

The King of Spain's daughter
Came to visit me,
And all was because of
My little nut tree.

I had a little nut tree,
Nothing would it bear,
But a silver nutmeg,
And a golden pear.

I skipped over water,
I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air
Could not catch me.

Traditional English

3 Green Rain

Into the scented woods we'll go,
And see the blackthorn swim in snow.
High above, in the budding leaves,
A brooding dove awakes and grieves;
The glades with mingled music stir,
And wildly laughs the woodpecker.
When blackthorn petals pearl the breeze,
There are the twisted hawthorn trees
Thick-set with buds, as clear and pale
As golden water or green hail –
As if a storm of rain had stood
Enchanted in the thorny wood,
And, hearing fairy voices call,
Hung poised, forgetting how to fall.

Mary Webb (1881–1927)

4 Stand forth, Seithenin

'Stand forth, Seithenin and behold the dwelling of heroes,
– the plains 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!

A cry from the sea arises above the winds!
A cry from the sea impels me from my place of rest
this night!

After the excess comes the far-extending death.'

*English translation by Lady Charlotte Guest (1812–1895) of Boddî Maes
Gwyddno from the Black Book of Carmarthen*

5 Ffarwel i Langyfelach

Traditional Welsh, Sir Thomas Parry (1904–1985)

*We are unable to reproduce the original Welsh text
due to copyright restrictions*

*Farewell to merry Llangyfelach
And to the young ladies, one and all;
I'm off to see which one is better
Either my own land, or lands far away,
Fa la la la la, Fa la la la.*

*Farewell, my father and my dear mother,
Who raised me to be a faultless son,
So gently, in a wholesome household!
With a farewell song to those beautiful young ladies!
Fa la la la la la, Fa la la la.*

English translation: John Price

6 Llangynwyd

Traditional Welsh, Sir Thomas Parry

*We are unable to reproduce the original Welsh text
due to copyright restrictions*

*Three things won't stand without swaying:
A ship sailing on the sea,
Poplar leaves in the summer
And three fine girls dancing.
On we go!*

*Three things can't go on without breaking:
A wave on the banks of Flat Holm,
An earthen pot in the hands of dogs,
And a heart in adversity.
On we go!*

*Three things cannot ever be known:
Where the wind comes from,
What makes love so painful,
And the mind of a stubborn girl.
On we go!*

English translation: John Price

7 The Song of Mary

Bible: KJV – New Testament: St Luke 1:46–55

*We are unable to reproduce the sung text
due to copyright restrictions*

8 Three Carols –

No. 3. Shepherds watched their flocks by night

Shepherds watched their flocks by night,
Under Bethl'em's stars so bright:
Hydom hydrom tidlidom,
Hydom hydrom tidlidom.

Came an angel telling them
They must go to Bethlehem.
Hydom hydrom tidlidom,
Hydom hydrom tidlidom.

'Hasten, hasten', they did say.
'Jesus Christ you'll find that way'.
Hydom hydrom tidlidom,
Hydom hydrom tidlidom.

Sleeping in a manger bare
Lies the Holy Child so fair.
Hydom hydrom tidlidom,
Hydom hydrom tidlidom.

Mary rocks him tenderly,
Joseph sings a lullaby.
Hydom hydrom tidlidom,
Hydom hydrom tidlidom.

*Traditional Czech
English translation author unknown*

9 Fairground

Sam Harrison (1920–1998)

*We are unable to reproduce the sung text due to
copyright restrictions*

10 Flight

Laurence Whistler (1912–2000)

*We are unable to reproduce the sung text
due to copyright restrictions*

11 À Lauterbach

À Lauterbach j'ai dansé jusqu'au soir,
Et j'ai perdu ma chaussure.
Rechausse-moi, cordonnier, pour avoir
Place à la danse ce soir.

La la, la la, la la.
Viens, car la fête est joyeuse.
La la, la la, la la,
Dansons la valse amoureuse.

À Lauterbach, j'ai dansé jusqu'au jour.
Et j'ai perdu ma ceinture.
Ah! revenez, mes fidèles amours.
Ah! revenez pour toujours!

La la, la la, la la.
Viens, car la fête est joyeuse.
La la, la la, la la,
Dansons la valse amoureuse.

À Lauterbach, j'ai perdu mon doux coeur.
Ah! la fâcheuse aventure.
Qu'il vienne à moi, mon aimable vainqueur,
Et qu'il me rende mon coeur!

La la, la la, la la.
Viens, car la fête est joyeuse.
La la, la la, la la,
Dansons la valse amoureuse.

Traditional French

In Lauterbach

*I danced in Lauterbach until the evening
where I lost my shoe.
Make me another, cobbler,
so I can dance again tonight.*

*La la, la la, la la.
Come and be joyous at the feast
La la, la la, la la,
Let's dance the waltz of love*

*I danced in Lauterbach until the break of day
where I lost my belt.
Ah! Return my true love.
Ah! Return forever!*

*La la, la la, la la.
Come and be joyous at the feast
La la, la la, la la,
Let's dance the waltz of love*

*I lost my dear heart in Lauterbach.
Ah! a fated adventure.
I long to see my charming conqueror once more,
And for him to return my heart!*

*La la, la la, la la.
Come and be joyous at the feast
La la, la la, la la,
Let's dance the waltz of love*

English translation: Wendy Hiscocks and Fiona Holmer

12 Le Chevalier du guet

Qu'est ce qui passe ici si tard?
Compagnons de la Marjolaine,
Qu'est ce qui passe ici si tard?
Gai, gai, dessus le quai!

C'est le Chevalier du guet,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine,
C'est le Chevalier du guet,
Gai, gai, dessus le quai!

Que demande le Chevalier?
Compagnons de la Marjolaine,
Que demande le Chevalier?
Gai, gai, dessus le quai!

Une fille à marier,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine,
Une fille à marier,
Gai, gai, dessus le quai!

N'ya pas d'fille à marier,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine,
N'ya pas d'fille à marier,
Gai, gai, dessus le quai!

On m'a dit que vous en aviez,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine,
On m'a dit que vous en aviez,
Gai, gai, dessus le quai!

Ceux qui l'ont dit se sont trompés,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine,
Ceux qui l'ont dit se sont trompés,
Gai, gai, dessus le quai!

Je veux que vous m'en donniez,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine,
Je veux que vous m'en donniez,
Gai, gai, dessus le quai!

Qu'est ce que vous lui donnerez?
Compagnons de la Marjolaine,
Qu'est ce que vous lui donnerez?
Gai, gai, dessus le quai!

De l'or, des bijoux assez,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine,
De l'or, des bijoux assez,
Gai, gai, dessus le quai!

Elle n'est pas intéressée,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine,
Elle n'est pas intéressée,
Gai, gai, dessus le quai!

Mon coeur je lui donnerai,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine,
Mon coeur je lui donnerai,
Gai, gai, dessus le quai!

En ce cas – là choisissez!
Compagnons de la Marjolaine,
En ce cas – là choisissez!
Gai, gai, dessus le quai!

Traditional French

The Knight of the Watch

*Who is passing by so late?
O, the Company Marjolaine,
Who is passing by so late?
Hey, hey, over the quay!*

*It's the Knight of the Watch,
O, the Company Marjolaine,
It's the Knight of the Watch,
Hey, hey, over the quay!*

*What is the Knight asking for?
O, the Company Marjolaine,
What is the Knight asking for?
Hey, hey, over the quay!*

*To find a girl to marry,
O, the Company Marjolaine,
To find a girl to marry,
Hey, hey, over the quay!*

*There are no girls here to marry,
O, the Company Marjolaine,
There are no girls here to marry,
Hey, hey, over the quay!*

*But I've been told you have some,
O, the Company Marjolaine,
But I've been told you have some,
Hey, hey, over the quay!*

*Those who told you that are wrong,
O, the Company Marjolaine,
Those who told you that are wrong,
Hey, hey, over the quay!*

*I would like you to give me some,
O, the Company Marjolaine,
I would like you to give me some,
Hey, hey, over the quay!*

*Pray tell me what will you give her,
O, the Company Marjolaine,
Pray tell me what will you give her,
Hey, hey, over the quay!*

*A wealth of gold and jewels,
O, the Company Marjolaine,
A wealth of gold and jewels,
Hey, hey, over the quay!*

*That's not enough to hold a girl,
O, the Company Marjolaine,
That's not enough to hold a girl,
Hey, hey, over the quay!*

*I will give her my whole heart,
O, the Company Marjolaine,
I will give her my whole heart,
Hey, hey, over the quay!*

*In that case, you can take your pick,
O, the Company Marjolaine,
In that case, you can take your pick,
Hey, hey, over the quay!*

English translation: Wendy Hiscocks and Fiona Holmer

Four Folk Songs

13 No. 1. O Rare Turpin

*On Hounslow Heath as I rode o'er,
I spied a lawyer riding before
'Kind Sir,' said I, 'aren't you afraid
Of Turpin, that mischievous blade?'
O rare Turpin hero,
O rare Turpin, O.*

*Says Turpin, 'He'd ne'er find me out,
I've hid my money in my boot;'
The lawyer says,*

'There's none can find
My gold stitched in my cape behind?'
O rare Turpin hero,
O rare Turpin, O.

As they rode by the powder mill,
Turpin commands him to stand still;
Said he, 'Your cape I must cut off,
My mare she wants a saddle cloth.'
O rare Turpin hero,
O rare Turpin, O.

This caused the lawyer much to fret,
To think he was so fairly hit;
And Turpin robbed him of his store,
Because he knew he'd lie for more.
O rare Turpin hero,
O rare Turpin, O.

*'O Rare Turpin', Traditional English, arranged by
Grace Williams, No. 1 of 'Four Folk-songs'
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14 No. 2. Il était une bergère

Il était une bergère,
Éri éron petit patapon,
Il était une bergère,
Qui gardait ses moutons, ron ron,
Qui gardait ses moutons.

Elle fit du fromage,
Éri éron petit patapon,
Elle fit du fromage,
Du lait de ses moutons, ron ron,
Du lait de ses moutons.

Son chat qui la regarde,
Éri éron petit patapon,
Son chat qui la regarde,
D'un petit air fripon, ron ron,
D'un petit air fripon.

'Si tu y mets la patte,'
Éri éron petit patapon,
'Si tu y mets la patte,'
Tu auras du baton,' ron ron,
'Tu auras du baton.'

Il n'y mit pas la patte,
Éri éron petit patapon,
Il n'y mit pas la patte,
Il y mit le menton, ron ron,
Il y mit le menton.

The Shepherdess

*There once was a shepherdess,
Eri eron little patapon,
There once was a shepherdess,
Who was watching her flock of sheep, ron ron,
Who was watching her flock of sheep.*

*The shepherdess made cheese,
Eri eron little patapon,
The shepherdess made cheese,
With the tasty milk of her sheep, ron ron,
The tasty milk of her sheep.*

*Her pussy-cat sat watching her,
Eri eron little patapon,
Her pussy-cat sat watching her,
As he eyed the milk with a grin, ron ron,
He eyed the milk with a grin.*

*If you dare to put your paw in,
Eri eron little patapon,
If you dare to put your paw in,
I'll rap you with a stick, ron ron,
I'll rap you with a stick.*

*He didn't put his paw in,
Eri eron little patapon,
He didn't put his paw in,
But lapped it up with his tongue, ron ron.
He lapped it up with his tongue.*

English translation: Wendy Hiscocks and Fiona Holmer

*'The Shepherdess', Traditional French, arranged and English words by
Grace Williams, No. 2 of 'Four Folk-songs' © Oxford University Press 1951. All
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15 No. 3. Bonny at Morn

The sheep's in the meadows,
The kye's in the corn,
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.

Canny at night,
Bonny at morn,
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.

The bird's in the bush,
The trout's in the burn,
Thou hinders thy mother
In many a turn,

Canny at night,
Bonny at morn,
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.

We're all laid idle
Wi' keeping the bairn,
The lad winnot work
And the lass winnot lairn,

Canny at night,
Bonny at morn,
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.

*'Bonny at Morn', Traditional English (North country), arranged by Grace
Williams, No. 3 of 'Four Folk-songs'
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16 No. 4. The Song of the Flax

Maidens sow the flax in the field,
Maidens sow the flax in the field,
Yo ho, yo ho, in the field,
Yo ho, yo ho, in the field.

Soon it's time to gather it in,
Soon it's time to gather it in,
Yo ho, yo ho, gather it in,
Yo ho, yo ho, gather it in.

Oh, here's that rogue Ivan,
Oh, here's that rogue Ivan,
Yo ho, yo ho, rogue Ivan,
Yo ho, yo ho, rogue Ivan.

See he's stamping hard on the flax,
See he's stamping hard on the flax,
Yo ho, yo ho, on the flax,
Yo ho, yo ho, on the flax.

Now he throws it into the stream,
Now he throws it into the stream,
Yo ho, yo ho, into the stream,
Yo ho, yo ho, into the stream.

But it soon returns with the tide,
But it soon returns with the tide,
Yo ho, yo ho, with the tide,
Yo ho, yo ho, with the tide.

*'The Song of the Flax', Traditional Russian, arranged
and English words by Grace Williams, No. 4 of
'Four Folk-songs' © Oxford University Press 1951.
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17 When thou dost dance

When thou dost dance the spheres do play,
By night stars' torches, sun by day;
Each step so loth to wrong thy birth,
Afraid to hurt thy mother Earth;
The tender blades of grass when thou
Dost dance upon them do not bow.
The falling dew too doth thee woo,
When tripp'st on it scarce wets thy shoe;
Then, ladylike, doth change thy mind
And dances on the wavering wind:
The thinner air strives thine to meet
To tread it with thy gentle feet.

Anonymous English, 17th century

18 Mary, Mary, maiden

Mary, Mary, maiden,
With your washing laden,
Go away, you have no
right to come 'longside of me,
Don't you know you must not
wash your linen in the sea?

Sailor lad, I find you
need me to remind you
That I'll always wash my
linen where it pleases me,
You may own your boat,
but you will never own the sea.

Tra la la la la la,
Tra la la la la la,
Tra la la la la, la la la,
Tra la la la.

'Mary, Mary, Maiden', arranged and English words by Grace Williams, No. 1 of 'Three Yugoslav Folk-songs'
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19 Dalmatian Lullaby

Somewhere in Dalmatia
lives a little girl;
Everybody knows her,
for she's her mother's pearl.

She's as sweet as honey,
pretty as a rose;
Everybody smiles
when she wrinkles up her nose.

She's a little treasure,
worth her weight in gold;
Everybody loves her,
and she's only two months old.

'Dalmatian Lullaby', arranged and English words by Grace Williams, No. 2 of 'Three Yugoslav Folk-songs'
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20 The Pearly Adriatic

Far, far away is my pearly Adriatic,
Far, far away my pretty island home;
Far, far away is my lovely Isabella,
Far, far away from her I now must roam,

For I'm a sailor,
Sailing right across the ocean,
Tossed by the billows,
Tossed by the foam.

Chirry birry birry, I'm a sailor,
Chirry birry birry, I'm a sailor,
Chirry birry birry, I'm a sailor,
Sailing away from home.

'The Pearly Adriatic', arranged by Grace Williams, No. 3 of 'Three Yugoslav Folk-songs'
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21 Y Deryn Pur

Y deryn pur ar adain las,
Bydd imi'n was dibrydar,
O! brysur, brysia at y ferch,
Lle roes i'm serch yn gynar;
Dos ti ati, dywed wrthi,
Mod i'n wylo'r dŵr yn heli,
Mod i'n irad am ei gweled,
Ac o'i chariad yn ffaelu'â cherdded,
O! Duw faddeuo'r hardd ei llun
Am boeni dyn mor galed.

Pan o'wn i'n hoenus iawn fy hwyl,
Ddiwarnod gŵyl yn gwyllo,
Canfyddwn fenyw lâna 'rioed,
Ar ysgawn droed yn rhodio,
Pan ei gwelais, syth mi sefais,
Yn fy nghalon mi feddyliais,
Wele'r ddynes lana'r deyrnas,
A'i gwên yn harddu'r oll o'i chwmpas,
Ni fynsw'n gredu'r un dyn byw,
Nad oedd hi ryw angyles.

Traditional Welsh

The Gentle Dove

*The gentle, blue-winged dove,
Will be my trusted messenger,
O fly with haste to the girl,
I have loved since my youth;
Go to her, tell her,
That I cry salt tears,
That I long to see her,
And I feel weak at the knees,
O God forgive this beautiful vision
For haunting a man so deeply.*

*When I was young and full of life,
At a festival I cannot forget,
Did I first see a Queen among women,*

*Who walked with so light a step,
I was immediately transfixed,
And my heart held captive,
She was a woman without compare,
And her smile was radiant and beautiful,
No man alive could believe
That she was not an angel.*

English translation: Wendy Hiscocks

22 Y Fwyalchen

O gwrandaw y beraidd fwyalchen,
Clyw edyn mwyn serchog liw du;
A ei di yn gennad heb oedi
At ferch fûm i'n caru mor gu?
A dywed fel hyn wrth liw'r manod,
O'i chariad rwy'n barod i'r bedd;
A 'mywyd ar soddi sy'n gorffwys
Ar ddwylo'r un geinlwys ei gwedd.

Mae'n dda mod i'n galed fy nghalon,
Lliw blodau drain gwylltion yr allt;
Mae'n dda mod i'n ysgafn fy meddwl
Lliw'r banadl melyn ei gwallt.
Mae'n dda mod i'n ieuanc, rwy'n gwybod
Heb arfer fawr drafod y byd;
Pam peidiaist ti ferch â mhriodi
A finnau'n dy ganlyn di c'yd?

Traditional Welsh

The Blackbird

*O listen my delightful blackbird,
With your song so pleasant and your plumes so dark;
Will you carry the message of my heart's longing
To the girl that I adore?
She is as fair as the driven snow,
And I am tormented for love of her;*

*Only my grave will offer me rest
All my happiness rests in her hands.*

*It is well that thorns have blossomed in the depths of
my heart to protect me,
Just like those that grow on the wooded slopes;
It is well that my mind still dwells on pleasant things,
Like the golden yellow of her hair.
It is well, I know, that I am young,
Inexperienced in the ways of the world;
Why did you not marry me
For I have followed you all the days of my life?*

English translation: Wendy Hiscocks

23 Cariad Cyntaf

Mae prydferthwch ail i Eden,
Yn dy fynwes gynnes, feinwen,
Fwyn gariadus liwus lawen,
Seren syw, clyw di'r claf.

Addo'th gariad imi heno,
Gwnawn amodau cyn ymado
I ymrwymo, doed a ddelo;
Rho dy gred, a dwed y doi.

Liwus lonad, serch fy mynwes,
Wiwdeg orau 'rïoed a gerais,
Mi'th gymeraf yn gymhares;
Rho dy gred, a dwed y doi.

Yn dy lygad caf wirionedd
yn serennu gras a rhinwedd;
Mae dy weld i mi'n orfoledd.
Seren syw, clyw di'r claf.

Traditional Welsh

First Love

*There's a second beauty to Eden,
In your warm bosom, sweetheart,
A wealth – loving, fair, joyful,
Resplendent star, hear the lovesick one.*

*Promise me your love this night,
We'll make pledges before departing
To be betrothed, come what may;
Pledge your troth, and say you'll come.*

*Fair happy one, love of my life,
Best fair suitor that I have ever loved,
I will take you to be my wife;
Pledge your troth, and say you'll come.*

*In your eyes I grasp the truth
shining out grace and virtue;
Seeing you is ecstasy to me,
Resplendent star, hear the lovesick one.*

English translation: John Price

24 Ow, Ow, Tlysau

Deuliw blodau, meinion aelïau,
Mwyn ydyw ei champau wrth gydchwarae,
Ow ow, tlysau, ow ow, tlysau!

Tlysau oedd raid i'm dyn gannaid,
Pentre nis caid wrth droi'r defaid,
Ow ow, f'enaïd, ow ow, f'enaïd!

F'enaïd yw'r ferch ar gwr llannerch
Sy'n llenwi o serch ac yn annerch,
Ow ow, annerch, ow ow, annerch!

Annerch Wendydd gan ei phrydydd,
Galon gywir, ar dôn newydd,
Ow ow, trennydd, ow ow, trennydd!

Trennydd yr af ac yr wyf yn glaf,
Ac onis caf, marw fyddaf,
Ow ow, canaf, ow ow, canaf!

Canaf ddychan i'm bun eirian,
Mwyn ydyw ei chwynfan, wrth ymddiddan,
Ow ow, poeni, ow ow, poeni!

Poeni beunydd am deg ei grudd,
A gruddlasu wrth ei charu,
Ow ow caru! Ow ow caru!

Caru meinwen wyneb lawen
A wnaeth imi a welwch chwi,
A thylili, tylili Fabli.

Anonymous Welsh, 16th century

Oh, Oh, Treasures

*Two-coloured beauty, slender brows,
Her virtues fair when she plays,
Oh oh, treasures, oh oh, treasures!*

*Bright, luminous jewels I had to notice,
Failing to find new pasture for the sheep,
Oh oh, my soul, oh oh my soul!*

*My soul is the girl at the edge of the glade,
Filled with love and greeting,
Oh oh, greeting, oh oh, greeting!*

*Her poet greeting her, Brightday,
One of pure heart, on a new tune,
Oh oh, day after tomorrow, oh oh, day after tomorrow!*

*I will go the day after tomorrow and am lovesick,
I will die if I don't have an answer,
Oh oh, I will sing, oh oh, I will sing!*

*I will sing a song to my fair girl,
Gentle is her lamenting as she speaks,
Oh oh, longing, oh oh, longing!*

*Longing constantly for her fair cheek,
My cheek pales through love for her,
Oh oh, loving, oh oh, loving!*

*Loving a fair maid with a happy face,
You will see has made me,
Fall in love with Mabli.*

English translation: John Price

25 Dwfn yw'r môr

Dwfn yw'r môr sy'n toi yn awr,
Ardal Cantre'r Gwaelod gynt,
Yno dawnsia'r eigion mawr;
Ddydd a nos i gerdd y gwynt.
Yno'r wylan hêd o'r lan,
Ei chariadon yno gwrdd,
Agerlongau ddont i'r fan,
Gyda miwsig ar y bwrdd,
Dyma'r fan ar amser trai,
Cwyd y forwyn fôr ei chri,
"Llongwr gwêl fy mhalas dai,
Tyr'd i'r gwaelod ataf fi!"

Ple mae nghariad? iddo 'fe,
Rhoddais galon geneth dlawd,
Carodd Gyfoeth yn fy lle,
Gyrodd imi gân o wawd.
Ond mae cysur eto'i gael,
Na'r fath gariad gwell yw cas;
Gwell yw byw mewn bwthyn gwael
Na bod dan y dwr mewn Plâs!
Ofn'i bum er's dyddia rai,
Iddo wrando'r greulon gri:
"Llongwr gwêl fy mhalas dai,
Tyr'd i'r gwaelod ataf fi!"

John Ceiriog Hughes Ceiriog (1832–1887)

Underneath the flowing sea

*Underneath the flowing sea
Lies a world that's calling me;
Voices whispering through the air
Tell me of the wonders there;
In the silence of the night
Mermaids sing for my delight,
And entice me to their home
Underneath the swelling foam,
'Sailor, come, and you shall dwell
In a world where all is well,'
Softly now they sing to me
From their rock beneath the sea.*

*Many tell me to beware
Of their gleaming golden hair,
For those golden tresses soon
Lure a sailor to his doom;
But their warning is in vain,
For I know that I shall gain
Happiness beyond my dreams,
Underneath those flowing streams;
'Sailor, come, and you shall dwell
In a world where all is well,'
Softly now they sing to me
From their rock beneath the sea.*

*English translation: Grace Williams
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26 Lights Out

I have come to the borders of sleep,
The unfathomable deep
Forest where all must lose
Their way, however straight,
Or winding, soon or late;
They cannot choose.

Many a road and track
That, since the dawn's first crack,
Up to the forest brink,
Deceived the travellers,
Suddenly now blurs,
And in they sink.

Here love ends,
Despair, ambition ends;
All pleasure and all trouble,
Although most sweet or bitter,
Here ends in sleep that is sweeter
Than tasks most noble.

There is not any book
Or face of dearest look
That I would not turn from now
To go into the unknown
I must enter, and leave, alone,
I know not how.

The tall forest towers;
Its cloudy foliage lowers
Ahead, shelf above shelf;
Its silence I hear and obey
That I may lose my way
And myself.

Edward Thomas (1878–1917)

27 Fear no more the heat o' the sun

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

Jeremy Huw Williams



Photo: Raphaëlle Photography

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 70 operatic roles. He has given performances at major venues in North and South America, Australia, China, India and most European countries. He has given recitals at Wigmore Hall and the Purcell Room, and at many major music festivals. He has appeared with the BBC Concert Orchestra, BBC National Orchestra of Wales, BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, BBC Philharmonic, Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Hallé Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, Philharmonia Orchestra, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and the Ulster Orchestra. He has made many recordings for BBC Radio 3, and more than 50 commercial recordings, including more than 20 solo albums of songs. He was awarded an Honorary Fellowship by Glyndŵr University in 2009 for services to music in Wales, the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Aberdeen in 2011, and the Medal of the Order of the British Empire in the 2021 Queen's Birthday Honours.

www.jeremyhuwilliams.com

Wendy Hiscocks



Photo: Guy Carpenter

Wendy Hiscocks is an Australian-born composer-pianist based in the UK. Her music has been performed, broadcast and recorded by prominent artists, choirs and ensembles worldwide, such as Piers Lane, Michael Collins, Elizabeth Connell, Jesus College Choir and the Schubert Ensemble, at a range of venues and festivals including Aldeburgh, Amadeus and the Australian Festival of Chamber Music, with broadcasts on Radio France, ABC Radio and TV and BBC Radio 3. As a pianist, Hiscocks has performed at venues ranging from London's Purcell Room to the Kusatsu International Summer Academy and Festival in Japan. She appears on an album of her own chamber music, as well as the duet partner of Roy Howat on an album of Emmanuel Chabrier's music for Edition Stil. Her first song recording for Naxos featured the music of Arthur Benjamin and Edgar Bainton, with Hiscocks accompanying mezzo-soprano Susan Bickley and tenor Christopher Gillett (8.571377). Championing Australian music has been a lifelong interest; she has written the first biography of Arthur Benjamin, and is the artistic director of CAM (Celebrating Australian Music).

www.wendyhiscocks.com



The **British Music Society** (Registered Charity No. 1043838), founded in 1979, brings together professional and amateur musicians, students and scholars, and music enthusiasts young and old from around the globe to promote, preserve and celebrate British music, predominantly from the 20th century, both at home and abroad. Its extensive discography is now being reissued by Naxos, bringing to a wider audience many highly-acclaimed performances, often world premieres, of neglected British works. The Society's Historic label includes a number of famous vintage recordings by artists such as Noel Mewton-Wood and Walter Goehr.

In addition the Society produces a Journal, *British Music*, packed full of scholarly articles and reviews, as well as a regular e-newsletter for members. Our website lists forthcoming BMS events as well as performances of British music, and also provides a forum for discussion and debate.

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Grace Williams' lifelong interest in vocal writing no doubt owed something to her upbringing in Wales. The original works heard here in their premiere recordings span the entirety of her career, ranging from her earliest surviving composition in any genre to 1967's *Fear no more the heat o' the sun*. Williams' folk song arrangements were often commissions for BBC children's programmes, and while her craftsmanship is evident irrespective of the song's country of origin, her stylistic fingerprints are most firmly placed on her understated setting of the beautiful Welsh love song, *Cariad Cyntaf*.



Grace
WILLIAMS
(1906–1977)



1	Slow, slow, fresh fount	2:07	12	Le Chevalier du guet	2:55
2	I had a little nut tree	1:01	13–16	Four Folk Songs	8:49
3	Green Rain	3:57	17	When thou dost dance	1:49
4	Stand forth, Seithenin	3:04	18–20	Three Yugoslav Folk Songs	4:39
5	Ffarwel i Langyfelach	1:56	21	Y Deryn Pur	2:03
6	Llangynwyd	1:11	22	Y Fwyalchen	2:54
7	The Song of Mary	3:44	23	Cariad Cyntaf	3:14
8	Shepherds watched their flocks by night	1:35	24	Ow, Ow, Tlysau	5:50
9	Fairground	5:51	25	Dwfn yw'r môr	3:52
10	Flight	4:37	26	Lights Out	5:37
11	À Lauterbach	2:35	27	Fear no more the heat o' the sun	4:22

WORLD PREMIERE RECORDINGS

Jeremy Huw Williams, Baritone • Wendy Hiscocks, Piano

A detailed track list and publishers' details can be found inside the booklet • The sung texts and translations are included in the booklet, and may also be accessed at www.naxos.com/libretti/571384.htm

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