



**Newsletter 81 Autumn 2007**

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## EDITORIAL

It was a great pleasure for me to be able to spend some time with members of the Society after my recital in Westminster Abbey on 10 June. I would like to thank Chris Sreeves for organising what proved a very happy and convivial occasion and also the members who came up to London to welcome me so warmly. It is moments like that which make distances seem so inconsequential.

I hope I have managed in this edition once again to collect together a variety of material both 'ancient and modern' and that readers will find something both to entertain them and to add to their knowledge of and love for the music of Peter Warlock. May I also use this occasion to encourage the submission of future material so that the Newsletter can be even more fully representative of the tastes and talents of our members?

Hubert Foss joined the staff of the OUP in 1922, becoming head of the newly-founded music department in 1924, during which time he published music by several important English composers, notably Vaughan Williams and William Walton. He and Warlock struck up a friendship which seemed to have had its inevitable ups-and-downs. His little-known article, 'The Warlock Gang', written in 1951, gives a perceptive personal insight into this fascinating Bohemian circle.

Recently, whilst reading through a number of music reviews collected from the *Times* over the years, I came upon Percy Scholes' atrabilious review of a concert presented by E.J. Moeran at his own expense in the Wigmore Hall in 1925. I thought it would be entertaining to place it in context with Warlock's vicious attack on Scholes over that particular article. The whole episode sums up quite dramatically the contempt which he had for music critics in general.

A few months back I received an enquiry from Alan David, a graduate of the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, a retired art dealer and antiquarian as well as travel editor for Macmillan Publishing, who lives in the Napa Valley, California. An avid music lover, he became fascinated with the Heseltine family when doing research on the portrait he owns of Arthur Joseph Heseltine (Warlock's 'Uncle Joe') by Robert Vonnoh, an American Impressionist painter known for his portraits and landscapes. Vonnoh had studied in Paris under Gustave Boulanger and Jules Lefebvre and later taught both in Boston and at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. We are most grateful to Mr David for allowing us to reproduce this painting.

Recently discovered letters from Elizabeth Poston to Robert Nichols have helped amplify certain aspects of the Warlock saga. Delving into past editions of the *Radio Times* shows yet again how after his death Warlock's close friends fiercely defended him, his reputation and his music. This is nowhere better illustrated than in the correspondence reproduced below. I am most grateful to Les Pratt, one of our members who very kindly and patiently scoured through the BBC archives to find copies of the correspondence for me.

Some time ago I was lucky enough to find a complete set of *The Sackbut* (on the Internet via 'bookfinder.com') and these volumes have afforded me much interesting reading. Laurence Ager's article, 'Sounding Brass', (written almost forty years ago and reprinted here) sums up very neatly the importance of *The Sackbut's* contribution to the history of British music-making. Future scholars will no doubt find this somewhat quirky periodical a veritable goldmine for their musicological delvings.

Brian Collins has produced *the* authoritative book on Warlock's music and his knowledge of and writing about the song-cycle *Lillygay* is prodigious. As a distinguished past editor of the newsletter it is good to welcome him back with an intriguing article on the origins of the verse that Warlock set in this particular song-cycle. In his article John Mitchell has also contributed some further thoughts on one of the most popular of Warlock songs, 'Yarmouth Fair'.

Warlock was one of the first to recognise the merits of the poetry of the young South African poet, Roy Campbell, and included some of his earliest poetry in *The Sackbut*. I hope the inclusion of these particular poems in this edition does not have the same effect that it had on a particular subscriber to *The Sackbut* when they first appeared!

Barry Smith

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## OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

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Robin Crofton (left) and Pat Mills at the AGM at Harrow, May 2007

## The Warlock Gang

Hubert Foss

*The London Symphony Observer*, November 1951  
(pages 99-100)

The recent deaths of Cecil Gray [1951] and Constant Lambert [1951], too near together with that of E.J. Moeran under a year ago [1950], have caused a physical gap, not only one of semi-oblivion, between ourselves and that roisterous, vivid group of musicians who were associated with Peter Warlock in the nineteen twenties. They lived, in truth, so near to us in date as to be remote, like the stars in modern velocity. While we catch up on our own rapidity and find ourselves, as Alice did, in the same place, one or two memories from an old inhabitant may help us to form a reasoned and objective judgment on that remarkable gathering of artists. I am writing no threnody; those people were too good at writing threnodies themselves; when their jovial masks were laid aside, they were passionately sad.

About 1921 or so, I happened to see a vacant cottage at the village of Eynsford in Kent, in the beautiful Darent valley. At the twenty-mile range from London, it was still a village – I used to join in folk-singing in a pub on the hills outside; a village of odd character, but individual, with a resident tradition of hand-made paper of supreme quality. The cottage was once a bakery, with an eighteenth-century bow shop-front and a built-in oven. The former I kept, the latter I had removed to convert into my study-bedroom. Though a bath was installed, it was fairly primitive. While living there, I was offered an Elizabethan cottage five or so miles further south, and took it. Heseltine-Warlock had been restlessly lodging in Chelsea for two or three years; when he consulted me about a rustic *pied-a-terre*, I suggested and rented to him my cottage at Eynsford. It was not long before I made him principal tenant.

That house and the Warlock regime therein have been richly described by Cecil Gray in his *Peter Warlock* (a splendid book); even so, the author left out much that might have been added in the way of picturesque detail, nor do I propose to amplify, with physical incident, his sufficiently vivid pictures. A few words about the spirit of the ménage, and a few more about its comers and goers, are my contribution.

It was not an orderly house; the habits were in no sense regular. On the other hand, it was acutely, sometimes insanely, alive; each day it blossomed into a new unpredictable semi-exotic flower. It was not exemplary, but it contained genius. The inmates and many visitors were joined in a pursuit of art. The underlying interest was the quest for beauty. As I have written elsewhere, that Warlock group comprised two English ages, the Elizabethan and the modern, as their music did; they were combinations of Thomas Nashe and Ernest Dowson, without the limitations of either. Bawdry, humour, and liquor were essential ingredients of life. They lived far away from modern times and yet knew more about modern movements and music than their colleagues in Prince Consort Road. The cold negatives of Puritanism had not reached their consciousness since

school-days (if then). They were positive, but they were also critical – startlingly both. They created music that was listened to without either an academic or society *claque*. They just were – brilliant, eccentric, passionately alive (but aware of death), hedonist, utterly unselfish in the cause of music, enthusiastically scornful, friendly, quarrelsome, drunk and sober by erratic turns, but always with the fixed ideal of genius as their guide.

‘What you do not see, you miss.’ Is an old maxim of good teachers. The Warlock Gang (as they were dubbed) were intensely aware; their eyes were wide open, and their ears. They knew and took pains to find out.

Philip Heseltine, who died untimely at the age of 36, produced a corpus of English songs which I do not hesitate to rank with those of Wolf. They are as much a part of the English heritage as the songs of Dowland and Campion, the madrigals of Byrd and Wilbye. *The Curlew* is a minor masterpiece, *An Old Song* and the *Serenade* say new things in an unexaggerated manner. Cecil Gray was the prose-writer of the group, though he was also the most generally knowledgeable musician among them. It ought to be unnecessary to suggest that people should read Gray’s prose before dismissing him as an upstart critic. He was certainly as provocative as those complacent days demanded; he was also truthful and prophetic. His analysis of our present day trends in music ranged from 1924 to 1947, and should be read in date order and in conjunction with Lambert’s *Music Ho!*. To Gray we owe the recognition first and later the popularity of Sibelius in this country. Constant Lambert was a composer of importance in his own right; *Summer’s Last Will and Testament* alone establishes him, without *The Rio Grande*, the piano concerto and the ballets. He lives for us in each nightly performance of the Sadler’s Wells Ballet, for he was the musical genius of it from the beginning. E.J. Moeran was one of England’s really musical composers – no mere technician or note-spinner. His violin concerto and string quartet (separated by many years) show the poetic continuity of his musical thought. Towering in intellect above them all was Bernard van Dieren, the most versatile genius I ever met, who combined a doctor’s training with musical insight, business capacity with a subtle knowledge of languages, celestial skill in counterpoint with techniques like revolver-shooting, book-binding, and trick-cycling. His personality radiated influence, as Busoni’s did. I still believe that one day people will discover him as a composer though the silent years pass since his works were printed in part. I forbear to do more than mention the names of those two amazing conductors, Leslie Heward and Hyam Greenbaum.

The poets write of the lost continent. The Warlock Gang provide a lost age, an irrevocable nucleus of musical energy. The easiest thing in the world is to look over one’s spectacles and say that they were wrong from the start. And if they were? Well, I could bear another spell of original wrongness – an ebullient Tudor-like outpouring of soul-felt love of living and passionate devotion to art and truth. Take them for all in all, we shall not look upon their like again – not in this ‘planned economy’.

## Peter Warlock and Percy Scholes

Philip Heseltine's regular clashes with the music critics of his day are well-documented. Especially virulent was his attack on a prominent member of the London musical establishment, Percy Scholes (1877-1958), music critic of the *Observer* from 1920-7 and a regular contributor to the *Radio Times* (1923-9). Active in what is described as the 'music appreciation' movement, Scholes later became widely known through his *magnum opus*, the *Oxford Companion to Music* (1952). The following incident illustrates one of Heseltine's more unnerving traits, described by a friend, Basil Trier, as that of hounding people. As Trier later related to Robert Beckhard 'he possessed a sort of feminine sustained hostility towards them'. [1] His opinion of Scholes is neatly summed up in a letter to his poet friend, Robert Nichols, where he describes his anger at what he considered to be ignorant comments on the music of Liszt (a composer Heseltine much admired).

*And yet things like that stinking bag of putrescent tripe, Percy A. Scholes who is permitted to gull the readers of "The Observer" week by week are accustomed to dismiss [Liszt's] entire life's work, together with that of Berlioz, as unworthy of serious consideration, while columns are devoted to the latest mess puked up by Gustav Holst and his miserable like. On one occasion when he had dismissed Liszt en bloc in a contemptuous line, I asked Scholes, in the presence of numerous witnesses in the interval at a concert, whether he knew any of the great works of Liszt, mentioning ten or a dozen by name - and he confessed that he did not; whereupon I informed him that he was a most impudent charlatan, obtaining money by false pretences by posing as an authority on a subject of which he was grossly ignorant - and that in no other walk of life, indeed in no other branch of journalism, even, would such gross incompetence be tolerated. [2]*

In June that year further fuel was added to the fire when Scholes wrote unfavourably about the last of three concerts which Moeran had organized at his own expense at the Wigmore Hall. Besides including his own Piano Trio in this concert on 13 June, Moeran had also programmed works by the New Zealand-born composer Hugo Anson (1894-1958), John Ireland and a Song-cycle on poems of Thomas Hardy by Hubert Foss (1899-1953). Scholes' review ran as follows:

*There ended yesterday Mr. Moeran's series of three concerts, devoted chiefly to what we may call "younger young" composers. In current terminology, men of the forties and early fifties, such as Bax, Ireland, Holst, and Vaughan Williams are still known amongst us as "young British Composers", so by the "younger young". I mean those in the late twenties and the thirties, like Hubert Foss, Philip Heseltine, Hugo Anson [3], and E.J. Moeran himself.*

*Our composers, as a rule, develop late. The "young" did so, so there is no need to despair of the "younger young" if (as yesterday, at all events) they show no great measure of achievement. Apart from any other plea, the war entitles many an artist to consider himself five years younger than his age.*

*Frankly, achievement yesterday was very small. Mr. Moeran's Piano Trio (if one can judge from such never-mind-refinement but get-out-the-notes type of performance) is nothing like so good as his String Quartet, heard at an earlier concert of the series, and even that suggested promise rather than offered fulfilment. How would it be if, without implying disrespect towards his loved folk-tune, Mr. Moeran deliberately put it behind him for twelve months? Is it not just possible that his musical mind is hampered rather than freed, by his overmastering affection?*

*Mr. Anson's "Two Poems for 'Cello and Piano", a musical treatment of ideas from Maori folk-lore (the composer is New Zealand born), may be better than they strike one at first hearing, for one's difficulty here is that everything seems to wander, and a difficulty of that kind may clear itself up when one knows the music - and especially, perhaps, is more intimate with its unusual harmonic scheme.*

*Of Mr. Foss's harmonies in his "Seven Poems by Thomas Hardy" (songs with piano accompaniment) one has fewer doubts. It seems pretty certain that Mr. Foss has still to find a harmonic idiom that "means" anything to him - one which will enable him, at will, by the touch of a chord, to cast a ray of one colour or another on any word or thought he sets, or, if he wishes, to break the painted window and let in a sudden flood of sun. There are other branches of technique also that he has still to acquire, for to give one instance, he introduces long pauses in the singer's part, sometimes regardless of the sense of the words, and generally with the effect of killing the all-through feeling of the poems. There is a touch of imagination in Mr. Foss's treatment for an accompanying choir of Hardy's ghost voices (his William Dewys, Tranter Reubens and the like, speaking from their graves [4]), and in one or two other songs, where, abandoning his pause-and-reflect system, he swings forward with a sort of bar-parlour folk-song steadiness, he achieves a measure of rhythmic rowdiness - which is the most (the very most!) one can at present say for Mr. Foss.*

P.A.S. [5]

Understandably Heseltine was enraged by the review, particularly by the comments on Foss's composition, and immediately wrote a scathing letter to Scholes:

# Peter Warlock Society

Private.

June 14<sup>th</sup> 1925

Eynsford  
Kent

(Telephone: Farningham 74)

Dear Mr Scholes

Please forgive me for detaining you yesterday when your bladder was evidently full and overfull: one should have had more consideration so soon after closing time. However, as you have already concerned yourself to some extent with the question as to who discovered the so-called "Great Service" of Byrd, I wish to inform you that, having received a letter in defence of Rev E.H. Fellowes's claim from a Mr Buck[6] of the Athenaeum Club and having shown this letter to Sir Richard Terry and heard his comments thereon, I am more convinced than ever that the Service was discovered by Sir Richard Terry and not by Rev E. H. Fellowes. I therefore consider that my letter to "The Radio Times" of a few months back was fully justified.

Once again, in your notice of Moeran's concert in to-day's "Observer", you have given a conspicuous example of your incompetence and dishonesty as a critic. If you had said that Foss "has still to find a harmonic idiom that means anything" to yourself, you would have been within your rights, but you have no right to saddle Foss with your own utter insensitivity to any but the most elementary kind of diatonic harmony by suggesting that his own music means nothing to him - in other words that he has deliberately written, rehearsed and performed pages of absolute nonsense; and your statement that he "introduces long pauses in the singer's part regardless of the sense of the words" is a direct lie.

Foss as a composer is nothing if not strictly self-critical, and as a musical critic he has solid qualifications of musical achievement to qualify him for being one - which is more than can be said for you and most of your journalistic confrères; and the spectacle of you and your pedantic like doing your utmost to thwart the efforts of composers and concert-givers who are doing their best to advance the cause of serious music in this country is becoming more and more disgusting.

Instead of appreciating the initiative of a young and by no means wealthy musician who gives a series of concerts of new and unfamiliar music, you can only complain that they are given on Saturday afternoons when you would

like to be playing tennis instead of earning your ill-gotten living.

Permit me to suggest that, abandoning the pretence that you are in any way qualified to pass judgment on music, you would be much better employed in playing tennis than reporting concerts at any time, and that you would be still better employed in bugging yourself with a pair of exceptionally well-greased bellows.

Yours faithfully

Philip Heseltine

An obviously annoyed Scholes then proceeded to let it be known that he was considering taking legal action. A week later an unrepentant Heseltine wrote to him again:

I hear you have been talking of having your revenge on me for accusing you of "incompetence and dishonesty" by having the law on me on account of my last letter. Very well: do so. And let me tell you this:- I have no illusions about the value of my contribution to music as a composer - that will be forgotten, possibly before I am. But there is one thing I am out to do and that is to purge musical criticism of reporters who have no qualification whatever for being such.

You are a dirty little place-hunting cur, and if you didn't wear spectacles, I would tell you so in actions rather than words, the next time I set eyes on your exceedingly unprepossessing face.[7]

Heseltine's friend from the Oxford days, Brian Lunn, related in his autobiographical book *Switchback* how Scholes had later given him a fuller account of this unpleasant clash:

One day [my] father asked me to lunch with him and Percy Scholes who was organising a musical field day on Lake Geneva . . . A few possible lecturers having been mentioned, I suggested Philip Heseltine, who had lectured successfully in Dublin. 'One of our most brilliant young composers', said Scholes thoughtfully, while father looked on absent-mindedly.

After lunch Scholes drew me aside, and said to me that it was a pity that Heseltine had so little restraint. For months he said, Heseltine, who differed with the opinions expressed by Scholes each Sunday in the *Observer*, had sent him obscene postcards. At all hours of the night he would pour filthy abuse down the telephone. One early morning Scholes had answered the telephone to be greeted with

insults from a whole series of drunken men, which ended in an obscene limerick on his name from Heseltine. 'I might have prosecuted him', Scholes added, 'but Philip would not have taken a magistrate's verdict, and if he had appealed he might have got six months. I did not want to send a genius to gaol.' [8]

In fact, Heseltine was so angered by Scholes' criticisms that he went around London with an enormous cardboard cylinder containing a petition demanding his dismissal from the newspaper. When I was a student in England in the early 60s I remember the legendary choir trainer, Charles Kennedy Scott (1876-1965) describing to me how an incensed Heseltine had arrived at his door with this very petition demanding his signature.

Angry as he well may have been with Scholes at the time, Heseltine had not lost his sharp, cynical humour and in June the following year he penned another letter to Scholes. As one reads it, it seems at first that all has been forgiven until the final brilliant sentence for which Heseltine (this time signing his letter 'Peter Warlock') reserves his sarcastic masterstroke:

Dear Mr Scholes,

While sending you an announcement of yet another performance of "The Curlew", I feel I must write a few words to thank you for the extraordinarily helpful and illuminating commentary which you wrote about this work on the occasion of its recent performance at the Newcastle broadcasting studio. I remember, with profound gratitude, how much trouble you took, when the work was first published, in studying the score and writing the official account of it for the Carnegie trustees' pamphlet, and I must confess that I felt extremely flattered when I saw that you had been kind enough to write yet another article about this little composition of mine - and such an article! When I read it, I began to think that I had never yet completely understood the significance of my own work myself.

Yours devotedly, Peter Warlock. [9]

Barry Smith

1 Information from a letter to the author from Robert Beckhard, 5 Mar. 1993.

2 Heseltine to Robert Nichols, 24 Feb. 1925, BL, Add MS 57796.

3 Hugo Anson (1894-1958), New Zealand-born composer and educationist. He moved to England in 1912, studying at the Royal College of Music and Cambridge. For a time he was director of music at Alley's School, Dulwich and on the teaching staff of the R.C.M. from 1925 where he became Registrar in 1939.

4 A reference to 'Friends beyond' in Thomas Hardy's *Wessex Poems and Other Verses* (1898). 'William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow late at plough, Robert's kin, and John's and Ned's, And the Squire, and Lady Susan, lie in Mellstock churchyard now!'

5 *The Observer*, 14 June, 1925, 17.

6 Probably Percy Buck (1871-1947), English musical scholar, organist, and educationist. In 1925 he was appointed King Edward Professor of Music in the University of London.

7 Heseltine to Scholes, 20 June 1925, National Library of Canada, Ottawa.

8 Ibid.

9 Heseltine to Scholes, 12 June 1926, National Library of Canada, Ottawa



Yew Tree House, Winchelsea, home of Robert Nichols (see letter from Elizabeth Poston below)

### Robert Nichols, Elizabeth Poston and the *Radio Times*

One certain thing that emerges from a study of Warlock's life is how very devoted his close friends were. This devotion continued after his death and a common thread of loyalty runs through correspondence penned by his friends during the years that followed. Recently some interesting correspondence between Robert Nichols and Elizabeth Poston came to light. In it reference is made to some derogatory remarks made in a 1943 BBC programme by the broadcaster, Stephen Williams. On hearing the broadcast Nichols immediately wrote a vociferous protest to the *Radio Times*. Poston wrote to Nichols applauding his letter.

*Radio Times*, 16 April 1943, vol. 79, no. 1020.

#### Peter Warlock

May I, as a friend of Philip Heseltine, protest against some of the statements in the recent broadcast of Stephen Williams? If the composer of 'Lullay, my liking' [*sic*], was 'not a genius' but a 'mediocrity' why broadcast about him? He wasn't destroyed by 'intelligence' but by causes too complex to be rehearsed briefly, though among them we may note the indifference of the public, which denied him the beginnings of the living due to a highly specialised competent professional man. Mr. Williams would have done better to stress some positive characteristics. Warlock's fanatical devotion to art, the holy war he made on artistic pretension, his championship of other neglected artists, his love of cats, his dancing were not 'affectations'. Lonely men are often fond of cats. If Phil was a bit tight and felt like dancing, he danced. Why shouldn't he? — Robert Nichols, Cambridge.

*Radio Times*, 30 April 1943, vol. 79, 1022.

#### Was Warlock Affected?

In his recent letter to RADIO TIMES Robert Nichols protests at my use of the word 'mediocrity' as applied to Peter Warlock. Mediocrities are nearly always more humanly interesting than geniuses. I did not class Warlock's devotion to art, his war on artistic pretension, or his championship of other neglected artists as 'affectations' — only his love of cats and his dancing. Even these I classed as deflected energy. I'm very fond of cats myself, but if I frequently stopped cars in which I was riding to get out and stroke one, as I'm told Warlock often did, I could not blame any Boswell of mine for calling it an affectation. — Stephen Williams, W.I.

From Elizabeth Poston to Robert Nichols:

**THE BRITISH BROADCASTING  
CORPORATION**  
Broadcasting House, London, W.1

?22 April 1943

Dear Mr Nichols,

One of the greatest ironies of Philip's life is the legacy of cheap publicity to lesser men who could never, in thought or word, approach the fringe of his being. Your letter to the Radio Times was a challenge & a defence which must have gladdened all of the few left who knew him, & those who believe in his work.

I, particularly, want to thank you, with thanks of long standing. It seemed part of his fate that he should have had about him people who were no good to him. In life as in death he was surrounded by the 'jackal things'. Among his friends you stand alone & did not fail him. There is one other. I should like to talk to you of these things. It is many years since we met. After Philip's death I left England & did not return except for brief, occasional visits, until I found myself in charge of a musical job on Arthur Bliss's staff. From him & from other mutual acquaintance I have heard of you from time to time; read you; seen you, even, in the pre-war illustrated press!

Do you remember Don Juan (yet young) on the stairs in the small hours at Yew Tree House, when I had Barbara Peache under my wing, in those unforgettable, sorrowful days after Philip's going? It is you who stand out to me as the bulwark of that terrible fantasy – the one presence of whole & comforting understanding.

Yours

Elizabeth Poston.

I enclose from my advance press copy of the Radio Times of April 30th the revealingly inadequate reply, in case it has not yet reached you, of Stephen Williams. Can't you kill him?

**Sounding Brass**

Laurence Ager

*Musical Opinion*, March, 1968 (317-8)

With the end of the 1914-18 war a brave new world arrived – or so it seemed. "The War to end War" was over, Britain and her allies had not yet learned that they couldn't make Germany pay; and if anyone had suggested, what we now know only too well, that there is no such thing as a victor in a major conflict, he would have been derided as unpatriotic and "pro-Hun". The creative stream had been largely pent up during the war effort, but despite the loss of untold talent in the prodigal slaughter of young men, by the time 1920 arrived the dam had burst and the arts were flooded with creative work, good,

bad and indifferent. Among the new musical journals to see the light during those so few hectic years before truth became apparent and the exciting bubble burst, none now makes more fascinating reading than Philip Heseltine's "Sackbut".

"The Sackbut" began soberly enough as "The Organist" under a new name and in a more attractive format, but within six months the organists' pages had shrunk to two, and the subject in the sixth issue was "Why is Church Music so Bad?" The magazine cost sixpence from its appearance in May, 1920 until the fourth number. In September its price was raised to tenpence, and with the October issue appeared an insert announcing that on October 1<sup>st</sup>, 1920, Messrs. Winthrop Rogers had assigned the ownership and responsibility for "The Sackbut" to the Editor, Philip Heseltine, to whom all communications should be addressed for the present at 122 Cheyne Walk, S.W.10. Later on Curwens came to the rescue and incorporated the magazine with their "Musical News and Herald".

With the possible exception of Leigh Henry's ill-fated "Fanfare", no musical magazine can have started with a more uncompromisingly forward-looking programme than "The Sackbut". Under the pen-name of Peter Warlock its editor was a composer of considerable achievement, particularly in the field of song. As a writer his style was pungent and his ideas original. "We propose," he said in his first article, "to give practical illustrations of some of the music described or reviewed in our pages by means of occasional concerts, the character and frequency of which will depend entirely upon the extent to which our readers' interest or curiosity manifests itself in the form of subscriptions." Details of the first four of these appeared in the October issue and included first performances (or first performances in England) of a String Quartet by Bernard van Dieren, a Piano Sonata by Kaikhosru Sorabji, two String Quartets by Bartok, and Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" – not a bad selection for nearly fifty years ago. "The Sackbut" also invited known and unknown composers to submit manuscripts, the editor promising to try to secure for the best of them recognition, performance and publication.

The views of some of the writers were startling. Thus the young English-born Kaikhosru Sorabji, with all the weight of his twenty-eight years, had an article in No. 3 in "Modern Piano Technique", towards the end of which occurs the following:

*"After having thus roughly passed in review some few of the contemporary piano works of real significance, it remains to try and discover what forms or direction the very latest work for the instrument is taking. The results of such investigation are hardly encouraging. Monsieur Francis Poulenc thinks that a 'funny' chord repeated from the beginning to the end of what he probably calls a composition is a feat of Voltairian wit. Monsieur Darius Milhaud hardly appears to think anything at all. Signor G. Francesco Malipiero believes*

*in invariably repeating in the second bar what you said in the first, in the fourth what you said in the third. That it is all of no consequence except to fill paper that would have been put to better use in wrapping fried fish and chips does not concern us here. Manuel de Falla feebly apes Albeniz with a tenth of Albeniz's skill and a flavouring of essence of Ravel. The result is not satisfying."*

Neither, it might be added, are the examples of singularly discordant and apparently aimless snippets of the writer's own compositions which follow his article.

He might, of course, been in agreement with R.O. Morris who in the same issue begins his review of John Ireland's Piano Sonata thus: "The piano is not an attractive instrument. The best piano music never is, never can be, music of the highest type; the best music that has been written for the piano, so far as it approximates to such a type, does do by refusing to compromise with its medium." An anonymous writer reviewing the concerts of the first congress of the British Music Society, writes of Vaughan Williams's "London Symphony": "At a first hearing", says he, "and still more at first sight it seemed to be the work of an incompetent fumbler; but on such occasions one is apt to blind one's eyes and dull one's hearing with cotton-wool conceptions of 'musicianship'." And later on he comes up with one of the aptest comments one has come across on the music of R.V.W.: "It is a paradoxical reflection that a proverb is at once a platitude and the accumulated wisdom and experience of many generations of men. But it is only a poet who can crystallise a platitude into a proverb or an epigram: and one feels, in listening to Vaughan Williams' music, that one is hearing platitudes simply and beautifully uttered by one who has discovered their truth for himself, unaware that any human being has ever formulated them into expression before - and the amazing thing is that they sound fresh and wonderful, and that one is for the first time really convinced of something one has actually known all one's life.

Delius's article "At the Cross-Roads" begins: "I am very glad to see that 'The Sackbut' is taking a strong line of opposition to the present widespread cult of charlatanism and humbug in music." Heaven knows we have plenty of both still with us!

At this length of time it is the reviews of new music which have a special interest. Bantock's Five Songs from the Chinese Poets, for example, "are cordially recommended to any cinema-pianist in need of a handy compendium of the most approved and well-seasoned 'oriental effects' that have passed into musical phraseology during the last twenty years." Goossens wrote a pamphlet on "Modern Tendencies in Music" for the Arts League of Service (the CEMA of the 1914-18 war) and was roundly trounced in "The Sackbut". Since he appears to have got himself confused between Stravinsky and Scriabin, and refers to "the one-time very promising Bela Bartok" he probably deserved all he got. A choral work called "Freedom" came in for a tremendous slating. "Not one preposterous point in the glut of grandiloquent verbiage has been missed . . . The choral writing links up all schools from Palestrina to Prout, but is perhaps never

quite in the best vein of either of these masters." To this Philip Heseltine adds a postscript: "The performance of 'Freedom' was not as bad as the work itself - that would hardly have been possible, especially as Mr. Albert Coates was directing it. But it was scandalous that so fine a conductor should have to waste his energies on this miserable twaddle when the beautiful cycle of 'Five Mystical Songs' by Vaughan Williams (performed for the first time in London on this occasion) was left to the tender mercies of a human metronome.

And here is a gem of purest ray serene: "Such events of the Covent Garden opera season as are worth chronicling - and they are few - will be dealt with next month. P.H.": and the coda of an article by Cecil Gray: "Musical criticism is, at best, a somewhat disreputable activity. I am even inclined to believe that all the musical criticism in the world is not worth one bar of good music."

Of the Letters to the Editor the forecast contained in the first congratulatory one was sadly accurate: "Sir, I sincerely congratulate you on the first number of 'The Sackbut', but though I am very doubtful whether a periodical of such sterling honesty will be able to gain a footing in the slough of British musical hypocrisy in general and critical hypocrisy in particular": and John Goss's letter which follows also has a splendid beginning: "Dear Sir, Mr. Sorabji has made it difficult for any but 'a singer of the first order, or a teacher of European reputation' to disagree with him, but, as I have never heard of him in either of these respects, I may assume similarly that he has never heard of me, and say the rude things I wish to say with the more safety."

Those who remember any of Philip Heseltine's unprintable limericks will be interested in the very proper one with which he prefaces his scholarly article on a very improper composer:

*"Gesualdo, the Prince of Venosa,  
Was a truly astounding composer.  
Those who, to their shame,  
Know no more than his name,  
Have the means here to study him closer."*

Like all the progressives of his day Heseltine resented Ernest Newman's obstructive tactics in dealing with new music, and above all his high and mighty attitude in his relation to other critics. "This," writes Heseltine, "is one of the most despicable exhibitions of vindictiveness and petty personal spite I have yet experienced - an offence against the first principle of justice and fair play which its perpetrator could not survive without discredit and ignominy in any department of life but musical criticism."

And the same pen could write:

*"Arnold Bax,  
Has a spark of the true fire his generation for  
the most part so conspicuously lacks,  
Which, however - on the other hand - he  
almost invariably contrives to smother  
With something quite other."*



## The Sackbut and Roy Campbell's Earliest Poetry

Amongst the various Heseltine papers housed in the British Library are various amusing bits and pieces. One which has always intrigued and amused me is the letter from Mr Henry Hodge, an angry subscriber to *The Sackbut* who wrote to Heseltine in April 1921.

In this letter he states that 'he did not wish to renew his subscription as he had not 'yet entirely recovered his health' after reading the three poems by Roy Campbell (1901-57) which were printed in the March 1921 issue of *The Sackbut* (vol.1, no.8, pp.411-13).

As I have included some poetry in recent editions of the Newsletter I thought members might be interested to read the offending poems and see to what extent they feel their own health affected by the experience.

On a more serious note: some years back a fellow-South African, Peter Alexander, Professor of English at the University of New South Wales, biographer of Roy Campbell (London, 1982) and also editor of his collected literary works (4 vols. 1985-88) was rather taken aback when I showed him poems of whose existence no Campbell scholar had been aware. They are certainly unusual pieces of writing and one wonders whether Campbell was being serious or simply sending up his audience with a rather curious sense of humour! His later satirical verse makes one wonder if this was indeed the case. Tony Voss in an article 'Roy Campbell: Uncollected Verse' writes that these poems show influences of T.S. Eliot and French decadence - 'Abracadabratesque' and 'A Formal Parting at Dawn' featuring 'sexual initiation in a decadent vein' and suggesting Campbell's first acquaintance with Rimbaud. "Thirst" is a prose poem, also recalling Rimbaud, in which a global perspective images the flood as a bout of inebriation, perhaps dealing with the poet's discovery of drink as other poems deal with his early sexual relationships'.

### THREE POEMS by Roy Campbell

#### I. THIRST

In the diluvian night the Grampus breaches, somersaulting in delirious scorn of the poised harpoons like a blue sword brandished at the moon. Water stands on the hump of the sperm-whale like a tall white tree. For they hear, from far inland, from Atlas and from the Andes, the huge cascades of gin mixing with unearthly rumours. They know that the Congos of brandy are roaring down, through jungles of atrocious flowers, to the immenser currents of the Ocean.

They feel the calm of imagined Nyanzas of Chartreuse, and in the enormity and horror of that calm, their fins are still, their heavy bones fastened in sudden paralysis. For these are floods that will swell the tremendous sea, that will ever hold the land, and raft whole icebergs over Africa.

The Ark is launched. Japhet squats in the rigging, holding up the bucket that leaks and suffers like a thirsty dragon, the bucket that will never be filled. Shem, the consumptive Aryan, leans back in his deck-chair. He will never be able to stand with the swarthy Ham at the capstan, nor with Noah on the bridge.

No rain comes. Only the frost of stars, smeared in a phthisic pallor, covers the sky. And the Congos and cascades have shaken the continents in collision with impassable ranges.

#### II. ABRACADABRATESQUE

Abracadabratesque  
The white reeds charm  
With frail wands the grotesque  
Unsaintly calm.

I, who must powder stones,  
To be my meat:  
Whittle my teeth on bones  
No dog would eat -

Am come to find the old  
Pretended things  
In the dark, in the cold  
Silence of wings.

Reaper of flaming sheaves.  
I have my dream  
And touch the drifting leaves  
Till each would seem

My skinny paramour  
Sighing profane  
Sad wisdom in the roar  
Of wind and rain.

Now that the tired flesh peels  
And leaves grow dumb,  
And bright across old weals  
New purples come,

We, who of old were vain,  
Turn words to moans,  
And spit dark blood to stain  
The whispered stones:

And when the torpor lifts  
And the storm rolls,  
Know in each leaf that drifts  
Our hungry souls.

#### III. A FORMAL PARTING AT DAWN

The stars are near their death, their eyes  
Are gray with cosmic chloroform,  
And the slow torpor of the skies  
Has sharpened into tint and form.

Where shall I hide, O soul of mine,  
O shepherd of the hungry dogs

# Peter Warlock Society

That haunt the dismal squares and whine  
Their intimate selenologies!

As the world turns the bedstead creaks -  
A world that warms, a voice that jars:  
While poised upon supernal peaks,  
Funambulist among the stars,

The Universal Anthropoid  
Combs out a beard of cinnabar,  
Across the intervening void,  
To fimbriate the hills afar.

So with the dawn our short delight  
Must end; and rising from the bed  
We poor companions of the night  
Must bless that faithful quadruped.

Forgive this shabby soul of mine  
If I should grow fantastic, and  
Tattooed with cheap corrosive wine,  
Perform its cancan through the land.

Forgetting that you might have been  
A torch to fire its worthless dust,  
And that it made your crinoline  
A wigwam for its vagrant lust.

## Warlock and Uncle Joe

For at least 35 years I have owned a marvellous portrait of Arthur Joseph Heseltine (1855-1930), done in 1928 by the American artist Robert William Vonnoh (1858-1933), who lived for a while in Grez-sur-Loing, only a short walk from Arthur Heseltine's house in Bourron-Marlotte. In addition to the sitter's name inscribed on the stretcher is 'Pleasant Valley, Lyme, Connecticut, 1928.' I assume that Vonnoh made sketches in Grez and finished the painting when he moved back to America.



Warlock's father (Arnold 1852-1897) had 6 brothers and 4 sisters. For me, as a retired art dealer, two of the most interesting brothers were Arthur Joseph Heseltine

(1859-1930) - pictured here - and John Postle Heseltine (1843-1929). Both were artists producing mostly drawings and prints that occasionally still find their way to auction rooms. Those who knew Arthur most often called him 'Joe', and Warlock addressed him affectionately as 'Uncle Joe'.

This portrait of Uncle Joe was done by the American Artist, Robert Vonnoh (1858-1933), who had lived in Grez, near Joe. It is oil on canvas, 36" x 30", signed and dated 1928. I have owned it for decades but only recently made the connection between Philip and Arthur.

In 1877, when James McNeill Whistler sued the art critic, John Ruskin, for libellous comments about his painting 'Nocturnes', Whistler won, but was awarded only a single farthing. When ultimately, Whistler went bankrupt, John Postle put up twenty five guineas to start a subscription to benefit the artist. The Centre for Whistler Studies has a nice thank you letter from Whistler to John Postle.

<http://www.whistler.arts.gla.ac.uk/letters/02131.asp>

Arthur and John Postle moved to France in 1899 settling in Bourron-Marlotte about two miles from Grèz-sur-Loing. Grèz and the surrounding villages had long-been an established art colony.

Art colonies flourished in the 19th century, especially in the last quarter of that period. Grez was one of the seventy five or so small rural places in the Old World and the New World where artists of every persuasion gathered. Some stayed for weeks or months, some settled in for the long haul. Uncle Joe stayed for the rest of his life in Bourron-Marlotte and is buried there. John Postle returned to England to tend his successful accountancy business; actively being a Trustee of the National Gallery; and constantly adding to his fine art collection.

Delius had moved to Grez in 1897; Jelka, Delius' wife was an accomplished painter and certainly was right at home in the art-inclined feeling of the place. For those readers who have not seen photographs of the Delius house, here is the link:

<http://thompsonian.info/grez-house.html>

Grez, although small, was quite cosmopolitan. Painters from England, Ireland, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, America, and Japan came regularly or maintained houses there. One Japanese painter, Seiki Kuroda (1855-1924) was revered enough by the people of Grez to have a street named after him in 2001

[http://www.tobunken.go.jp/kuroda/english/vivre\\_e.html](http://www.tobunken.go.jp/kuroda/english/vivre_e.html)

Writers like August Strindberg and Robert Louis Stevenson were in attendance periodically. The music-critic-extraordinaire-to-be, Felix Aprahamian, at age 19, went to see Delius at Grez; and May Harrison, of the renowned Harrison Sisters, visited Delius there. Fenby noted how he particularly enjoyed her unaccompanied Bach renditions at Delius' house.

The First World War saw art colonies in decline. Civili-

zation had changed; the world was a tougher place, and an aspect of grace was gone. Today, various of the still-existing art colonies continue under the banner of tourism, some do it well and some are crassly commercial. The 1999 French census lists Grez with a population of 1277, Bourron-Marlotte with 2737, likely not much different than 'back in the day'.

One of Ireland's greatest painters, Sir John Lavery, did a portrait of Uncle Joe in 1900, when he was in Marlotte. It is oil on canvas, 18" x 14", and is inscribed by Lavery: 'To Joe'. The painting can be seen at the following website:

<http://www.museums.norfolk.gov.uk/default.asp?image=2065&document=300#content>

Uncle Joe gave the painting to the Norfolk Museum in 1914. In his letter from Marlotte, Seine-et-Marne, presenting it to the museum, Heseltine mentions his Norfolk roots on his mother's side, and most interestingly that he received his first drawing lesson from a Norwich School artist, John Berney Ladbrooke.

When Joe was organizing his affairs in 1925 and 1929 he gave the museum many artworks by himself, John Postle, and quite a few French artists. Norma Watt, Assistant Keeper of Art, Norwich Castle Museum & Art Gallery, was kind enough to answer my queries about Uncle Joe. Along with much information about him and his gifts to the museum, she remarked: 'Heseltine seems a fascinating character with a wide network of friends and acquaintances, and it is a pity that he appears to be better known in France than he is in this country.'

Thanks to Barry Smith, I have seen some of the lively correspondence Uncle Joe enjoyed with Warlock, informing him of his meetings with Delius, Jelka, Beecham, and all the gossip of the music personalities and events in Grez. In one letter (1912), Uncle Joe told Warlock that he had gone to the funeral of Jules Massenet who came frequently to Marlotte, but he had not met him. He also lamented the fact that many musicians used to come to the village, but no longer.

It was amusing to read of Uncle Joe's obsession with bicycles and auto-bicycles; it seems like those machines we take so much for granted were like the iPods of that era, offering relatively easy, and modestly priced, mobility – rather a new concept for the public at large.

I have long known the music of Warlock, but experiencing other members of the Heseltine family is new to me. They are most engaging; many are descended from William the Conqueror and, like him, they embraced life with great enthusiasm, though less warlike (Apologia to Philip. Try as I might, I just couldn't resist the sound of the word).

Alan David

## Tracking down Warlock's words

### 1 – *The distracted maid*

This particular bout started with an e-mail from Michael Pilkington who asked me for more information relating to something I wrote (gulp) 18 years ago. Older lags might remember a series of short articles I contributed when David Cox edited this Newsletter[1]: they were almost the first things I produced for the PWS and investigated the origins of the verse that Warlock set in the *Lillygay* song-cycle.

Of course, you will say – quite rightly – that PW got his material from Victor Neuburg's 'anthology of anonymous poems', published by VN himself and printed at The Vine Press, Steyning in 1920 and also called *Lillygay*. But it's not as simple as that. It is, with one exception, a secondary source at best. Part of the Neuburg legend is that he could create verse in Lowland Scots dialect. The truth is more prosaic: all but one of the texts used by Warlock in his cycle (I can't speak for others in the anthology for I've not investigated them) can be traced to previous manifestations. The remaining one ('Rantum tantum') was, indeed, written by Neuburg, and Warlock's treatment of it is characteristically different from that of the other four.

Michael has listed these earlier sources on the *Contents* page of Volume III of his *New Critical Edition* of Warlock's songs. The only one I was unable to trace at the time was that of 'Johnnie wi' the tye' and I was wary about unquestioningly attributing it to VN.[2] If I'd had access to the modern Internet back then I'd have quickly found out that, as was the case with 'The shoemaker',[3] it appeared in George Ri(t)chie Kinloch's *The Ballad Book* of 1827. I sent Michael a triumphant e-mail only to be informed that he'd already heard about it from someone else, thank you very much. Ah, well! However, as 'The shoemaker' was (probably) the work of 'musselmou'd' Charlie Lesly (or Leslie) and given a wider, posthumous circulation in *The Ballad Book*, one must speculate upon the provenance of 'Johnnie' ('Johnnie' in the original). There is a lengthy description of Lesly at the beginning of Kinloch's anthology; we assume, therefore, that *The Ballad Book* represents the former's repertoire, some of which he wrote himself. (Read *The Ballad Book* at <http://www.csufresno.edu/folklore/reprints/KinlochBalladBook.html>)

But it is the search for 'The distracted maid' that has proved particularly interesting. As I stated all those years ago,[4] there are numerous variants of this text, collected in a variety of geographical locations (on both sides of the Atlantic), with a choice of protagonists – sometimes named, sometimes not – and a narrative that can develop in opposite directions: sometimes there is a happy ending and the lovers are reunited; elsewhere the girl is abandoned to her fate.

Is it possible, though, to state precisely which source was Neuburg's? This was the nature of Michael Pilkington's

enquiry. I told him I thought the answer was in the affirmative and that the source given by him in the *New Critical Edition*, James Johnson's *The Scots Musical Museum* (Edinburgh, 1787) was the right one and had been my suggestion back in 1989. So why do I now need to go over it all again?

Those articles I wrote in the 80s were necessarily short and largely introductory. By naming previously unidentified printings I could present a new point of view and I'd now like to expand upon some of the information I gave then and introduce some new detail and observations. I also have to consider that, in the matter of 'The distracted maid', I could have been wrong; on the other hand, I might not be able to add anything here that would contradict my earlier conclusion. All readers (and that means Michael, too) will ultimately have to make up their own minds on the evidence presented.

To begin with we must look at the way Johnson's material is set out. The relevant pages are nos 46-47 and Johnson's title is 'The Maid in Bedlam'. The upper half of p. 46 is occupied by the tune (which is called 'Gramachree' and to which several different sources refer); under the notated melody, in the conventional manner, are the words of the first verse and, below that again, a simple bass line, figured appropriately – see Ex. 1. (Incidentally, the bass part is not accurately aligned in the original, having little regard for the rhythmical layout of the melody.) The next five verses are printed underneath the three systems occupied by the first and that is the extent of the material used by Neuburg.

However, two further verses at the top of the next page change the nature of the tale and the negativism of 'that love you ne'er shall see' is reversed. David Cox used to run a series called 'Not all of it was set by Warlock', complete poems of which PW only set a portion; like 'The shoemaker' and 'Rantum tantum', 'The maid in Bedlam' as set out here could also qualify for inclusion. Did Neuburg deliberately omit these verses in *Lillygay* or

did he not notice them since they are separated from the others and are immediately followed by two more songs that fit the same melody ('To the foregoing Tune') but with totally different subject matter? The missing verses are as follows (with Johnson's punctuation):

Whilst thus she sung, lamenting, her love was  
come on shore,  
He heard she was in Bedlam: then did he ask no  
more;  
But straight he flew to find her, while thus replied  
he:  
I love my love, [because I know, my love loves  
me.]

O Sir, do not affright me: are you my love or not.  
Yes, yes, my dearest Molly; I fear'd I was forgot.  
But now I'm come to make amends for all your  
injury,  
And I love my love, [because I know, my love  
loves me.]

While leaving these verses out transforms the tone of the poem, the remaining six verses can be considered complete in themselves if one accepts the resultant nihilism.

Nevertheless, the common material of the Johnson and Neuburg texts is otherwise so alike as to be considered identical and such small differences as there are can be deemed editorial. So Johnson's 'rattl'd' (v. 1) and 'pow'rs' (v. 3) become 'rattled' and 'powers' respectively in Neuburg although 'ruin'd' (v. 2) is retained. 'For' at the start of v. 3, line 3 (Johnson), is dropped to improve the scansion; another 'for', at the beginning of the last line of v. 2, is changed to 'and' but this is the only verbal discrepancy. In the context of the many variants to which I alluded earlier, the lack of any significant differences is remarkable and, while the fact is not conclusive proof that Johnson's text was Neuburg's model, it strongly suggests it and I became increasingly sure that *The Museum* was where Neuburg found his material. Some peculi-

Ex.1 *The Maid in Bedlam*

One morn ing ve-ry ear - ly, one morn-ing in the spring, I heard a maid in Bed-lam who mourn-ful-ly did sing: Her

chains she rat-tl'd on her hands, while sweet-ly thus fung she, I love my love, becaufe I know, \_ my love \_ loves \_ me.

arities of phrase crop up in both versions: 'And cruel, cruel was the ship'; 'should it please the pitying powers'; 'I'd claim a guardian angel's charge'; 'I'd gaze around with piercing eyes' are strikingly idiosyncratic.

The obvious alteration lies in the punctuation although it is easy to see this alongside the other editorial changes. Neuburg's version uses speech-marks to cover everything from the first 'I love my love...' to the end, declaring unequivocally that it is all the maid's statement. Johnson has none.

Neither does Warlock. I've said often that the power of the song's ending lies in a blurring of which words can be attributed to the maid and which to the narrator; the girl's predicament parallels or symbolises that of the commentator and, by extension, of us all. But this is only possible if the speech punctuation is absent; did Warlock remove it from Neuburg's text or did he go back to the earlier version, have a look for himself and find it missing?

Or could it be that *The Scots Musical Museum* wasn't what I was looking for after all?

Johnson was a collector; the content of *The Museum* is secondary so where did these words come from? A transatlantic source<sup>[5]</sup> entitled 'A maid in Bedlam' has an editor's reference to 'a slightly longer text "taken from an old garland in the British Museum" ' quoting the folk-song collector Lucy Broadwood writing in 1905.<sup>[6]</sup> Commenting on a tune collected in Cornwall,<sup>[7]</sup> sans words, she suggests – and employs – a text from the 'old garland' but without mentioning what it was. ('Garland' is an antique term for an anthology.) Of its eight verses 1, 2, 4, 5 & 6 correspond to Johnson 1, 2, 3, 7 & 8 in spirit and sometimes in word; the remainder deviate more widely. But her note refers to Johnson's version as 'said to have been written by George Syron, a negro'. She could have had this information from her fellow-collector, Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould (now, perhaps, better known as a hymnodist – the author of 'Onward Christian soldiers' among others). In his *English Minstrelsie* he writes, albeit in the context of another song, 'In the "mad song" of *One Morning very Early*, attributed to George Syron, a man of colour, in Bedlam, in the middle of last century, a song that obtained enormous popularity, the mad girl is supposed to sing a ballad of which the burden is, "For I love my love because I know my love loves me." This is in *Vocal Music*, circ. 1778, p. 214.'<sup>[8]</sup> Here is yet another potential source,<sup>[9]</sup> although Baring-Gould cites the wrong edition: he gets the page number right but the song is actually in that of 1775. Unfortunately, there is no further information at this stage about Syron, the 'man of colour'.

The text in *Vocal Music* is, once more, close to Johnson/Neuburg. There are, significantly, only six verses but there are some differences. Of course, when a song such as this does the rounds one expects a change here and there; it's a part of the process. The second verse lacks the words 'since they're his' although the text as it stands can fit the given tune well enough. (The melody, incidentally, is *Gramachree* again, down a third – in D

major – and with a few small changes but substantially the same as above.)

But if we are really dealing with 'a song that obtained enormous popularity' we should expect to find it in several contemporary anthologies. While checking some references to *Vocal Music*, I encountered another important manifestation. (Charles) Wilson's *Musical Miscellany*, otherwise known as *St Cecilia or, The Lady's and Gentleman's Harmonious Companion* (Edinburgh, 1779), contains a text of the song with, again, only the six verses that Neuburg/Warlock employed. The detail is, furthermore, very close to Neuburg, closer than Johnson's at times: such minor differences as there are (and there are very few) can usually be explained by editorial procedures. Again, there is no speech-punctuation in Wilson and so, from what I have been able to ascertain, I should nominate this as another likely source for Neuburg's printing.

However, despite the profusion, I have not been able to discover one definitive version that would enable me to say unequivocally that it was Neuburg's source. In this context, I suppose, Johnson is as good a starting point as any other as long as it is understood that it is not the earliest. Perhaps what VN ultimately produced was, itself, a hybrid, a collation. It would be difficult or impossible – and not particularly relevant here – to list all of the 'Maid in Bedlam' variants. As well as those cited in this article, there are others in the Bodleian Library and in several anthologies of folksongs. Some can be tracked down on the Internet: for example, there is online access to the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library at <http://library.effdss.org/cgi-bin/home.cgi> and a check in your favourite search-engine might also yield valuable results.

## 2 – *Kan Nadelik*

Most Warlock enthusiasts will know that PW wrote two choral settings of words in the Cornish language. Some of us sang the shorter of them at Llandyssil Church on the occasion of the first Montgomery Festival.<sup>[10]</sup> Both texts were written by Henry Jenner either under his own name or using his Cornish *alias*, Gwas Myhal (Servant of Michael). Jenner was the great force behind the revitalisation of the Cornish tongue although later enthusiasts and scholars (like Robert Morton Nance, Richard Gendall and Ken George) have taken it in new directions. We needn't worry too much here about this fact although we must continually bear in mind that, as modern Cornish has evolved, issues such as spelling have been fluid. For example, more modern writers refer to Jenner's Bardic name as Gwas Myghal (and I've also seen Gwas Mikael) and we shall see that spellings in the text Warlock used have also been subject to change. More information about Jenner himself can be found on the Internet at sites such as

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Henry\\_Jenner](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Henry_Jenner)

and you can see him in his bardic finery at <http://www.gorsethkernel.org.uk/english/historical/ejenner.htm>.

# Peter Warlock Society

| <i>Celtia</i> /Add. Ms. 52905 text  | Published song text  | LCD-J's <i>Celtia</i> translation  | TDR's metrical translation  |
|---|--|--|---|
| En pedn an vledhan, pan<br>gwav o gwyn,<br>Be gennes Map Dew a<br>Varya wyn,<br>Rag sawya dhorth pehas an<br>bys-ma,<br>Ha bownans rag dry dh'an<br>pople da..<br>...<br>'Rig kana an El dh'an<br>bugely en gwêl,<br>Hedna o kan pur lawenek<br>dho whêl:<br>"Gorryans dho Dew ez en<br>Nef braz,<br>Cres war an tir dho deez<br>vodh vaz!"<br>...<br>A vez an dhuyran war degl<br>an Stûl,<br>A dheth teez fyr, o<br>Maternow ul,<br>Ha'n gy 'rig dos aberth an<br>bow-gy,<br>Hag ubba 'rig gorria 'gan<br>Arleth ny.<br>...<br>Ha ny vedn mos dho worria<br>genzyns,<br>Teez fyr, ha bugely ha<br>chattol ul myns.<br>En termen Offeren ny vedn<br>e gwellas,<br>Pan ef 'ra dyskynnya rag<br>dh'agan whellas.<br>...<br>Dew reffa sawya coth<br>Gernow whêg,<br>Dhort Pedn an Wollas bys<br>Tamar teg,<br>Ha gwitha y bisqueth en<br>carenja ef,<br>Dho worria Map Dew ha<br>Maternes Nef.<br>...<br>Bennath Nadelik gena why<br>re bo<br>Dhort an Tas Dew ny ha<br>dhorth e Hloh,<br>Ha dhorth Dama Dew, an<br>Vahteth 'lan;<br>Hedna yw duath dho ul ow<br>han. | En pedn an vledhan pan<br>gwâv o gwyn<br>Bê gennes Mab Dew a<br>Varia wyn,<br>Dho sawya dhorth pegh oll<br>an besmâ<br>Ha bewnans dho rÿ dho<br>bobel dhâ.<br>...<br>An El a ganas dho vîgely en<br>gwêl,<br>Thera'n canma pur lowenek<br>dho whêl;<br>"Gordhyans dho Dhew es<br>en Nêv brâs<br>Crês war an tîr dho dîs<br>bodh mâs."<br>...<br>Way Degl an Stîl mes an<br>Dewran<br>Trÿ Drewyon a dhêth,<br>Maternow glan,<br>Hag y awrig dos bert an<br>bowjÿ,<br>Hag ùbma dho wordhya<br>'gan Arledh nÿ.<br>...<br>Ha gwren nÿ mos rag dho<br>rÿ gensans,<br>Drewyon ha bigely agan<br>gordhyans;<br>En termen Offeren ny vedn<br>e gwellas,<br>Pan wrâ Ê dhîskennya rag<br>dho 'gan whelas.<br>...<br>Dew wrêffa sawya coth<br>Gernow whek<br>Dhort Pedn an wlas dho<br>Dâmar tek,<br>Ha'y wîtha besqueth en<br>carensa êv<br>Dho berhy Mab Dew ha<br>Maternes Nêv.<br>...<br>Bednath Nadelek genough<br>rê bo,<br>Dhort Dew an Tâs ha dhorth<br>Ê Hlo',<br>Ha dhorth Dâma Dew an<br>Werhas lân,<br>Hebma yu dewedh dho oll<br>ow hân. | At the end of the year, when<br>the winter was white,<br>Was born the Son of God of<br>Mary Blessed,<br>For to save the world from<br>sin,<br>And life for to bring to<br>good people.<br>...<br>The Angel did sing to the<br>shepherds in the field,<br>That was a song very joyful<br>to man:<br>"Glory to God in the<br>heavens high,<br>Peace upon Earth to men of<br>good will!"<br>...<br>From out of the East on the<br>Epiphany,<br>Came the wise men – they<br>were kings all –<br>And they did come into the<br>stable,<br>And there did homage to<br>our Lord.<br>...<br>And we will go for to<br>worship with them,<br>The wise men, and the<br>shepherds, and cattle all,<br>At Mass-time Him shall we<br>see,<br>When he shall descend to<br>seek us.<br>...<br>God save old Cornwall<br>dear,<br>From Land's End to Tamar<br>fair,<br>And keep it ever in his love,<br>To the glory of God and of<br>the Queen of Heaven.<br>...<br>A Christmas blessing with<br>you be<br>From God the Father, and<br>from His Son,<br>And from the Mother of<br>God, The Virgin pure.<br>This is the end of all my<br>song. | In dark December when<br>winter was bleak,<br>Christ Jesus was born of a<br>Virgin meek.<br>He came for to save this<br>world from sin,<br>From death and damnation<br>mankind to win.<br>...<br>To watching shepherds the<br>angels sang;<br>This was their song and<br>lustily it rang:<br>"All glory to God who in<br>Heaven is King,<br>And peace on earth to<br>everything."<br>...<br>By star's light guided with<br>shining flame<br>Three wise men, kings and<br>druids came.<br>They bowed and knelt in<br>that cow-pen,<br>And Mary's dear baby<br>worshipped then.<br>...<br>Now like those kings from<br>the far-off land,<br>We too by the manger<br>adoring shall stand.<br>At Holy Eucharist we shall<br>behold Him,<br>Bread and wine made flesh,<br>in our hearts let us<br>enfold Him.<br>...<br>May God this Cornwall of<br>ours defend<br>From Tamar river to far<br>Land's End,<br>And keep in our hearts ever<br>undefiled<br>True love for God's Mother<br>and her sweet Child.<br>...<br>Yuletide blessing now light<br>on you,<br>The blessing of God and of<br>His Son too,<br>And blessing of Mary, the<br>maid without wrong.<br>This is the end of all my<br>song. |

Table 1

I'm particularly interested in the longer of the two Cornish songs, 'Kan Nadelik' ('A Christmas song'). When I transcribed it from the manuscript source aspects of it intrigued and puzzled me. I hope that I am now able to explain the discrepancies and manufacture a satisfactory conclusion.

For those unfamiliar with the score, PW's setting, published by Boosey in 1924 as 'A Cornish Christmas Carol', has the Cornish words with an adjacent, metrical translation. PW had mixed feelings about this for, as a pronunciation guide was given, he thought that the original words would be accessible to, and performable by, anybody. In fact, the Cornish version has only ever been given once to my knowledge (I'd like to know of any others) and Trelawney Dayrell Reed's English words are those usually heard.

Jenner's poem ('Kan Nadelik' is his title) was written at Christmas 1901 and it appeared shortly afterwards in the edition of *Celtia*, 'A pan-Celtic magazine', dated June 1902 (Price 6d). It is subtitled 'En tavaz Kernuak an sethdegvas cans vledhan' – 'In the Cornish language of the seventeenth century' – which reflects Jenner's interest in, and desire to base the linguistic revival upon, older paradigms. An English translation, literal this time, by L C Duncombe-Jewell (Hon. Sec. of the CelticCornish [sic] Society)[11] was also given. Warlock (as Prosdocius de Beldamandis Jr) duly set these words and both Cornish songs can be found in BL Add. Ms. 52905.[12] 'Kan Nadelik' was to undergo a number of changes before publication, though. There's nothing unusual about this process, of course; composers often have second and third thoughts about what works and what doesn't. We shouldn't be too concerned to discover that a chunk in the manuscript version didn't make it to the printer.

More surprising – and initially harder to explain – are differences in the verbal texts. In Table 1 the two Cornish versions are placed side by side, as are the two translations. The many diacritical marks contained in Warlock's published edition are related to the pronunciation. Otherwise it is usually quite easy to see how the song-text of

1924 relates back to the poem in *Celtia* – although it is equally clear where new words have been employed. And Reed's English construction, though ornate, is largely true to the spirit of Jenner's original work, demonstrating thereby that, while some of the words are new, their meaning is not. Warlock wrote out the texts of both of his Cornish songs in one of his working notebooks, adding the translations (Duncombe-Jewell's and Jenner's) alongside them in pencil.

Before going on to attempt a fuller investigation of Warlock's word-origins, it is worth a small diversion to look at a couple of features concerning the way he deals with some of those words. Consider his setting of the final verse. In the manuscript there are some additional bars that use the first three lines of the *Celtia* version ('Bennath Nadelik ... Vahteth 'lan'). They constitute a homophonically united declaration of the blessing which is then more elaborately stated, with a contrapuntal opening, to bring the piece to a climactic conclusion. Warlock would omit them from the published version but, any compositional interest apart, they include an interesting textual detail. The fourth bar of Ex. 2 has this note beside the word 'Arleth' ('Lord'):

*I have substituted this word for the words 'Dew ny' in the original poem, on account of the difficulty of the 'ew' sound on a high note.*

So, if Warlock is not averse to changing a word here, what might he have altered elsewhere? He was no mere dabbler in the language, taking it and its revival very seriously. Some of his working notebooks[13] show how meticulous he was in recording not just vocabulary but matters such as tenses of verbs and their conjugation, the relationship between adjectival and substantive forms, consonantal mutations and the correct use of pronouns. I do find it difficult to believe, however, that he would make wholesale changes to the original wording and I made an assumption that, for the publication of 1924, he used a revision Jenner had made himself. The updated spelling aside, the changes are to the vocabulary rather than the meaning. Could Warlock have had it direct from Jenner himself? PW names Jenner as the author of the

Ex. 2: *Kan Nadelik* – discarded section

The musical score for 'Kan Nadelik' is presented in two systems. The first system consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is marked *mf*. The lyrics are: *Ben-nath Na-de-lik gen-a why re bo Dhorth an Tab Ar-leth ha dhorth e-*. The second system also consists of two staves with a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: *Hloh ha thort Da-ma Dew an Vah teth 'lan*. The score includes various musical notations such as rests, notes, and bar lines.

texts in his manuscript and gives Jenner's address. This also appears in one of the notebooks. I contacted Dr Rhian Davies about this and so I am particularly grateful to her for drawing my attention to a document she discovered in Australia which has confirmed my suspicions. A letter to Fritz Hart,<sup>[14]</sup> dated 7th February 1922 and now in the National Library of Australia (MS 2809/36), contains the following:

*I have been corresponding with Henry Jenner, author of the text of the Cornish Carol which is dedicated to you. He sent me a revised version of the text which necessitated some revision of the music. It's a tricky business writing poetry in a dead language of which the literary remains are of the scantiest, and he had apparently found some errors. I sent him the music with the request that he would look through it and indicate any false accents I might inadvertently have made; I also asked him to try and make an English translation to fit the music.<sup>[15]</sup>*

So, while the document from which PW worked might no longer exist, this letter explains the differences. There is an anomaly, though, created by the changes that Warlock made when dealing with his revised text. Just after the rejected bars Warlock sets the phrase '(coth Gernow whek)', a parenthetic repetition of words from the first line of the preceding stanza; they survive the excision. While they fit musically, they make more sense verbally in the context of what was left out than in their new surroundings. Working from Duncombe-Jewell's more direct translation, 'coth Gernow whek' – 'old Cornwall dear' – is the 'you' addressed in the first line of the last stanza so they become a part of the blessing. Now that the phrase is placed at the end of Verse 5, it doesn't have the same relevance. It gave Reed something to worry about in his translation for all he does is repeat the previous four syllables ('and her sweet child'). It works but it is not the true meaning.

Brian Collins

<sup>1</sup> PWS Newsletters 39 (10-11), 43 (9-10) and 44 (7).

<sup>2</sup> Newsletter 44.

<sup>3</sup> *idem*.

<sup>4</sup> Newsletter 43.

<sup>5</sup> Gardner, Emelyn E, and Chickering, Geraldine: *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan* (1939, Michigan).

<sup>6</sup> *Journal of the Folk Song Society*, vol.2, no.7, 94.

<sup>7</sup> I included this in Newsletter 43.

<sup>8</sup> [Sabine] Baring-Gould: *English Minstrelsie*, Edinburgh, 1895, vol.7, xxii. The statement is made concerning 'Came you not from Newcastle', included on pp. 86-87 of the volume.

<sup>9</sup> Anonymous compiler: *Vocal Music or the Songster's Companion*, London. There were several editions published between 1770 and 1778; the earlier ones were printed for Robert Horsfield of Stationers' Court and the last for J. Bew of Paternoster Row. But these were the publishers, not the collectors.

<sup>10</sup> See Newsletter 71, 5.

<sup>11</sup> In the Constitution of the 'Cornish-Celtic' Society his name is given in Cornish as 'Duncum-Joul'.

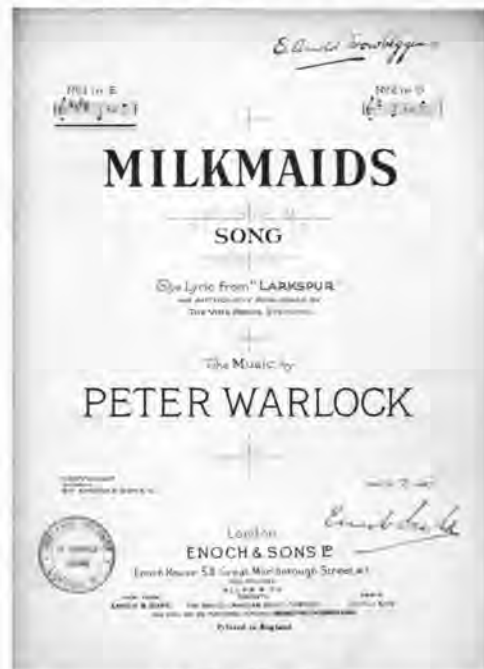
<sup>12</sup> The other, shorter piece is a setting of 'Benneth Gernuak' ('A Cornish blessing') which originally appeared in *Celtia*, vol.VII, no.VIII (Dec.1907), 127. Jenner provided his own translation.

<sup>13</sup> Specifically those held in the British Library as Add. Mss. 57968B & 57968D.

<sup>14</sup> For more about Hart go to

<http://www.adb.online.anu.edu.au/biogs/A090220b.htm>

<sup>15</sup> Now printed in Barry Smith (ed.): *The Collected Letters of Peter Warlock, Volume IV, 1922-30*, The Boydell Press, Woodbridge, 2005, 723. As we now know, Jenner did not provide the translation but how Reed came to be involved is not, at this stage, clear.



See lot 214 below

### Grand Warlock Auction Part 9

When typing the heading above I wondered whether I should have referred to this instalment as the 'Final Part' - in one sense it is indeed this, as the lots on offer now are the last remaining items from that wondrous cache of material donated to the Society by Arnold Dowbiggin's daughter, the late Lyndall Holt, in 2003. Having said that, I am quietly hopeful that an auction of some sort or another will continue as a regular feature in the *Newsletter*; a lot will depend on what material comes my way, and I already have a some other items that have been donated for future auctioning. Apart from - hopefully - some general interest value anyway, the Auction has provided a valuable extra source of income to the Society. My thanks as always go to those who have taken an interest in it, and supported it generously.

I have deliberately saved one plum item till last. This particular Lot (223) comprises the quite rare three books of Elizabethan Songs, transcribed by Warlock and published by OUP in 1926. These are for voice and four stringed instruments (with the accompaniment also set out for keyboard if required), and the three volumes come complete with all the string parts - so very much a performing set. There is also Warlock's own copy of his 'Corpus Christi' - the version for two soloists and string quartet (but unlike the former item there is no set of parts, just the score). As with Part 8, there is another 'mystery lot', this time a miscellany of British folksongs.

The ninth instalment now follows below and the same rules apply as previously. (I won't repeat these here: anyone not having access to *Newsletter 73* should contact



# Peter Warlock Society

me and the relevant information will be provided). As a reminder, when placing a bid always state the absolute maximum you are prepared to pay for an item - up till now experience has shown that successful bidders quite often obtain lots for less than this figure. Overall the condition of the items is generally very acceptable, and as a rough guide I have categorised them as:

VG = very good

G = good

F = fair

If you would like more specific information on the condition of any item(s), I am happy to discuss individual requirements by post: John Mitchell, Woodstock, Pett Bottom, Canterbury, Kent CT4 5PB;

telephone: 01227 832871, or

e-mail; [MMITCHELLJohn@aol.com](mailto:MMITCHELLJohn@aol.com)

All bids should be sent to me, either by e-mail or letter (not 'phone or fax), and must be received by midday on **30<sup>th</sup> November 2007**. Any questions about all aspects of the auction should be directed to me, i.e., not to the *Newsletter* Editor.

## Abbreviations

EAD = E. Arnold Dowbiggin

PW = Peter Warlock

\*\*\* = an item bearing a note in EAD's hand, stating that it originated from Warlock's own library, having been given to EAD by Bernard van Dieren after Warlock's death.

MB = minimum bid

A great number of the items have been rubber-stamped with EAD's name. Such items are indicated EADS.

## Lot List

The following Warlock songs/early music transcriptions are in solo song format:

### Lot 208

'Yarmouth Fair' (OUP 1925) High key version EADS VG **MB £3**

### Lot 209

'As ever I saw' (Winthrop Rogers 1919) Lower key version VG **MB £2**

### Lot 210

'The passionate shepherd' (Elkin 1929) High version EADS G **MB £3**

### Lot 211

'Bethlehem Down' (B & H reprint 1967) voice & organ G **MB £2**

### Lot 212

'The countryman' (Winthrop Rogers 1926) Low voice EADS VG **MB £3**

### Lot 213

'Late summer' (Augener 1925) signed "E Arnold Dowbiggin 1927". F (with reinforced spine) **MB £3**

### Lot 214

'Milkmaids' (Enoch 1924 - and rubber stamped by the publisher in 1927) Low voice EADS F **MB £3**

### Lot 215

'The frostbound wood' (OUP - a later edition, in the 'anaemic grey' OUP livery) VG **MB £2**

### Lot 216

'The fox' (OUP 1931) EADS VG **MB £3**

### Lot 217

'Lullaby' (Winthrop Rogers 1919) Low voice EADS VG **MB £3**

### Lot 218

'The jolly shepherd' (Winthrop Rogers 1930) low voice EADS VG **MB £3**

### Lot 219

'One more river' (Winthrop Rogers 1927) EADS VG **MB £3**

### Lot 220

'Corpus Christi' (Curwen 1927) \*\*\* Version for soprano and tenor with string quartet. EADS F **MB £8**

### Lot 221

'Wandering in this place' (Michael Cavendish [1598] - transcribed and edited by PW for voice & piano. Curwen) VG **MB £2**

### Lot 222

'Finetta' (Michael Cavendish [1598] - transcribed and edited by PW for voice & piano. Curwen) VG **MB £2**

### Lot 223

Elizabethan Songs - 'originally composed for one voice to sing and four stringed instruments to accompany.' Transcribed from 16<sup>th</sup> and early 17<sup>th</sup> century manuscripts by PW (OUP 1926). Three volumes; in all a total of 22 songs over 77 pages. Each has the accompaniment for strings, with an optional keyboard reduction underneath. The Lot also includes the string parts. EADS VG **MB £30**

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The following Warlock songs [solo & part-songs]/early music transcriptions are in choral song (i.e., smaller size) format:

**Lot 224**

'Carillon, Carilla' (Novello 1930) For SATB and organ  
EADS VG MB £1

**Lot 225**

'Benedicamus Domino' (Boosey 1924) SATB  
EADS VG MB £1

**Lot 226**

'Tyrley, TyrLOW' (OUP) Unison voices & piano - contains written in indications (in red ink) of orchestration. EADS VG MB £1

**Lot 227**

'The lady's birthday' (Winthrop Rogers 1926) Male voices & piano EADS VG MB £1

**Lot 228**

'Balulalow' (OUP) Unison voices & piano EADS VG MB £1

**Lot 229**

'Lullaby' (Winthrop Rogers 1928) Version for SSA and piano EADS G MB £1

**Lot 230**

'I have a garden' (OUP 1925) Unison voices & piano. Signed "E Arnold Dowbiggin 1927", and stapled into a paper cover of EAD's design. EADS G MB £2

**Lot 231**

'Bethlehem Down' (Winthrop Rogers 1928) Version for SATB Four copies, auctioned as a single lot. VG MB £2

**Lot 232**

'Give us once a drink' (Thomas Ravenscroft [1609] - transcribed & edited by PW. Curwen) Mixed voices Two copies auctioned as a single lot. EADS VG MB £2

**Lot 233**

'Now each creature joys the other' (George Handford [1609] - transcribed & edited by PW. Curwen) Voice & piano VG MB £1

**Lot 234**

'And would you see my mistress' face?/ What heart's content can he find?' (Philip Rosseter [1601] - transcribed by Philip Wilson & PW. OUP) Unison voices & piano EADS VG MB £1

**Lot 235**

'Do not, o do not' (Robert Jones [1608]) / Tune thy music to thy heart & Wise men patience never want (Thomas Campian) - transcribed by Philip Wilson & PW. (OUP) EADS VG MB £1

**Lot 236**

'Down in a valley' (Michael Cavendish [1598] - transcribed by Philip Wilson & PW. OUP) Unison voices & piano EADS VG MB £1

**Lot 237**

'Now, Robin, laugh and sing' (Martin Peerson [1620] - transcribed & edited by PW. OUP 1925) Unison voices & piano EADS VG MB £1

**Lot 238**

A card folder containing British folksong arrangements, around 50 titles in all (with a few duplicates). Nearly all for voice and piano and in choral song format, the arrangers being either Sharp or Maitland in the main. Most are in G or VG condition, and many marked with EADS. MB £5

\* \*  
\* \*

**Lot 239**

There is an additional item to auction - not originating from Arnold Dowbiggin, but coming to the Society via Victor Neuburg's granddaughter. Entitled *Vickybird*, this is a short memoir of Warlock's one time associate written by Neuburg's son, Victor E Neuburg. Printed privately in 1983 and running to 14 pages, Warlock is only mentioned briefly in passing. There is a useful listing of

**Andrew Kennedy's Three Choirs Recital**

On Thursday morning of this year's Three Choirs Festival in Gloucester, we were privileged to be given a recital of English song in St Mary De Lode church by the tenor Andrew Kennedy. Initial disappointment that his billed accompanist, Iain Burnside, was unavailable was quickly dispelled on learning that his replacement was to be Simon Lepper, who accompanies Kennedy so successfully on the recent Warlock CD *The Curlew* sponsored by the PWS.

The recital began with a cycle of Robert Graves settings by Hugh Wood. These were new to me, and it would have been interesting to know at what stage of the composer's career they were written, combining as they do an undoubted modernism with the familiar lyrical and expressive elements of the English song tradition. Kennedy performed them with a clear and light tenor tone, his voice flexible in both range and power. His clarity of diction and characterisation of the texts - notable throughout the recital - were highly engaging.

Four more familiar songs by Ivor Gurney followed. Kennedy brought a contrasted style to these, showing evidence of his artistic range. They were sung with a much more robust, full tone, more so than is sometimes heard in this repertoire. The immense power with which he concluded 'By a bierside' was quite startling, and generally Gurney's elusive style was well projected.

After the interval we were treated to five songs by Frank Bridge. The songs were well chosen to illustrate Bridge's creative development, from his early salon style to the searching chromaticism of his later years. Indeed, in the rollicking of "The Devon maid" he almost out-Warlocks PW, and the way in which Kennedy entered into both this and the sheer intensity of later songs such as "Journey's end" was yet another example of his flexibility as an interpreter.

And so to Warlock himself; the recital ended with seven songs, the choice of which again demonstrated a variety of idiom within the composer's work. However, given the intensity of much of the recital up until then, it is perhaps not surprising that the songs selected became ever lighter in tone, ending with "Captain Stratton's Fancy" – a foot-tapper if ever there was one. Kennedy began with "Ha'nacker Mill" and "The night"; both were again well-characterised, and in the latter his hushed chanting at the beginning and easy negotiating of the octave leaps were highly impressive. Next followed "My own country", and "Sleep", which was taken perhaps a little quickly for my taste, but very sensitively. We were woken up happily by the final three items: the second setting of "In an arbour green", in which Kennedy wonderfully drew the audience into the narrator's musings; "Pretty ring time"; and "Captain Stratton", which brought the advertised programme to a tremendous finish (as it does the CD recital). The audience's hugely enthusiastic applause brought the reward of a delightful encore – "Now sleeps the crimson petal" by Roger Quilter.

Throughout Simon Lepper was an outstanding accompanist, crisp, responsive and sensitively balancing his tone to that of his partner.

This was altogether a tremendously enjoyable recital. One can only hope that Andrew Kennedy will continue to be a champion of English song, and Warlock in particular, as his inevitably-to-be wide-ranging career develops.

John Merrick

## Composers at Home

On 8 October last year Warlock was the featured composer in the BBC Radio 3 series 'Composers at home'. In the course of half an hour the presenter, Loyd Grossman, in an efficient and business-like manner guided us from Warlock's cottage to the Five Bells pub accompanied by the obligatory sound of Eynsford high street traffic and twittering birds in the pub garden. Needless to say he brought up all the slightly controversial questions and managed in the allocated time to cover everything including mother, Eton, cats, composition, depression, women and suicide at the same time managing to sound both patronising and irritating. A few elocution lessons from Brian Sewell would also, perhaps, have not been out of place.

Malcolm Rudland was a persuasive and eloquent protagonist who largely succeeded in preventing the interview-

er from concentrating too much on the sensational though from the Warlock letters (dramatically read by Simon Callow) we had to have one of the few prurient excerpts – 'one night . . . we lay together, naked, by the fireside.' Sally Coston, the present owner of the Warlock/Moeran cottage, thankfully showed an enthusiastic and informed knowledge of the house and its Bohemian inhabitants which she good-naturedly shared with her visitors.

Some of what we heard about life in Kent was of local provenance and often anecdotal in origin. Warlock broke (not 'sprained') his ankle on Eynsford station and where did the 'wheelbarrow' story originate? In a letter written in June 1928 Warlock wrote that he was still 'emplastered' and that, though it needed 'great skill to steer one's way on one leg and two sticks at closing time', the genial publican, Harry Brice had 'very thoughtfully provided an antique bath-chair.' Musical snippets underlined the narrative with mournful *Curlew* excerpts highlighting Philip Heseltine's depression and jolly excerpts from *Capriol*, 'Maltworms' and 'Fill the cup, Philip' providing the music for his alter-ego. Warlockians would have found most of it all old hat but, hopefully, the programme found new converts to his music, if even only through the attraction the composer had for wine, women and song.

Barry Smith

## The English Song Weekend

The attractive and historic town of Ludlow again played host to the third triennial *Weekend of English Song*, held from 31 May to 3 June. I had been unable to attend the first two festivals in 2001 and 2004, but came away from this year's event with numerous happy memories.

It was again hosted by the Finzi Friends, and one cannot praise too highly the excellence of the weekend. Superlatives abound when referring to the quality of the music-making, the highly efficient organization, the splendid programme book, the delicious meals provided in the Assembly Rooms (where almost all of the events took place) and the pleasure of meeting new friends and renewing old acquaintances – and the weather was good too!

So what was on offer during this action-packed weekend? Firstly, a brief mention of some of the talks. The first event I was able to attend was an illuminating lecture on William Denis Browne given by Philip Lancaster. He was apparently one of 41 composers (from all countries) killed during the first World War, and a multi-talented musician, who could have forged a career as a critic, composer, conductor, organist or accompanist. Tony Boden gave a delightful account of the importance of places which inspired the songs and poetry of Ivor Gurney. Valerie Langfield presented an authoritative talk on Quilter's songs, introducing some of the rarer ones as well as a few which are frequently heard. Paul Spicer, author of an excellent book on Howells, is currently researching into George Dyson. A fresh appreciation of this underrated composer is long overdue, and one looks forward to the result of Paul's researches. There was a

time when Dyson was known as the composer of *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, some church music, a few unison songs and little else, but there is much more!

What of the music? Seven song recitals took place during the weekend, featuring both promising young singers and seasoned professionals, one of whom, David Wilson-Johnson, also gave an illuminating and good-humoured master-class with some of the young singers, very ably accompanied by Simon Lepper. Space does not permit more than passing references to some of these recitals, all of which were planned most effectively. "Dreams and Fancies" (Diana Moore and Christopher Gould) programmed well-established favourites (Gurney's *Sleep*, Dunhill's *The Cloths of Heaven*) with such rarities as the very moving *The Seal Man* by Rebecca Clarke. One of the highlights at Ludlow was undoubtedly the recital by Roddy Williams and Iain Burnside, held in the glorious Parish Church, which included superb renderings of Finzi, the much neglected Francis George Scott (composer of 180 songs) and the premiere of Hugh Wood's charming *Greek Songs*. In another concert all the music was by Howells (14 songs) and W Denis Browne (4 songs, including the absolutely delightful *To Gratiana dancing and singing*, surely one of the finest songs in the English language). A Celtic theme ran through much of the festival, and in one recital we were treated to rare performances of Moeran's wonderful *Six Songs of Seumas O'Sullivan*, nine songs (out of 13) from *The Joyce Book* and *The Curlew*, the only Warlock performed at the festival. The young instrumental ensemble (Carducci Quartet with Claire Cobley [flute] and Jennie Lee-Keetley [cor anglais]) gave admirable support to the young tenor Mark Chaundy, who sang the challenging vocal part very well; no doubt his interpretation will mature in the future. His is a voice to look out for. Another recital featured songs by women composers, in a wide variety of styles ranging from Amy Woodforde-Finden and Liza Lehmann to Elisabeth Lutyens and Judith Weir. The final concert ("Dream Songs") again included rarities well worth hearing, such as songs with viola by Bridge and Simon Rowland-Jones, himself on viola. The whole proceedings came to a humorous conclusion with Weir's *King Harald's Saga*, a "grand opera in 3 acts for solo soprano" - lasting less than ten minutes! - and items by Victoria Wood and John Dankworth, among others.

It was an inspiring weekend. Several people deserve a special mention - Jim Page, the tireless administrator, Jennie McGregor-Smith, programme book editor, Philip Lancaster for his erudite programme notes, Paul Spicer, Chairman of the Finzi Friends, and last, but by no means least, Iain Burnside, Artistic Director and accompanist *extraordinaire* for five of the recitals. Do go to Ludlow in 2010 - you will not be disappointed!

Michael Barlow

## Finchcocks 17th June 2007

On a somewhat unsettled Sunday afternoon several members of the Society arrived at Finchcocks, an 18th century mansion with a stunning red brick facade, lying in the depths of the Weald of Kent near Goudhurst. Their purpose was threefold: to see the wondrous collection of early keyboard instruments assembled there, to enjoy a picnic in the peaceful gardens (or a light meal in the cellar restaurant), and then in the evening to hear a concert from the Warlock Singers.

Around a hundred keyboard instruments are on view at the house, ranging from an Italian Virginal of 1668 to 19th century pianos, taking in such things as clavichords, harpsichords, and chamber organs on the way. They have been gradually acquired by the present owner, the pianist Richard Burnett, who has lived at Finchcocks since 1971. Part of the attraction of the visit was the talk/demonstration where he was able to illustrate the features of several of the instruments. Two things will remain in the memory of the present writer: firstly, how quiet a clavichord sounds when it is being played loudly(!), and secondly, the astonishing 'special effects' of an early 19th century Viennese fortepiano, which had four pedals. At that time in Vienna, Turkish Music was very much the 'in' thing, and this instrument, with a little nifty footwork from the pianist, was able to awaken the audience with jangling bells, clashing cymbals and thumping drum! It was interesting too to hear such composers as Schubert on a contemporaneous instrument, and in addition to the keyboard solos a few songs were included in the *ad hoc* recital.

The uncertain weather made most of us elect for the restaurant meal, having first made a quick tour of the grounds between the spells of rain. The concert that followed was in the main hall, where many of the old keyboards had been moved out to squeeze in seating for an audience of about a hundred. The title of the Warlock Singers' programme was 'Go, song of mine' and their bill of fare was specially concocted to celebrate Elgar's 150th Anniversary. Seven (well, eight actually if the encore is included) of his part-songs formed the core



Finchcocks

component, and those chosen spanned the greater part of his composing career. The opening number was 'O happy eyes', where Elgar used a lyric written by his wife; unlike the other part-songs we heard, this one was of a very sunny and untroubled disposition, without that characteristic unease and mild melancholy we so often discern in his music (and which qualities were apparent in varying degrees in the other part-songs of his we heard). Also in the first half were 'Love' (written on Elgar's 50th birthday in 1907, with a lyric that indirectly hints at how his wife had been a saviour for him), 'My love dwelt in a northern land' and 'Go, song of mine' (which many consider his most outstanding part-song). Hearing these lovely works for the first time, I reflected on how his part-songs were something of a Cinderella area in Elgar's output, in that they have been overshadowed at one end of the scale by his larger symphonic works, and at the other by the lighter salon pieces.

The concert benefited from the presence of the composer and pianist, Matthew King, who in addition to accompanying several items, provided four solos that were nicely interspersed throughout the programme (no doubt giving the singers a welcome breather!). He focused on Elgar and Grainger, beginning with the latter's little known Scottish folksong arrangement 'Mo nighean dubh' ('My dark-haired maiden'), 'dished up' (to use Grainger's own expression) in his own inimitable way. This led straight into Grainger's version of the same piece for voices, and very impressive here was the way the Warlock Singers began this seamlessly in a completely unrelated key without a piano cue! Later in the first half we heard Warlock's transcription of Dowland's 'Can she excuse my wrongs?', which had a spirited and well articulated performance from the group. Matthew King then played Elgar's *Dream Children* (more usually heard in its orchestral guise), and I should perhaps mention here that all these piano items were played on an 1860s Erard from Richard Burnett's collection (so, an instrument playing ahead of its time, as it were!).

The Warlock Singers' programmes are usually one hundred per cent British Music, and this one was no exception (and many, like me, always think of Grainger as partly British - well, at least between the years 1901 to 1915 when he lived here and did so much for our folksong heritage). Continuing the celebratory theme, John Gardner was 90 earlier this year, and to mark this we heard his 'Loveliest of trees', to the well known A.E. Housman poem. It took as its cue the classic Butterworth setting, but after a promising opening the piece seemed to get immersed in a welter of dense textures that didn't leave much of a lasting impression.

The second half began with three items, two of which had been included in earlier concerts: Robert Pearsall's 'Lay a garland', and Matthew King's 'Arise, my love'. Hearing these again was very welcome, especially the last named; Matthew King has produced here a work of great beauty and passion that deserves to be much better known. Next followed Vaughan Williams' lovely arrangement of 'Ca' the yowes', which contained a solo for tenor, superbly rendered by Peter Young, and then after that what might be viewed as something of an Elgar

curiosity: his part-song 'Owls', to a lyric written by himself. Dedicated to his daughter's white rabbit, it was hard to resist the idea there was a certain tongue-in-cheek element here! It was very much a 'night piece', and I wonder if I were alone in noting that some of the harmonic touches could have been those later employed by Warlock? And talking of whom, he made an appearance in the second half when two of his songs (in arrangements) were given. With a novel bit of planning, we were presented with 'one for the chaps', and 'one for the girls':- Fred Tomlinson's version of 'Piggies' for male voices, followed by the 2-part treble voices arrangement (Alec Rowley's?) of 'Milkmaids' - both of which provided a lightness of touch and mood to the programme.

Matthew King's two other solo contributions were as better known as the earlier two were lesser so: Grainger's 'Irish tune from County Derry' (The Londonderry Air) and Elgar's 'Chanson du Matin', both of which he played most persuasively, taking into account the vintage of the instrument. The programme ended in the way it had opened: with Elgar part-songs ('The prince of sleep' and 'The shower'), both having something of that elegiac beauty we associate with him. To put the final Elgarian seal on the evening, the encore ('How calmly the evening') was also from his pen.

I have said little so far on the quality of the Warlock Singers' performances - partly because, having been to several of their concerts now, I find they have an excellence that I almost take for granted. I would simply record here they sang brilliantly in what must have been quite a challenging choice of repertoire, and if not deemed inappropriate, I shall reveal an unsolicited comment from a lady in the audience, who enthusiastically insisted on telling me it had been the best choral concert she had ever been to! Graham Dinnage, who directed the group, was in fine form, both on the conducting front, and also with his interesting and often amusing commentary between numbers, which enlivened an already enjoyable evening. As a final word, apart from their splendid singing, the group are also to be complimented for 'delivering their wares' in what seemed like a pretty confined area for 22 singers, with many of the men standing on the stairs!

John Mitchell

## AGM 2007

Although Warlock attended Eton, the College already has the benefit of the Felix Aprahamian archive and so Fred Tomlinson recently decided to bestow his own collection of Warlockiana on his near neighbours, Harrow School. To mark this, we were privileged to be the guests of their Director of Music, David Woodcock for our AGM on 12 May 2007.

I experienced the pride in an institution that I have only personally come across when working with the Royal Marines although I am sure it exists elsewhere: everyone was keen to show us what they could do and the hospitality was first class.



The war memorial plaque at Harrow School

Around 25 members attended the AGM proper in the hall of the Music Schools. This was followed by a visit to the Museum of Harrow Life and a tour of the notable buildings of the School. I was struck by the scale of the memorial to the boys and masters of the School who died in the First World War. After this we were taken for lunch in the modern dining hall, which at £12.50 for three courses and wine was not to be missed.

After lunch we were treated to a concert given by boys of the School. A Beethoven string quartet was followed by a group of Warlock songs accompanied by David Woodcock on the piano. The concert concluded with a selection of Harrow Songs ending with the well-known "Forty years on".

Our thanks are due to David and the boys for a most enjoyable day. Perhaps next time we visit Warlock songs with string quartet might be on the programme?

Chris Sreeves



The Harrow School Songbook

## On hearing the first Curlew in Wimbledon

That is, unless anyone can find evidence of one there before 1950. One of our Wimbledon members, Stephen Roche, having lived there since 1950, said he had not heard of one in that area before!

On 4 October 2006, I climbed Spencer Hill in Wimbledon Village to view the wonderful night lights of that area, and where I found the church of St John the Baptist and a concert with the second of four Warlock Curlews in London, as part of the Twelfth London Festival of Chamber Music. These chamber music festivals have been the brainchild of Luciano Iorio, whose animated programme notes were delivered in impeccable English with all the charm and panache of his native Italian accent. This was one of many enterprising musical events the church was advertising, from chamber music to local schools and choirs and orchestras. The ambience was very sympathetic to chamber music and an audience of over a hundred showed music was alive and well in Wimbledon.

The soloist in *The Curlew* was Richard Edgar-Wilson who may be remembered from Newsletter 72 (p.16) when in October 2002 he toured *The Curlew* with Ross Pople and his London Festival Orchestra in a series of *Cathedral Classics* sponsored by Waitrose. John Merrick wrote from Gloucester Cathedral that the performance 'combined a withdrawn bleakness with passages of great intensity. Edgar-Wilson's platform demeanour added to this; during the instrumental interludes and postludes he would stare into the distance as if transfixed by melancholy, and the half-whispered third statement of "The boughs have withered..." was a chilling as ever.', and I had no difficulty in writing from Guildford Cathedral that "his diction was the clearest I can remember since Wilfred Brown". In Wimbledon, the same could still be written, and having learnt that his performances of *The Curlew* have now reached double figures, he could well be on the way to be taking over from Ian Partridge, as the next generation's CPE\* as Fred Tomlinson dubbed Ian!

The companion piece to *The Curlew* in the second half was a wonderful contrast; four little instrumental cameos of, a committee meeting, in a wood, a soliloquy, and in a tube at Oxford Circus, forming Bliss's *Conversations* for almost the same resources as *The curlew*. The charm and wit of Bliss's writing was a perfect contrast to the melancholy of Yeats' poems. Also in the programme was Moeran's Fantasy Quartet and Richard added charm to Vaughan Williams's 'Merciless beauty' and the *Ten Blake songs* for tenor and oboe.

\* Curlew Performer Extraordinaire

Malcolm Rudland

## News

### Giles Davies Goss CD

The CD featuring Giles Davies in the repertoire of John Goss will be released imminently by Divine Art Records. Warlock songs will of course feature. The accompanying vocal quartet includes our very own Dan Gillingwater.

See the website for details

<http://www.gossiana.moonfruit.com/>

Catalogue Number dda 25048



Giles Davies

### Rare Warlock Recordings

Divine Art are also releasing soon a CD of rare Warlock Recordings transcribed from the collection of John Bishop.

Catalogue number: ddh27811

Contact Divine Art Records regarding these or other recordings

Divine Art Record Company

8, The Beeches,

East Harlsey

Northallerton, DL6 2DJ

UK

Tel: 01609 882062

Email: [info@divine-art.com](mailto:info@divine-art.com)

### London Song Festival

Nigel Foster is organising a the first London Song Festival at Rosslyn Hill Chapel Hampstead from 4-16 October 2007. The Saturday evening concert (7:30 pm 13 October 2007) will include some Warlock.

For further details see the website:

<http://www.londonsongfestival.org/>

Purchase tickets through Barbican Box Office

In person at Box Office, Silk Street entrance (no booking fee)

Telephone: 0845 120 7500 (£2 charge applies)

Online: [www.barbican.org.uk](http://www.barbican.org.uk) (£1 charge applies)

### Booklet to accompany Warlockathon CD

A letter is enclosed with this Newsletter offering the chance to obtain a booklet of words to go with the recording of the Warlockathon held at the Royal Academy on October 2005.

### Gail Thorpe - a further appeal

Chris Sreeves was emailed by Gail Thorpe (née Heseltine) who promised some interesting documents from her father Bryan Heseltine but unfortunately has never got back in touch. Can anyone assist with contact details?

### Peter Warlock Handbook

Work is nearly complete on transferring Fred Tomlinson's "Peter Warlock Handbooks" into electronic form. Details of publication will be circulated in the near future.

### Hire Library

Gary Eyre has kindly volunteered to take over as Hire Librarian following Robin Crofton's retirement from this post. Gary runs the choir at St Matthews church in Bayswater and is able to use a room there to store not only the library material but some Warlock archives as well.

Gary can be contacted on 01727 840087

### Trip to Grez-sur-Loing

Malcolm Rudland is organising a trip to Delius' home at Grez from 4-6 July 2008. The last trip proved very popular so early booking is advised. For details contact Malcolm on:

Tel: 020 7589 989

Mobile: 07761 977155

Email: [mrudland@talk21.com](mailto:mrudland@talk21.com)

### "Some Little Joy" DVD

The long awaited release of the DVDS of Tony Britten's biographical film is scheduled for issue in March 2008.

Tony advises that a special deal will be available for society members and details of this should be available around Christmas.



Georgina Rich as Winifred Baker in "Some Little Joy"

### A New Curlew

Linn Records have released a new recording of *The Curlew* by James Gilchrist. It is coupled with Vaughan Williams' *On Wenlock Edge*, Gurney's *Ludlow and Teme* and Bliss' *An Elegiac Sonnet*.

James is accompanied by:

Anna Tilbrook: Piano

Michael Cox - Flute

Gareth Hulse - Cor Anglais

and The Fitzwilliam String Quartet

Catalogue number: CKD 296. It can also be downloaded from

<http://www.linnrecords.com/recording-on-wenlock-edge---ralph-vaughan-williams.aspx>

## FORTHCOMING EVENTS

### Birthday Celebrations

Unfortunately our proposed concert has had to be postponed. Giles Davies, who was to have presented some of his John Goss repertoire, has had to withdraw due to other commitments.

Also as there have been only four positive responses regarding the dinner it has been decided to cancel this also.

The format is being reviewed for next year, in particular with regard to having the dinner and the concert in the same location.

### Warlock Singers Concerts

The Warlock Singers directed by Graham Dinnage  
With Ian le Grice (organ)



St Mary's Church Westerham

Saturday 13 October 2007  
LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

The second of two concerts celebrating Elgar's 150th anniversary, featuring some of his great sacred choral works, *Te Deum and Benedictus*, *Light out of Darkness*, *The Spirit of the Lord*, *O hearken Thou*, as well as works by Britten, Parry and Walton.

Wednesday 12 December 2007

CHRISTMAS CONCERT

Featuring carols by Warlock and others, and instrumental items including David Cox's Warlock Suite

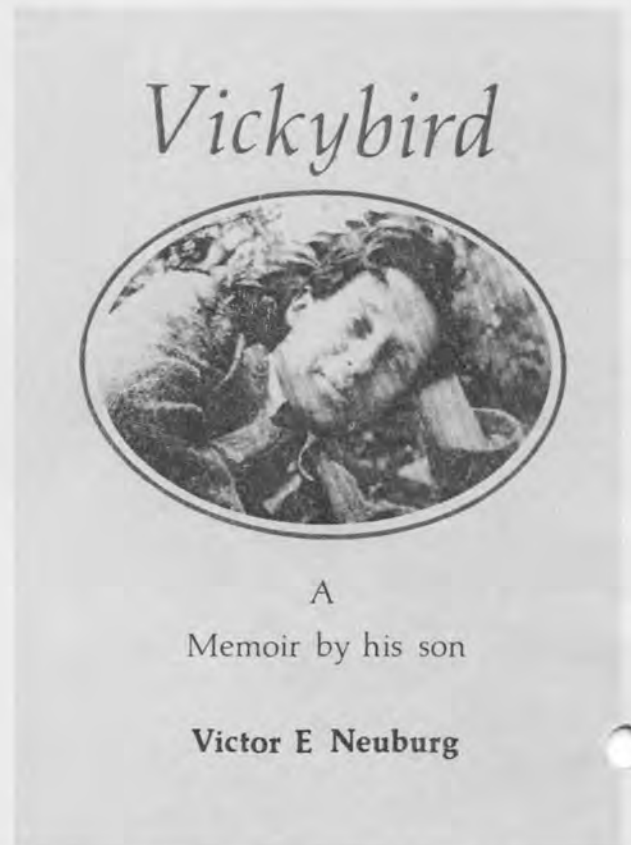
Both concerts will be at 7.30 p.m. at St Mary's Church, Westerham, Kent

Tickets £10 Tel. 01732 866372

Further details and reservations at [www.warlock-singers.org](http://www.warlock-singers.org)

For further details of any of the above items, please contact:

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Jubilee Cottage  
30 The Hill  
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Tel: 01865 368461  
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The cover of "Vickybird" - lot 239 in the Grand Warlock Auction (see page 16)



The cover of *Elizabethan Songs* - lot 233 in the Grand Warlock Auction (see page 15)