

Peter Warlock Society



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EDITORIAL

Greetings to you all! In previous Newsletters I have included some of the occasional writings on Warlock culled over the years from a large number of musical journals and newspapers. I hope that they will not only have proved of interest to Warlockians but also that their appearance in a more permanent form will prove useful to future researchers and writers who will be saved the dreary task of having to track them down in remote libraries and archives. Included in this edition are general articles on Warlock by, amongst others, his friend and first biographer, Cecil Gray and the admiring fellow-composer, Alec Rowley as well as two obituaries: one by Hubert Foss who, as head of the Oxford University Press music department from its foundation in 1924, gave Warlock much encouragement and support, the other by the music critic, Edwin Evans, with whom he was involved in the infamous fracas in the Café Royal when the two men came to blows. From the tone of the obituary it is evident that in later years Evans bore Warlock no great grudge.

Reviews of the second Warlock Memorial Concert held in 1932 are also of interest, especially the one written by the composer, Constant Lambert. I am indebted to Stephen Lloyd for drawing my attention to and providing me with a copy of this particular item.

John Mitchell has yet again been playing the role of sleuth and has given us more food for thought, posing some interesting questions about two Warlock songs, 'Yarmouth Fair' and 'Peter Warlock's fancy'. Besides the usual reviews and news of forthcoming events, there are details of the latest auction where, as you will see, treasures are still to be found. All collectors of Warlockiana will, I am sure, want to join me in thanking John Mitchell for the extraordinary effort and enthusiasm he has put into this enormous project. The Warlock Society coffers will have greatly benefited as a result.

My own contribution to this edition is a short article on Stone House Preparatory School where Warlock spent four impressionable youthful years. Some fifteen years ago I much enjoyed a visit to Broadstairs in the company of the charming, South African-born D.H. Lawrence authority, Mark Kinkead-Weekes and his wife when I had the opportunity of seeing the school buildings and at the same time to catch something of the atmosphere of the surrounding countryside with its view across the English Channel. It seems to me that Broadstairs would make an ideal destination for a Warlock Society jaunt (AGM?) sometime in the future.

I have very much enjoyed the honour of acting as editor of the Newsletter for the past four editions. I must confess that it has been somewhat of a challenge working some 6000 miles from home base but, given this electronic age of e-mails, pdf files, the ubiquitous sms, Skype, et al, it has been proved that in the publishing world all things are now possible. But only with the patient and dedicated help of Chris Sreeves and his team could the final results have been achieved. So, in conclusion, I ask you all, wherever you are, to stand and give them all the heartiest of ovations!

Barry Smith



The cover of *The Countryman* - lot 8 in the Warlock Auction (see page 17)

The Countryman is also the name of a pub near Shipley Mill in West Sussex (once the home of Hilaire Belloc, not to mention Jonathan Creek) where we shall be gathering for our AGM this year.

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Ralph Penso's Fancy

It is fairly well recognised that Warlock took more than a passing interest in the popular musical fare of his day. One only has to think of his unreserved admiration for Irving Berlin, for example, or his awareness of the Savoy Orpheans¹ to realise he was far from being out of touch. This interest also included the Music Hall, the heyday of which coincided with Warlock's early life and formative years, i.e. from the last years of Queen Victoria's reign until the end of the First World War.

Ian Copley, in his book on Warlock's music,² tells how (according to Arnold Dowbiggin) Warlock made discreet references to a couple of Music Hall songs in two of his own songs: 'Old Mrs. Shufflebotham' being alluded to in 'Mr. Belloc's fancy', and the accompaniment of 'Yarmouth Fair' cryptically quoting a snatch of 'Shall we gather at the river?' I haven't been able to track down either of these songs to gauge the extent of Warlock's indebtedness, but what seems to be quite an unequivocal borrowing came to my attention recently.

Whilst exploring some of Music Hall's repertoire backwaters, I came across 'Patty proudly packs for privates pre-paid paper parcels', words by Harry Kenneth Wynne with music by Ralph Penso. I quote the first four bars of the tune below, and then the first four bars of Warlock's 'Peter Warlock's fancy' - an identical match apart from one note at the end!!

The image shows two musical staves in 2/4 time, both in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first staff is for the song 'Patty proudly packs for privates pre-paid paper parcels' and the second is for 'Peter Warlock's fancy'. The lyrics are: 'Pat - ty proud - ly packs for Pri - vates pre - paid pa - per par - cels, Bring us in no beef, — sir, for that is full of bones.'

When this sort of thing happens there's always the question "Well, who thought of it first?" Annoyingly, the Penso song does not have a copyright date on it (which in itself might indicate an earlier vintage), but there are a few clues it may have been penned in the first two decades of the 20th century (Warlock's song dates from 1924). Firstly there is a reference to "Tommy's" in the text (suggestive of the First World War period), and secondly the gist of the lyric is very much in the same vein as the better known 'Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers' (published in 1914). Ralph Penso is an elusive composer, and all I have been able to discover about him was that he writing songs between the years 1907 and 1919.³

Accepting, then, it's highly likely the Penso preceded the Warlock, I find myself again in the same position as I did

with the seeming Warlockian quote of Quilter.⁴ Was PW slyly quoting a byway of popular music, hoping no one would notice, or was it a fragment of melody that stuck in his mind without his realising it, only to be regurgitated later in his own inimitable way? Who knows, but maybe with Dowbiggin's comment there is least a suggestion Warlock wasn't totally unknowing!

To end on a lighter note, those who enjoy a tongue-twister may like to try reciting the lyric of Penso's song at speed:

*Patty proudly packs for privates pre-paid paper parcels,
Patty's pretty parlour's piled with packets poked in sacks,
Patty packs all things together, so the Tommies can't tell whether
It is pants, preserves or pickles pretty Patty packs!*

John Mitchell

¹ For whom Warlock made an arrangement of "The old codger"

² *The Music of Peter Warlock*, London, 1979, 47 note 6.

³ *Sing us One of the Old Songs*, Oxford, 1978, 502.

⁴ *Peter Warlock Society Newsletter*, No. 57, "The Content of 'Sweet Content'", 14.

WARLOCK AT STONE HOUSE SCHOOL

The young Philip Heseltine's letters written to his mother from his preparatory school, Stone House in Broadstairs, Kent (1904–1908) compose a large part of Vol. I of *The Collected Letters of Peter Warlock* (some 134 pages). They are important in that they documents in some detail the various forces which influenced the impressionable young boy between the ages of 9 and 13. Much that is not written can also often be inferred if one does a bit of reading between the lines.

Throughout the letters an image emerges of a lonely, sensitive, homesick boy, often simply longing for the school term to pass and literally counting the days until he will be reunited with his mother, his 'Dearest Bhig Wooley Sheep'. As we read we quickly discover the effects of Edith Buckley Jones's dominant personality and strong influence through her constant carefully obeyed instructions, especially through her regular references to the Bible, prayers, and chapel services. As a result it was all this that he reacted against during the ensuing years at Eton, a religious rebellion which reaches its apogee during his correspondence with Frederick Delius and his reading of various books on the subject.

But it not all gloom and sadness. In these letters we also discover his delight in many of the school lessons, his enthusiasm when first discovering Greek and Latin, his proud accounts of his achievements in sporting activities, his young mind inspired and fascinated by some unusual subjects presented by visiting lecturers and, above all, his ever-increasing absorption in music. There are the magical revelations provided by the school pianola, full details of much of the music sung in chapel, concerts featuring excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan operettas and the palpable excitement generated by forthcoming operas and concerts to be attended in London during the holidays, especially at Christmas time.

All these things were crucial in the early formation of his bright, highly intelligent character, and also of all the future traits which were slowly developing in the increasingly cynical adolescent and the resultant, unfocussed restlessness which marks his formative years when he moved on to Eton.

Once one has observed all the various people and events that slowly began to motivate the young Philip during his years at boarding school, it is interesting to be able to add to this by reading the descriptions penned by contemporary pupils at Stone House under the same regime.

Whilst researching for the 1994 biography (*Peter Warlock: The Life of Philip Heseltine*) I spent several very happy days in Ramsgate with friend and fellow-South African, Professor Mark Kinkead-Weeks, a distinguished D.H. Lawrence scholar, author of Vol.II of Lawrence's life and work (*Triumph to Exile, 1912-1922*, Cambridge, 1996). I can strongly recommend it, especially for the fascinating insight which he brings to the Heseltine-Lawrence association, a section which he treats sympathetically and in great detail. He and his wife were jolly and generous hosts and, at the time, he not only shared his as yet unpublished writing on Heseltine's part in the Lawrence story but drove me to Broadstairs for the express purpose of seeing Stone House, then already converted into up-market apartments after the school's closure in 1969. It remains a dignified and distinctive Georgian building, with bow-fronted windows and wide-spreading balcony. At Mark's suggestion we visited the local Broadstairs library where there exists a folder containing a brief account of the history of the school (printed by Goodall's Printing Works, Broadstairs). From this slender booklet I have extracted a few reminiscences of old boys which help give a fuller picture of the life of a pupil at Stone House in the early 20th century.

On 28 April 1904, at the age of 9 and a half, Philip was sent to Stone House, a private boarding-school for some sixty boys, which had been founded in 1883 in Broadstairs, Kent, and where he was to spend the next four years. Surrounded by a belt of trees and a towering flint wall, Stone House stands on the high ground of the North Foreland overlooking the sea where, on a clear day, the coast of France is visible on the far horizon. Philip's headmaster, a Cambridge man, the Rev. William Henry Churchill bought the already existing school in 1895.

'With the advent of Mr. Churchill the numbers in the school began to increase, so he started to alter or add to the existing buildings. First the old school-room as turned into the Dining-Hall, a new South block was added to provide form-rooms . . . and the Gym was built. . . . At the Northern end he built the Chapel. . . . in the grounds he built the swimming-bath, the old pavilion . . . and what is now the Carpenter's Shop.

'One of our Old Boys who moved with Mr. Churchill from St. David's has sent us the following account:

'On September 20th [1895] or thereabouts, on my first morning at Stone House, I was woken by the cold autumnal light, and by an intermittent lowing noise, which I took to proceed from a cow. O that poor cow, I thought to myself; they have forgotten to milk it. But not many

weeks were to pass before I grew more familiar with the note of the foghorn, whether from the North Goodwin, or from the ships rounding the Foreland.

' . . . Not long before, the foundations of the new buildings and of the Chapel began to be dug and the buildings to rise. At first we had to have chapel in the big hall, with the piano in the right hand corner. . . . The class-rooms and dormitories progressed rapidly and we soon migrated from our congested quarters in the big hall. . . . But the progress of the Chapel was a matter of special interest. The panelling, the windows, the eagle, the credence table with its lapis lazuli and two different marbles, Greek and Egyptian, of which the latter blunted every tool known to craftsmen; about all we were kept carefully informed.

' . . . The organ was of course a great joy, particularly because of the enthusiasm of the organist and music master, Mr. [W. E.] Brockway,¹ who played an endless stream of good music, whether there were listeners or not, and was capable of playing Bach's St. Anne's Fugue² as we went out of chapel on an ordinary morning. I recall liking it and asking what it was. We always sang an anthem on Sunday evenings . . . Certain hymns and anthems were sacred to certain Sundays, e.g. 'Onward Christian Soldiers',³ and 'The Heavens are telling',⁴ both if I remember right, on the last Sunday but one of each term.⁵

' . . . Another musical feature was the Saturday concerts in winter. When we were first introduced to the Marlborough College Song Book, and Gilbert and Sullivan, which Mr. Brockway seemed to know almost by heart. Sometimes we rose to Schubert, or Handel's 'Where'er you walk'⁶ . . . to vary these we had Sousa's⁷ march on an early gramophone, recitations from Shakespeare, Mark Twain, Calverley,⁸ etc.

'I seemed in some of the forms to have been unusually well taught at Stone House and the Rev. R. B. Maurice,⁹ who took the Upper Sixth, was described by Mr. Churchill to my parents as 'a prince among teachers'. I think this was true. Certainly I learnt things in his form which I was never taught anywhere else afterwards, e.g. about the derivation of words, and Grimm's law,¹⁰ etc.

'Some subjects taught by Mr. Churchill were approached, however, with well-justified alarm, particularly French and Greek grammar. A detestable little French story of the adventures of two rabbits, Lapino and Trotino, was closely bound up with our troubles under his head, as was the Marlborough French Grammar. On the other hand I am never at a loss in France to know which nouns ending in t are feminine or which nouns ending in -ou take x in the plural: the endings are etched indelibly on my memory.

'On the other hand how blissful were the two hours we spent with him on History every Thursday afternoons. Mr. C. loved History, and communicated his enthusiasms to many, perhaps most, to us. . . . One drank it all in, such is my recollection on the alert through the sheer interest of it all.

'I should have mentioned before that the only subject which called forth Mr. C's enthusiasm comparably with History was Shakespeare.

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'Life at Stone House immediately after this, between 1896 and 1899 is graphically described by another Old Boy, who writes as follows:

'Regarded as a Headmaster Uncle Harry (Mr. Churchill) was a satisfyingly great man. We were very much afraid of him, not with a craven terror but with that wholesome fear which the psalmist declares to be the beginning of wisdom. This was the foundation of his success with us, and I think it was all to the good. . . . What did we learn from him? First and foremost behaviour, something embracing a large part of good discipline and good manners. We learnt, for example, to sit absolutely still, both in class and in Chapel. No fidgeting or superfluous movements were tolerated. During the sermon we had to fix our eyes steadily on the preacher. As I sat in the choir right under the preacher and at right angles to him, I had to assume an extremely difficult pose, and generally came away with a stiff neck for the next few hours. . . .

' . . . Music in Chapel was an absolute treat. We learnt not only a whole lot of Victorian anthems but practically all the choruses in the Messiah, and after Sunday morning service a few of us would go up into the organ loft where Mr. Brockway would play is anything from a Bach fugue to an awful rubbishy piece by a man called (I think) Clements,¹ entitled 'The Storm', and containing a fine display of collywobbles.

'The teaching of ordinary subjects was very efficient though there was no thought of coaching boys for scholarships . . .

' Nearly all the boys, including of course Uncle Harry's sons, went to Eton; a few to Harrow or Winchester. Anyhow the teaching was straightforward stuff, with no nonsense about it and plenty of memory work. We really did learn our Greek and Latin grammar. I adored the Greek irregular verbs, and I can remember gloating over the music of the principal parts of the more complicated specimens.

'Uncle Harry taught Scripture and History. What was it like? He used to wax eloquent about great men, and my recollection is that a surprisingly large number of them had sent their descendants to Stone House, so we had better pull our socks up and not let them down. It was (don't laugh) deeply impressive. Then - 'Get out your blocks.' Questions. Dozens of them, with one word answers. 'Who dragged who round the walls of what?' And so on. As a result we got, emotionally, a feeling that History was grand stuff; and the accurate possession of a lot of hard pellets of fact. What more do you want at that age?

'Geography, too was glorious, taught by Mr. James. He stuck up a great map over the blackboard and pointed out this and that. What is it? As a result I know where the Yablonoi (or Yablonoi) Mountains¹² are. Do you?

'The assistant masters were jolly young men. I fancy they regarded Uncle Harry with almost as much awe as we did. On Sunday afternoons two of them would take us for a walk. One would go up to one of the masters on duty beforehand and say 'Can I have one of your sides, Sir?' - i.e. Could one walk with the master in question? The two masters walked about 100 yards apart and the boys who had not succeeded in getting a side walked somewhere between the two in what may be called loose crocodile

formation. Picture us in our little Eton jackets and top hats. I should say all 'good' prep schools wore these on Sunday down to 1914.

'I never really fitted in at Stone House. Uncle Harry was a snob and an athlete. I was not descended from one of those people in the history book, and I was not good at games. When Uncle Harry got completely fed up with the school, as he did about once a term, rather in the manner of Jehovah chiding the children of Israel he would compare us unfavourably with the school as it was in the days of X or Y and these were always athletes who had played for Eton at Lords and subsequently got 'blues'.

Barry Smith

¹ Herbert Ward, a contemporary of Heseltine's at Stone House wrote: 'The music-master at Stone House, Broadstairs had an aggressive manner which nipped my musical development (such as it was) in the bud. . . . "P.W." subsequently declared that Mr X had probably destroyed more musical talent than any man in England.' Herbert Ward to John Bishop, 1 Oct. 1972, Fred Tomlinson collection.

² Prelude and Fugue in E flat (BWV 552), so named on account of the fact that the theme of the fugue resembles the hymn tune, 'St Anne', usually sung to the words 'O God, our help in ages past'.

³ A popular hymn, words by Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-1924).

⁴ A chorus from Haydn's *The Creation* (1797-8).

⁵ This is borne out by a letter from Heseltine to his mother (22 March, 1908): 'We are having good music in chapel to-day. Hymns this morning 219 and Onward Christian Soldiers not sung to the what I think ugly tune in the Ancient & Modern but to Sullivans "St Gertrude". . . . To night the anthem is "The Heavens are telling" from Haydn's "Creation".'

⁶ Aria from Handel's *Semele* (1744).

⁷ John Philip Sousa (1854-1932) American composer and bandmaster.

⁸ Charles Stuart Calverley (1831-84), a writer of light verse, parodies and translations.

⁹ The Rev. Robert Maurice (priested in 1897), assistant master at Stone House (1895-1908), curate of Bramshott (1909-14).

¹⁰ The first Germanic sound shift, a statement of the relationship between certain consonants in Germanic languages and their originals in Indo-European.

¹¹ Actually Nicolas Jacques Lemmens (1823-81), Belgian organist, pianist and composer.

¹² The Yablonoi (or Yablonovyy) Mountains are a mountain range in Siberia which runs north-east from Mongolia passing just to the east of Lake Baikal, running for about 1600 kilometers before joining with the Stanovoi Range. The range forms the dividing line between the rivers that empty into the Arctic Ocean and those that empty into the Pacific. The range is not particularly tall or large, being long and thin. The tallest peak is Mount Sokhondo at 2,500 meters.

The Lost 'Yarmouth Fair'

In *Newsletter* No. 80 I wrote about a lost Warlock song - something of a very shadowy one, as not very much is known about it apart from the title ('An Old Song'), and that it was a setting of 'As dew in aprylle'. By contrast 'Yarmouth Fair', although not Warlock's best song, is arguably the most generally well known one (its popularity presumably reflected by it being the only one of his songs to be published in three keys, instead of the usual one or two versions).

The provenance of the song has luckily been quite well documented, principally in a letter from EJ Moeran to Arnold Dowbiggin dated 5th February 1931 (the relevant part quoted in Barry Smith's biography of Warlock, page 215). Although the melody of the song was not of Warlock's invention ('composed' in a trice, as it was, by a Norfolk villager), Warlock's treatment of it is so imaginative and convincing that - if one hadn't known - it would be so easy to believe the tune was his also. Possibly the fact it was not partially explains some of the disenchantment he felt about the song towards the end of his life. In a revealing letter dated 22nd June 1928 to the baritone John Thorne, he pleads with him for the omission of 'Yarmouth Fair' from an impending radio programme of his work. He then goes on:

Apart from the fact that this song is broadcast almost weekly (I regret to say), it is really out of place in a programme of my original work, all that I have contributed to it being an extremely difficult, overloaded and, as I now realise, altogether inappropriate accompaniment. I very much regret having allowed it to be published, and, as a matter of fact, I have in MS an entirely different, and much better, version which cannot, of course be used now that the other is in print.

The big question - and the main focus of this article - is what was the nature of this revised version? Was it a simplification of the piano part - rather along the lines of what he was to do a couple of years later with the complex accompaniment of 'Mr Belloc's fancy', which appeared suitably thinned down in 1930 - or was it the same material in the completely new guise of a string quartet song? The suggestion that it may have been the latter comes from Ian Copley in his book on the music of Peter Warlock (page 289). Here, in a chapter devoted to Warlock compositions that had been either lost or destroyed, he notes: "A revised version with string accompaniment of 'Yarmouth Fair' was described in a letter which Warlock wrote to E Arnold Dowbiggin dated 1st August 1930, and was apparently lost by Warlock himself."

It could be Ian Copley may have misread the date on Warlock's letter, as the relevant one to Dowbiggin seems to be that dated 1st July 1930, which reads: "I am having a revised and much improved setting of 'Yarmouth Fair' sent you, which you can use with unison chorus. It is high for you as it stands, but you can transpose it down a tone." There is no evidence that Dowbiggin ever received it, and confirmation of this is in a later letter to him (dated 21st November 1930) in which Warlock laments that: "the revised version of 'Yarmouth Fair' (of which I have no copy) is apparently lost. I lent it to somebody last year, but, like the old fellow of Combe, "I cannot remember to whom."

Nothing about a string quartet so far! However, immediately before that last quote (i.e. in the same letter) Warlock had written to Dowbiggin as follows: "Do you still have access to a string quartet? The other day I heard with horror that John Goss was going to sing a very early and feeble song of mine called 'As ever I saw' with a good quartet at an important concert; I thereupon re-set the poem for the occasion and the result ['The fairest May'] sounded very well. I should like to send you the MS. if it would be useful to you." When Warlock goes on to mention *in the same paragraph* the revised version of 'Yarmouth Fair' had been lost, it is possible to make the inference it was for string quartet also (and I suspect this is what Ian Copley did). But taking into account the implications of what Warlock had written both to John Thorne and then to Dowbiggin in the earlier letter (where it would be much less likely for a string quartet, as opposed to the more usual piano, to be accompanying a unison chorus), I tend to believe Warlock had simply mentioned the topic of 'Yarmouth Fair' as it had occurred to him at the time, and there was no intended direct connection with the new string version of 'As ever I saw'.

We'll probably never know for sure the exact nature of the new version of 'Yarmouth Fair'. What is certain - unlike 'An Old Song' referred to earlier - is we at least know what happened to the manuscript: Warlock had lent it to someone in 1929; the person concerned clearly hadn't returned it, and Warlock in the meantime had forgotten the borrower's name. My own guess is the missing version is more likely to have been one with a simplified (and maybe even largely re-written) piano accompaniment. Having said that, looking at the published version again recently, it did strike me that parts of it readily lent themselves to string quartet treatment, and that as a whole it might work quite nicely as such. Accordingly, irrespective of whether there might, or might not, have been a Warlock version of 'Yarmouth Fair' for string quartet, I promptly set about making one myself, following Warlock's approach (in his own string quartet versions of other songs) of sticking as closely as possible to the piano originals. This new arrangement has recently been published by Modus Music and is available to members of the Society at the special price of £3.50 (score and parts, UK postage included). Please contact me if you would like a copy (tel: 01227 832871, or e-mail: MMITCHELLJohn@aol.com)

John Mitchell



Brian Collins, Silvester Mazzarella and Barry Smith enjoy a drink after Barry's recital at Westminster Abbey in June 2007

Philip Heseltine: 1894-1930.

By Hubert J. Foss

Monthly Musical Record, January 1,
1931, Vol. LXI., No. 721

I have but an hour or two, before this paper must seek the printer, in which to render account of "Peter Warlock". The attempt is doomed to failure. To compress so rich a personality into these few lame, hurried lines is a task much like trying to put a mountain on a sixpence.

That very richness which one despairs of conveying in words is exactly what we have lost by Warlock's untimely death. A list of his achievements would be a long if not a difficult one to make, but it would not express his personality in a manner adequate to what those who knew the man had experienced in the company of his living mind. For Warlock had, first of all his gifts, a remarkable personality, which he was expressing only gradually, facet by sharp facet, still incompletely, alas! at the time when he died last month.

Warlock has joined the ranks of the young composers who never reached their fortieth year – that spiritual company of "lads that will die in their glory and never be old." The band is led by Purcell, Mozart, Schubert and Chopin: but it contains, too, Hurlstone¹ and Butterworth and Denis Browne,² of, we admit, lesser mien, but of great promise and of a kinship with us. It would be easy to excuse his achievement on the grounds of his youth, or regret the scholar's lapses into creative musical work or the creator's into research. It is far more difficult to understand – and to excuse – the lack of recognition which the users of music gave him in his lifetime.

More journalists and more of the public were interested in the fact of his death and the circumstances of it than ever were in the more important fact of his life or the predominant circumstance of his music. We may lament his demise, but we must at the same time recognize with shame how little as musicians we did for him before. The fact is indisputable that the world – and I mean the world of listeners who are given their fare by the concert-artist and concert-promoter – had not taken Warlock to its bosom, and the fault was not Warlock's. He spoke in a modern speech of song, but it was not more remote than a development of traditional speech and was excellently suited to his day. He made of song a kind of exquisite journalism, only comparable to the most delicate and cultivated periodical essays of an Austin Dobson,³ a Montague,⁴ a Walkley,⁵ a Saintsbury,⁶ a Henley,⁷ a Davidson,⁸ or an Andrew Lang.⁹ He gave us music to use, and we have not used it; but it is also music that will last, and perhaps, when the mere occurrence of his life and death is forgotten, we may discover his music, and like it, and use it, and sing it.

* * * * *

For Warlock was essentially a song-writer – at least he had become one when he died. I had never felt sure how he

would develop. We had hoped for a middle-aged day when longer works would come forth. Such longer and other works as we now have were inconsiderable in achievement when compared with the perfection of his best songs. 'An Old Song' was a pastiche, the Serenade for Strings a delightful imitative offering of homage to his one-time idol, Frederick Delius. His set of piano pieces showed the elbow of Grieg sticking out through the mantle of Delius. His reorchestration of the 'Capriol' Suite was not highly successful, though it gave us the chance to see him as a conductor and to hear his caustic wit saying: "No one asks me to sing my own songs – why should I conduct my own works?"

But are not the songs enough? Only those who do not know them, their range, their mastery of detail, their exquisite linking of voice and verse, will ask for more than this considerable corpus can provide. I cannot critically survey them here: to do so in the way that Warlock himself would have done with others, and have despised anyone for not doing with his own, is not a task to be begun under the supervision of the printer's devil. One can but mention the many that spring up in immediate recollection.

* * * * *

'The Curlew' first. It is one of those song cycles that are in essence symphonic commentaries on the words to be set. It has expressed, once for all for me, the whole of the Yeats idea, all that movement we know so well and so satirically from 'Hail and Farewell'. Sympathy of sound is here matched with precision of intellectual meaning. Then there come crowding into mind 'Milk Maids' and 'Chop Cherry', two of his new conceptions of Elizabethan words, the strophic discipline and he light humour of 'Piggesnie', the serious 'Autumn Twilight', the later Shakespeare settings like 'Sweet and Twenty' and 'Pretty Ring Time', the carols, such as 'Corpus Christi' and 'Balulalow', and those so recent that their very name has not sunk into the mind: the Belloc songs and 'Captain Stratton's Fancy' and 'Yarmouth Fair'. But there are also 'The Distracted Maid', as pretty a piece of controlled picturesqueness as can be found in modern English song, the elaborately technical 'Peterisms', and, remoter still, the 'Saudades'. These last, influenced from an obvious source, show the second manner of this composer, where the fantasy of his mind could fly away into purely aesthetic regions and find there new shapes and thoughts to express, unrestrained by those neat patterns he came to love too much elsewhere.

Only this very day one has read a laudation (*temporis acti*) of the Victorian songs by Mr. Fuller Maitland¹⁰ in *Music and Letters*. The death of so distinguished a song-writer could not but suggest he application of this praise of earlier contemporaries of that writer's to the ordinary singer's neglect of Warlock. If those songs of the 1860's and 1880's need revival today, do not our songs of the 1920's also need not revival but performance sometimes? Are the latter so bad or so remote from our consciousness that they deserve their shuttered oblivion? I do not believe it, and I speak, in frank truth, from knowledge of both kinds of songs.

Warlock's songs are a thousand heads in front of those we are told we should revive: that they cannot command in their day the old public of the older ones is, I am ready to

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assert, the fault of the singer and not of the composer. Nearly all the criticisms I have heard from singers of Warlock's songs refer to the difficulty of their accompaniments, or to some other meritorious accessory: many of them to ignorance of what the composer has written. In this example, at least, I am sure the singer (and so the public) had not got into touch with the composer, and not that the composer was out of touch, in his conceptions, with the singer (and so the public). If nothing else should have attracted the singer's attention (and there is much else), Warlock's fastidiousness in choice of words should have made him understand what a rare mind was giving us songs at the present day.

So far I have touched only on Warlock the composer, or I would say the two composers. But there are to other personalities to deal with, and the third is Warlock the scholar and arranger, who had in many ways a profound influence upon his self-colleague. This one was he who knew his Elizabethans as only a musician with a scholarly mind can know them: for he knew their music and not only their dates and histories. His researches on the English "ayres" (so he spelt them) he began in conjunction with Philip Wilson, the singer who met an also early death, at the hands of disease.

Warlock threw a crossbeam of light, with characteristic intellectuality, on current labours. He would have all the old people wrote, or none, and no more. He stipulated for every word in 'Pammelia' and 'Deuteromelia'; he fought with his own kind of abandon against an aid or expression mark (witness the parts of the 'Lachrimae'): he denied one note extra or a transposition in transcribing lute for pianoforte. He was prejudiced no doubt, but he was here or elsewhere truthful in his own way. The sum of his researches is contained in his book 'The English Ayre' and in the meticulousness of his published transcriptions. I cannot dissociate this part of his work from his exquisite diminutive handwriting.

The fourth Peter Warlock was publicly called Philip Heseltine, and known as a critic and as the biographer of Frederick Delius. This was the true name of the man, but it showed only one of his true functions. A profound interest in modern music, buoyancy and enthusiasm, violent prejudices both for and against, a detestation of his fellow-critics, a hatred of the cant-phrase, a minutely precise mind – the total of these and other qualities made him a brilliant but by no means an accepted critic. His judgments had influence, however, secretly penetrating (for here was a fine mind) from his writings and more direct by his talk – of late his most frequent medium.

It is, as I have said, impossible to pin down this wide-embracing mind to a museum specimen. I have not touched upon anything but his sheer musical achievements: those other rarities of spirit, diabolism and charm, literary finesse and a passion for the limerick form, caustic expression and inner kindness, and the rest, have passed away. But I can only comprehend this particular combination of precision and aesthetics by thinking of an old simile I have used before in lectures and writings on Warlock. This mind was like a funnel, with – not one but –

four points, those of the two composers, the scholar, and the critic. Into the wide mouth were poured the observations and experiences of an acute and broad mind: they emerged through these tiny channels under immense pressure of intensity, focussed each upon its object. So we got the refined essence of the whole matter.

I cannot think of Warlock as having lived only in our time. There was something princely, something of the Borgias about him. He seemed to me to combine, as it were, Thomas Nashe and Aubrey Beardsley. His outlook was Elizabethan, he was a child of our age. The combination was astonishing. Let us hope that his death, so deeply to be regretted as the cessation of one of our best talents, will have the result of turning the attention of people to what he has left behind, his music.

¹ William Yeates Hurlstone (1876-1906), English composer and pianist. In 1906 he became professor of counterpoint at the Royal College of Music, only to die later the same year of bronchial asthma. He is one of the 'might have been great' composers of the early 20th century who died leaving a legacy of many chamber music works.

² William Denis Browne (1888-1915), English organist, composer and critic. Educated at Cambridge, he was a friend of Rupert Brooke and was killed in World War II.

³ Henry Austin Dobson (1840-1921), English poet and essayist.

⁴ Charles Edward Montague (1867-1928), English journalist, novelist and essayist.

⁵ Arthur Bingham Walkley (1855-1926), English drama critic.

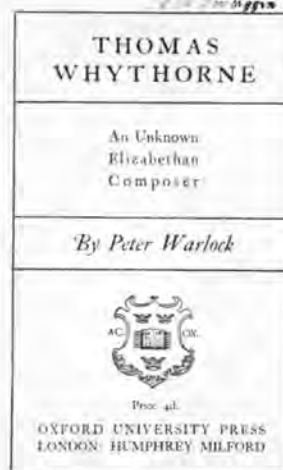
⁶ George Edward Bateman Saintsbury (1845-1933), English writer and critic.

⁷ William Ernest Henley (1849-1903), English poet, critic and author.

⁸ John Davidson (1857-1909), Scottish poet and playwright.

⁹ Andrew Lang (1844-1912), Scottish poet, novelist and literary critic.

¹⁰ John Alexander Fuller Maitland, (1856-1936), English critic, editor and harpsichordist.



The cover of *Thomas Whythorne An Unknown Elizabethan Composer* - lot 2 in the Warlock Auction (see page 17)

EDITORIAL

Time and Tide, January 3, 1931, 22.

Peter Warlock

By Edwin Evans

There are personalities which invite legend. Whilst memory is still fresh, sometimes even whilst they are still with us, a legendary presentiment is created in which authentic features are made to appear in false perspective, and in association with others entirely false. Such a personality was that of Peter Warlock, whose tragic death deprives a none-too-fertile generation of British composers of one of its brightest hopes. The mode of his life, and still more of his death, must inevitably have the effect of focusing legend upon features which, in so far as they had any reality, were distortions, and often, be it admitted, distortions at which he had himself connived. Some of these were refuted by the evidence given at the inquest, but it is too much to expect that the refutation will overtake the legend. Peter Warlock wrote more than a hundred songs which represent collectively the best contribution that any one composer has made to the treasury of English song in at least twenty years. Is that not sufficient to make his memory a charge upon us? May we not hope that one or other of his more intimate friends will act as biographer, winnow the truth from the accretions of rumour, and produce a pen-portrait of the real Philip Heseltine, who elected to be known as Peter Warlock?

Even to many who knew him well he appeared as a mass of contradictions, but the disparity was not so much between different traits in his character, as between that character and another which was projected by his imagination. The key to the enigma may perhaps be sought in the relative importance he attached to his compositions. Apart from a few songs which he held in affection, he made light of his work in this form, and was not particularly pleased at being described as primarily a song-writer. He wrote songs with ease and parted with them almost too readily, rarely, if ever, retaining any material interest in them. Many of them are in the convivial, not to say roistering, vein that agrees with the legendary portrait of Peter Warlock. But the compositions by which he set the greatest store were imbued with a gentle, wistful melancholy which seems more in accordance with the truth. Possibly too much prominence was given to his avowed dislike for Christmaside, which is common to most solitary men, and easily explicable. During the rest of the year they are solitary at their own discretion, as and when they please, but, as a result of their detachment, when comes that one week of the year the choice is no longer theirs. Apart from that, Heseltine was often depressed. It would, however, be an injustice to his memory to allow the statement to go unchallenged that "he felt that he had not yet received the recognition his work deserved." He had no illusions concerning the value of what passes as "recognition". To imagine that the lack of it preyed upon his mind is to misjudge him entirely. For that matter, in musical circles he had no lack of it. But he had consistently set himself a high ideal, and there were times when he became despondent concerning his ability to pursue it.

Another witness described him as "worried about his work" and unable to go on with it. That seems much nearer the truth. There is a world of difference between being worried about one's work, and being worried about the volume of the applause. The former is the divine discontent, the latter mere disappointed vanity. Composers seem once in a while to reach a kind of deadlock. Unlike those painters who complacently repeat the same Academy picture year after year, they become haunted with the fear of repeating themselves, or of "drying-up", which is practically the same thing, and they do not at once see clearly the other alternatives before them. They come momentarily to a dead end, and it is a depressing adventure. Moreover, Heseltine had not been "through the mill" in the ordinary way. He was practically self-taught, apart from a few lessons with Colin Taylor at Eton and some friendly advice from Delius and Bernard van Dieren. The normal training had its disadvantages, notoriously that of circumscribing originality of outlook, but against these it certainly gives confidence – sometimes over-confidence – and at these crises it is confidence that is most needed. Heseltine felt his confidence ebbing away, and it distressed him. But it was his own recognition that he needed, not the recognition of others, and least of all that of others less qualified than himself.

Apart from his original work as a composer, Heseltine acquired considerable erudition in the course of exploring the less frequented paths of old music. The Tudor period had a special appeal for him, and even influenced his creative work, but it was by no means his only love. When death overtook him he was engaged in studying the works of Cipriani Potter, who ruled the Royal Academy of Music from 1832 to 1859 – a period not hitherto regarded as offering any encouragement to seekers after forgotten treasures. He was confident of having found his reward in a symphony which, it is said, may be heard at Queen's Hall in the spring. Meanwhile at the Lyric Theatre, Hammer-smith, may be seen a ballet based upon his "Capriole" [*sic*] suite, which is an orchestral version of the *Orchésographie* of Thoinot Arbeau, a Burgundian forerunner of Playford's "The Dancing Master"; and Paul Ladmirault, the French composer and critic, says of it that only "*un sorcier anglais pouvait écrire une musique aussi française!*" The "*sorcier*" or "Warlock" in question had a special gift for transmuting the music of past ages and making it current coin. He has given many a lovely air of the English lutanists [*sic*] a new lease of life. But it is easy to imagine him drawn to that worthy canon of Langres, Jehan Tabourot, of whose name Thoinot Arbeau is a not very obvious anagram, and who boldly proclaimed himself a clerical champion of the dance. Probably in his day it was only a minor social heresy calling for rather lass courage than that of the late Rev. Stewart Headlam,¹ but Heseltine had a fellow-feeling for social heretics. It was the basis of the legend from which I would see his memory protected. The supreme irony will be when legend asserts that he became interested in that gorgeous personage, Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, not because he was a composer of genius, but because he was a murderer. It is perhaps fortunate that, for his share of their joint book, he confined himself to Gesualdo's musical achievements, leaving Cecil Gray to wallow in his crime. Otherwise legend may have drawn further sustenance from that volume. In the person of a Villon the realm of Parnassus may extend as far as Alsatia. Despite his occasional ribald verse,

the serrated edge of his wit, and his testament-like melancholy, Heseltine was no Villon.² But he was far too fine an artist to be posthumously associated, as he has been, with what British journalism imagines to be Bohemia.

¹ Stewart Duckwoth Headlam (1847-1924), English clergyman, a pioneer and publicist of Christian socialism and continually involved in controversy.

² François Villon (ca. 1431-1463), French poet, thief and vagabond, best known for his *Testaments* and *Ballade des Pendus*, written whilst in prison.

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THE YOUNGER ENGLISH COMPOSERS.

II. – PETER WARLOCK.

By HERMON OULD.

A couple of years ago I made a study of Peter Warlock's songs. For the purpose of writing this article I have made myself familiar with the work that has since come from his pen, and I deduce from the evidence that whatever principles influenced him up to two years ago have continued to influence him; that his preferences in music and in literature remain much the same, and in no case has he departed radically from his earlier practice. This makes it possible to consider the bulk of his work without regard to chronology.

Any groping that he may have done in order to find himself must have preceded the publication of his work. Apart from the first few songs published by Messrs. Chester, for which Delius and Van Dieren must take their share of the credit, Peter Warlock's work never gives one the impression of hesitancy. For what it is worth (and it is often worth a great deal), it is the deliberate work of a very conscious craftsman – too conscious, perhaps. In the volume of *Saudades* one is aware of the personality of the young composer, expressing itself, true, through a medium coloured by his admiration of Delius and Van Dieren, but revealing, nevertheless, an individuality that would not have been vouchsafed to a mere copyist. In these early works the composer, for all his self-consciousness, lets his emotions play with a freedom not permitted by the present Peter Warlock. *Heracleitus*, for instance, printed without bar-lines or key-signature, is a piece of pure emotion, expressed with great restraint, but without shame; and *Along the Stream*, in the same set, is in the same vein and employs the same technique. But it is not long before the composer appears to have decided that it was not seemly to wear his heart on his sleeve. He abandons introspection and subjectivity altogether, becoming probably the most objective English composer of his generation. It is impossible to say whether this process of self-immolation has resulted in more or less good work than he would have achieved had he plumbed deeper depths himself instead of delving in the archives of museums. In any case, Peter Warlock is still young enough (he was born in 1894) to abandon his scholarly researches

and turn his thoughts to the exploitation of his own creative gift. After all, scholars (even scrupulous ones like Mr. Warlock) are more plentiful and less valuable than composers with an individual talent.

Ignoring for a moment Mr. Warlock's astonishing cleverness in making use of modern developments in harmony, it will be seen that the source of his inspiration is more often than not the music and atmosphere of the past, evoked, presumably, by his preoccupation with old manuscripts. It is a paradox that a composer whose harmony and sequences would make the Elizabethans cringe and flee should derive so much of his musical attitude from them and, in his melodies at least, recall their attainments.

One may take it for granted that he does nothing haphazard or without a reason, but I am puzzled for an explanation of his practice of using straightforward and more or less conventional tunes, built on well-recognized plans, and attaching accompaniments to them which indulge in the most fantastic pranks. Possibly this springs from the knowledge that relatively few good singers are also good musicians, and that whereas he can count on a pianist capable of appreciating his musicianship, he must let the singer down lightly. By this means he is able to please himself, the singer, and the accompanist, and hoodwink the listener, at least momentarily. Or he may think that there are only a few really good tunes, just as there are said to be only a few good plots for plays, and that one may as well frankly use them in some modified form or another and depend upon one's ingenuity for devising piquant accessories. It is true that his departures from the more conventional models of melody have sometimes led him to write a vocal line which is not particularly grateful to the singer. A certain angularity, recalling Delius, becomes apparent, the voice being treated as if it were a fretted or pistoned instrument rather than a piece of human mechanism with very limited powers in the bridging of awkward intervals.

To particularize. Some of Peter Warlock's happiest inspirations are found in his religious and semi-religious songs, and in lullabies that seem somehow to fall into the same category. It would not be easy to imagine a more suitable setting of John Fletcher's poem:

“Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight a while.”

It is a piece of clean writing, showing great contrapuntal facility and an appreciation, not merely of the metrical value of the verses, but also of the somnolent atmosphere which they create.

In *My Little Sweet Darling* (an anonymous sixteenth-century poem) Peter Warlock makes use of similar methods, possibly deciding that the chromatic harmony (which may be a relic of Delius's influence) is particularly potent in securing the required drowsiness. The melody is one of those that fall to a familiar pattern, with surprising sequences which do not alter its essential character; but the piano part is an intricate piece of weaving which sways gently in lazy chromatic progressions, as if it were too much of an effort to spring over wider intervals. *Balulalow*

Peter Warlock Society

(another early anonymous poem), much simpler in construction than either of the songs just mentioned, has the same hypnotic power and that curious intensity which this composer nearly always brings to his religious work. It is especially marked in *Sorrow's Lullaby* and in *Corpus Christi*, works for strings and a combination of voices, which therefore do not come within this survey.

It is not the religious sentiment associated with the "muscular Christianity" of the nineteenth century; indeed, scarcely with Protestantism at all. It is a throw-back, rather, to the awe and unquestioning belief of a simpler epoch. The period of the poems justifies this, and the songs are an interesting example of the successful application of one generation's method to the psychology of another; for in these works particularly does Mr. Warlock prove himself to be, in his technique, a child of the twentieth century. One wishes all the more that he were not so obsessed with the past, and that he might be inspired by one of the poets of his own day who utter the thoughts of our times in language appropriate to musical expression.

It is inevitable that songs employing words which are almost unintelligible to the average Briton should be to some extent neglected. A favourite of mine is *My Gostly Fader*, a song full of whimsy and feeling, admirably adapted to the needs of a moderately competent singer, and with a sense of dramatic expression not always present in Peter Warlock's works. And it needs a glossary and a key to the pronunciation of the words (by Charles d'Orléans)! A singer cannot be expected to sing the words with conviction, even though he is aware that the last two words should be pronounced "oot aveezyness" and that they mean "on a sudden impulse." His knowledge will not be helpful to the listener, who will accuse him mentally of faulty enunciation. *The First Mercy* is free from these difficulties. The charming words, by Bruce Blunt, though medieval in flavour, are modern, and the music, vaguely reflecting the flavour without too much insisting on it, is fresh and direct.

When Peter Warlock takes a modern poem which candidly aims at an archaic or quasi-folksong expression, his method is peculiarly happy, the similar aim of musician and poet achieving the needful congruity. Well-known examples are the jolly *Captain Stratton's Fancy*, in which the heartiness of Mr. Masfield's verses are matched by the heartiness of the setting, and the parody by Mr. J. C. Squire which he calls *Mr. Belloc's Fancy*, for which the composer has provided a tune as much like a folk-tune as the verses are like folk-verses, and in which one may detect a note of irony. Mr. Belloc himself supplies the poem for *Ha'nacker Mill*, which gives the composer a chance to concoct a folksong-like tune, with an accompaniment, however, revealing considerable sophistication.

Deliberate monotony has been chosen for Mr. Belloc's prayer, *The Night*, and a directness and simplicity not typical of our composer. *Fair and True*, with its hymnlike tune, is equally simple though less original; but as both of these songs are fairly recent, they may indicate a tendency towards simplification which would in itself be healthy, other qualities being equal. *Eloré lo!* (another of the early anonymous poems of which Peter Warlock seems to have an unending store) has been provided with a singularly

fresh and glittering setting. It is written in a combined 6/8 and 3/4 measure which never falters, and the musical approach is almost as naïve as the words themselves. The eighteenth century rather than the seventeenth (whence the words derive) has served as model for *The Droll Lover*, but the clever and disquieting harmonics which accompany the words "I love thee for thy ugliness and for thy foolery" would never have met with Dr. Burney's sanction.

Strained and startling harmonies have made their appearances in several of the later songs, and appear to have a literary rather than a musical origin – as why should they not? The cuckoo which sings out of tune in *Mockery* (Shakespeare's *When Daisies Pied*) must indeed "be unpleasing to the married ear" and not altogether pleasant to the celibate; while the drunken notes which slither about the words "the serving-men gave me a fuddling cap" in *Away to Twiver* are pure sound-painting. One is even driven to wondering whether the word "secco" which concludes on phrase is not writ sarcastic. Onomatopoeic methods are not often found in Peter Warlock, but one is justified in supposing that the words have determined not only the form but the detail in many cases – as when the words "converting all your sounds of woe," in the delightful *Sigh no more, ladies*, are accompanied by a mournful descending passage which breaks into something gayer on the next line "Into Hey nonny, nonny"; while the intricacies of the *Lover's Maze* were obviously suggested by the title.

A handful of songs show that, when he finds a poem to inspire him, Peter Warlock can break away from the past, and that it does not even need a modern poem to work this miracle. Of James Mabbe's *The Contented Lover* he has made a very appealing modern song which does not hint at the fact that the poet flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century. The gentle flow of this song, which demands purity of tone from the singer rather than great technical dexterity, is a perfect counterpart of the words. It comes in the same category as *Autumn Twilight*, a quiet and sensitive setting of Arthur Symons's poem, and shares with that song a contemplative spirit very rare in Warlock's composition. This mood appears again in the richly woven *Late Summer*, the accompaniment of which is perhaps a little too intricate for the simple verses: and even in *The Singer*, where the echo of a folksong idiom is woven happily into a modern fabric.

In an article of this length it is impossible to do more than generalize about the works of a songwriter whose output numbers more than one hundred songs. A reference to each song separately would have resulted in a tedious catalogue, in which repetition would have been unavoidable.



Hilaire Belloc by
Eric Gill

The Musical Mirror, August 1927, 183-184.

The Music of Peter Warlock (Philip Heseltine): A Short Survey of his Work.

By Alec Rowley

We were strolling down Soho together. "Baa!" jeered a lout of a fellow, pointing to Warlock's beard. My companion walked up to the man. "An excellent imitation of a goat, and so natural," he said. A characteristic and disarming answer – and there you have it, in essence, Peter Warlock.

We turned into a "foreign" restaurant. "Here we can get real *English* food," he said, and added, with a twinkle in his eye, "and good beer." He talked solidly for an hour over lunch, on every possible subject (indeed, his mind seemed inexhaustible).

His knowledge of Elizabethan works immense. "The teutonic scale (Major and minor) is, and has been obsolete for years; the early 16th and 17th century writers' tonality was less fixed and limited, and capable of every development. If we desire to progress we must build upon these."

"And folk-tunes?" I suggested. "Folk-songs", he replied – and talked for ten minutes on his experiences in hearing them from the lips of the folk themselves. (And taken down in public-houses, and country taverns).

"But what about yourself, Peter Warlock, or Philip Heseltine?" I asked. He fired one word at me, like the report of a gun. "ETON."

His bitterness on this subject was in direct contrast to his enthusiasm for music. "I was put back," he continued, "into a class in which my mental juniors by years dominated, and I have never really recovered. Indeed, the iron entered into my soul, and *that* at fifteen years of age. The harm was that it broke the continuity of my development." "A scholastic sausage machine," was his opinion of this famous school, "where *individualism* is discouraged."

Colin Taylor (his music master) was the one bright spot, and he learnt much from him. "No photo of mine will ever grace those walls," he continued; then, with a smile of disparagement, he proceeded to cut himself to pieces by criticising his own works.

In effect, he said:-
"My songs? Pooh!"
"My instrumental works? Bah!"

I disagreed with him entirely, and said that the exquisite workmanship, and charming ideas which pervaded his muse, were almost unique.

"But people are so satisfied with things in England," he said, "there is no real criticism."

"People do exactly as they are told?" I suggested.
"Yes, and so will you," he added.

His book on Delius is already a standard work, and he writes brilliantly and with illumination.

"The English Ayre" (Oxford University Press) gives a full account of the Lutenist song writers, and explains in a very clear manner the style (with admirable extracts) of the music makers of the period.

In the press is a biography of Hector Berlioz, for whom he has warm admiration.

As a song writer, he is in the forefront of modern English composers. His characteristics are distinctly English, and suggest folk tunes. His harmonies are kaleidoscopic, colourful and constantly changing. His favourite source of words – the early English poets.

The first song of his that ever I saw, was "My Gostly Fader", which I read for Winthrop Rogers – in MS. It struck a new note (in 1918 or 1919) and he has continued to develop ever since.

Almost the whole of Warlock may be summed up in "Ha'nacker Mill" (Belloc); the opening line of melody has a real glorious curve.

He will probably hate me for saying that my favourite song is "Piggesnie". It is as fresh as the "Sweet Sweeting" herself, and exactly describes the poem.

But his best work is contained in a collection called "Lillygay". "The Distracted Maid", I have no hesitation in saying, is one of the finest songs in the English language, and "Rantum Tantum" (from the same set) is as near perfection as we shall get in this world.

"Sleep" and "Sweet and Twenty" are melodic, modern-Elizabethan "ayres", with the added personality of the modernist.

There are so many songs that a discussion of each is impossible. At the end of this article will be found a list, tabulated for reference.

His mystic element is to the fore in "Corpus Christi", an old English carol set for contralto and tenor soli, and chorus, also arranged for soprano and tenor with string quartet accompaniment. This is amazingly affecting, and is unique in its appeal. The stamp of genius is on every page of this really noble work.

"Noël", "Balulalow", "Tyrley-Tyrlow", are also examples in this style, and seem to wistfully contain the mysticism of the middle ages.

His songs in praise of ale are notorious, and with a singer like John Goss they are indeed thirst desiring works. Even a teetotaler would fall for these, I am sure. "Maltworms" and "Mr. Belloc's Fancy" would break up a total abstinence party.

"Candlelight", a cycle of nursery jingles is full of charm, but rather difficult for the subjects. The harmonies are *delicious*.

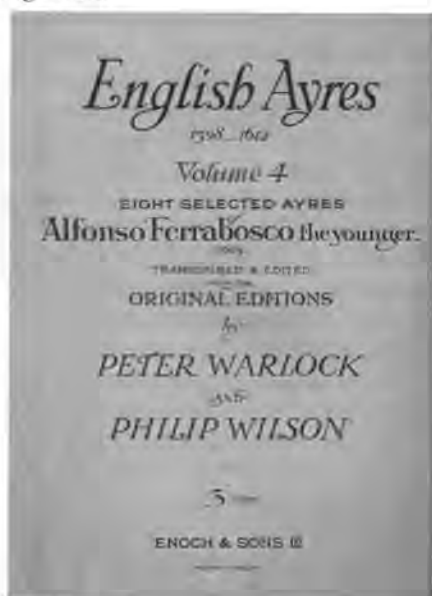
"Peterisms" (a very artful title) and "Saudades" represent his most modern outlook, and contain much that calls for thought; indeed, the difficulties of "Rutterkin" are tremendous, but there is real delight and satisfaction in mastering them, believe me.

But his most valued contribution to the world of music is his research work. He is the reincarnation of the Elizabethan period and the 17th century generally. He has revived a tremendous amount and is still engaged in bringing forth buried treasure. Long may he continue the good work.

The Purcell "Fantasias" for strings (1680); the "Lachrimae" (1605) of Dowland (21 pieces for strings); "Twelve Songs" by Thomas Whythorne. "Truly barbarous", is the epithet applied to these latter by Dr. Charles Burney and other noted pedants, even to the present day, and Warlock genially adds, "The present writer has, therefore, a very particular pleasure in offering the musical public these examples . . . with confidence that they will be immediately recognised as some of the most original and attractive specimens of English 16th century music that have come down to us."

His "Capriol" suite for strings is founded on old tunes from Arbeau's "Orchesographie" (1588). His original work for chamber orchestra, "An Old Song", has a country lilt throughout, and finally, there is his "Serenade" for strings. This work, dedicated "to Delius on his 60th birthday" is really lovely, and a graceful tribute to one of our greatest composers. It is artfully suggestive of Delius, and yet contains so much of Warlock that it must be counted as a completely original work. There is a record made by The National Gramophonic Society. I can guarantee joy and delight from a study and a hearing of this delightful exquisite, and a few things of recent years have given the writer so much pleasure.

I hope he may long continue to produce and revive such enchanting music.



The cover of English Ayres Volume 4 - lot 12 in the Warlock Auction (see page 17)

Daily Telegraph, 8 November, 1919, 6e

World of Music By Musicus

Peter Warlock & Others

In this column last week mention was made of one Peter Warlock, a composer, apropos of some things published by Winthrop Rogers. Here is a young man of whom, one imagines, much will be said in the days to come. At the age of 22 or thereabouts he starts like an apparition straight out of the seventeenth century with three little songs, written with such masterliness that some people have already suspected a pseudonym. But the name is his own, and the work is most evidently that of one with a personality above the average of his kind. In these his taste inclines towards the antique. Call it Wardour-street, if you like; call it fake. But it is Wardour-street at its best, and we all know that faking has been and honourable profession since the days of Nineveh and Babylon. From the Harleian MS. 7578 printed in "Early English Lyrics" by E.K. Chambers and F. Sidgwick he selects two songs of anonymous origin: "The Bayly berith the bell away" (an extract from a long poem) and "As ever I saw" – the one exquisitely poignant, the other as jubilant a thing as we have seen coming from a modern printer's for many a day. In each case the old spelling is given, though for the sake of present-day spelling is placed under the notes. This is curious to look at:

She is gentyll and also wysse,
Of all other she berith the price
That ever I saw.

To here hir syng, to se hir dance,
She wyll the best herself advance
That ever I saw.

To se hir fingers that be so small
In my consait she passeth all
That ever I saw.

Nature in hir hath wonderty wrought,
Crist never sych a nother bowght
That ever I saw.

But in Mr. Warlock's music it is expressed in terms of joyous wonder and rapture there can be no mistaking. The poem itself may be fifteenth, maybe fourteenth century – a century or two doesn't matter; the composer's idiom may be seventeenth, with a few tricks learned from the twentieth – that also doesn't matter. What really matters is that the song is a living thing, whatever its idiom, set out in a rhythm which is the essence of the poem itself. Not a syllable is disturbed; no false accents or climaxes are imposed anywhere, and if only for that reason the little composition may be commended to those who care for fine craftsmanship. In the third song, "My gostly fader", a setting of a poem of Charles d'Orleans written between 1415 and 1440, the same unerring skill is to be observed, and in catching the sly solemnity of the poem Mr. Peter Warlock shows himself to be possessed of that most precious sense – humour. May he go on from strength to strength! We want more music of this kind – lots of it.

Peter Warlock (Philip Heseltine)

Cecil Gray

**The Chesterian, New Series, No. 40,
June, 1924, 245-50.**

"In me," writes Herman Melville in his *Mardi*,¹ "many worthies recline and converse. I list to St. Paul who argues the doubts of Montaigne;² Julian the Apostate³ cross-questions Augustine;⁴ and Thomas à Kempis⁵ unrolls his old black letters for all to decipher. Zeno⁶ murmurs maxims beneath the hoarse shout of Democritus;⁷ and though Democritus laugh loud and long, and the sneer of Pyrrho⁸ be seen; yet, divine Plato,⁹ and Proclus,¹⁰ and Verulam¹¹ are of my counsel; and Zoroaster¹² whispered me before I was born."

Each of us is, in some degree, a similar, though possibly not quite so impressive, bundle of contradictions and inconsistencies. In dealing with them there are two courses we may adopt; either we may attempt to curb or suppress one or more aspects of our personalities, to the advantage of others; or we may simply accept them all without any attempt to reconcile them. Philip Heseltine has preferred the latter course, and it is no mere idle whim which prompted his adoption of a pseudonym to distinguish one particular side of his activities, but the tacit recognition of a fundamental quality in himself which he was unable, or unwilling, to harmonise into a unified personality. Philip Heseltine and Peter Warlock are as distinct from each other as William Sharp¹³ and Fiona Macleod; with this additional difference, that the one is not merely a critic and the other a composer; for the former has also written music, quite distinct in character from that of the latter, although, unfortunately, for reasons of convenience, he has found it desirable to give the latter credit for it. I say unfortunately, because it seems to me that a very valuable and necessary distinction has thereby been lost. There is little or nothing in common between the composer of the *Curlew* song-cycle, and the composer of the *Lillegay* songs, and any attempt to reconcile them is bound to end in bewilderment and confusion. Consequently I propose to treat them as if they were entirely different and separate personalities.

There is also, by the way, a third person sometimes mistakenly identified with both Philip Heseltine and Peter Warlock – an unregistered alien of presumably Greek origin called Prosdocius de Beldemandis. I regret to say that the impression of pedantic erudition and stately decorum which his sonorous name suggests is hardly borne out by his behaviour. He is actually an extremely disreputable person, his greatest talent consisting in the writing of ribald limericks about the most highly respected and respectable members of the musical profession. He also has written music; one recalls in particular a parody in the form of rag-time, based on themes from César Franck's most noble symphony in D minor – a sinister and sacrilegious production which has the effect of rendering it for ever impossible for anyone who has once heard it to listen to the original with due and becoming respect.

So different are Philip Heseltine and Peter Warlock from each other that I am not altogether sure that either of them cares overmuch for the other's work. I have even heard the former express distinct disapproval and even contempt for certain of the latter's compositions: such as the *Romance*, the *Dedication* and *There is a Lady Sweet and Kind*, *Piggessie* and the *Folk-song Preludes* for piano – an opinion in which I heartily concur, in each case. On the other hand, Peter Warlock no doubt regards Philip Heseltine as a somewhat supercilious and unnecessarily aggressive critic. But this opinion I do not share. Although it must be admitted that he occasionally displays a considerable ferocity – like the kangaroo, which, when roused, has been known sometimes to kill a dog by grasping it in its fore-paws and inflicting terrible wounds with the sharp claws of its powerful hind-legs, supporting itself meanwhile upon its tail – nevertheless, he is, like that animal, naturally of a gentle and inoffensive disposition.

As a composer, too, he resembles it in being essentially marsupial: i.e., his works are not born complete and perfect in form, but spend a long post-natal period in a pouch, during which time they are frequently rewritten and altered. Peter Warlock, on the contrary, writes quickly and easily; he is, moreover, as prolific as the proverbial rabbit which breeds from four to eight times a year, bringing forth each time from three to eight young, while Heseltine has written comparatively little, although he began writing some time before his colleague. This contrast between the ease and assurance of the one, and the critical doubts and creativity of the other, is very curious and difficult to account for.

In Heseltine's early songs the interest was almost entirely harmonic, for they consisted for the most part in successions of chords in which there were never less than five or six constituent notes, through which a mournful and sluggish voice part drifted, like the waning moon through a thick bank of clouds. It was, indeed, very moony stuff altogether – sour, clotted dream music – Delius being the obvious influence. These songs remain unpublished. Then towards 1916 he came into contact with Bernard van Dieren, a composer who was destined to exercise a strong and wholly salutary influence upon him. The position of van Dieren is curious and possibly unique in music to-day; for while his music, with the exception of a solitary set of piano pieces, remains unpublished and for the most part unperformed, it has, nevertheless, had a strong influence on many young composers of the present time, and even on men of an older generation, such as Busoni. It is consequently inevitable that when his work is at last published he will be gravely reproached for plagiarising his disciples and followers, some of whom are even below the age of consent. Heseltine, however, has never attempted to conceal his great debt, as others have, but has, on the contrary, always proclaimed it. The dedication of the first of the *Saudades* to van Dieren is sufficient evidence of this.

From van Dieren Heseltine learnt to purify and organise his harmonic texture by means of contrapuntal discipline: and in the *Curlew* song-cycle and the *Saudades* the thick, muddy blocks of chords which characterise the early works give place to clean and vigorous part-writing. The influence of Delius correspondingly diminishes, although it never entirely disappears: in so far as it remains, it is more an influence of the spirit than of the letter.

The *Curlew*, written for voice with flute, cor anglais, and string quartet, is based upon four poems of Yeats. It is pleasant to note that, despite the severe handicap of two bad performances, its merits were sufficiently in evidence for it to gain for it the honour of being selected for publication under the auspices of the Carnegie Trust. It must be admitted that it is not a work that stands the least chance of achieving any kind of popularity; the atmosphere throughout is one of profound and impenetrable gloom, broken only by one solitary ray of sunshine in the third number, at the words, "I know of the sleepy country," etc. Those Panglosses¹⁴ for whom everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, and who are continually exhorting British composers to be "light, bright, and amusing, because it is their nature as British to be so," will doubtless fail to discover the *raison d'être* of such a work. But those for whom music, like any other art, should express the whole, and not merely one part of life, are not likely to be impressed by the argument which would set up the achievement of Arthur Sullivan¹⁵ as the unsurpassable model towards which all English musicians should aspire. Why should it be only the musicians who are expected to be perpetually in good spirits? If it is our nature as British to be light, bright, and amusing, why are Gilbert's Bab Ballads¹⁶ not held up as the poetic ideal of our race, instead of the frequently gloomy and morbid productions of a Milton or a Shelley?

The word *Saudades*, we are told, in a note on the title-page of the songs thus designated, expresses "The haunting sense of sadness and regret for the days gone by – a word that has no equivalent in the English language"; consequently the prevailing mood is here also one of melancholy, although hardly of the tragedy and despair which characterises the *Curlew* cycle. The first is based on a poem translated from the Chinese of Li-Po by L. Cranmer Byng; the second on the well-known lyric from "Measure for Measure" – *Take, O take those lips away*, – of which Peter Warlock has also given us a version, manifestly inferior; the third is a setting of the equally familiar English rendering of the poem of Callimachus by William Cory, *They told me, Heracleitus, they told me you were dead*. Although they are all admirably written for the voice they are by no means easy to sing, largely on account of the freedom and independence of the piano part. Nevertheless, they well deserve to have some trouble taken over them, for they are beyond doubt one of the most important contributions to English song of the present time. A setting of John Webster's exquisite dirge "All the flowers of the spring," for unaccompanied chorus is a work which I personally care less for. The "stuff" of the music is interesting, but it must be so difficult to sing that a performance of it will always be something of a tight-rope feat even for the best of choirs. One can almost imagine some of its more trying moments being accompanied by a roll on the side-drum, like similar feats in the music-hall.

Philip Heseltine is essentially cosmopolitan and eclectic in tendency, despite certain leanings to Celticism. Peter Warlock, on the other hand, is wholly English in spirit – with the exception of Vaughan Williams he is probably the most completely English personality in modern music. Again, the former is profoundly influenced by the example of certain modern composers, while the inspiration of the

latter is rather to be found in English folk-song and in the work of the great Elizabethans, particularly the lutenist song-writers, of whose works he has made an admirable edition with Philip Wilson. Heseltine obviously finds considerable difficulty in expressing himself, and has taken some time to develop; Warlock seems to have found himself at once, and writes with great ease and assurance. In their intellectual outlook and emotional scope too, they are strikingly different; the former being as mournful and grisly as the latter is, as a general rule, light-hearted and irresponsible, and not at his best in expressing what are called the "deeper emotions." *The Dedication* to which I have already alluded is sheer slop of the worst kind. On the other hand, Warlock possesses a vein of gentle and wistful melancholy in which he is particularly successful – see for example the second of the first set of *Peterisms*, a setting of Aspatia's song from "The Maid's Tragedy" by John Fletcher, and the choral work *Corpus Christi*, acknowledged by almost unanimous consent to be one of the best works of its kind in modern English music. Indeed, it would be difficult to think of one, which could be placed beside it.

The set of four songs called *Lilhyggy* is probably the best of his volume of songs, taken as a whole, as well as being the most authentically English in spirit. The composer has been particularly successful in his employment of the old Elizabethan variation form, in which the theme remains practically unchanged, while every possible harmonic and decorative resource is expended on it. It is in his admirable harmonic sense that Warlock's greatest strength lies. Although always essentially a development and extension of the Elizabethan tradition, it is at the same time often extremely daring and original. This in itself is characteristically English; for were not the Elizabethans the most daring and original harmonists of their time, and Dunstable and the anonymous composer of "Sumer is icumen in," of their respective times? Of all living composers is it not Delius who possesses the richest and most varied harmonic palette? It would not, I think, be going too far to say that no country has contributed so much, at so many different periods to the enrichment and development of harmonic resource, as England.

In conclusion one might say that, while Peter Warlock's actual achievement is at once more considerable and more completely satisfying than that of Philip Heseltine, the latter is the more ambitious of the two, and the one from whom, in all probability, more is to be expected in the future. He has not yet entirely found himself.

¹ Herman Melville, *Mardi and a Voyage Thither* (1849), an allegorical romance with philosophical meditations.

² *Jeu Bon Seur-Àtis* (Michel Eyquem de Montaigne, 1533-1592), one of the most influential writers of the French Renaissance, best known for popularizing the essay as a literary genre.

³ Flavius Claudius Julianus (331-363), the last pagan Roman Emperor. He tried to promote the Roman religious traditions of earlier centuries as a means of slowing the spread of Christianity. Christian sources commonly refer to him as Julian the Apostate because of his rejection of Christianity.

⁴ Aurelius Augustinus, Augustine of Hippo, or Saint Augustine, (354-430), one of the most important figures in the development of Western Christianity and considered to

be one of the church fathers. He framed the concepts of original sin and just war.

⁵ Thomas à Kempis (ca. 1380-1471), Catholic monk and author of *Imitation of Christ*, one of the best known Christian books on devotion.

⁶ Zeno of Elea (ca.490 BC–ca.430 BC), Greek a pre-Socratic philosopher. Called by Aristotle the inventor of the dialectic, he is best known for his paradoxes.

⁷ Democritus (ca.460 BC–ca.370 BC), Greek philosopher. He was a co-originator of the belief that all matter is made up of various imperishable, indivisible elements which he called *atoma* (indivisible units), from which we get the word atom.

⁸ Pyrrho (ca. 360 BC–ca. 270 BC), Greek philosopher credited as bring the first skeptic philosopher and inspiration for the school known as Pyrrhonism.

⁹ Plato (428/427 BC–348/347 BC) ancient Greek philosopher, mathematician, writer of philosophical dialogues and founder of the Academy in Athens, the first institution of higher learning in the western world.

¹⁰ Proclus Lycaeus (412-485), Greek Neoplatonist philosopher, one of the last major Greek philosophers. He set forth one of the most elaborate, complex and fully developed Neoplatonic systems. He stands near the end of the pagan Greek development of philosophy and was extremely influential on later Christian and Islamic thought.

¹¹ Francis Bacon (1561-1626), English philosopher, statesman and essayist. Knighted in 1603, created Baron Verulam in 1618, he has also been credited as the creator of the English essay

¹² Zoroaster (Zarathustra) was an ancient Iranian prophet and religious poet, the hymns attributed to him being the scriptural basis of Zoroastrianism.

¹³ William Sharp ('Fiona Macleod') 1855-1905, Scottish poet, novelist and essayist. He is chiefly remembered for his mystic Celtic tales and romances of peasant life by 'Fiona Macleod' written in the style of the 'Celtic twilight' movement. Sharp successfully concealed the identity of 'Fiona Macleod' (including writing a bogus entry in *Who's Who*) until his death.

¹⁴ Pangloss, a character in Voltaire's *Candide*, a teacher of 'metaphysico-theologico-cosmologonology' who theorised that the world in which we live is the best of all possible worlds.

¹⁵ Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900), English composer, notably of the 'Savoy operas' in collaboration with W.S. Gilbert.

¹⁶ W(illiam) S(chwenck) Gilbert (1836-1911), poet, playwright and librettist, notably of the 'Savoy operas' in collaboration with Arthur Sullivan. In 1861 he began contributing regular columns of comic verse, with his own illustrations, to the magazine *Fun*. This was the beginning of the *Bab Ballads* (collected under this title in 1869).

The Times, 24 February, 1931.

MUSIC OF PETER WARLOCK

A Memorial Concert

It is generally agreed that the late Philip Heseltine (Peter

Warlock) was a divided personality. The fact that he wrote music under one name and criticisms under another is significant. As a musician his interests were divided between Elizabethan and modern modes of thought – though occasionally, as in the song "Consider", he writes as one free from any special predisposing tendencies. His friends have said of him that as a man he was an Elizabethan born out of his time. These diverse strains in his character were not necessarily at war with one another always, yet one could not help feeling at the end of the concert of his works given at Wigmore Hall last night in his memory that internal conflict had impaired his creativity. The sum total seemed less than the one or two small but perfect things contained in it; the part was greater than the whole.

Warlock was primarily a song writer, though probably the best things he did were his Christmas carols. (Again, it is significant that the season which inspired his most spontaneous music made him personally miserable). The exquisite "Balulalow" for voices and strings is perfect, and it was a pity perhaps that Mr. Kennedy Scott's Oriana Singers did not sing more than the three carols assigned to them. But a generous selection of his songs showed all the curiously opposite traits of his talent. The impishness that made him call himself Warlock was responsible for the playful Peterisms – "Chopcherry" and "Roister Doister"; his acute sensibility to the beauty of medieval words (the inspiration of his carols) gave us "My Gostly Fader" and "On Bethlehem Down" (which was a posthumous first performance); his Elizabethan temperament produced in the Elizabethan style suitably modified "The Bayley berith the bell away" and "Sweet and Twenty". His use of dissonance for sweetness rather than asperity in the beautiful "A Sad Song" proclaimed him a modern, though not of the perverse type – Warlock's naughtiness came out in his choice of words rather than cacophonous settings of them. All these are good in different ways. But the "Curlew" cycle, at any rate as sung last night, and "Heraclitus" are failures. Yeats's poems of Celtic frustration were the last that one of Warlock's mentality should have attempted to set, though there were moments of beauty prompted by the imagery of Nature.

A small orchestra under Mr. Constant Lambert's able direction played the three pieces – "Serenade" and "An Old Song" (both of them bearing their tribute to Delius on the surface) and the Capriol Suite, the happiest of all the works he wrote, in which the mood is not so strained as in the boisterous songs. It also played as a tribute to his valuable editorial work on the early English classics a suite of Dowland's viol music transcribed by him for modern strings, which deserves more frequent hearing.

Mr. Arnold Bax played all the piano accompaniments - the crisp ones were delightful to hear, if somewhat tyrannic to the singers. Miss Megan Foster sang in her finished style five of the best songs. Neither Mr. Dale Smith nor Mr. John Armstrong had sufficient tone to do justice to songs that call not for neutral but for sympathetic colouring. It was a pity that Mr. John Goss was in America and unable to sing at this notable concert, for he has exceptional sympathy with the two extremes of Warlock's musical temperament – the roistering Elizabethan and the fastidious delicacy of feeling of the lullabies and the sacred songs.

The Times, 6 December, 1931.

PETER WARLOCK

Second Memorial Concert

A second concert was given at Wigmore Hall last night by Mr. John Goss and other artists to commemorate the late Peter Warlock's work. The programme was designed to be something more than a bouquet of his compositions. It was a compendium of his musical tastes, since it included a great deal of the old music on which he set his mark as editor and arranger. Mr. John Goss began with a group of the old English "Ayres" which Warlock edited with Philip Wilson; the International String Quartet played fantasies of Locke and Purcell; the Tudor Singers sang madrigals by Gesualdo, on whom Warlock had published a valuable critical study, and some specimens by the minor English composers of the same period in whom Warlock was more specially interested. Miss Dorothy Silk sang some still older English songs, exquisite things for which Warlock had devised string accompaniments.

All this would have made a thoroughly charming scheme if the performance of the Tudor Singers had been up to the level of the soloists and the string players. Gesualdo appealed to Warlock's love of the recondite in art. Not all musicians place his wayward expressiveness as high as did his biographer, but if we are to appreciate it at all singers must learn to sing it in tune, and that the Tudor Singers have not yet achieved. The second part of this programme consisted largely of Warlock's own songs, with accompaniments for strings, with occasional woodwind. He had a delicate lyrical sense, and some of these things are lovely, while every one has some distinctive character. The influence of the old English "ayre" is felt in "My lady is a pretty one" and "Chopcherry", while "The Fox" gains a touch of eeriness from the haunting theme on the wind instruments. Of modern influence that of Delius was strongest, and Warlock's harmony is often coloured by Delius's example. The "Five Folk Song Preludes", piano pieces played by Miss Frida Kindler, could hardly have been written without that model. The programme, a long one, seemed to cover the whole ground of Warlock's eclectic amateurism.

**Sunday Referee 13 December,
1931**

C[onstant]. L[ambert].

... [The] mood of richly-coloured melancholy is the dominant mood of English music and is the principal feature in common between Delius and Warlock. Warlock's debt to Delius is often exaggerated; he derives from him in many ways, but it is a great mistake to consider him only as a disciple

Delius played a great part in his musical development, but no more than the Elizabethans or Van Dieren, to name only two widely differing influences. Warlock was one of those intensely individual composers who could afford to be influenced, and was never afraid to acknowledge his

influences. His exquisite Serenade for strings pays homage to Delius, his finely wrought Saudades acknowledges his debt to Van Dieren, while his love of the Elizabethans was shown not only by his own songs, but by the industry and unflinching scholarship which he applied to the transcription of old music

Uniformity of Style

But whatever his influence, his work is remarkably uniform in style, and through it all we feel his intensely individual personality, a personality in which a robust good humour and a rare sensibility, a fearless inquiring intellect and a painstaking and reverent scholarship are combined in a way which is sufficiently uncommon to justify the phrase "an Elizabethan born out of his time."

Warlock was a miniaturist and knew it. He wisely refrained from attempting work on a symphonic scale. His work, though, lost nothing in importance through being cast in a small mould. One could give many a long choral work for such a small masterpiece as the "Corpus Christi".

A Double Melancholy

At the second Peter Warlock Memorial Concert it was by his transcriptions that he was mainly represented. There was a double melancholy about this concert. The melancholy at the loss of so rare and gifted an artist and the melancholy that so fine a programme should meet with such poor response. Contrasting the sparse and chilly gathering with the packed audience at the first Memorial Concert, it was impossible not to feel that the earlier audience had been attracted more by the sensation of his tragic death than by the worth of his music.

Warlock's Striking Discoveries

Although most of his transcriptions were of Elizabethan music, his two most striking discoveries were the madrigals of Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, and the string quintets of Purcell. These were magnificently represented by the "Deh come invan sospiro" and the Ninth String Fantasia, admirably performed by the Tudor Singers and the International String Quartet. That Gesualdo was not alone in his daring experiments was shown by the remarkable "Construe My Meaning" of Giles Farnaby. Warlock's transcriptions were better represented at this concert than his own work. In spite of their fine performance by Frida Kindler, I could have spared the Folk-Song Preludes (which are frankly pot-boilers) in favour of another group of songs with string quartet.

Warlock's Last Song

The most striking of these was "The Fox", his last song, a grim little work in which the composer returns to the mood of his earliest pieces, though with an added sureness. John Goss sang this with the intimate understanding of Warlock's work that he always showed. It was good to hear again "I Saw My Lady Weep", by Dowland, a perfect setting of a poem which seems to sum up the mood of so much of Warlock's own music. "Sorrow was there made fair, And passion wise, tears a delightful thing."

The Sound of Silence: Sussex

"The silence of Shipley," murmured my hostess; and I nodded while we listened to it.

Watered by the River Adur, Shipley is a small village under the lee of the Downs. It has no shopping centre, no railway station, and only one or two lanes leading with devious reluctance to traffic out of hearing and therefore out of mind. The parish church contains several memorials to the Burrells, a family of ironmasters, who became and have remained the principal people in the district. Their present seat, Knepp Castle, was built in 1904; the ruins of the mediaeval Knepp Castle stand on a mound near West Grinstead.

Of the few strangers who ever do visit Shipley, some are pilgrims to King's Land, once the home of Hilaire Belloc, a quirky man, fond of ale and incense and Sussex. Not long ago, while driving between Billingshurst and Ebernoe, on a road very familiar to me, I noticed a signpost to Shipley, which recalled Belloc's maxim: "Physical contact with a man's habitat is essential to his history." In other words, Shipley is a necessary guide to Belloc himself, even as Grasmere is a necessary guide to Wordsworth, and Clyro to Kilvert, and Helpston to Clare. I therefore followed the signpost, feeling guilty because, although I had read several of Belloc's books, I had never visited the house which for many years was his anchorage and slipway.

The lane to Shipley twisted narrowly among relics of a weald or woodland which anciently covered large areas of Sussex, but was thinned by Saxon farmers and thereafter razed by generations of ironmasters seeking fuel for their furnaces. The houses *en route* were so few that I needed to look for them. It was farming country, chiefly cattle and sheep. After much meandering I came at last to a handsome eighteenth-century residence whose name narrated its history: The Old Rectory. Still uncertain whether I had reached Shipley, I continued for a few hundred yards and then halted, uncertain no longer, because I sighted a windmill and a red-brick house, the undoubted home of Belloc.

Jean-Hilaire René Belloc was born in 1870 at the village of Celle St Cloud near Paris. Two years later, when his father died, the widow, an English heiress with a house in Westminster, returned to her native land, where young Belloc attended the Oratory School, Cardinal Newman's foundation for the Roman Catholic gentry. The pupil was eternally grateful for this classical education, partly as a discipline and partly as a key to the literatures and philosophies which subsume European culture. "As for the Classics," he wrote, "all my generation ought to thank God that they were well whipped into them – for Latin and Greek are *tasks* for boys and it is as tasks and discipline that they take root. Then in later life they bear a glorious fruit."

Meantime, I walked toward King's Land, wondering who lived there; and then, as I drew nearer, wondering whether anyone lived there at all, for the house looked lonely, like the one in de la Mare's poem:

*Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller . . .
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
And a bird flew out of a turret . . .*

Unlike the Traveller, I did *not* ask if anybody was there. Instead, I peered through a window, a very wide window, which, as I knew, had been installed when part of the house became the village shop. Through the window I saw a low-ceilinged room, lined with books. I saw a table and some chairs, likewise bearing books; a dusty hearth, crowned with a crucifix and other emblems; several candles in brass holders; shadows and solitude and silence. Two explanations sprang to mind: either the room had been left unoccupied since Belloc's death, or it had been preserved in the state in which he last saw it, like the replica of Hardy's study at Dorchester.

Now to be caught prying is at all times disconcerting, but to be caught with one's nose pressed against the window of a stranger's house is more than disconcerting – it is, or ought to be, shaming. So there I stood, caught red-faced by the frail old lady who suddenly emerged from a corner of the shadowy room, wearing a timeless hat and a long topcoat, for it was October, and no fire burned.

"What do you want?" the old lady demanded, opening the front door.

I moved from the window, saying: "I believe Hilaire Belloc used to live here. I have come. . ."

"They *all* come," replied the old lady, with a weariness that was sad but not unfriendly. Perhaps, I thought, Belloc's successors at King's Land shared his own noblesse. When the old lady turned away, I assumed that the interview was over; but from the depths of the room she exclaimed: "Please don't just stand there." So, the door being still open, I entered, and was about to ask whether the lady had ever met Belloc, when she introduced herself as one of his children, Mrs Eleanor Jebb, a widow. My astonishment was so great that I made no reply, which seemed to please Mrs Jebb, who sat down, murmuring: "The silence of Shipley."

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Shipley Mill - venue for the 2008 AGM

Warlock Auction

With Part 9 in the last Newsletter, the Grand Warlock Auction came to an end. The lots auctioned in this came from a cache of material belonging to the late E Arnold Dowbiggin and this had been donated by his daughter to the Society with fund raising in mind. It is very pleasing to record a total of about £1900 has been raised for the Society's coffers since the auctioning began in 2003.

In view of its success, a while back I expressed a hope to continue the auction in some shape or form, depending on whether I received any suitable items. Luckily I have since received some more material, and accordingly there will be at least two more installments of Warlock items on offer to those who are interested. The lots involved have come from a mixture of two sources, the first of these being our Chairman Emeritus, Fred Tomlinson. As will be recalled, fairly recently Fred donated the bulk of his Warlock archive to Harrow School. Fortunately for us there were quite a few items that were deemed surplus to requirements at Harrow, and I was very grateful to receive these from Fred for auctioning purposes.

The other source of material was the late John Bishop; the items here have arrived by a somewhat circuitous route, and I would express the Society's thanks to Betty Roe (John's widow) for donating them.

I propose to conduct the auction as before and the same rules apply as previously. (I won't repeat these here: anyone not having access to *Newsletter 73* should contact 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

All bids should be sent to me, either by e-mail or letter (not 'phone or fax), and must be received by midday on **30th June 2008**. Any questions about all aspects of the auction should be directed to me, i.e., not to the *Newsletter* Editor.

Abbreviations

PW = Peter Warlock

FT = Fred Tomlinson

MB = minimum bid

Lot List

Lot 1 *The Crying Curlew* - Prof. Ian Parrott's 1994 Centenary book (116 pages) on Warlock's Family & Influences. G **MB £5**

Lot 2 *Thomas Whythorne - An Unknown Elizabethan Composer* by PW (OUP 1925). An eleven page booklet and something of a rarity. A re-auction of an item offered earlier (originally belonging to Arnold Dowbiggin, and rubber stamped with his name). G **MB £4**

Lot 3 'Milkmaids' - the PW song arranged anonymously (Is anyone going to own up?) for solo piano. Three copies on offer. G **MB £1**

Lot 4 *Serenade for Frederick Delius* - arranged for piano duet by FT (Thames Publishing 1978). VG **MB £3**

Lot 5 'Tom Tyler' (Augener 1929) Originally the property of the Society's first Chairman, Gerald Cockshott (signed and dated by him on 13/7/1939), but also signed by FT. F **MB £2**

Lot 6 'The contented lover' (Augener 1929) Also once the property of Gerald Cockshott (signed and dated by him on 7/2/1940), but has since been embossed with FT's library stamp. F **MB £2**

Lot 7 'Mr. Belloc's fancy' (high voice, revised version, Augener 1930). Again, once belonging to Gerald Cockshott (signed and dated by him on 2/6/1944). F **MB £2**

Lot 8 'The countryman' - or to be exact, 'Le laboureur!' This is from a Boosey & Hawkes series entitled *Melodies Anglaises*, and has the lyrics in both English and French. The cover is in an attractive pink livery, and the song is in the original key of A flat. Signed by FT. G **MB £3**

Lot 9 'In an arbour green' (Paterson 1925) - in a blue card cover. The music is embossed with FT's library stamp. F **MB £2**

Lot 10 *Peterisms Set 1* - this is a later edition from J & W Chester Ltd. VG **MB £2**

Lot 11 *8 Songs by Peter Warlock* (Thames Publishing 1972). FT's copy with a bound-on blue card folder. A few markings in the music by FT (such as "Ian sings this up a tone" - presumably Ian Partridge!). VG **MB £5**

Lot 12 *English Ayres Volume 4 - Eight Selected Ayres by Alfonso Ferrabosco the Younger* - transcribed and edited by PW and Philip Wilson (Enoch & Sons 1925). 14 pages including a lengthy scholarly preface (presumably by PW). VG **MB £7**

Lot 13 'Stay, cruel, stay' by John Danyel, transcribed and edited by PW and Philip Wilson (OUP 1927). F **MB £2**

Lot 14 *Three, four and five part Fantasias for Strings* by Henry Purcell, transcribed by PW and edited by André Mangeot (Curwen 1927). 47 pages, and containing a lengthy 4½ page Historical Preface by PW. Although the condition of the music is F/G, there is a small amount of damage to the cover and first few pages; the spine has been reinforced. **MB £4**

Unlike the preceding music items (in solo song format), the following lots are in the small choral music format.

Lot 15 *Choral Music of Peter Warlock, Volume 1* (Thames 1990). Songs with piano and optional unison or two part chorus. Contains: 'Good ale', 'Peter Warlock's fancy', 'Twelve oxen', 'The toper's song', 'One more river', 'Maltworms', 'The cricketers of Hambledon', 'Fill the cup, Philip' and 'Jillian of Berry'. Embossed with FT's library stamp. VG **MB £3**

Lot 16 *Choral Music of Peter Warlock, Volume 2* (Thames 1982). Sociable part-songs for male voices and piano. Contains: 'Captain Stratton's fancy', 'Piggesnie', 'One more river', and 'The lady's birthday'. Marked 'FT' on the cover. VG **MB £3**

Lot 17 *Choral Music of Peter Warlock, Volume 4* (Thames 1994). Carols for SATB. Contains: 'As dew in Aprylle', 'Benedicamus Domino', 'Bethlehem Down', 'A Cornish carol', and 'I saw a fair maiden'. VG **MB £4**

Lot 18 *Choral Music of Peter Warlock, Volume 5* (Thames 1994). Carols for SATB. Contains: *Three Belloc Songs*, 'The birds', 'The rich cavalcade', and 'The spring of the year'. VG **MB £3**

Lot 19 *Candlelight* - the Thames edition of 1973, embossed with FT's library stamp. VG **MB £3**

Lot 20 *Three Carols* (OUP 1923) - bound into a blue card cover, and signed by FT. FT has also indicated the orchestration at the start of each of the three carols. G **MB £2**

Lot 21 'Queen Anne' - unison song (OUP 1970) G **MB £1**

Lot 22 'Rest, sweet nymphs' - unison song (OUP 1920) VG **MB £1**

Lot 23 *Two SATB arrangements of 'Pied's en l'air' from 'Capriol'*, one to words by FT ['Hush, my child'] and the other with words by John Bishop ['Welcome the Spring']. (Thames 1994) VG **MB £1**

Lot 24 *Two Carols for SATB unaccompanied* ['The rich cavalcade' and 'A Cornish carol'] (Thames 1973) Bound with a blue card cover and signed by FT. VG **MB £2**

Lot 25 *Thirteen Songs by Peter Warlock* (Galliard 1970). The album with the glossy purple cover, and in this case bound in an extra outer blue card cover. Signed by FT and with some pencil annotations. G **MB £4**

John Mitchell

Poems set by Peter Warlock, edited by Michael Pilkington (published by the Peter Warlock Society)

This 95-page booklet is primarily intended to accompany the 3 CDs of the historic Warlockathon presented by the Royal Academy of Music Club in 2005 under the direction of Geoffrey Pratley. This neat pocket-size Warlock song-companion contains the words of all the 123 songs he composed for voice and piano, arranged in what is believed to be the chronological order. Without any doubt it is an essential accompaniment to the CDs since the numbering of the songs corresponds to that of the discs and tracks of the recording and makes for easy location of any given song when listening to the CDs.

But it is more than just this: as a source reference it is invaluable since it has as a bonus Michael Pilkington's careful, scholarly editing. The poems have been fully researched and acknowledgements duly noted. Archaic and unusual words are explained and poems are given in their entirety where Warlock chose not to set all the stanzas. It would, however, have been even more useful if there could have been the added luxury of an accompanying index at the end of the booklet.

Barry Smith

CD Review: James Gilchrist: On Wenlock Edge

Linn Records 691062029629

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

James Gilchrist (tenor), Fitzwilliam String Quartet, Anna Tilbrook (piano), Michael Cox (flute), Gareth Hulse (cor anglais)

Ralph Vaughan Williams: *On Wenlock Edge*

Peter Warlock: *The Curlew*

Arthur Bliss: *Elegiac Sonnet*

Ivor Gurney: *Ludlow & Teme*

When I joined the Peter Warlock Society in 1974, no recordings of *The Curlew* appeared to be available and it was several years before I heard the work I had read about. Today, thankfully, this is no longer the case and a quick internet search reveals a selection of recordings by different singers, combined with a variety of other works. This latest, by James Gilchrist, includes *The Curlew* in a disc which also contains settings of Housman by Vaughan Williams and Gurney, and the *Elegiac Sonnet* of Bliss. This combination of the sombre and the wistful provide suitable companion pieces to *The Curlew*.

On Wenlock Edge is familiar, but Gurney's settings of different *Shropshire Lad* songs for the same piano quintet accompaniment are less so, and it is good to hear the two works together. The *Elegiac Sonnet* deserves to be better known; here its melancholy piano introduction is a good choice to follow the closing bars of *The Curlew*, rather than the some-

what incongruous effect that sometimes comes from trying to lift the mood with some light-hearted Warlock songs.

The edgy cor anglais and the sweet-toned violin set the mood for *The Curlew*, from the tremulous introduction onwards, and James Gilchrist's light tenor voice, well suited to this work, engages from his first words. With impeccable articulation he effortlessly manages the shifts in mood from urgent and reproachful, soft and wistful, calm and descriptive, through to the impassioned resignation of the final lines. The spoken lines are delivered in a gruff near-whisper that conveys just the right emotion. The expressive playing of the Fitzwilliams and friends complements Gilchrist's singing, and some of the instrumental passages are taken quite slowly, giving the music room to breathe. The vocal and instrumental balance is good, and the acoustic is warm. I particularly like the options for buying this recording: you can get it as a regular CD; or download it from the Linn website, where the useful sleeve notes are available and you have the choice to download some or all of the tracks, in five different formats, priced according to quality. Surprisingly though, *The Curlew* forms one long track, rather than the usual separate movements.

A decidedly sombre CD to suit those of us who like that sort of thing.

Claire Salmon

Christ's Nativity: The Warlock Singers

St Mary's Westerham, Wednesday 12
December 2007

On a cold, dark night just before Christmas, an intrepid band of Warlockians found their way to Westerham and, after a pleasant dinner in a local restaurant, filed down to St Mary's Church to listen to the Warlock Singers' Christmas concert.

This was a cleverly chosen mixture of old and new Christmas music by English and Welsh composers, for choir and audience, with plenty of Warlock as well as familiar and less familiar carols by Byrd, Ravenscroft, Parry, Howells, Walton, Cooke, Gardner and Aston, and the centrepiece of the concert, *Ave Rex* by Mathias. The choir expertly performed this tricky work. Groups of choir songs were interspersed with well-known carols for the audience to sing, competing in volume with the organ. The Warlock songs featured were 'The First Mercy', 'I Saw a Fair Maiden', 'Carillon, Carilla' and 'Benedicamus Domino' but, knowing their audience, the Singers had also prepared 'Bethlehem Down' as their encore and this was as good a version as I have heard.

The Warlock Singers are a most accomplished choir who seem to be able to sing whatever they put their minds to, whether as a full choir, soloists or small groups. Christmas concerts can become hackneyed when the same songs are heard every year, but this one was most enjoyable and introduced me to some previously unheard pieces as well as featuring some old favourites. I look forward to the next Warlock Singers concert.

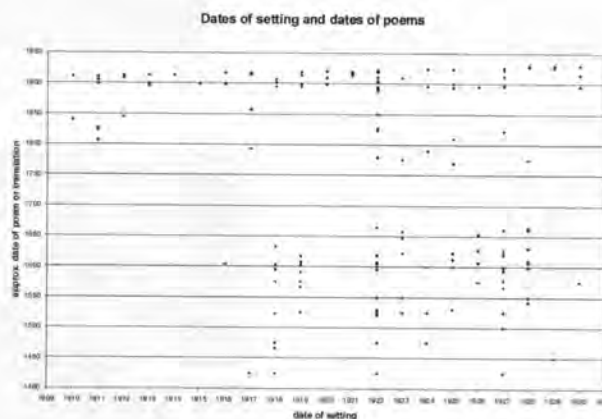
Claire Salmon

Handbook News

Coming soon: Volume 1 of the Peter Warlock Handbook. Fred Tomlinson's compilation of 1974, updated and newly edited by Michael Pilkington. As typist to the project, I was staggered to see the amount of meticulous work that Fred undertook originally, and Michael (and others) over the last year or so, to bring the information to a coherent form.

Those who own the original volume will recall the Historical Poetic Chart, a two-page division between 'old' and 'new' poetry to prove that Warlock set as much modern as historical verse. In these days of computer-generated diagrams, there were several ways in which the original chart might be abbreviated to half a page, to demonstrate Fred's point at a glance. One such transmitted more information than was relevant, but seemed of sufficient interest to submit to the Newsletter in its own right: a graph showing the dates of poems set, year by year of Warlock's compositional life. Inter alia, it was intriguing to note the stream of near-contemporary poetry that caught his eye, compared to the more erratic scatter of older verse.

Jennifer Bastable



Gŵyl Gregynog Festival 2008

PWS members who attended the Centenary Conference in 1994 will remember Gregynog, the magnificent mock-Tudor mansion which stands in 750 acres of landscaped grounds five miles north of Newtown in mid Wales. While the Hall was owned by the sisters Gwendoline and Margaret Davies between 1920 and 1963, they assembled an outstanding art collection which is now displayed at National Museum Wales, Cardiff. They also converted a Billiard Room into an intimate Music Room with a fine acoustic, formed a Choir of estate workers and local villagers which Henry Walford Davies and Adrian Boult conducted, and founded the Gregynog Festivals of Music and Poetry to showcase their performances. Other notable musical visitors to Gregynog have included Edward Elgar, Gustav and Imogen Holst, Ralph Vaughan Williams, William Mathias, Arthur Bliss, Edmund Rubbra and Benjamin Britten.

Received opinion has long regarded Peter Warlock as *persona non grata* at Gregynog, although Gerald Edwards, a member of the original Choir, claimed once to have surprised the composer hidden in the famous rhododendron bushes! Whether Warlock ever set foot inside the Hall itself remains a matter for debate, but his compositions have certainly long been popular in the Music Room. Several first editions of the Winthrop Rogers songs survive in Margaret Davies' sheet music collection and *After two years*, *The fox* and *The spring o' the year* were performed in a Gregynog concert as early as 1932. Edith and Walter Buckley-Jones are also known to have attended the Fourth Festival to hear a performance of the string orchestral version of *Capriol* in 1936, and so it seems only fitting that a selection of the scores which Warlock completed at Cefn-Bryntalch - the *Serenade* intended as a sixtieth birthday present for Frederick Delius, *The curlew* and some of the songs with string quartet accompaniment - should be included in this year's celebrations to mark the 75th anniversary of the founding of the Festival in 1933.

Beyond an opportunity to hear these works individually - with most, if not all, receiving their first public performances in the county in which they were composed - the wider Festival will create a context in which to evaluate Warlock against his contemporaries. Gregynog is less than ten miles across country from Cefn-Bryntalch and uniquely, this year's programming will highlight the fact that a succession of composers known personally to Warlock all visited or lived in Montgomeryshire during the same broad period as his own most productive years at Abermule (1921-24): Balfour Gardiner (1918-19), Bartók (1922), Elgar (1924), Holst (1931 and 1933) and Vaughan Williams (1932).

Holst and Vaughan Williams were invited by the Misses Davies to produce original compositions for the Gregynog Choir, and Walford Davies, the Festival's first Artistic Director, completed a wide range of scores for the Hall in many media. Again, the 2008 programme foregrounds a comprehensive cross-section of this repertoire with many compositions receiving their world première and first modern performances. In keeping with the practice of the past, the Festival has also commissioned the leading Welsh contemporary composer Hilary Tann and poet Menna Elfyn to create new work this year.

Festival artists include the tenor Andrew Kennedy who returns to Montgomeryshire to give his first-ever live public performance of the *The curlew*, following his memorable recital at the second *Gŵyl Peter Warlock Festival* in 2005 and the rave reviews which greeted his début CD of Warlock songs in 2006. Andrew is accompanied by The Badke Quartet, which swept the board by taking both the first prize and the audience prize at the 2007 Melbourne International Chamber Music Competition. The strings of the BBC National Orchestra of Wales, directed by leader Lesley Hatfield, make their Festival début in a programme of music by composers with local associations including Warlock's *Serenade* and the world première of Walford Davies' *An Angelus*, written at Gregynog in 1940 and recently re-discovered in the Royal College of Music Library.

Gŵyl Gregynog Festival is most grateful to the Peter Warlock Society for its generous support of the Warlock content in this year's programme and looks forward to welcoming many members to enjoy this very special sequence of concerts in a magical setting. Limited accommodation is available within the Hall for those Warlockians who may wish to stay on site and form a house-party in the manner of the 1930s Festivals, and Chris Sreeves is kindly co-ordinating arrangements toward a party booking for the first week-end of the Festival including *The curlew* on 14 June. Please contact Chris directly on:

01865 368461 (landline), 07817 480031 (mobile) or chrisreeves@csreeves.freecserve.co.uk

to guarantee your place. If you prefer to make independent arrangements, the Festival Box Office opens on 1 April (01686 625007) and other local accommodation recommendations are available via www.visitmidwales.co.uk. Newtown, Powys, on the Shrewsbury-Aberystwyth line, is the nearest railway station, where taxis are available. Programme updates, which may well include more Warlock in other concerts, will be posted meantime on www.gwylgregynogfestival.org.

Rhian Davies



The striking frontage of Gregynog Hall



Andrew Kennedy -
appearing at
Gregynog
on 14 June 2008

Forthcoming Events

Brass Concert

Sunday 22nd June 2008 between 2-3.30pm, at Kensington Gardens Bandstand, The Guildhall Brass Ensemble play 'Warlock and Friends', Conducted by Eric Crees.

The bandstand is at the Kensington Palace end of Kensington Gardens near the Round Pond.

Free Parking on the roads south of Kensington Road

Nearest tube: Kensington High Street.

Buses 9, 10, 49, 52 and 70. Alight at Palace Gate.

This show contains all the music that the band will play on the Warlock and Grez jaunt 4-6 July (see back page of this Newsletter).

Recital in Brighton

Jane Richards (mezzo-soprano) will be giving an all-Warlock song recital with Mark Richey (piano) on Saturday July 12th 2008 at St. Paul's Church, West Street, Brighton at 12.15 pm. Entry is free - there will be a retiring collection in aid of the church. For directions on how to get to the church, please see the website www.stpaulschurch.org.uk

Jane is the late Ian Copley's eldest daughter.

Capriol Chamber Choir

The Warlock Singers now has a new name: Capriol Chamber Choir. Capriol's forthcoming concerts, directed by Graham Dinnage include:

Thursday 24 April 8 p.m.

"Rejoice in the Lamb"

St Mary's Church, Westerham

Programme includes

Britten: *Rejoice in the Lamb* and *Hymn for St Columba*

Berkeley: *Missa Brevis*

Howells: *Like as the Hart*

Warlock (arr. Rawsthorne): *Andante tranquillo* from Capriol

Tickets £10 from 01732 866372 or on the door.

Sunday 8 June 6 p.m.

"Castle Splendours"

Chiddingstone Castle, Kent

Concert with castle tours, teas and buffet supper

Programme includes Delius: *When splendour falls on castle walls*

Starts at 2 p.m.

Tickets from £12. Advance booking only

See website for details <http://www.capriol.org>

Tel 01732 866372



Chiddingstone
Castle, Kent

Birthday Dinner

Saturday 25 October 2008 at 6pm at the Sloane Club, 52 Lower Sloane Street, London SW1W 8BS (nearest tube Sloane Square, buses 11, 137, 211 and 360 stop outside the club).

A Warlock Birthday Dinner with John Amis as after-dinner speaker

Price £30-£40 depending on your choice of menu.

For more details and to reserve a place, contact Malcolm Rudland 020 7589 9595 or e-mail mrudland@talk21.com

News

Obituary

One of our members Andrew Fairbairn passed away on October 13th very suddenly after a fall.

A memorial service will be held at St James the Greater in Leicester on Saturday 26th April at 12 o'clock hopefully including a choral piece by Peter Warlock to be sung by the Leicestershire Chorale and there will be very nice refreshments afterwards that he would have approved of!

Please send donations in his memory to the 'The Andrew Martin Trust for Young People' (who help young people in Leicestershire) of whom he was a trustee.

Gossiana CD

Divine Arts have now released the CD of Giles Davies tribute to John Goss. Also featured is PWS member Danny Gillingwater. In addition to songs by Warlock and Moearan the album includes Schubert, Mozart and traditional items.

The cost is £12.00 and further details are available at <http://www.divine-art.com/CD/25048info.htm>



John Goss

Warlock and the Pianola

I have been contacted by Rex Lawson of the Pianola Institute. Noting my Garsington address he writes:

I generally like to bring it home to people that the pianola was ubiquitous, and you have made it remarkable easy for me! Ottoline Morrell had a pianola, which cannot have been very far away from where you live, I assume.

Probably what I could do is to write an article which your society and ours might publish jointly. That would help us both.

We've just published our Pianola Journal no. 18, getting it into 2007 by the skin of our teeth. I could try to do an article for Journal 19, which ought to be earlier in the year, plus your Newsletter. If anyone in the Society has any information about Warlock's pianola activities, I'd be very grateful to know. Maybe a short note (which I could write if you wanted, though you could too) saying that I am planning an article? I'm no expert on Warlock, so I don't know whether he left lists of the rolls he had, and so on.

I believe he liked beer, and at least the Dutch Pianola Society kept up this tradition when it was founded. In 1978 it held a Pianola playing contest, where the concurrent drinking of half a litre of beer was highly encouraged. We take things much more seriously over here!

Best wishes,

Rex

Any pianola nutters out there?

Chris Sreeves

Jubilee Cottage

30 The Hill

Garsington

Oxfordshire OX44 9DG

01865 368461

Chrissreeves@csreeves.freeserve.co.uk



Peter Warlock

Frederick Delius

Revised on 8 March 2008 for the Peter Warlock Society Newsletter 82

Warlock and Delius

Issued by Malcolm Rudland with the co-operation of the Warlock and Delius Societies

A Jaunt to Bourron-Marlotte and Grez-sur-Loing homes of Arthur Heseltine (Warlock's Uncle Joe) and Frederick Delius from 4 to 6 July 2008

The complete package deal advertised on the white flyer with Newsletter 81 is now sold out, but a wait-list is in operation (see below). However, discounted hotel rooms are still available for those able to make their own travel plans.

The complete packaged group is booked on the 12.30 St Pancras Eurostar on Friday 4 July. More tickets will be available from 4 April, but members must book their own tickets and make their own travel plans to the hotel, Marlotte and Grez.

On Saturday morning we meet in Passage Heseltine in Marlotte at 10.30 where we are the guests of *Les Amis de Bourron-Marlotte*.

They will host a welcome reception and conduct small groups around the village to see Uncle Joe's studio, some of his paintings, and his grave.

At noon Danny Gillingwater will lead a Sing-along-a-Warlock with the Guildhall Brass Ensemble * culminating in a parade with the whole company marching and singing *The cricketers of Hambledon* up Passage Heseltine. Lunch will follow in one of two local restaurants (price not included in the total cost).

Anyone still awake at 16.00 will be offered an expedition on the miniature railway Tacot des Lacs, in memory of Warlock's first venture into journalism, when he wrote about the Van Railway in *The Locomotive* 15 January 1912, p 13-16. Supper will be back at the hotel c.19.00.

On Sunday, we go to Grez-sur-Loing, where we are guests of Jean Merle d'Aubigné in the garden of Delius's house. Here the Guildhall Brass Ensemble * will give a half hour concert † of music by Delius.

Lunch will be at a local hostelry (price not included in the total cost) before the packaged group leaves to catch the 19.13 Eurostar from Gare du Nord arriving St Pancras 20.28.

Special hotel discount until 16 May 2008 : £160 per person for a single room or £95 each when two people share a twin-bedded room.

Price includes two nights bed and breakfast and two evening dinners

To join the wait-list, contact Malcolm Rudland by phone, e-mail or letter (details below)

To secure a hotel room, send a cheque by 16 May 2008 for the full amount, payable to Malcolm Rudland, and addressed to him at 31 Hammerfield House, Cale St. London SW3 3SG. More details from 020 7589 9595 or mobile 07761 977155 or e-mail: mrudland@talk21.com

* Sponsored by Christofferson, Robb & Company

† Time to be announced later