



Burns and Beyond

Songs of Robert Burns

Vivien Hamilton | soprano

Len Vorster | piano

move

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1. <i>Ye Banks and Braes</i>	Roger Quilter (1877-1953)	2'42
2. <i>A red, red rose</i>	<i>Esther Kahn (b. 1877-d.?)</i>	1'47
3. <i>Dearie</i>	Mrs H.H. Beach (1867-1944)	2'21
4. <i>Polly Steward</i>	Ignaz Brüll (1846-1907)	2'37
5. <i>Flow Gently Sweet Afton</i>	Traditional	3'33
6. <i>The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman</i>	Traditional	1'41
7. <i>Wee Willie Gray</i>	Claire Liddell (?)	0'52
8. <i>Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay? *</i>	Percy Grainger (1882-1961)	1'23
9. <i>The Highland Balou</i>	Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)	2'16
10. <i>Chanson Ecossaise</i>	Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)	3'32
11. <i>Hochländisches Wiegenlied</i>	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)	3'45
12. <i>Mo Nighean Dubh *</i>	Percy Grainger (1882-1961)	1'30
13. <i>The Bonny Earl o' Murray</i>	Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)	2'48
14. <i>Si mon amour</i>	Andre Gedalge (1856-1926)	2'39
15. <i>Aye waukin, O!</i>	John Maxwell Geddes (b.1941)	3'59
16. <i>My Heart's in the Highlands</i>	Traditional	2'21
17. <i>O were my love yon lilac fair!</i>	Mrs H.H. Beach (1867-1944)	2'19
18. <i>Je dois partir</i>	Andre Gedalge (1856-1926)	2'33
19. <i>Willie's rare and Willie's fair</i>	John Maxwell Geddes (b.1941)	3'47
20. <i>Ca' the Yowes</i>	Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)	4'22
21. <i>O gin I were where Gadie rins *</i>	Percy Grainger (1882-1961)	1'36
22. <i>Rien que soucis</i>	Andre Gedalge (1856-1926)	1'48
23. <i>Ae Fond Kiss †</i>	Traditional	4'07
24. <i>Far Awa'!</i>	Mrs H.H. Beach (1867-1944)	1'56
25. <i>Comin' thro' the Rye</i>	Claire Liddell (?)	2'31
26. <i>Bonnie Wee Thing</i>	Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)	3'21
	TOTAL	68'10

* Piano solo † Vocal solo

“There is a certain something in the old Scotch songs, a wild happiness of thought and expression, which peculiarly marks them, not only from English songs, but also from the modern efforts of song-wrights, in our native manner and language” Robert Burns

This recording *Burns and Beyond* comprises a selection of songs written for voice and modern piano, and includes a performance of Percy Grainger’s *Three Scotch Folksongs* which use ancient tunes of Scotland as inspiration. Each of these art songs, whether in Scots, English or in translation, is based on a melody and/or a poem associated with the 18th-century Scottish poet Robert Burns (1759-1796). This program maps an imperfect and incomplete journey through this lyric song oeuvre, but is one which highlights the richness of talent within the larger community of composers living in 19th and 20th century America, Australia, France, Germany, England and Scotland. Each song has been selected for its meritorious individuality of style, musical language and sensitivity to the inherent meaning of Burns’ text.

A few tunes on this disc may be unfamiliar to today’s concert audiences, for example the Victorian styled parlour song *A red red rose* by the Australian (but English born) composer Esther Kahn; the French *mélodies* *Je dois partir, Si mon amour* and *Rien que soucis* of late 19th century French composer Andre Gedalge (who taught Maurice Ravel); and the gentle German Lied *Polly Steward* from ‘6 Schottische Lieder’ Op. 18 by Moravian composer Ignaz Brüll. Relatively unfamiliar too

are the American Burns’ song interpretations represented here by *Dearie, Far Awa’* and *O were my love yon lilac fair!* from the collections of Mrs H.H. Beach. Whilst they have been in print for many years, as yet they do not appear in the staple diet of the modern song recital. These last three songs are delightful romantic miniatures, providing opening piano ‘symphonies’ reminiscent of the practice in the late 18th century by publishers, such as George Thomson in ‘A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs for the Voice’ (1799-1805), of introducing the singer in Burns’ songs with a musical introduction played by keyboard, or accompanying instruments. Whilst Beach does not use any authentic Scottish musical material she successfully evokes an atmosphere of sensitivity reminiscent of the intimacy of Burns’ original poems.

Our selection also includes performances of more familiar music, such as the poignantly impressionistic French arrangement of *Ye Banks and Braes* by Maurice Ravel which has been recorded by other artists. *Chanson Ecossaise* was written in 1910 for an international composition competition alongside Ravel’s reworking of Russian, Flemish and Spanish folksongs. Sadly, his work does not seem to represent a larger body of French attempts at Scottish folksong arrangement. Across the border in Germany Burns’ poetry was tremendously popular. From 1841 to 1859 four Scots-language editions of his poems were published and at least twelve editions of German translations appeared between 1836 and 1896. Robert Schumann’s stunningly serene *Hochländisches Wiegenlied*

is based on a translation which appeared in the collections of Wilhelm Gerhard (1780-1858). Unlike Burns, who composed his song texts to pre-existing tunes, the German Lieder composers were inspired by poetry not music. Schumann was intensely sympathetic to Burns’ love of mountains and the highlands, but it is generally recognised that he did not always comprehend the true flavour of Burns’ expression. *Hochländisches Wiegenlied* (Myrthen song cycle, Op. 25) is an exception, and sensitively interprets the mood of Burns’ lullaby *The Highland Balou*. It is interesting to acknowledge that John Ashmead and John Davison (*The Songs of Robert Burns*, 1988) announce “The best songs of Robert Burns compare favorably to some of the great German lieder, by Schumann, Schubert, and Wolf”.

The final song on this disc, the sentimental interpretation of Burns’ *Bonnie Wee Thing*, was penned by singer/composer Liza Lehmann who enjoyed a successful performing career throughout Europe at the turn of the 20th century. Lehmann was a great lover of Scottish song and in this regard was, perhaps, influenced by “my dear old friend and teacher, Hamish MacCunn”. She is known to have included Burns’ songs in her song recitals and wrote songs of her own creation with great lyricism and intimacy. In her autobiography she describes an evening in which she performed a selection of Scottish songs to Italian composer Giuseppe Verdi –

“I must not forget to describe an evening we spent with Verdi while we were in the

neighbourhood of Genoa... After the gorgeous repast Verdi took us into his bedroom... where he kept his piano hidden. He insisted that I must sing to him, and after much pressure, I reluctantly did so; and I hope exercised discretion in that I made no attempt at his own florid music, but merely confined myself to a few old Scotch songs which he had never heard, and which seemed to interest him greatly."

During the late 19th century and early 20th century there was an increasingly strong desire on the part of both European and English composers to recover and revive their own national musical style. The sensitive accompanying style of Roger Quilter's *Ye Banks and Braes*, and the densely pianistic folksong arrangements by English composer Benjamin Britten, e.g. *Ca' The Yowes* and *The Highland Balou*, owe much to the colourful and timbral possibilities of the modern piano as an accompanying instrument. The pioneering folksong collecting of Lucy Broadwood, and the musical experimentation of the Australian composer and pianist Percy Grainger were important in influencing younger English composers to explore their ancient folk music traditions (whether Scottish, Irish, Welsh or English) with the aim of creating new and identifiably individual sound worlds, thus creating a new national music.

The other repertoire featured on this disc includes more traditional interpretations of familiar Robert Burns songs, e.g. *Flow Gently Sweet Afton*, the humorous work song *The Deil's Awa' wi' the Exciseman*, the hymn to

ancient Scotland and the highlands, *My heart's in the Highlands* and Burns most famous love song *Ae Fond Kiss*, which is tinged with such sadness that Sir Walter Scott was provoked to say – “*these exquisitely affecting stanzas contain the essence of a thousand love tales.*”

We also intersperse some recent additions to modern interpretations of Burns' music by Scottish composers themselves. *Wee Willie Gray* and *Comin' thro' the rye* appear in Claire Liddell's 'The Kindling Fire' (1974), and *Willie's rare and Willie's fair* and *Aye waukin, O!* come from Glaswegian John Maxwell Geddes' 'Lasses, Love and Life' (1991). During the process of their research on these folk song interpretations it is clear that both these composers have returned for inspiration to the facsimile of Robert Burns' original 18th-century pocket song-companion, 'The Scots Musical Museum' (six volumes, 1787-1803). Whilst their songs do not quite conform to publisher James Johnson's original stricture printed on the frontispiece of the first volume –

“the original simplicity of our ancient National airs is retained unencumbered with useless accompaniments & graces depriving the hearers of the sweet simplicity of their native melodies”

their piano accompaniments reflect the flexibility of the rhythm and contour of tunes so characteristic of Scottish traditional music, some of which were originally written for the bagpipe or violin. Geddes' *Willie's rare and Willie's fair*, in particular, lends a certain fluid and celtic flavour to the original musical form.

Robert Burns

In Scotland's Year of Homecoming 2009, which coincides with the 250th anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, it wonderful to see that the interest in Scottish culture within the larger community of its Diaspora, and their interest in the work of Burns in particular, remains as strong as it was in 1844, when during the first ever large gathering in celebration of his genius an exuberant crowd of an estimated 80,000 Scots flocked to Alloway, in Ayr, to see – “*a Pavilion planted for the nonce on the very spot where erst 'he walked in glory' and in joy*” and where “*the whole company, led by professional vocalists, joined in the singing, 'Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon' and 'Auld Langsyne.'*”

The dissemination of Burns' poetry and songs throughout the world continued after the highland clearances through the migratory movements of thousands of Scots during the 19th and 20th centuries. The simple intimacy and romantic nostalgia of his words gave those travellers, many of whom never returned home, an idealised memory of the life they left behind. Australian diarist and painter, Georgiana McCrae (1804-1890) is one such example. Born in London, she migrated to Melbourne, Australia, in 1841 bringing with her a 'Music Book' which contained numerous songs by Burns copied in her own handwriting. She was reputed to have played the keyboard and sung nicely, in keeping with the quality of her education as the acknowledged, but illegitimate, daughter of the 5th Duke of Gordon. Burns too was well educated though also poor. According to his friend Alexander

Cunningham, who was writing shortly after Burns' death, Burns had a good command of singing –

“the voice of Burns was low, strong, and musical. When in the church, he usually joined in the bass; and good singers observed that he was ever in harmony.”

This accounts for the success with which he married words and music. In 1793 Burns wrote to the publisher George Thomson about how he used his voice in his compositional process –

“until I am compleat master of a tune, in my own singing such as it is..... I never can compose for it. – My way is: I consider the poetic Sentiment, correspondent to my idea of the musical expression; then chuse my theme; begin one Stanza; when that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then look out for objects in Nature around me that are in unison or harmony with cogitations of my fancy & working of my bosom; humming every now & then the air with the verses I have framed; when I feel my Muse beginning to jade I retire to the solitary fireside of my study & there commit my effusions to paper; swinging at intervals on the hind-legs of my elbow-chair by way of calling forth my own critical strictures, as my pen goes on.”

In his autobiography he called his writing process ‘rhyming’ -

“You know our country custom of coupling a man and a woman together as partners in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom—she was a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass..... but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed I did not know why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Aeolian harp;... Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sang sweetly; and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted to give an embodied vehicle in rhyme.”

During the period in which Burns worked on ‘The Scots Musical Museum’ he sourced many of the tunes and some texts, which he used as the basis of his songs, from a variety of 17th century print book collections, such as Henry Playford’s ‘Collection of Original Scotch-Tunes’ (1700), Allan Ramsay’s ‘Tea-Table Miscellany’ (1724), William Thomson’s ‘Orpheus Caledonius’ (1725), Reverend Patrick McDonald’s ‘Collection of Highland Vocal airs’ (1784), David Herd’s ‘Ancient and Modern Scottish Song’ (1776), James Oswald’s ‘A Caledonian Pocket Companion’ (1759), and Oswald’s ‘Curious Collection of Scots Songs’ (1740). The singing of Gaelic airs by highland singers during his trip into the highlands in 1786 provided him with previously unknown, and un-notated, examples of ancient melodies. However, Burns never strayed far from the inspiration which stimulated his desire to ‘rhyme’ - the singing of his lovers, in particular

the beautiful artistry of his wife Jean Armour.

‘The Scots Musical Museum’ is Burns’ remarkable achievement, not only because he managed to marry the ancient highland and lowland tunes of Scotland with sensitive lyrics, but because in it lies the preservation of an ancient Scottish musical and linguistic culture which by the late 18th century was already disappearing. Cedric Thorpe Davie (‘Scotland’s Music’, 1980) states that ‘The Scots Musical Museum’ *“at once became and has remained ever since, the principal source book of Scottish National Song.”* Burns’ words depict a personal depth of emotional intimacy which places his songs in that “no-man’s land” between folk song and art song tradition. Whether in modern arrangement, foreign interpretation or in their traditional form, interpretations of these songs deserve a respectable place in the repertory of the modern recital program.

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Translations

Texts of the song arrangements are Burns' poems as spelt and presented in the musical score. Scottish texts of the German and French songs are the original.

1. Ye banks and braes

Quilter

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird
That wantons through the flow'ry thorn,
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love;
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause lover stole my rose,
And ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

2. A red, red rose

Kahn

O' my love's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June,
O' my love's like the melody,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair thou art my bonnie lass,
So deep in luvè am I
And I will luvè thee still my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only love,
And fare thee well a while.
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

3. Dearie

Mrs H.H. Beach

How long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er so weary:
When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary.
It wasna sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie!
It wasna sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie!

4. Polly Steward

Brüll

*O Polly, liebe Kleine, Polly, liebe Kleine
die Blum' im Mai hat Reize nicht,
die halb so süß wie deine,*

*die Blume blüht wird welk und müd
nach kurzem Sonnenscheine; doch dir verleihst
Unsterblichkeit die Lieb' o holde Kleine!*

*Wer einst nennt sein das Herzchen dein,
Sei treu und wahr ' das seine, das er erkennt,
was seine er nennt, du Liebe kleine.*

*O Polly, liebe Kleine, Polly, liebe Kleine
die Blum' im Mai hat Reize nicht,
die halb so süß wie deine.*

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art.

The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it,
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will gie to Polly Stewart!

May he, whose arms shall fauld they charms
Possess a leal a true heart.
To him be given, to ken the Heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart!

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart.
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.

5. Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

Traditional

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in they praise;
My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the
glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den;
Thou green crested lapwing, thy screaming
forbear
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy water her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy
clear wave.

6. The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman

Traditional

The deil cam' fiddling thro' the town,
And danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman,
And ilka wife cried, "Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' your prize man."

The deil's awa', the deil's awa,
The deil's awa' wi' the' Exciseman;
He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa',
He's danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman.

We'll mak our maut and brew our drink,
We'll dance and sing and rejoice, man.
And mony braw thanks to the muckle black
deil

That danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman.

The deil's awa', the deil's awa,
The deil's awa' wi' the' Exciseman;
He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa',
He's danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman.

There's three-some reels, and four-some reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,
But the ae best dance e'er cam' to our lan',
was the deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.

The deil's awa', the deil's awa,
The deil's awa' wi' the' Exciseman;
He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa',
He's danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman.

7. Wee Willie Grey

Liddell

Wee Willie Gray and his leather wallet,
Peel a willow wand to be him boots and jacket;
The rose upon the brier will be him trowse and
doublet,
The rose upon the brier will be him trowse and
doublet.

Wee Willie Gray and his leather wallet,
Twice a lily flow'r will be him sark and cravat;
Feathers of a flie wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flie wad feather up his bonnet.

8. Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie

Lindsay?

Grainger

Will ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
Will ye to to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
My pride and my darling to be.

9. The Highland Balou

Britten

Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald!
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
What gat my young Highland thief.
(Hee balou)

Leeze me on they bonnie craigie!
An thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow!

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furder!

Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,
Synne to the Highlands hame to me!
Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Hee balou! Hee balou!
Balou, balou, balou, balou, balou!

10. Chanson Ecossaïse

Ravel

*Vallons, côteaux du fleuve ami,
Vous êtes frai et si fleuris!
Ton chant est gai, petit oiseau,
Mais moi j'en souffre et sens mon deuil!
Sautèle, oiseau, parmi ces fleurs,
Ton cri fait mal, il dit l'hier,
L'hier flambant, l'hier éteint,
L'amour vainqueur, l'amour d'antan.*

*J'errais au bord du fleuve ami,
Rivant mes yeux aux lacs des fleurs,
Loiseau joyeux chantait l'amour,
L'amour chantait au fond de moi.
Le coeur léger j'étends la main
J'atteins la rose en ses piquants.
L'amant perfide a pris la fleur.
L'épine, hélas, reste en mon coeur.*

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird
That wantons through the flow'ry thorn,
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love;
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause lover stole my rose,
And ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

11. Hochländisches Wiegenlied

Schumann

*Schlafe, süßer, kleiner Donald,
Ebenbild des großen Ronald!
Wer ihm kleinen Dieb gebar,
weiß der edle Clan aufs Haar.*

*Schelm, hast Äuglein schwarz wie Kohlen!
Wenn du groß bist, stiehl ein Fohlen;
geh' die Eb'ne ab und zu,
bringe heim 'ne Carlisle Kuh!*

*Darfst in Niederland nicht fehlen;
dort, mein Bübchen, magst du stehlen;
stiehl dir Geld und stiehl dir Glück,
und ins Hochland komm zurück!*

German Text: Wilhelm Gerhard
Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanroanald;
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
Wha got my young Highland thief.

Lezz me on they bonie craigie,
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie.
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furder:
Herry the ouns o' the laigh Countrie,
Syne to the Hihlands hame to me.

13. The Bonny Earl o' Moray

Britten

Ye Hielands and ye Lowlands, O where hae ye
been?
They hae slain the Early o' Moray, and laid him
on the green.
He was a braw gallant and he rade at the ring;
And the bonny Early o' Moray he might hae
been a King.
O lang will his Lady look frae the Castle
Doune,
Ere she see the Early o' Moray come soundin'
thru' the toon.

O wae tae ye, Huntley, and wherefore did you
sae?
I bade ye bring him wi' you and forbade ye him
to slay.
He was a braw gallant and he played at the
glove;
And the bonnie Early o' Moray he was the
Queen's love!
O lang will his Lady look frae the Castle
Doune,
Ere she see the Early o' Moray come soundin'
thru' the toon.

14. Si mon amour

Gedalge

*Si mon amour était la rose,
Qui croit sur le mur du château,
Si j'étais goutte de rosée pour tomber sur son
sein,
Heureux comme on ne fut jamais,
Toute la nuit j'y resterais,
Dans la douceur de ses replies,
Jusqu'au lever du jour.*

*Si mon amour était ce beau lilas,
Que le printemps fleurit de violet,
Et si j'étais l'oiseau des bois y reposer son aile,
Quelle douleur de le voix déchiré,
Par le rude automne et l'hiver.
Mais les douces chansons et les battements d'ailes
Lorsqu'il reflleurirait au jeune mois de mai!*

French Text: Henri Potez

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa!
And I mysell a drap of dew,
Into her bonny breast to fa.
Oh! There beyond expression blest
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Sea'd on her silksaft falds to rest,
Till flyed awa by Pheobus light.

O were my love yon lilac fair
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,
And I a bird to shelter there;
When I wearied on my wing.
How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing
When youthfu' may its bloom renew'd.

15. Aye waukin, O!

Geddes

Aye waukin o! waukin, ay an wearie
Sleep I can get nane for thinkin' o my dearie.
Spring's a pleasant time floors o ilka colour;
The birdie builds her nest, an' I lang for my
lover.

Aye waukin o! waukin, ay an wearie.
Sleep I can get nane for thinkin' o my dearie.
When I sleep I dream, when I wake I'm eerie;
Rest I can get nane for thinking o my dearie.

Aye waukin o! waukin, ay an wearie
Sleep I can get nane for thinkin' o my dearie.
Lanely nicht comes on, a' the lave are sleepin:
I think o my lad an' bleer my een wi' greetin.
Aye waukin o! waukin, ay an wearie
Sleep I can get nane for thinkin' o my dearie.

16. My Heart's in the Highlands

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not
here;
My heart's in the Highlands achasing the deer;
Achasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with
snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below:
Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring
floods.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the
North
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth,
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

17. O were my love yon lilac fair

Mrs H.H. Beach

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa';
And I, mysel' a drap o' dew
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

O were my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing.
How I wad mourn when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude,
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.
O were my love youn lilac fair!

18. Je dois partir

Gedalge

*Je dois partir loin de toi et de ce rivage.
Le destin jette entre nous une mer sauvage.
Mais les larges Océans et leurs larges lames
Ne sépareront jamais nos coeurs et nos âmes.*

*Adieu pour toujours, adieu, o vierge que j'aime,
Je pressens que cet adieu est l'adieu supreme.
Mais le dernier battement de mon coeur en
agonie,
Mais mon supreme soupir est pour toi, ma mie!*

French Text: Henri Potez

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore:
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar;
But boundless oceans, roaring wide
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the latest throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

**19. Willie's rare and Willie's fair
Geddes**

Willy's rare and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wondrous bonnie;
And Willy hecht tae marrie me
Gin e'er he married ony,
Oh gin e'er he married ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
The nicht I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live long winters nicht,
I lie twined of my marrow,
I lie twined of my marrow.

Oh cam' ye by yon water side,
Pu'd ye the rose or lily;
Or cam' ye by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willy,
Or saw ye my sweet Willy.

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow;
Sine in the cliffing of a craig,
She found him drooned in Yarrow,
Oh she found him drooned in Yarrow.

20. Ca' the Yowes

Britten

Ca' the yowes to the knows,
Ca' them where the heather growes,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis evening sang,
Sounden Clouden's woods amang;
Then a folding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie,

We'll gang down by Clouden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
To the moon sae clearly.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou has stol'n my very heart;
I can die but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

22. Rien que soucis

Gedalge

*Rien que soucis de tous côtes
dans chaque heure qui passé
Quel prix aurait notre destin
n'étaient les fillettes jolies?*

*Les joncs verdissent, Oh! Les joncs verdissent!
Mes instants les plus doux furent aux fillettes
jolies!*

*Que le monde coure après l'or
et que cet or s'enfuie
Qu'il finesse par l'attrapper
Pour n'en tirer aucune joie.*

*Mais donnez moi, une heure au soir
dans mes bras mon amie
Et ce bas monde et ses soucis
peuvent s'envoler dans la bise.*

French Text: Henri Potez

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man
An 'twere na for the lasses, O.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

The warl'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warl'ly cars, an' warl'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteeie, O.

[For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He deerly love'd the lasses, O.]

23. Ae Fond Kiss

Traditional

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!
Deep in heartwring tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never love sae blindly,
Never met, – or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, though best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love, and Pleasure.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, Alas; for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

24. Far awa'

Mrs H.H. Beach

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care untroubled, joy surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa'
That's far awa'!

25. Comin' thro' the rye

Liddell

Gin a body meet a body, Comin' thro' the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body, Need a body cry?
Ilka lassie has her laddie, Nane, they say hae I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me, When comin'
thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body, Comin' frae the toon;
Gin a body meet a body, Need a body froon?
Ilka lassie has her laddie, Nane, they say, hae I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me, When comin'
thro' the rye.

Among the train there is a swain I dearly lo'e
mysel',
But what his name, or whaur his hame, I dinna
care to tell.
Ilka lassie has her laddie, Nane, they say, hae I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me, when comin'
thro' the rye.

26. Bonnie Wee Thing

Lehmann

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I would wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tyne.
Wistfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert though mine,
I would wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tyne.
Wit, and grace, and love and beauty,
In a starry cluster shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine.
Bonnie wee thing, Lovely wee thing,
wert thou mine.

Vivien Hamilton

Soprano Vivien Hamilton was born in Edinburgh and migrated to Australia with her family as a teenager. She possesses a career portfolio which includes performances in recital, e.g. *Music at Princess Mathilde's Salon, Paris 1866* with The Australia Ensemble and Ian Munro, to oratorio as in the *St John Passion* (JS Bach) with Peter Schrieir, on stage in Melbourne Theatre Company's *A Little Night Music* (Sondheim), and in radio and recordings of both solo and ensemble music from medieval times through to the 21st century, e.g. *Tehillim* (Steve Reich) for the Melbourne International Festival. Vivien studied singing with Australian Soprano Molly McGurk and was Research Assistant to Professor David Tunley at the University of Western Australia, before going to London to work with English Soprano Jane Manning. Vivien sang with The Hilliard Ensemble (including their recording of *Passio*, Arvo Pärt), English Baroque Opera, the BBC Singers, Kent Opera and New Sadlers Wells Opera before returning to Melbourne, Australia where she now lives.

Vivien has performed throughout Australia in all major music festivals, and in major concert halls, including the Sydney Opera House where she performed the role of Clorinda in *Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda* (Monteverdi) with e 21 and Ludovico's Band. She has performed with many Australian early music groups, such as Australian Brandenburg Orchestra, blue medusa productions, Chacona, Collegium Symphonic Chorus, Consort Eclectus, Convivio, e21, Elysium Ensemble, Ensemble



Gombert, La Compania, Ludovico's Band, Musica da Camera, Rosa Seria, Trio Jacquin and has several recordings to her credit, including *Olimpia: Cantatas of Alessandro Scarlatti* (ABC Classics), *Tyrannick Love: Choice Songs and Ayres from the Restoration Stage* (Move Records), the world premiere recording *The Music of Henry Handel Richardson* (PLC), *No Hope No Reason* (Walton), *Convivio: Music for viols and voice*, and *Music of the Spanish Renaissance* (Move). Vivien teaches at The University of Melbourne where, alongside other duties, she is the director of the Early Voices vocal ensemble in the Early Music Studio.

Len Vorster

Len Vorster left South Africa for Australia in 1983 after completing post-graduate piano studies with Lamar Crowson at the University of Cape Town. He made his concerto debut with the Cape Town Symphony Orchestra in Mozart's *Piano Concerto K456* in 1976. As a concerto soloist he has recorded Michael Easton's *Concerto on Australian Themes* with the State Orchestra of Victoria for Naxos, and gave first performances of the work in Italy, Hungary, Germany, and with the Royal Academy Orchestra in London in 2001.

His Naxos recording of the two-piano version (with Robert Chamberlain) of Holst's *The Planets* has received a Gramophone Magazine award and with Merlyn Quaife he has been nominated for an Aria award for his Naxos recording of music by Manuel de Falla. Len has recorded with Ian Partridge the complete songs and solo piano music of Lord Berners for Marco Polo. In 2003 he released a solo CD *Summer Waves*, and ABC Classics released two CDs of Brahms Clarinet Chamber Music with Len, Deborah de Graaff and Georg Pedersen. In 2005 Naxos released his CD of solo piano and chamber music of Lennox Berkeley. Another Naxos CD of music of Samuel Barber was released in August 2006.

He has performed and recorded with Trevor Wye, Andras Adorjan, Susan Milan, Jane Rutter, Fred Shade, Masahide Kurita, James Buswell, Asmira Woodward-Page, Miwako Abe, Rita Hunter, Vivien Hamilton, Margaret Haggart, Wendy Grose, Ali McGregor, Elizabeth Campbell, Lauris Elms, Michael

Smallwood, Brian Hansford and in two pianos with John McCabe.

In 2001 he formed a duo with David Berlin, Principal Cellist of the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra. The Berlin Vorster Duo toured Taiwan in April 2003 and their CD *Reflections* was re-released for the Asian market.

Len is the founding Artistic Director of Port Fairy Spring Music Festival. He is currently on the piano staff at The University of Melbourne, at Monash University and at the Victorian College of the Arts.

Dedicated to the memory of my mother Marjory Euphemia Hamilton [néé Wallace], and to my father Dr Thomas Hamilton, both of whom instilled in me a love of fine words and exquisite melody.

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Photo page 12: Martin Wright

Burns portrait – this page:

National Galleries of Scotland

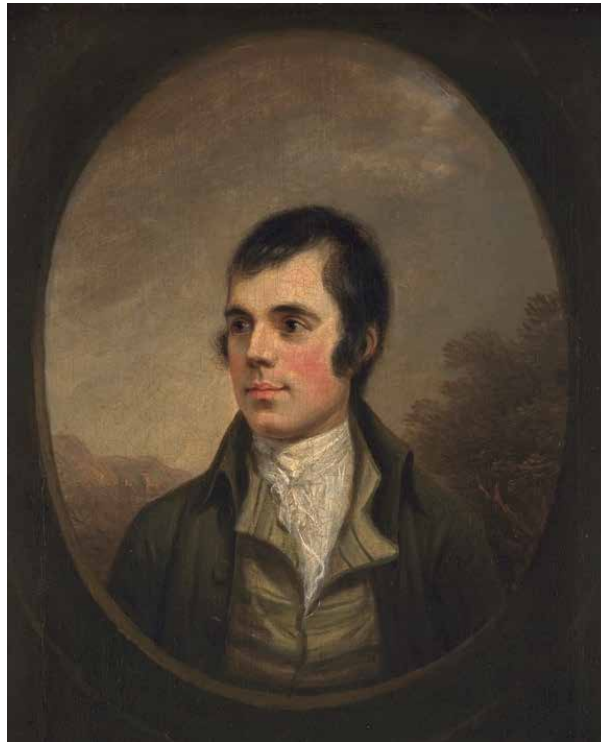
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Acknowledgements

I have lived my life as a member of the Scottish Diaspora and embarked upon this project as a way of reconnecting with the culture of the land of my birth. I was encouraged in my enthusiasm by the love and support of my mother (recently deceased), my father and my godparents Nan and Pete Gibson. My thanks go to Len Vorster for his beautiful playing, to John Foster for his attractive cover design, to Martin Wright and Vaughan McAlley for their fine work in bringing this recording to fruition, to Dr Deborah Seifert for her tremendous support, to my friends Ken Falconer and Peter Holloway for their enthusiasm and support of my work, to Evelyn Portek, Gordon Dunlop and Christine Webster at the Louise Hansen Dyer Music Library, The University of Melbourne, for their help, and most of all to my husband, Professor David Dickson, without whom this project would not have seen the light of day.

This recording and research project has provided me with many joys, both musical and intellectual. In the year of the 250th anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns (1759-1796), I offer the meager fruits of my efforts as personal homage to the memory of our National Bard.

Vivien Hamilton