

Peter Warlock Society

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CARE AWAY, AND WEND ALONG WITH ME

Ernest Kaye records a nostalgic coach trip into Warlock/Blunt country

A misty September morning, with the promise of a hot day. At Victoria station, the bleary-eyed members of the Warlock Society loom through the mist and converge on the coach waiting, with its stalwart charioteer, to take them southwards on a visit to places permeated by the memory of PH and Bruce Blunt.

The members come from every corner, not only of England, but the globe. Here is our ever-faithful bespectacled chairman Fred; our redoubtable treasurer Robin and his newly acquired spouse, ready as ever to collect money from anyone who is prepared to contribute (as well as from many who aren't!); Louis Barron, all the way from New York; George Vincent, who has set out at some totally inconceivable hour from Harwich; David Cox from the distant depths of Sevenoaks; Philip Stone, looking more than ever like some benign monk (accompanied, of course, by Nina Walker), and Ian Copley, happily well enough to join us. Many more make up a party of nineteen Warlock pilgrims, complete now, save for the familiar bearded and smiling visage of our secretary Malcolm. He is apparently at this very moment flying in from Holland and is to meet us at the Cromwell Road Air Terminal. Such devotion to the Society!

We clamber aboard, in somewhat sullen silence, it being far too early in the morning for polite conversation, and crawl through to Cromwell Road, where we wait patiently for Malcolm, who doesn't materialize. With regret, and without Malcolm, we start off towards our first, and PH's last, destination - his grave at Godalming!

The cemetery is in Deanery Road, outside Godalming. Alas, no one is quite sure where this is. The driver has never been there, and some of our members, who claim to have been there before, give helpful, but conflicting advice to the poor driver who rushes his gigantic vehicle up and down ever-narrowing country lanes, exhibiting his remarkable handling skill in the face of an obviously growing problem. This way to the tomb! With the help of several

passers-by (not to mention the inevitable strangers to the district) we finally arrive, to be met by our gracious host and hostess, Mr and Mrs Urquhart. They live close by and have been tending, with loving care and devotion, his grave, which is beautifully restored and preserved in this charming, quiet country churchyard. We lay a single rose on the grave. With great kindness and hospitality, we are all invited back to their house for coffee, followed by an enthusiastic, if not entirely accurate, rendering of *Fill the Cup, Philip*, intended for their delight. We bid them thanks and farewell and proceed to our second destination - where else but the Fox Inn?

The Fox Inn lies in the heart of a copper-beech belt at Bramdean. It is over 400 years old and is well-known to all Warlock enthusiasts as the place which inspired Bruce Blunt and Philip to write the highly original and evocative song *The Fox*. This was conceived and completed, words and music, in a mere eighteen hours. Today the fox's mask hangs in pride of place, alongside a framed copy of the song. And who do we find waiting for us? Malcolm! It transpires that we and he had been waiting in different streets at the Air Terminal (all very much in keeping with the organized chaos of our beloved society!). Determined to enjoy the fruits of his organization, he had followed hot-foot in his trusty period motor to meet up with us.

In contrast to the warmth of hospitality at our last port of call, the perfunctory treatment afforded to the members of the Society by the less than helpful staff of the Fox needs to go on record.* After lunch, however, Philip Stone, as a prelude to his Purcell Room performance, makes the visit memorable by giving us the section of his Warlock programme dealing with "The Fox", and singing the song, a magic electronic keyboard appearing from nowhere to accompany him.

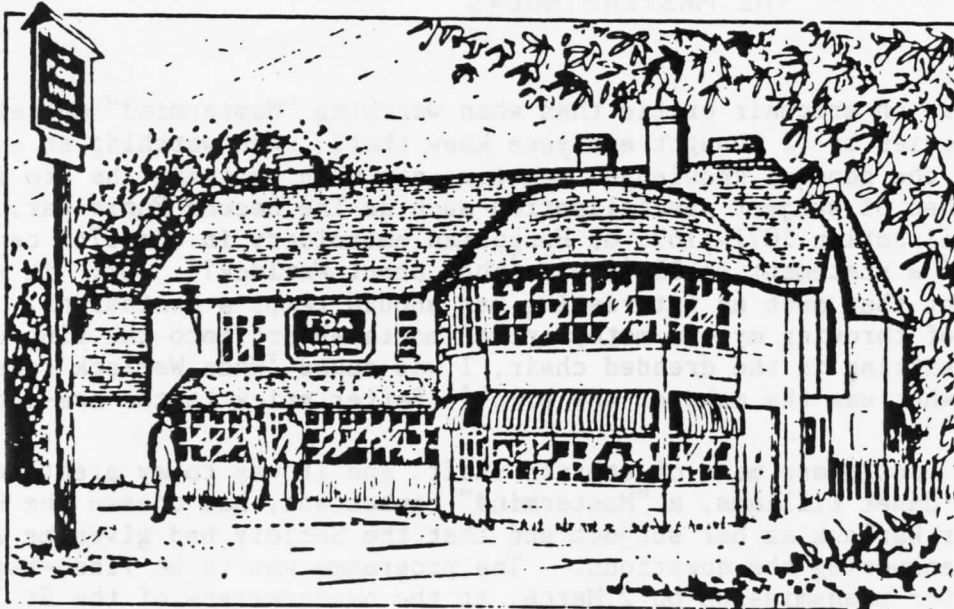
We leave The Fox and head for the Long Barrow, with grave misgivings from our driver, who has to manoeuvre his bus up the most incredibly narrow country footpath (to call it a road would be laughable). *The Long Barrow* is a wonderful three-verse poem by Bruce Blunt. The barrow itself is now only a large hump in the centre of a grass field, but in the true spirit of the expedition we stand on the barrow and recite the beautiful words of the poem and hope that Bruce Blunt smiles on us.

On to Marriner's Farm, where Bruce Blunt lived around 1930. With great trepidation, a small section of the party knock at the door to ask whether we might look at this next landmark. The door is opened by the large, bluff owner, Anthony Dowling, who belies his fierce looks by extending a warm invitation for us to roam through his gardens and admire the farm cottage, which has been beautifully and tastefully enlarged. He remembers Blunt well and goes to great trouble to find an oil painting of the cottage as it looked in Blunt's day. We thank him politely and present him with a copy of Fred's *Book Warlock and Blunt* which he says he will read with great interest.

Our last port of call - the "Bat and Ball" at Hambledon, where the famous mid-winter cricket match took place in 1929. We all compose a letter to Cliff Chadwick, wishing him well and round off our visit to the famous pub by singing *The Cricketers of Hambledon* to the surprise and amusement of the local clientèle.

The long ride back to London, punctuated by several necessary halts to relieve those of us who are too full of "good ale" (or too advanced in years) - or both - to last the run, finishes where it started, at Victoria, where we stagger back to our respective corners of London, or England, or wherever, to reflect on and remember a truly outstanding journey. Our grateful thanks to the organizers.

*We found out afterwards that the Proprietor was away on that day, so the staff situation was not the normal one. Nevertheless, as an impression, Ernest's remarks should stand. -Ed.



THE FOX INN

BRAMDEAN

NEWS FROM THAMES PUBLISHING

Good progress is being made with Volume 4 of the Collected Edition, and publication is expected in April. Copies will be sent automatically to those who have indicated that they would like to receive each volume as it appears. Anyone else interested should contact me (John Bishop, 14 Barlby Road, London W10 6AR).

Fred Tomlinson and I have had further discussions about our projected life of Warlock in pictures, and our present hope is that the book will be published before the end of the year.

Another plan we have is to do an edition of *Giles Earle; his book* - on which Warlock was working at the time of his death, and which was seen through the press by Bernard van Dieren.

John Bishop

Also from Thames comes *Lonely Waters*, the diary of a friendship with E.J. Moeran, by Lionel Hill (£8.50). Admirably produced -- and with ten pages of illustrations -- this is the first book to appear on Moeran (who for nearly four years shared a house with Warlock in Eynsford, and who disagreed with Gray's theory of a 'split personality'). We hope that space in the August Newsletter will permit us to say more about this book.

-Ed.

OTHER PUBLICATION NEWS

Denis ApIvor's article *Peter Warlock: a Psychological Study* (too long for publication in the Newsletter) has been accepted by "Music Review", a Cambridge publication.

Another substantial article, *Peter Warlock: his contemporaries and their influence*, by Peter J. Reynolds, has appeared in the British Music Society Journal of December 1985. The author is well-informed and clear in his arguments.

The Birds by Warlock has been effectively arranged for SATB by Barry Ferguson and published by Stainer and Bell.

Adam lay ybounden, in its original form, and the *Capriol Suite*, arranged for organ by Andrew Teague (£7.50), are published by Oecumund, 6th floor, Central House, High Street, London E15 2PP.

THE MASTERMINDERS

I am never more an armchair critic than when watching "Mastermind" on television. Loud are the cries of 'I thought everyone knew that!' when watching an unfortunate contestant in the general knowledge section, and when watching the (to me) more esoteric reaches of subject specialisation such as The Second Punic War, or Byzantine civilisation 1071-1167, or Hungarian embroidery in the 17th century, my question (more a statement really!) was 'What about Warlock?' Or: it seemed to me self-evident that such an interesting man should tempt a contestant. I had even thought of throwing my own metaphorical mortar-board into the ring until I dreamt that, sitting in the dreaded chair, I was asked 'When Warlock rode nude on a motorbike, what was the make of the bike?' Better stick to the arm-chair, I thought.

However, some people are made of sterner stuff, and it was to my great delight I was told that Janet Williams, a "Mastermind" contestant, had chosen the Life and Works of Peter Warlock as her subject and that the Society had given me a ticket to watch her answering the questions. The programme was to be Video-taped on 11 December, for transmission on 2 March, at the headquarters of the St John's Ambulance Brigade at St John's Square in Clerkenwell. One had to be a Mastermind to find the place, but with the aid of a London A-Z I arrived safe and sound.

If only I could tell you how Janet Williams triumphed, driving all before her, or how she came a gallant second, or how, pulverised into a nervous wreck, she was taken out on a stretcher. But, under the arc-lights, the producer had a Few Words to say to us. Apart from telling us to clap when he clapped, the main burden of what he had to say was that we wouldn't want to spoil everybody else's enjoyment by telling people what happened - would we? Nobody dared say Yes for fear of being turned out, so I'll have to tell you what happens behind the scenes instead.

The producer is poised to suspend the whole show if there's a camera wobble, or if Magnus Magnusson fluffs his lines. In this particular programme, the producer was not satisfied with the opening remarks: Magnus had fluffed a word, and there was camera wobble. Never mind; we'd carry on, and see to it afterwards. 'Now remember', glowered Magnus Magnusson at the terrified contestants, 'it's only a bloody game!' His face cleared to a cherubic beam as the cameras started working again. One of the most galling features for the contestants was that if they had answered a question incorrectly and the camera had wobbled, they had to answer the question equally incorrectly again, knowing it was the wrong answer... At the end, as promised, the beginning had to be done again. First, the fearsome music, then Magnus's introductory remarks, and the camera zoomed in on the contestants who will appear to the viewer as if they had everything to play for, instead of their fate already having been sealed. The third attempt was quite perfect. After that, there was another "Mastermind", and the audience had to move to different seats and take off their coats (or put them on) so that we looked like another audience on another day.

But the questions - what about the Warlock questions to be answered by Janet Williams? Dr Ian Copley, who was asked by the BBC to set them, has kindly contributed them to the Newsletter so that members can try their hand at them. In my own armchair, I did dreadfully...well, modesty forbids!

Patrick Mills

Transmission date of the "Mastermind" is March 2nd. Note it in your diary now. Meanwhile, here are the questions compiled by Ian Copley. The answers will be given after the event, in the August Newsletter.

THE "MASTERMIND" QUESTIONS

1. What profession was followed by Warlock's father?
2. When did he first use the pseudonym 'Peter Warlock'?
3. Where did he pursue his studies in the music of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods?
4. Who was Warlock's piano teacher at Eton?
5. At Oxford, who was the distinguished poet whom Warlock met, who became a life-long friend?
6. Which daily newspaper employed Warlock as a music critic?
7. What form of mechanical transport delighted him?
8. Warlock was the disciple of two distinguished composers and one literary figure. Name the latter.
9. Who was the collaborator in the transcription and editing of Jacobean Lute Songs?
10. Who was the other scholar working in the same field, whose editorial methods so enraged Warlock?
11. With which composer did Warlock collaborate in producing a setting of 'Maltworms'?
12. Which work of Delius did Warlock transcribe for brass band?
13. Which song started life as a setting (without bar-lines) of Yeats's 'The Cloths of Heaven'?
14. Which carol first appeared in the pages of the Daily Telegraph on Christmas Eve?
15. Who joined Warlock as co-author in a study of Gesualdo?
16. Which was the only set of piano pieces published by Warlock during his lifetime?
17. It had been Warlock's intention to arrange the accompaniment of 'The Fox' for flute and strings. By whom was this task carried out posthumously?
18. Which were the first Warlock songs to be published in his lifetime?
19. Who was the original dedicatee of 'The Curlew'?
20. Who said of 'The full heart' that it was the most difficult work his choir had ever performed?
21. Who shared a cottage in Eynsford, Kent, with Warlock from 1926 until 1929?
22. Who wrote the words of 'Yarmouth Fair'?
23. For which orchestra did Warlock write programme notes?
24. Who was the violinist who helped Warlock by editing the string parts of his instrumental transcriptions?
25. Who was Warlock's literary executor?
26. 'The Old Codger' is a piano piece based on, and mocking, a symphony. Whose?
27. There are versions of the 'Capriol' Suite for string orchestra, full orchestra, and piano duet. Which came first?
28. With which great festival was Warlock involved in an organisational capacity?
29. Which carol first saw light of day in a Christmas issue of The Radio Times?
30. Where was Warlock living at the time of his death?

(Answers in the next Newsletter)

A WARLOCK CONCERT AT THE R.A.M.

On the occasion of Philip Heseltine's 91st birthday there was a recital in the Duke's Hall of the Royal Academy of Music. The whole evening was devoted to Warlock's music, and over thirty songs were performed by four student singers accompanied by Nigel Foster, who had researched and devised the programme, with not a little help from Cecil Gray and Ian Copley.

Perhaps there was too much of Gray's influence in the division of songs into Warlock the extrovert and Heseltine the introvert, and in trying to force biographical details to fit this rigid categorization. Manic-depressive he may have been, like many great artists, but during his grisly spells he created nothing. When the mood changed, he wrote Warlock songs, Heseltine songs and as many "in between" songs as either category.

Three Belloc Songs, for instance, are cited as "pure Heseltine". Even if one accepts *My Own Country* as introspective rather than "in between", these songs were written within a few days of *Away to Twiver*, surely as extrovert as any he wrote.

The programme itself answered the question after the interval, when fifteen songs, listed as "Neo-Mediaeval and Elizabethan Songs", formed a group that would be hard to tabulate as Warlock or Heseltine.

The final two items in the programme, grouped as "The Last Songs", were *The Frostbound Wood* and *The Fox*. The programme note commented on their starkness. Between these songs Warlock wrote *After Two Years* - surely one of his least grisly compositions. After them came the solo version of *Bethlehem Down*, one of his most serene efforts, and *The Fairest May* - even jauntier than the original four-square *As Ever I Saw*.

Even so, it was good to hear a whole programme of Warlock. Carol Green, soprano, was a little too concerned with enunciating her words, resulting in extra syllables which confused the issue. She fared better in the lively songs, and it was an unexpected pleasure to hear a lady rendering *Rutterkin*.

Sidonie Winter, mezzo-soprano, sang with a lovely tone and good feeling for the music. It was a pity that in some slower songs, notably *The Bayley berith* and *Lullaby*, the tempi were much too fast, allowing neither the voice nor the music to shine.

Huw Rhys-Evans, tenor, sang with a pleasant tone and good phrasing. This was apparent not only in the slower items such as *The Contented Lover*, but also in the two settings Warlock made of Peele's verse - *Whenas the Rye* - nicely juxtaposed.

Mark Pancek, baritone, was much happier in the "pub songs" than in the more introspective songs. He needs to develop more strength in his lower register to succeed as a baritone.

Nigel Foster is to be congratulated on the programme. He is a sympathetic accompanist, playing nearly all the right notes (no one can guarantee to play all of them in Warlock!) and has obviously worked very hard to help the singers in their performances. I feel he needs to learn more about the way singers breathe. (Having sung under several internationally famous conductors in the same boat, I feel strongly about this!)

Song is glorified verse. When verse is spoken, the performer can breathe at will. When it is set to music, the performance must be at a speed where it is possible to breathe, in accordance with the sense of the poem, without interrupting the flow of the music. The composer obviously thinks of this. So *My Gostly Fader* is marked "rubato". The poetic flow is enough in this case. In songs like *Lullaby* and *The Bayley berith*, however, the rhythmic "Barcarolle" flow is essential. Therefore each tempo has to be set so that the singer can sneak or snatch breaths comfortably, without destroying the

rhythm.

My comments are meant to be helpful rather than harsh. It must be stressed that it was a most enjoyable evening. The audience was appreciative, and we all hope the recital will have converted a few more listeners to the delights we all find in PH/PW.

Fred Tomlinson

PETER WARLOCK COLLECTED EDITION

Thames Publishing, in association with the Peter Warlock Society

There will be eight volumes of songs. Three of these are now available, and the fourth is in active preparation. After the songs, from Volume 9 onwards, the rest of the composer's output will be dealt with. The present state of play is as follows:

VOLUME 1 - Songs 1911-1917

The Wind from the West; A lake and a fairy boat; Music, when soft voices die (2 versions); The Everlasting Voices; The Cloths of Heaven; The lover mourns for the loss of love; Take, O take those lips away; The Water Lily; Heraclitus; Along the Stream; I asked a thief to steal me a peach (2 versions); Saudades (Along the Stream; Take, O take those lips away; Heraclitus)

VOLUME 2 - Songs 1918-1919

Bright is the ring of words; To the Memory of a great Singer; Take, O take those lips away; As ever I saw; My gostly fader; The Bayley berith the Bell away; There is a lady sweet and kind; Lullaby; Whenas the rye reach to the chin; Dedication; Love for love; My sweet little darling; Mourne no moe; Sweet content; Romance; Balulalow

VOLUME 3 - Songs 1920-1922

Play-acting; Captain Stratton's Fancy; Mr Belloc's Fancy (2 versions); Good Ale; Hey, trolly lolly lo; The Bachelor; Piggiesnie; Little Trotty Wagtail; Late Summer; The Singer; Adam lay ybounden; Rest, sweet nymphs; Sleep; Tyrley, Tyrflow

VOLUME 4 - Songs 1922-1923 (to be published later this year)

Peterisms I: Chopcherry; A Sad Song; Rutterkin
 Peterisms II: Roister Doister; Spring; Lusty Juventus
 Lillygay: The distracted maid; Johnnie wi' the tye; The Shoemaker; Burd
 Ellen and Young Tamlane; Rantum Tantum
 Autumn Twilight; In an arbour green; Milkmaids

MORE CURLEWS

After the sad account of *The Curlew* at the Bath Festival in our last Newsletter, it is good to be able to report a rewarding performance of the work by Ian Partridge and the Redcliffe Ensemble, conducted by Thomas Hartman, last November - at one of a series of concerts given on London's South Bank under the heading 'The Tippett Generation'.

In fact, the bird, so difficult to cope with, is appearing now in many places. On February 7, at the University of Southampton, there is a lunchtime concert in the Turner Sims Concert Hall (1.10 to 2 pm) at which a performance will be given, and Timothy Stevenson will be the soloist.

A GIFT OF RECORDS

The Society is grateful to George Vincent, one of our members, for a gift of 'mint' copies of some important early Warlock recordings - 78s. One of these is the first recording of The Curlew - and surely one of the finest and most authentic performances ever - with John Armstrong, the International String Quartet (led by André Mangeot), Robert Murchie (flute), Terence McDonagh (cor anglais), and conducted by Constant Lambert. The last part of the last side also contains the songs Sleep and Chopcherry, with string quartet accompaniment. There's the early HMV recording of The Fox and The Frostbound Wood, with Dennis Noble and Gerald Moore. Decca recordings of Sigh no more, ladies, Pretty Ring Time, Fair and True, Piggesnie, My Own Country, sung by Roy Henderson, with Gerald Moore. And Milkmaids, Captain Stratton's Fancy, with Roy Henderson and Eric Gritton. There are three 78 records of Purcell 4-part Fantasias, with the string ensemble directed by Mangeot.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED...

... to the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, which is not just a meeting but also a festive occasion. Do try and come. Apart from anything else, we'd like to meet more of you. As in 1982 and 1984, we shall be holding it at David Cox's house, not far from Eynsford, on Saturday, May 31, and the schedule of events on that day will be: lunch at The Five Bells, Eynsford, at around 1 pm, followed by a Committee meeting at 2. After that we proceed to Bell Cottage, Magpie Bottom, Shoreham, for the Annual General Meeting at 3. That's not all. Refreshments will then be laid on. If the weather is kind, use can be made of the solar-heated swimming pool. We were lucky last time, and the AGM was held alfresco, in the peaceful woodland setting. After that, for those who choose to remain, there will be musical entertainment of various sorts - including bring-along and sing-along some Warlock - and we shall have some recordings for people to hear. Last time we had this event at Magpie Bottom, our founder Patrick Mills described it as the best AGM ever. Let's hope it will be so again!

If you're coming, please fill in and return the form below - so that we know how many to cater for at Magpie Bottom.

To get to Magpie Bottom from Eynsford (which is on the A225, one mile from the A20), you turn into Bower Lane at the Eynsford War Memorial, carry on for about 3¼ miles till you come to crossroads. Then turn right, and almost immediately right again (by a farmhouse). You are now in Magpie Bottom, and Bell Cottage is about half-a-mile down on the right - a drive entrance amid pine-trees. If you come from another direction, ask us for instructions, because it's not easy to find.

To Malcolm Rudland, 17 Gledhow Gardens, London SW5 OAY (01-373 9292)

I shall be coming to the AGM on May 31. I have a car/ I have no car, and will need transport from Eynsford to Magpie Bottom. (Delete as required.)

NAME Number of other persons with me

MY ADDRESS

HOW I FIRST CAME ACROSS PETER WARLOCK'S MUSIC

This series continues with a contribution from ANTHONY INGLE

In the early 1960s, the BBC's Third Programme, early on Sunday mornings, used to broadcast programmes of 'light classical' music, often played by the London Studio Strings. They frequently included in their programmes the *Serenades* by Elgar and Dag Wiren, Grieg's *Holberg* and Holst's *St Paul's Suites* and, among the rest, the *Capriol Suite* by one Peter Warlock. I was nine or ten at the time, and I remember thinking how attractively vital this music was (even the slow movements, and I was not generally fond of slow music at the time) and wondering why I never heard anything else by its composer. At about the same time, I encountered the following entry from the fourth edition of Percy A. Scholes's *Third Book of the Great Musicians* - in its 'Little Dictionary of British Composers of Our Own Times' (OUP, 1928, and a school prize of my father's):-

HESELTINE, Philip. Born 1894. He is an Author as well as a Composer. When he writes about music he uses his own name; when he writes music he calls himself 'Peter Warlock'. Heseltine has written a very good critical biography of Delius (under whom he studied for a time) and also edited old English songs. Warlock has written a very fine song (*sic*), *The Curlew*, for Tenor voice, Flute, Cor Anglais and String Quartet (Carnegie Award). Other compositions include many Songs and some Christmas Carols.

Of the many Songs and Christmas Carols I remained in complete ignorance until discovering the Pears/Britten recital LP which included *Yarmouth Fair*. Here I immediately recognised the same spirit as that permeating *Capriol*, a very concentrated kind of music which positively compelled my attention, rather than simply inviting it or, indeed, not seeming to care one way or the other. But where was the rest of his music; this very fine *Curlew*, many more Songs and all that? During the next eight years or so I encountered *Captain Stratton's Fancy*, *Ha'nacker Mill* and (I think) *Sleep*, along with the arrangements of *Capriol* for piano solo, piano duet, two pianos, recorder consort (ouch!), SATB, etc., etc..

I also got to know *The Week-End Book* (second edition, The Nonesuch Press, 1928 - music editor, John Goss) and found some of the songs in it (presented as melody only) particularly attractive; I must have doodled arrangements of approaching twenty of them, including the one entitled *O Good Ale* in the book, known to PHiloPHiles as *The Toper's Song*, and *Sir Eglamore*, an 'English Humorous Ballad' (all this time unaware of the identity of the author of the 'long-standing fallacies' limerick which was included in the same book). I played the latter song to a group of friends one day; when I'd finished, one of them said 'That's just like Peter Warlock'.

So it struck me that something of the little I knew must have stuck, and I determined to delve more deeply. During my first term at Cambridge (October 1970) a friend who knew I was organising a charity concert lent me a score which he said he thought might interest me; lo and behold, it was *The Curlew*. I read it through eagerly, found the Alexander Young record (already long deleted) in the library, and was hooked; such prodigality of invention, such an acute ear for sonority, such sensitivity to words! The songs, too, were a revelation; *Mockery*, *Away to Twiver*, *The Lover's Maze*, with their prodigious accompaniments which are nonetheless such a sheer joy to get a grip on, so apt and craftsmanly are the chord-spacing and the voice-leading (explicit or implicit). My gradual progress to complete addiction (and to membership of the Society) was completed when I met John Bishop at Summer Music at Worth Abbey in 1972; he gave me a score of *Sorrow's Lullaby*, and I was bowled over again. Only later did I become critical enough to realize how impractical the quartet writing in *Sorrow's Lullaby* is, and that its

'baritone' and *The Curlew's* 'tenor' are really the same voice which requires the quality of both. A pity, because such considerations militate against performances of two remarkable works.

By this time I had read Gray (which, along with dictionary entries and the odd reference in other books, was all there was to read about PH at the time). I knew that the notion of schizophrenia had been largely discredited, and was glad to find myself in sympathy with that view. For all the colourful nature of PH's life, it seemed to me that Hubert Foss got it right in *British Music of our time* (ed. Bacharach; Pelican, 1946), in comparing Warlock to a funnel; an enormously catholic range of interests for the scholar, the *bon viveur*, the critic, the scatologist and all the rest were channelled into some of the most concentrated music that has ever been written. The music is the focus of the man.

Coincidentally enough, I first encountered Ernest Bradbury (for many years music critic of the Yorkshire Post, and one of the most notable Warlockians to remain outside the Society) when he gave a lecture on Bartók's string quartets in Leeds in 1968, to introduce a performance of the complete cycle. I was intrigued to find him talking on such a subject, as I hadn't thought he was a strong proponent of modern music, but it all fell into place when I discovered the connection between Bartók and Warlock. Bartók's quartets have been central to my musical thinking since I first got to know them, because they share with Warlock's music (and, to take a few other examples at random, Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo*, Bach's *Brandenburg Concerti*, Beethoven's late quartets, Wagner's *Ring* and Boulez's *Le Marteau sans Maître*) the quality of concentrating experience, expanding time and compelling attention in which every note, as it were, carries more than its share of meaning. This is the vitality which I felt as a child on first hearing *Capriol* and which makes Warlock's music my constant companion still. There are, in fact, very close musical links between Bartók and Warlock, as well as their personal acquaintance; compare, for instance, the accompaniment to 'I know of the sleepy country' (letter U) in *The Curlew* with the third 'theme' (bars 63-69) in the first movement of Bartók's second quartet (of 1917 - did Warlock know it when composing *The Withering of the Boughs*?), I should dearly love to have been present on the occasion described by Eric Fenby in *Delius as I knew him* when PH and Delius (along with E J Moeran and one or two more, if I remember rightly) listened to the first broadcast performance of Bartók's fourth quartet in 1928; Delius dismissed it as rubbish, while PH hailed it as the music of the future. How wonderful it would be had he (a) been right and (b) lived to play his part in that future. But there's another article here.

ANTHONY INGLE, a member of the PWS Committee, is a composer and musical director working mainly in theatre; he is also an occasional accompanist. Between 1979 and 1983 he edited the Society's Newsletter.

PUBLICATION NEWS (continued)

The Hogarth Press has recently reissued *Musical Chairs*, the autobiography of Cecil Gray (first published in 1948 by Home and Van Thal), in an attractive paperback edition (£4.95). Of considerable background interest, and well worth reading in its own right.

THE GKN ENGLISH SONG AWARD

This year's competition for singers between 20 and 40 years will be held during the Brighton Festival in the week beginning 12th May. There are prizes to the value of £5,000, plus a London recital. The closing date for entries is 4th April. Those wishing to enter should send a s.a.e. now for an application form to the Administrator, 21 Lichfield Road, Kew Gardens, Surrey TW9 3JR.

Songs are being selected in accord with the 1986 Brighton Festival's themes - the Elements (Earth, Air, Fire, Water) and Peace. Strangely enough, this gives little scope for choice of Warlock songs.

NOT ALL OF IT WAS SET BY WARLOCK (A series of poems in their complete form)

'**H**HEY, trolly loly lo, maid, whither go you?'
'I go to the meadow to milk my cow.'
'Then at the meadow I will you meet,
To gather the flowers both fair and sweet.'
'Nay, God forbid, that may not be!
I wis my mother then shall us see.'

'Now in this meadow fair and green
We may us sport and not be seen;
And if ye will, I shall consent.
How say ye, maid? be ye content?'
'Nay, in good faith, I'll not mell with you!
I pray you, sir, let me go milk my cow.'

'Why will ye not give me no comfort,
That now in these fields we may us sport?'
'Nay, God forbid, that may not be!
I wis my mother then shall us see.'

mell - meddle

'Ye be so nice and so meet of age,
That ye greatly move my courage.
Sith I love you, love me again;
Let us make one, though we be twain.'
'I pray you, sir, let me go milk my cow.'

'Ye have my heart, say what ye will;
Wherefore ye must my mind fulfill,
And grant me here your maidenhead,
Or ellès I shall for you be dead.'
'I pray you, sir, let me go milk my cow.'

'Then for this once I shall you spare;
But the next time ye must beware,
How in the meadow ye milk your cow.
Adieu, farewell, and kiss me now!'
'I pray you, sir, let me go milk my cow.'

(Early English lyric)

'THE LONDON MERCURY' AND THAT UNCLE

The month after Warlock's death, the London Mercury of January 1931 included a 3-page obituary, covering in a highly appreciative way all aspects of the composer's work. The following is part of it.

THE LONDON MERCURY

OUR Music Correspondent, Vere Pilkington, writes:
How it would have amused Peter Warlock to think that it was only by his death that he has at last become known to the Great British Public! He lived and worked always by his own standards and consequently his work as writer, editor and composer was not as widely known as it should have been, considering its wisdom, truth and beauty: he was a great scholar, with an instinctive grasp of early music and what it must have meant to its composers and original audiences, and a composer of a high order. I knew him only slightly: I often met him at concerts; and when I was in difficulties over the transcription of early tablature or of early keyboard music, he would take endless trouble to help me. I remember once asking him if he would help me over the transcribing of an early Pavan and Galliard in the King's Library at the British Museum; the next morning I received the two pieces carefully transcribed in full in his neat and beautiful handwriting. One of the last occasions I met him was in the British Museum, where he was transcribing the words of some Elizabethan Ayres for, I think, an Anthology: I had spent some hours racking my brains to find the key of the cittern tablature of the Mulliner Book: I told

him of this and he, though warning me that Cittern Music was mostly very poor stuff, spent three-quarters of an hour over it and finally handed me the tuning complete. He was always like this, extraordinarily generous and a most likeable though sometimes alarming person. He had a horror of Art Nonsense and would say so in no unmeasured words. He was a splendid looking man: tall, fair, with a gleam—often sardonic—in his eyes, and a fair beard, which added, unaccountably, to his appearance—a most likeable character. I had always heard that he was brought up by a rich uncle, who hoped that he would follow him in his business; but Warlock's feeling for music was so strong that he refused to do this and was cut off without an allowance. He was one of the small but select band of Etonian musicians, for he studied while he was at Eton under Colin Taylor. He was subsequently up at Oxford, but of his life there I have been able to discover nothing. When he came to London at about the age of 21—his real name was Philip Heseltine and he was born on October 30th, 1894—he began to make himself known and felt as a critic: in 1920, befriended by Winthrop Rogers, he took over the *Organists' and Choirmasters' Journal* and converted it into the *Sackbut* where in conjunction with Cecil Gray and Sarabji, he wrote articles under his own name and under the names of Barabara C. harent, Obricus Scacabarozus and other absurd names: but under whatever name he wrote his trenchant, witty, penetrating, criticism stands out. He championed the cause of Bela Bartók, Schönberg, Van Dieren and Vaughan Williams; he was the first person to explode the great *Planets* myth and *The Immortal Hour*: he crossed swords with Mr. Newman and Mr. Scholes and soon brought upon himself a good deal of hostile notice. It was probably for this reason that he changed his name to "Peter Warlock" when sending his songs to Rogers for publication. His subsequent writings include an unpretentious, but concise and encyclopaedic book on *The English Ayre* (Humphry Milford, 1926), one on Carlo Gesualdo with Cecil Gray, and one on his great friend, Delius (John Lane, 1923). Lately he was editor of *Milo*, the Journal of the Imperial League of Opera.

The sentence about the rich uncle prompted Warlock's mother to contact the editor of the London Mercury, and the editorial given below appeared in the February number. The assertion, straight from the horse's (or rather, the mère's) mouth, that 'the rich uncle is a myth', is misleading. There certainly was a rich uncle - Evelyn - but we may take it that he had no hand in Philip's education.

(The statement about exploding the great *Planets* myth and *The Immortal Hour* refers to Warlock's attack on those two works in *The Sackbut* around 1920. More of this in a future Newsletter.)

IN last month's memoir of Philip Heseltine, we stated that we understood he had been brought up by an uncle from whom he would have inherited a considerable sum, had he been content to leave his musical career and enter his uncle's business. Peter Warlock's mother has very kindly furnished us with further particulars of his early life; and tells us that he was brought up entirely by her, and that the rich uncle is a myth that must be relegated to the long list of fabulous stories about celebrated men. Philip's father, Arnold Heseltine, died when his son was only two years old: Philip and his mother lived in Hans Road for a number of years. As a small boy he went to Miss Quirinie's school in Sloane Street, and later to Churchill's school at Broadstairs. On entering Eton he won a scholarship, which, however, he did not take up, but boarded at Mr. Brinton's house. At the time of writing our previous notes it was impossible to obtain these details of his early life, and we are most grateful to Mrs. Heseltine for correcting and adding to our information.

Roister Doister

In the final two pages, we reproduce the original MS of *Roister Doister* (in the possession of Ernest Kaye - to whom thanks for his permission). This is the actual size, and we hope the composer's minute detail will not suffer in reproduction.

Roister Doisterously

1 man be married a Sunday, I man be married a Sunday, whoever shall come that way, I

f (*spifferlike*)
mf pesante

man be married a Sun - day. Roister Doister is my name, Roister Doister is my name, A lusty brute I am the same: I man be married a

marcato
(*1-4*)
sfz

Sun - day. Christian Custance have I found, Christian Custance have I found, A widow worth a thousand pounds; I man be married a

(*amp'd*)

Sun - day. Custance is as sweet as honey, Custance is as sweet as honey, I her lamb and she my coney; I man be married a

mf
p subito

Sunday. When we shall make our wedding feast, when we shall make our wedding feast, There shall be cheer for man and beast; I mean be married a

ms
cresc
f
cresc

Sun - day. I mean be married a Sun - day, I mean be married a Sun - day, who so ever shall come that way, I mean be married a Sun - day.

ff

mf
cresc

(Stamping of feet, clapping of hands, pounding with fist pots and exhortation ad libitum but in strict time on the first beat of each bar)

♩ Cefca Bmpatolch
4/1/1923.