FANCIES

Five Childhood Lyrics When Icicles Hang Suite Antique Fancies



THE CAMBRIDGE SINGERS
AND THE LONDON SINFONIA
DIRECTED BY JOHN RUTTER



Fancies Music by John Rutter

The 'fancies' that give this album its title are the fleeting ideas, dreams and whims that flit like Will-o'-the-wisps through the imagination of every artist. I have always thought that they were captured to perfection by the Elizabethan poets and by their collaborators, the madrigal composers such as Weelkes, Wilbye and Morley; and, looking back now on the music heard on this recording, I realize how much of it was inspired by the madrigalian spirit. Fancies was written in 1971 for the Richard Hickox Singers and Orchestra (the orchestra was later renamed the City of London Sinfonia, who play on this recording). The first performance was given in London, repeated shortly afterwards at an open-air concert one lovely summer's evening by the River Thames in rural Berkshire, a perfect setting for it.

The *Suite Antique*, dating from 1979, also has a Berkshire association: I was asked to write it for the Cookham Festival, to be performed by Duke Dobing and the London Baroque Soloists at a concert in Cookham Parish Church. Bach's Fifth Brandenburg Concerto was on the programme, so I decided to write for the same combination of instruments, and to pay musical homage to the forms and styles of Bach's day.

The Five Childhood Lyrics (1973) are also a kind of 'homage', this time to the world of children. I chose for my texts some of the rhymes and verses remembered from my earliest years, and set them to music as simply as I

could—though the last of the five, which uses a familiar nursery tune, contains a certain amount of tongue-in-cheek elaboration.

When Icicles Hang will forever be associated in my mind with the much-missed figure of Russell Burgess, whose Wandsworth School Boys' Choir was such a colourful and inspiring part of the musical scene in the 1960s and 70s. Russell asked me to write a seasonal but not specifically Christmas work for a December concert given by the choir in London's Queen Elizabeth Hall in 1973, and, in writing it, I think I unconsciously reflected some of the contradictory facets of Russell's endearing personality: his rumbustiousness in Good ale and Hay, ay, his gentleness in Blow, blow, thou winter wind, perhaps also something of his underlying melancholy (so often to be found in great men of action) in Winter wakeneth all my care. We all lamented his untimely passing at the age of only 48, but his work lives on in the gift of singing he gave to so many young people.

JOHN RUTTER

The Cambridge Singers

Sopranos: Caroline Ashton, Ruth Gomme, Karen Kerslake, Simone Mace, Mary Mure, Penelope Stow, Clare Wallace, Susanna Watson, Julia Wilson-James

Altos: Nicola Barber, Peter Gritton, Mary Hitch, Joanna Maggs, Melanie Marshall, Susanna Spicer

Tenors: John Bowen, Andrew Gant, Paul Gordon, Jeremy Taylor, Nicholas Wilson **Basses:** Simon Davies, Bruce Hamilton, James Mure, Charles Pott, Benjamin Thompson.

Fancies

Music by John Rutter

The Cambridge Singers • The City of London Sinfonia Duke Dobing (flute) Wayne Marshall (harpsichord) conducted by John Rutter

Total playing time: 64' 42"

Note: Words credits are given at the end of each text.

Fancies (16' 08")

for choir and chamber orchestra

- 1 1. Tell me where is fancy bred (1' 44")
- 2. There is a garden in her face (3' 52")
- 3. The urchins' dance (2' 00")
- 4. Riddle song (3' 13")
- 5 5. Midnight's bell (2' 16")
- 6 6. The bellman's song (2' 45")

Baritone solo: Simon Davies

Note: Movements 5 and 6 follow on without a break.

Suite Antique (17' 12")

for flute, harpsichord and strings

- 7 1. Prelude (3'20")
- 8 2. Ostinato (1' 37")
- 9 3. Aria (3' 03")
- 10 4. Waltz (3' 02")
- 11 5. Chanson (3' 10")
- 6. Rondeau (2' 43")

Five Childhood Lyrics (9' 25")

for unaccompanied choir

- 13 1. Monday's child (2' 53")
- 2. The Owl and the Pussy-Cat (1' 42")
- 3. Windy nights (1'08")
- 4. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John (1' 46 ") Soprano solo: Caroline Ashton
- 5. Sing a song of sixpence (1 '42")

When Icicles Hang (21' 25")

for choir and orchestra

- 18 1. Icicles (3' 54")
- 19 2. Winter nights (2' 30")
- 3. Good ale (2' 43")
- 4. Blow, blow, thou winter wind (3' 52")
- [22] 5. Winter wakeneth all my care (5' 53")

 Tenor solo: Nicholas Wilson Flute: Duke Dobing
- 6. Hay, ay (2' 21")

Note: Movements 4, 5 and 6 follow on without breaks.

Fancies, Suite Antique, Five Childhood Lyrics, and When Icicles Hang are all published by Oxford University Press. Movement 4 of Fancies, movements 1 and 5 of Five Childhood Lyrics, and movements 3 and 4 of When Icicles Hang are available separately.

Fancies

1. Tell me where is fancy bred

Tell me where is fancy bred Or in the heart or in the head? How begot, how nourished? Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes, With gazing fed; and fancy dies In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell:

I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

(Shakespeare, 1564–1616, from The Merchant of Venice)

2. There is a garden in her face

There is a garden in her face, Where roses and white lilies grow; A heav'nly paradise is that place, Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow. There cherries grow which none may buy, Till 'Cherry-ripe' themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose Of orient pearl a double row, Which when her lovely laughter shows, They look like rosebuds filled with snow. Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy, Till 'Cherry-ripe' themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still; Her brows like bended bows do stand, Threatening with piercing frowns to kill All that attempt with eye or hand Those sacred cherries to come nigh, Till 'Cherry-ripe' themselves do cry.

(Thomas Campion, 1567-1620)

3. The Urchins' Dance

By the moon we sport and play, With the night begins our day: As we dance the dew doth fall; Trip it, little urchins all, Lightly as the little bee, Two by two and three by three, And about go we, and about go we.

(Anon., c.1600)

4. Riddle Song

I have a young sister
Far beyond the sea:
Many be the dowries
That she sent me.

She sent me the cherry

Withouten any stone; And so she did the dove Withouten any bone;

She sent me the briar Withouten any rind; She bade me love my lemman* Withoute longing.

How should any cherry Be withoute stone? And how should any dove Been withoute bone? How should any briar
Been withoute rind?
How should love mine lemman
Without longing?

When the cherry was a flower Then had it no stone; When the dove was an egg Then had it no bone;

When the briar was onbred†
Then had it no rind;
When the maiden hath that she loveth
She is without longing.

*lemman = lover | tonbred = in the seed (15th-century English)

5. Midnight's bell

Midnight's bell goes ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, Then dogs do howl, and not a bird does sing But the nightingale, and she cries twit, twit, twit: Owls then on every bough do sit;

Ravens croak on chimneys' tops;

The cricket in the chamber hops,

And the cats cry mew, mew, mew.

The nibbling mouse is not asleep,

But he goes peep, peep, peep, peep, peep, peep,

And the cats cry mew, mew, mew,

And still the cats cry mew, mew, mew.

(Thomas Middleton, c. 1570–1627)

6 6. The Bellman's Song

From noise of Scare-fires rest ye free, From Murders Benedicitie. From all mischances that may fright Your pleasing slumbers in the night: Mercie secure ye all, and keep The Goblin from ye, while ye sleep. Past one a-clock, and almost two, My masters all. Good day to you.

(Robert Herrick, 1591–1674)

Suite Antique

for flute, harpsichord, and strings

- 7 1. Prelude
- 8 2. Ostinato
- 9 3. Aria
- 10 4. Waltz
- 11 5. Chanson
- 12 6. Rondeau

Five Childhood Lyrics

for unaccompanied choir

13 1. Monday's child

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for his living,
And the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is bonny and blithe, and good and gay.

(Traditional)

14 2. The Owl and the Pussy-Cat

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea In a beautiful pea-green boat, They took some honey, and plenty of money,

Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,

You are!

What a beautiful Pussy you are!'

Pussy said to the Owl, 'You elegant fowl! How charmingly sweet you sing! O let us be married! too long we have tarried:

But what shall we do for a ring?'
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,

With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,

With a ring at the end of his nose.

'Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shill Which they ate with a runcible spoon;ing Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'
So they took it away, and were married next day By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince, And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand, They danced by the light of the moon, The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

(Edward Lear, 1812-88)

3. Windy Nights

Whenever the moon and the stars are set, Whenever the wind is high, All night long in the dark and wet, A man goes riding by.

Late in the night when the fires are out, Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

(R.L. Stevenson, 1850-94)

16 4. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, Bless the bed that I lie on. Four comers to my bed, Four angels round my head; One to watch, and one to pray, And two to bear my soul away.

(Traditional)

10

5. Sing a song of sixpence

Sing a song of sixpence
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds,
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

When Icicles Hang

for choir and orchestra

18 1. Icicles

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour,
Eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird
And snapped off her nose.

(Traditional)

When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

(William Shakespeare,
from Love's Labour's Lost)

19 2. Winter nights

Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours,
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers.
Let now the chimneys blaze
And cups o'erflow with wine;
Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmony divine.
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall wait on honey love,
While youthful revels, masques and
courtly sights
Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense
With lovers' long discourse;
Much speech hath some defence,
Though beauty no remorse.
All do not all things well;
Some measures comely tread,
Some knotted riddles tell,
Some poems smoothly read.
The summer hath his joys
And winter his delights;
Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
They shorten tedious nights.

(Thomas Campion)

20 3. Good ale

Bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale, For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of bran; Nor bring us in no white bread, for therein is no game, But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no beef, for there is many bones, But bring us in good ale, for that go'th down at once, And bring us in good ale. Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fat, But bring us in good ale, and give us enough of that, And bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no mutton, for that is often lean, Nor bring us in no tripes, for they be seldom clean, But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no eggs, for there are many shells, But bring us in good ale, and give us nothing else, And bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no puddings, for therein is all goat's blood; Nor bring us in no venison, for that is not for our good: But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no capon's flesh, for that is often dear, Nor bring us in no duck's flesh, for they slobber in the mere, But bring us in good ale.

(15th-century English)

21 4. Blow, blow, thou winter wind

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

Then heigh-ho! the holly! This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

(William Shakespeare, from As you like it)

5. Winter wakeneth all my care

Winter wakeneth all my care, Now these leaves waxeth bare; Oft I sigh and mourne sore When it cometh in my thought Of this worldes joy, how it goeth all to nought.

Now it is, and now it is not, As if it never were, y-wis; What many man saith, sooth* it is All goeth but Goddes will. All we shall die, though us like ill.

All the grove groweth green, Now it falloweth all bidden. Jesu, help that it be seen, And shield us from hell! For I know not whither I shall, Ne how long here dwell.

(14th-century English)
*sooth = true

23 6. Hay, ay

Hay, ay, hay, ay, Make we merry as we may.

Now is Yule comen with gentil cheer; Of mirth and gamen he has no peer; In ev'ry land where he comes near Is mirth and gamen, I dare well say.

Now is comen a messenger Of your lorde. Sir New Year, Bids us all be merry here And make as merry as we may.

Therefore ev'ry man that is here, Sing a carol on his manere; If he can none, we shall him lere* So that we be merry alway.

Whosoever makes heavy cheer, Were he never to me dear; In a ditch I would he were To dry his clothes till it were day!

Mend the fire and make good cheer! Fill the cup, Sir Botelere! Let ev'ry man drink to his fere† This ends my carol, with care away!

(English, c.1600)
*lere = teach †fere = companion