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Producer and Editor Nick Parker

Recording Engineer Tom Lewington

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CLASSICS

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON THE KING'S SINGERS

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Signum Records, Suite 14, 21 Wadsworth Road, Perivale, Middlesex UB6 7LQ, UK.
+44 (0) 20 8997 4000 | E-mail: info@signumrecords.com | signumrecords.com

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SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON THE KING'S SINGERS

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A NOTE FROM THE KING'S SINGERS

Such stuff as dreams are made on is an exploration of European choral music from the early 20th century (and a bit either side), much of it shaped and scarred by the spectre of conflicts that dominated the continent in that period. In the shadow of war, composers took themes of death, captivity and fear, balancing them with inspiration from their homeland: poetry, history and rural imagery that captured the very best of their countries. These kinds of nostalgic, poignant remembrances of France, or Germany, or England, have become totems of the 'romantic' genre. And no-one captures this more than Ralph Vaughan Williams, whose

setting of the Shakespeare soliloquy *The cloud-capp'd towers* has given the album its title. As today's world enters a new period of brutal, sustained warfare and conflict on several continents, to recall the beautiful but blood-speckled art from a previous age feels timely.

Music from the 19th and 20th centuries has not been the sole focus of one of our albums for 30 years, since *Nightsong* in 1995. In some ways, this repertoire is a less obvious fit for our particular vocal forces. In the 19th century in particular, the leading lights of European music were focussed on large-scale orchestral works, chamber music and art song.

What choral music there was, was commonly conceived for the grand choral societies, festival choruses or amateur chamber choirs which sprung up during the period, rather than for single voice ensembles like ours. This can present some challenges to us in how the music is conceived, not least finding a way to breathe for the very long phrases. The countertenor voice was also in something of a period of hibernation at this time – it was heard in church choirs, but rarely, if ever, in concert – with composers favouring the drama of the contralto in the same vocal range. Despite all this, there is still so much repertoire in which we feel we have something to say. And through this album we hope that our interpretations may add a new perspective on some familiar music.

For us, the album has been a chance to develop and exercise

new and different colours in our singing, to dive deeply into text-centric interpretations and historical context, to savour and cherish the four languages in which we sing here, and – in one instance – even to expand our forces a little. As we were developing the track-list, Vaughan Williams' *Three Shakespeare Songs* revealed themselves as a centrepiece, and after some unsuccessful experiments in making eight parts fit into six voices we invited leading consort sopranos Grace Davidson and Victoria Meteyard to join us, creating a bigger choral texture befitting the repertoire. As close members of the King's Singers family, they joined us with a clear understanding of our sound and style, and fitted perfectly on to the top of our texture.

Our experience recording the album took us into the exact type

of English idyll that Vaughan Williams or Elgar might have known. We recorded at St. Nicholas' Church, Kemerton — a village in the Cotswolds full of sand-coloured stone cottages, surrounded by farmland and centred around a thriving pub and beautiful parish church, with a grand rectory to one side. It's a village largely untouched by the shiniest and loudest bits of modern life, and we're pleased that the album has even captured in places some of the birdsong that provides a soundtrack to Cotswolds life.

We'd like to thank the rector and church wardens of St. Nicholas' Church for welcoming us so warmly there. We'd like to thank Christopher Glynn for his advice and inspiration in coaching us on some of the repertoire as we prepared to record. We'd like



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to thank Nick Parker and Tom Lewington for their patience and care in producing and engineering the album, and to everyone at Signum Records for helping us bring it to life. We'd also like to thank our language coaches, Gerhard Schroeder, Perrine Malgouyres, and Emmanuel Roll, for their help in sharpening up our pronunciation in German, French and Swedish.

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SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON

What is an artist to do when facing the inhumanity and horror of war? The instinct for some is to tackle it head on. For others, however, there are lessons to be learned and comfort to be taken from a magical and otherworldly past. This album, in essence, wrestles with the tension between the two, comparing the response from some of the composers who fought with those who stayed at home.

The First World War didn't just decimate a whole generation; those who survived were shaken to their very cores. A great deal of music and poetry of the time expresses a sense of lives wasted. Others, however, chose to reflect

and deflect, conjuring enigmatic images of a bygone pastoral age (and that despite AE Houseman's bitter reflections on England's "blue remembered hills")

Not unsurprisingly, war gave a jolt to what in 1914 were already burgeoning schools of musical nationalism, impacting composers from Sibelius in the north to Granados in the south (the latter dying in 1916 when his ship was torpedoed in the English Channel). German music, on the other hand, was widely banned abroad. Music lovers on all sides were left hankering for the non-partisan and often fantastical vistas of Romanticism's heyday.

Of those who served and lived to tell the tale, both Ralph Vaughan Williams and Maurice Ravel were changed for good. As a member of the Royal Army Medical Corps, the English composer was posted to Arras in 1915 where, as a wagon orderly, he ferried the sick and wounded in a field ambulance. Having failed to get into the fledgling French Air Force, Ravel joined the Thirteenth Artillery Regiment as a lorry driver in 1915, dodging German shells to deliver ammunition. Unlike Vaughan Williams, whose creativity returned in the 1920s, Ravel, his health undermined by dysentery and frostbite, never fully recovered.

It was an equally traumatic time for musicians unable to play an active role. Diagnosed with colorectal cancer in 1909, Claude Debussy was too ill to do more than shuffle

from pillar to post hoping to avoid German incursions. Although he'd started the war expressing pride in never having handled a gun, by 1918 he was signing his final works with a patriotic flourish: "Claude Debussy, musicien français".

Sir Edward Elgar, 57 when war broke out, was too old to serve. Nevertheless, England's senior composer signed up as a special constable and later joined the Hampstead Volunteer Reserve. Throughout the conflict, he oscillated between a half-hearted nationalism and privately expressed misery.

Born in 1873, the German composer Max Reger was also in poor health. His initial thought was to commemorate the fallen with some kind of Requiem but settled in the end for *Acht geistliche Gesänge* (Eight Sacred Songs), published

in 1916 following his death from a heart attack. *Nachtlied* is the third, a setting of 16th-century theologian Petrus Herbert. The words pray that we may lie down in the protection of God's angels and arise refreshed. Reger's chromatically intense music nods backwards to Bach's motets.

There's a similarly nostalgic ache about Debussy's *Trois chansons*. Published in 1908, they seem to anticipate France's wartime longing for less complicated times. The texts, by the 15th-century Charles, Duke of Orleans, hint at deeper themes below the polished surfaces. In the swooning *Dieu! Qui l'a fait bon regarder*, for example, the poet's mistress stands for France herself. The angular chromaticism of *Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain* suggests the year's least hospitable season, while in the cheeky *Quand j'ai ouy le tambourin*

sonner a trio of voices imitate a medieval Provençal drum.

Gazing backwards, Franz Schubert's *Flucht* would have appealed to wartime artists, wedding as it does Romantic pastoral imagery to the 19th-century German idea of *Sehnsucht*, or longing (in this case a hunger for freedom). Karl Lappe's poetry juxtaposes the inescapable gravity of the coffin with man's eternal struggle for light and air. In a perky march, Schubert uses repeating lines and increasing contrapuntal complexity to ratchet up the tension.

A similar yearning haunts Brahms' *Vineta*, the second of his 1860 *Drei Gesänge*. Wilhelm Müller's poem tells of a legendary sunken city off the coast of Pomerania with a Lorelei-like power to draw passing mariners into the depths. Brahms deploys an overpowering

sweetness and a lilting rhythm to depict bells swaying beneath the waves, while harmonic shifts warn of danger and deception.

Vaughan Williams' **Three Shakespeare Songs** were written by the 78-year-old composer as test pieces in 1951. However, they anything but simple. The first two songs, with words taken from *The Tempest*, inhabit the musical landscape of his Sixth Symphony – sometimes interpreted as a commentary on a brave new post-WWII world. **Full fathom five** exploits the very English sound of church bells ringing out beneath the waves, but Vaughan Williams harmonic language builds in complexity as it pushes towards the words “rich and strange”. **The cloud-capp'd towers** echoes the enigmatic emptiness of the symphony's *pianissimo* finale, once likened by

the composer to Prospero's “We are such stuff as dreams are made on” speech in the play. **Over hill, over dale**, its words from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, provides a fleet-footed, fairylike finale.

Composed at the height of the Second World War in 1942, the motet **Valiant-for-Truth** is a setting from John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, one of Vaughan Williams' very favourite books. With modal echoes of Anglican psalmody, we hear how Mr Valiant-for-Truth crosses the river to be welcomed into the Celestial City, ending with a tumble of voices emulating peals of trumpets.

Written in 1885, Saint-Saëns' **Saltarelle** celebrates wine, women and song with sly, scampering 6/8 rhythms that hark back to the 15th-century Italian dance from which it takes its name. Thirty years

later the composer would be in a considerably sourer mood leading a vitriolic wartime campaign to outlaw performances of German music in France (when Debussy refused to sanction such a ban, his music in turn was declared *de trop*).

No composer was more completely associated with Britain's war effort than Elgar. Confidentially, however, he was increasingly disillusioned and despairing. **Death on the hills**, written the year war broke out, is typical. Set to the muffled tread of a dead march, the grim reaper leads victims, young and old, across a dusky countryside. It was no one off, however. Seven years earlier he had written **Owls**, a nihilistic meditation with words by the composer himself. Musically it's as modernist as Elgar ever got, full of rule-breaking harmonic shifts and haunting chromatics. **Deep in**

my soul, a setting of Byron, is cast in a similarly sepulchral mould, a bleak plea for remembrance by a nameless unrequited lover.

Written late in 1914, **Trois chansons** was Ravel's direct response to the outbreak of hostilities, each song dedicated to a friend he hoped might support his efforts to enlist. The composer wrote the texts himself, like Debussy seeking inspiration in the 16th-century French chanson. Each one deals with loss, though in very different ways. The carefree **Nicolette**, for, example, loses her virtue when she sells herself to a portly old lord (though she successfully avoids a grumpy wolf and a lascivious pageboy). The **Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis** represent the colours of the French flag. Set to radiant music, the first brings a pair of blue eyes, the second a kiss for a



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snow white brow and the third the lover's bleeding heart fresh from the battlefield. **Ronde**, a whirligig tongue twister, opens with gossipy old men and women warning children to avoid the dangers lurking in the woods and ends with the youngsters lamenting how the oldies have frightened all the magical beings away.

No one did more to popularise 19th-century German music abroad than Felix Mendelssohn whose high-Romantic outlook was shared by his gifted sister Fanny. The latter's **Abendlich schon rauscht der Wald** is a tranquil evening hymn offering hope that all who have laboured will find rest as the sun sets over rustic valley and woods.

Felix's **Hebe deine Augen auf zu den Bergen** is equally soothing. A luminous setting of Psalm 121 (I will lift up my eyes unto the hills), the music is taken from *Elijah*, England's most popular oratorio, where it is sung by three angels.

As Vaughan Williams was to England, so Hugo Alfvén was to Sweden. Like his British counterpart, the Swede was an avid arranger of folksongs, expressing a national mood through pastoral themes common across Europe.

Uti vår hage hails from 1923.

A lilting folksong from the island of Gotland, it expresses the joys of springtime and a hoped for tryst. From 1941, **Och jungfrun hon går i ringen** is a waltzing round dance that ends with a posse of huntsmen searching for a saucy lad who has hopped it with a local maiden.

Aftonen, written the following

year, sings of sundown, shepherds and verdant hillsides, its serene progress replete with voices imitating hunting horns.

As the musical spirit of Finland's legends and landscape, Jean Sibelius stands supreme. The enormous success in 1900 of his tone poem **Finlandia**, a musical representation of national struggle and eventual triumph, led the composer to set it as a standalone hymn in 1927. Outside of Finland, Christian congregations were quick to embrace its stirring tune, wrapping it around the consoling Lutheran hymn *Be still, my soul*.

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TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Nachtlied Petrus Herbert (c. 1530–1571)

Die Nacht ist kommen,
Drin wir ruhen sollen;
Gott walt's, zum Frommen
Nach sein'm Wohlgefallen,
Daß wir uns legen
In sein'm G'leit und Segen,
Der Ruh' zu pflegen.

Treib, Herr, von uns fern
Die unreinen Geister,
Halt die Nachtwach' gern,
Sei selbst unser Schutzherr,
Schirm beid Leib und See!
Unter deine Flügel,
Send' uns dein' Engel!

Laß uns einschlafen
Mit guten Gedanken,
Fröhlich aufwachen
Und von dir nicht wanken;
Laß uns mit Züchten
Unser Tun und Dichten
Zu dein'm Preis richten!

*The night has fallen,
And we should rest;
God is there, to care for us
By his good will,
So that we settle
In his company and blessing,
To maintain the peace.*

*Father, drive the evil spirits
Far away from us;
Keep the night watch;
Be our protector;
Shield both body and soul
Under your wings;
Send us your angels!*

*Let us go to sleep
With good thoughts,
Happily awaken
And never waver from you;
Let us, with rearing,
Focus our deeds and words
On your glory!*

Trois chansons Charles d'Orléans (1394–1465) i Dieu! Qui l'a fait bon regarder

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder,
La gracieuse bonne et belle;
Pour les grans biens que sont en elle,
Chascun est prest de la louer.
Qui se pourroit d'elle laisser?
Tousjours sa beauté renouvelle.

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder,
La gracieuse bonne et belle!
Par de ça, ne de là, la mer,
Ne scay dame, ne damoiselle
Qui soit en tous biens parfaits telle!
C'est un songe d'y penser.
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!

*Lord! how good to look on her,
The good, fair and gracious lady;
For the high qualities within her,
All are eager to praise her.
Who could ever tire of her?
Her beauty always increases.*

*Lord! how good to look on her,
The good, fair and gracious lady!
The ocean knows of no woman in any quarter,
Married or single, who is as perfect
As she in every way.
You would never dream of such a thing;
Lord! how good it is to look on her!*

ii Quand j'ai ouy le tabourin

Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin
Sonner pour s'en aller au may,
En mon lit n'en ay fait affray
Ne levé mon chef du coissin;

En disant: il est trop matin,
Ung peu je me rendormiray,
Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin
Sonner pour s'en aller au may.

Jeunes gens partent leur butin;
De Nonchaloir m'acointeray,
A lui je m'abutineray;
Trouvé l'ay plus prochain voisin,
Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin!

*When I heard the drum
Summoning us to go maying,
I neither leapt from my bed
Nor lifted my head from the pillow.*

*And I said: it is too early.
I shall sleep a little longer:
When I heard the drum
Summoning us to go maying.*

*Let the young divide their spoils,
I shall be happy to remain indifferent
And share my spoils with him –
For he was my nearest neighbour,
When I heard the drum beat.*

iii Yver, vous n'êtes qu'un villain

Yver, vous n'êtes qu'un villain;
Esté est plaisant et gentil,
En tesmoing de May et d'Avril
Qui l'accompaignent soir et main.

Esté revest champs, bois et fleurs,
De sa livrée de verdure
Et de maintes autres couleurs,
Par l'ordonnance de Nature.

Mais vous, Yver, trop estes plain
De nège, vent, pluye et grézil;
On vous deust banir en exil.
Sans point flater, je parle plain.
Yver, vous n'êtes qu'un villain!

*Winter, you are nothing but a rogue;
Summer is pleasant and kind,
As May and April can testify,
Accompanying it each eve and morn.*

*Summer clothes fields, woods and flowers
With his verdant livery,
And many other colours too,
As nature commands.*

*But you, Winter, you exude
Snow, wind, rain and hail;
You ought to be exiled.
I am no flatterer, I speak plainly.
Winter, you are nothing but a rogue.*

Flucht Karl Lappe (1773–1843)

In der Freie will ich leben.
In dem Sarge dumpft der Tod.
Sieh nur dort das Abendroth
Um die heitern Hügel weben.
In der Freie blüht das Leben,
In der Enge hockt die Noth.

Eilt, drum eilt hinaus zu streben,
Eh das Herz zu stocken droht!
Licht und Luft und Raum ist noth.
In der Freie will ich leben.
Traute Vögel, laßt uns schweben,
Folgsam der Natur Gebot.

*I want to live in freedom,
Death decays in the coffin.
Just look there at the sunset
Weaving around the cheerful hills.
Life blossoms in freedom,
Danger lurks in confinement.
Hurry, so hurry to struggle out,
Before your heart risks coming to a stop!
There is a need for light and air and space.
I want to live in freedom.
Dearest birds, let us soar away,
Faithful to nature's commandment.*

Vineta Wilhelm Müller (1794–1827)

Aus des Meeres tiefem, tiefem Grunde klingen Abendglocken, dumpf und matt,
Uns zu geben wunderbare Kunde von der schönen, alten Wunderstadt.

In der Fluten Schoß hinab gesunken blieben unten ihre Trümmer steh'n.
Ihre Zinnen lassen goldne Funken widerscheinend auf dem Spiegel seh'n.

Und der Schiffer, der den Zauberschimmer einmal sah im hellen Abendrot,
Nach derselben Stelle schiff't er immer, ob auch rings umher die Klippe droht.

Aus des Herzens tiefem, tiefem Grunde klingt es mir wie Glocken dumpf und matt.
Ach, sie geben wunderbare Kunde von der Liebe, die geliebt es hat.

Eine schöne Welt ist da versunken, ihre Trümmer blieben unten steh'n,
Lassen sich als goldne Himmelsfunken oft im Spiegel meiner Träume seh'n.

Und dann möcht' ich tauchen in die Tiefen, mich versenken in den Wunderschein,
Und mir ist, als ob mich Engel riefen in die alte Wunderstadt herein.

*From the ocean's deep, deep depths toll evening bells, muffled and faint,
To give us wonderful tidings from the beautiful, ancient miracle-city.*

*Sunk deep down beneath the surging tide, its ruins have stood fast.
Its battlements send up golden sparks that reflect visibly on the surface.*

*And the sailor who once saw this magical shimmer in the bright sunset
Always sails back to the same place, despite the circle of menacing cliffs above.*

*From the heart's deep, deep depths rings a sound like bells, muffled and faint.
Ah, it sends such wonderful tidings of the love that it has loved.*

*A beautiful world is sunk there, its ruins have stood fast,
Often sending up golden, heavenly sparks visible in the mirror of my dreams.*

*And then I would like to plunge into the depths, to immerse myself in the magical glimmer,
For it seems to me as if angels called me into the ancient miracle-city.*

Three Shakespeare Songs *William Shakespeare (1564–1616)*

i Full fathom five *Taken from The Tempest*

Full fathom five thy father lies;	Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Of his bones are coral made;	Ding-dong.
Those are pearls that were his eyes:	Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.
Nothing of him that doth fade,	
But doth suffer a sea-change	
Into something rich and strange.	

ii The cloud-capp'd towers *Taken from The Tempest*

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

iii Over hill, over dale *Taken from A Midsummer Night's Dream*

Over hill, over dale,	The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
Thorough bush, thorough briar,	In their gold coats spots you see;
Over park, over pale,	Those be rubies, fairy favours,
Thorough flood, thorough fire	In those freckles live their savours:
I do wander everywhere.	I must go seek some dew-drops here,
Swifter than the moonè's sphere;	And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
And I serve the fairy queen,	
To dew her orbs upon the green.	

Saltarelle *Émile Deschamps (1791–1871)*

Venez, enfants de la Romagne, Tous chantant de gais refrains, Quittez la plaine et la montagne Pour danser aux tambourins.	<i>Come, children of the Romagne, All singing gay refrains, Leave the plains and the mountains, To dance to the beat of the tambourines!</i>
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Rome, la sainte vous les donne, Ces plaisirs que la madonne, De son chêne vous pardonne, Se voilant quand il le faut.	<i>Rome, the holy city, gives them to you, Those pleasures that the Madonna From her oak tree pardons you, Veiling herself when necessary.</i>
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Le carnaval avec son masque, Ses paillettes sur la basque, Ses grelots, son cri fantasque, Met les sbires en défaut.	<i>The masked carnival, Sequined bodices, Bells, fantastic cry, Throws the police off the scent.</i>
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Frappons le sol d'un pied sonore! Dans nos mains frappons encore! La nuit vient et puis l'aurore, Rien n'y fait dansons toujours!	<i>Let us stamp our feet And clap our hands! Night comes, and then the dawn. There is nothing to do but keep dancing!</i>
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Plus d'un baiser s'échappe et vole; Se plaint-on? la danse folle, Coupe aux mères la parole, C'est tout gain pour les amours.	<i>More than one kiss escapes and flies off. Do we complain? The wild dance Makes mothers speechless. So much the better for love.</i>
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Le bon curé, qui pour nous suivre, Laisse tout, mais qui sait vivre, Ne voit rien avec son livre, De ce qu'il ne doit pas voir.	<i>The good priest, who, to follow us, Leaves everything, but knows how to live, Sees nothing, glued to his book, Of what he should not see.</i>
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Mais quoi! Demain les Camadules Sortiront de leurs cellules; Puis, carême, jeûne et bulles, Sur la ville vont pleuvoir.	<i>But what! Tomorrow the Camaldules (Benedictine Monks of the Camaldolese order) Will come out of their cells; Then Lent, fasting and bubbling, Will rain over the town!</i>
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Death on the hills

Rosa Newmarch (1857–1940), after Apollon Maykov (1821–1897)

Why o'er the dark'ning hill-slopes
Do dusky shadows creep?
Because the wind blows keenly there,
Or rainstorms lash and leap?

No wind blows chill upon them,
Nor are they lash'd by rain:
'Tis Death who rides across the hills
With all his shadowy train.

The old bring up the cortege,
In front the young folk ride,
And on Death's saddle in a row
The babes sit side by side.

The young folk lift their voices,
The old folk plead with Death:
"O let us take the village-road,
Or by the brook draw breath.

There let the old drink water,
There let the young folk play,
And let the little children
Run and pluck the blossoms gay."

Owls (An Epitaph) Edward Elgar (1857–1934)

What is that?...Nothing;
The leaves must fall, and falling, rustle;
That is all;
They are dead

As they fall, –
Dead at the foot of the tree;
All that can be is said. ...
What is it? ...Nothing;

What is that?...Nothing;
A wild thing hurt but mourns
in the night,
And it cries
In its dread,

Till it lies
Dead at the foot of the tree;
All that can be is said.
What is it? ...Nothing;

What is that? ...Ah!
A marching slow of unseen feet,
That is all:
But a bier, spread
With a pall,
Is now at the foot of the tree;
All that could be said;
Is it... what. ...Nothing.

Deep in my soul Lord Byron (1788–1824)

Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,
Then trembles into silence as before.

There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp
Burns the slow flame, eternal – but unseen;
Which not the darkness of Despair can damp,
Though vain its ray as it had never been.

Trois chansons Maurice Ravel (1875–1937)

i Nicolette

Nicolette, à la vesprée,
S'allait promener au pré,
Cueillir la pâquerette,
La jonquille et la muguet,
Toute sautillante, toute guillerette,
Lorgnant ci, là de tous les côtés.

Rencontra vieux loup grognant,
Tout hérissé, l'œil brillant;
"Hé-là! ma Nicolette,
Viens-tu pas chez Mère Grand?:
A perte d'haleine, s'enfuit Nicolette,
Laisant là cornette et socques blancs.

Rencontra page joli,
Chausses bleues et pourpoint gris,
"Hé là! ma Nicolette,
Veux tu pas d'un doux ami?"
Sage, s'en retourna, très lentement,
Le cœur bien mari.

Rencontra seigneur chenu,
Tors, laid, puant et ventru,
"Hé là! ma Nicolette,

Nicolette, at twilight,
Went for a walk through the fields,
To pick daisies,
Daffodils, and lilies of the valley.
Skipping around, completely jolly,
Spying here, there, and everywhere.

She met an old, growling wolf,
On alert, eyes a-sparkle:
"Hey there! Nicolette, my dear,
Won't you come to Grandmother's house?"
Out of breath, Nicolette fled,
Leaving behind her cornette and white clogs.

She met a cute page,
Blue shoes and grey doublet:
"Hey there! Nicolette dear,
Wouldn't you like a sweetheart?"
Wisely, she turned 'round, poor Nicolette,
Very slowly, with a contrite heart.

She met an old gentleman,
Twisted, ugly, smelly and pot-bellied:
"Hey there! Nicolette dear,

Veux-tu pas tous ces écus?
Vite fut en ses bras, bonne Nicolette,
Jamais au pré n'est plus revenue.

ii Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis

Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis
Ont passé par ici.

Le premier était plus bleu que le ciel,
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)
Le second était couleur de neige,
Le troisième rouge vermeil.

“Beaux oiselets du Paradis,
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)
Beaux oiselets du Paradis,
Qu'apportez par ici?”

“J'apporte un regard couleur d'azur
(Ton ami z-il est à la guerre)”
“Et moi, sur beau front couleur de neige,
Un baiser dois mettre, encore plus pur.”

Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)
Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
Que portez vous ainsi?

“Un joli coeur tout cramois!”
(Ton ami z-il est à la guerre)
“Ha! je sens mon coeur qui froidit...
Emportez le aussi.”

*Don't you want all this money?”
She ran straight into his arms, good Nicolette,
Never to return to the fields again.*

*Three beautiful birds of paradise
(My love is gone to the war),
Three beautiful birds of paradise
Have passed this way.*

*The first was bluer than the sky
(My love has gone to the war),
The second was the colour of snow,
The third was red as vermillion.*

*“Beautiful little birds of paradise
(My love has gone to the war),
Beautiful little birds of paradise,
What do you bring here?”*

*“I carry an azure glance
(Your love has gone to the war),
And I must leave on a snow-white brow
A kiss, even purer.”*

*“You red bird of paradise
(My love has gone to the war),
You red bird of paradise
What are you bringing me?”*

*“A loving heart, flushing crimson.”
(Your love has gone to the war)
“Ah, I feel my heart growing cold . . .
Take that with you as well.”*

iii Ronde

Les vieilles:

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
Jeunes filles, n'allez pas au bois:
Il y a plein de satyres,
de centaures, de malins sorciers,
Des farfadets et des incubes,
Des ogres, des lutins,
Des faunes, des follets, des lamies,
Diables, diabolots, diabolotins,
Des chèvre-pieds, des gnomes,
Des démons,
Des loups-garous, des elfes,
Des myrmidons,
Des enchanteurs es des mages,
Des stryges, des sylphes,
Des moines-bourus,
Des cyclopes, des djinns,
Gobelins, korrigans,
Nécromants, kobolds ...
Ah!
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
N'allez pas au bois.

Les vieux:

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
Jeunes garçons, n'allez pas au bois:
Il y a plein de faunesses,
De bacchantes et de males fées,
Garçons, n'allez pas au bois.

The old women:

*Do not go into Ormonde forest,
Young maidens, do not go into the forest:
It is full of satyrs,
Of centaurs, of evil sorcerers,
Of sprites and incubuses,
Ogres, pixies,
Fauns, hobgoblins, spooks,
Devils, imps, and fiends,
Cloven-foot, gnomes,
Of demons,
Of werewolves, elves,
Warriors,
Enchanters and conjurers,
Of fairies, sylphs
Of surly hermits,
Cyclopes, Djinnns,
Spirits, gremlins,
Necromancers, trolls ...
Ah!
Do not go into Ormonde forest,
Do not go into the forest.*

The old men:

*Do not go into Ormonde forest,
Young men, do not go into the forest:
It is full of female fauns,
Of Bacchae and evil spirits,
Lads, do not go into the forests.*

Des satyresses,
Des ogresses,
Et des babaïagas,
Des centauressees et des diablessees,
Goules sortant du sabbat,
Des farfadettes et des démons,
Des larves, des nymphes,
Des myrmidones,
Il y a plein de démons,
D'hamadryades, dryades,
Naiades,
Ménades, thyades,
Folletes, lémures,
Gnomides, succubes,
Gorgones, gobelines ...
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde.

Les filles/Les garçons:

N'irons plus au bois d'Ormonde,
Hélas! plus jamais n'irons au bois.
Il n'y a plus de satyres,
Plus de nymphes ni de males fées.
Plus de farfadets, plus d'incubes,
Plus d'ogres, de lutins,
Plus d'ogresses,
De faunes, de follets, de lamies,
Diables, diablots, diabolins,
De satyresses, non.
De chèvre-pieds, de gnomes,
De démons,

*Of female satyrs,
Ogresses,
And Baba Yagas,
Of female centaurs and devils,
Ghouls emerging from sabbath,
Of sprites and demons,
Of larvae, of nymphs,
Of warriors,
It is full of demons,
Tree spirits and dryads,
Naiads,
Bacchantes, oreads,
Hobgoblins, ghosts,
Gnomes, succubuses,
Gorgons, monsters,
Do not go into Ormonde forest.*

The maids/The lads:

*We won't to into Ormonde forest any more,
Alas! Never more we'll go into the forest.
There are no more satyrs there,
No more nymphs or evil spirits.
No more sprites, no more incubuses,
No ogres, no pixies,
No more ogresses,
No more fauns, hobgoblins or spooks,
Devils, imps, or fiends,
No female satyrs, no.
No more goat-footed, no gnomes,
No demons.*

Plus de faunessees, non!
De loups-garous, ni d'elfes,
De myrmidons
Plus d'enchanteurs ni de mages,
De stryges, de sylphes,
De moines-bourus,
De centauressees, de naiades,
De thyades,
Ni de ménades, d'hamadryades,
Dryades,
Folletes, lémures, gnomides, succubes,
gorgones, gobelines,
De cyclopes, de djinns, de diabloteaux,
d'éfrits, d'aegypan,
De sylvains, gobelins, korrigans, nécromans,
kobolds ...
Ah!

*No more female fauns, no!
Nor werewolves, nor elves,
No warriors,
No more enchanters or conjurers,
No fairies, no sylphs,
No surly hermits,
No female centaurs or naiads,
No more oreads,
No more Bacchantes or tree spirits,
No dryads,
Hobgoblins, ghosts, gnomes, succubuses, gorgons,
goblins,
No cyclops, nor djinns, nor fiends, no ifrits, no
Aegipan,
No tree spirits, goblins, gremlins, necromancers,
trolls..
Ah!*

Abendlich schon rauscht der Wald Joseph von Eichendorff (1788–1857)

Abendlich schon rauscht der Wald
Aus den tiefsten Gründen,
Droben wird der Herr nun bald
An die Sternlein zünden.
Wie so stille in den Schlünden,
Abendlich nur rauscht der Wald.

Alles geht zu seiner Ruh.
Wald und Welt verbrausen,
Schauernd hört der Wanderer zu,
Sehnt sich tief nach Hause.
Hier in Waldes grüner Klause,
Herz, geh endlich auch zur Ruh.

*Evening breezes already rustle in the wood
From the deepest grounds;
Up above the Lord will soon
Light up the stars.
How so silently in the gorges,
Evening breezes already rustle in the wood.*

*Everything goes to its rest.
Wood and world vanish,
Shuddering, the wanderer listens,
Yearning deeply for home.
Here in the green hermitage of the forest,
Heart, at last, you too go to rest.*

Uti vår hage Traditional Swedish

Uti vår hage där växa blå bär.
Kom hjärtans fröjd!
Vill du mig något så träffas vi där.
Kom liljor och aquileja,
Kom rosor och saliveja!
Kom ljuva krusmynta,
Kom hjärtans fröjd!

Fagra små blommor där bjuda till dans.
Kom hjärtans fröjd!
Vill du så binder jag åt dig en krans.
Kom liljor och aquileja,
Kom rosor och saliveja!
Kom ljuva krusmynta,
Kom hjärtans fröjd!

Uti vår hage finns blommor och bär.
Kom hjärtans fröjd!
Men utav alla mej kärast du är.
Kom liljor och aquileja,
Kom rosor och saliveja!
Kom ljuva krusmynta,
Kom hjärtans fröjd!

Kom liljor och aquileja
Kom rosor och saliveja
Kom ljuva krusmynta
Kom hjärtans fröjd!

*Out in our pasture fine blueberries grow.
Come, my heart's delight!
If you want me, we'll meet there!
Come lilies and columbine, come roses
and sage!
Come sweet crisp-leafed mint, come joy
from the heart!*

*Fair little flowers will ask for a dance.
Come, my heart's delight!
If you want, I'll make you a crown of flowers.
Come lilies and columbine, come roses and sage!
Come sweet crisp-leafed mint, come joy from the
heart!*

*Out in our pasture are flowers and berries.
Come, my heart's delight!
Of all that I know, I love you the most.
Come lilies and columbine, come roses
and sage!
Come sweet crisp-leafed mint, come joy from the
heart!*

*Come lilies and columbine, come roses and sage!
Come sweet crisp-leafed mint, come joy from the
heart!*

Och jungfrun hon går i ringen *Traditional Swedish*

Och jungfrun hon går i ringen med rödan
gullband.
Det binder hon om sin kärastes arm.
Men kära min lilla jungfru, knyt inte så hårdt.
Jag ämnar ej att rymma bort.
Och jungfru hon går och lossar på rödan
gullband.
Så hastigt den skälmen åt skogen då sprang.
Då sköto de efter honom med femton gevär.
Och vill ni mig något, så ha ni mig här.

*O maiden, she joins a ring with red,
golden ribbons.
She ties them around her sweetheart's arm.
Dear girl, dear girl, do not bind it too tight.
Do not fear that I will run away.
So the girl proceeds to loosen the gold band.
And with haste the roguish boy runs
into the woods.
They hunted for him with fifteen guns.
And if you want to find me, here I am.*

Aftonen *Herman Sätherberg (1812–1897)*

Skogen står tyst, himlen är klar.
Hör, huru tjusande vallhornet lullar.
Kvällsolns bloss sig stilla sänker,
Sänker sig ner uti den lugna, klara våg.
Ibland dälдер, gröna kullar
Eko kring neiden far...

*Still the woods, radiant the heav'ns.
Dim, distant horns fill the air with their echo.
Sunset, glowing, slowly disappearing,
It disappears beneath the sea.
Through the mountains, through the valleys
Lingering, the echoes sound...*

Valiant-for-Truth *Taken from The Pilgrim's Progress by John Bunyan (1628–1688)*

After this it was noised abroad, that
Mr Valiant-for-truth was taken with a
summons...; and had this for a token that the
summons was true, "That his pitcher was
broken at the fountain". When he understood
it, he called for his friends, and told them of
it. Then, said he, "I am going to my Father's,
and though with great difficulty I am got
hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the
trouble I have been at to arrive where I am.
My sword, I give to him that shall succeed me
in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill,

to him that can get it. My marks and scars I
carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I
have fought his battles, who now will be my
rewarder." When the day that he must go
hence, was come, many accompanied him
to the riverside, into which, as he went, he
said, "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he
went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is
thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the
trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

Finlandia (Be still, my soul) *Catharina von Schlegel (1697–1768)*

Be still, my soul: The Lord is on thy side;
With patience bear thy cross of grief or pain.
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In ev'ry change he faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: Thy best, thy heav'nly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul: when dearest friends depart,
And all is darkened in the veil of tears,
Then shalt thou better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.
Be still, my soul: thy Jesus can repay
From His own fullness all He takes away.

Be still, my soul: The hour is hastening on
When we shall be forever with the Lord,
When disappointment, grief and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul: When change and tears
are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

BIOGRAPHY

The King's Singers have set the gold standard in a cappella singing on the world's greatest stages for over fifty-five years. They are renowned for their unrivalled technique, musicianship and versatility, which stem from the group's rich heritage and its drive to bring an extraordinary range of new and unique works, collaborations and recordings to life. The King's Singers' extensive discography has led to numerous awards, including two Grammy Awards, an Emmy Award, and a place in Gramophone magazine's inaugural Hall of Fame.

The King's Singers were officially formed in 1968 when six recent choral scholars from King's College, Cambridge gave a concert

at London's Queen Elizabeth Hall. By chance, the group was made up of two countertenors, a tenor, two baritones and a bass, and the group has stuck to this formation ever since.

In the last few years, the group has recorded and released a series of diverse, collaborative albums that showcase the huge breadth of their repertoire. One honours two great English Renaissance composers: Thomas Weelkes and William Byrd; another is centred around Romantic music; a third honours 100 years of Disney, with 28 brand-new arrangements of iconic Disney songs; a fourth is a double-album focussed on the group's library of signature

'close harmony' arrangements; and another celebrates the group's extraordinary body of commissioned new music.

Growing the global canon of choral music has always been one of the group's key aims, and The King's Singers have now commissioned more than 300 works by many of the most prominent composers of the 20th and 21st centuries. These composers include John Tavener, Joe Hisaishi, Judith Bingham, Eric Whitacre, György Ligeti, Luciano Berio, Penderecki and Toru Takemitsu. All this new music joins their body of bespoke a cappella arrangements, including many by King's Singers past and present.

Alongside their demanding performing and recording schedule – with over 100 concerts worldwide every season – the group leads educational workshops



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and residential courses across the globe, working with ensembles on their approaches to group singing. To mark their 50th anniversary in 2018, they founded The King's Singers Global Foundation (based in the USA), to provide a platform to support the creation of new music across multiple disciplines, to coach a new generation of performers, and to provide musical opportunities to people of all backgrounds.