#### **ERRATA**

No. 1 DUBLIN BAY should read No. 1 LISBON

No. 2 HARKSTOW GRANGE should read No. 2 HORKSTOW GRANGE

#### TO BANDLEADERS.

Bandleaders need not be afraid of the two types of irregular rhythm met with in the "Lincolnshire Posy": those conveyed by changing time-signatures in "Rufford Park Poachers." and those (marked "Free Time") left to the band leader's volition in "Lord Melbourne." Both these types lie well within the powers of any normal high school band. The only players that are likely to balk at those rhythms are seasoned professional bandsmen, who think more of their beer than of their music.

Bandleaders will note that the main solo in "Rufford Park Poachers" (bars 19-45) may be played either on a flügelhorn or cornet (Version A) or on a soprano saxophone (Version B). The soprano saxophone is to be preferred—that is, if its player has assurance enough to throb forth this melody with searching, piercing prominence. This solo was written, partly, in the hopes of convincing bandleaders and bandsmen of the supreme desirability of this glorious instrument—to my mind the loveliest of the whole saxophone family. Its bucolic intensity is a golden gain to the wind band. ("But it is so rarely heard in tune," is the argument against it. But are the Bb clarinets ever heard in tune, in the band? Never by me. Yet I readily admit that they are un-do-withoutable. Strict in-tune-ness is a pedant's goal, not a practical musician's.) But even on those colleagues who do not share my passion for the soprano saxophone I urge the supreme importance of keeping instrumental families intact. The French have shown deep wisdom in constructing their newer instrumental families (saxophones, saxhorns, sarrusophones) in close accordance with the range of human voices (soprano, alto, tenor, baritone, bass); for the whole development of European harmony (and with it everything we call "classical music") from Perotin le Grand (c. 1200) to Wagner or César Franck, has been built up with an intimate adjustment to the tessature of human voices. To lack the soprano voice of an important instrumental group is a fatal handicap. See what has happened to the strings! Up to Purcell's time (when he wrote his heavenly Fantasies for a quartet of the violin family, 1680) both the main string families (the viols and the violins) tallied the natural divisions of the human voice, and perfect string music was obtainable. Since then—with the dropping of the tenor violin (who wants a choir consisting of sopranos, altos, basses—lacking tenors?) only broken, top-heavy music is made by our strings. (Read Arnold Dolmetsch's masterly description of this calamity, p. 455 of his "The Interpretation of the Music of the 17th and 18th Centuries," Novello & Co.). Let us not commit similar follies in the wind band!

PERCY ALDRIDGE GRAINGER, August, 1939.

### PROGRAM-NOTE

# "LINCOLNSHIRE POSY"

English Folksongs gathered in Lincolnshire (England) by Lucy E. Broadwood and Percy Aldridge Grainger and set for Wind Band (Military Band)

#### PERCY ALDRIDGE GRAINGER

1. "Dublin Bay" (Sailor's Song)

"Harkstow Grange"

(narrating local history)

3. "Rufford Park Poachers" (Poaching Song) 4. "The brisk young Sailor" (returned to wed his True Love)

5. "Lord Melbourne" (War Song)

6. "The Lost Lady found"

(Dance Song)

With the exception of military marches almost all the music we hear played on wind bands (military bands) was originally composed for other mediums (for orchestra, for piano, for chorus, as songs for voice and piano) and afterwards arranged for wind band-and as good as never by the composer. (Notable exceptions are: Wagner's "Huldigungsmarsch"; Henry Cowell's "Celtic Set"; R. Vaughan Williams's "Folksong Suite" and "Toccata Marziale" (Boosey & Hawkes); Gustav Holst's two "Suites for Band" and "Hammersmith"; Hindemith's "Concert Music for Wind Band" (Schott, Mayence); Ernst Toch's "Spiel"; Florent Schmitt's "Dionysiaques"; Respighi's "Hunting-Tower Ballad"; several compositions by Leo Sowerby.)

Why this cold-shouldering of the wind band by most composers? Is the wind band-with its varied assortments of reeds (so much richer than the reeds of the symphony orchestra), its complete saxophone family that is found nowhere else (to my ears the saxophone is the most expressive of all wind instruments—the one closest to the human voice. And surely all musical instruments should be rated according to their tonal closeness to man's own voice!), its army of brass (both wide-bore and narrow-bore)-not the equal of any medium ever conceived? As a vehicle of deeply emotional expression it seems to me unrivalled.

"Lincolnshire Posy," as a whole work, was conceived and scored by me direct for wind band early in 1937. Five, out of the six, movements of which it is made up, existed in no other finished form, though most of these movements (as is the case with almost all my compositions and settings, for whatever medium) were indebted, more or less, to unfinished sketches for a variety of mediums covering many years (in this case the sketches date from 1905 to 1937). These indebtednesses are stated in the scores. The version for two pianos was begun half a year after the completion of the work for wind band.

This bunch of "musical wildflowers" (hence the title "Lincolnshire Posy") is based on folksongs collected in Lincolnshire, England (one noted by Miss Lucy E. Broadwood; the other five noted by me, mainly in the years 1905-1906, and with the help of the phonograph), and the work is dedicated to the old folksingers who sang so sweetly to me. Indeed, each number is intended to be a kind of musical portrait of the singer who sang its underlying melody a musical portrait of the singer's personality no less than of his habits of song-his regular or irregular wonts of rhythm, his preference for gaunt or ornately arabesqued delivery, his contrasts of legato and staccato, his tendency towards breadth or delicacy of tone.

For these folksingers were kings and queens of song! No concert singer I have ever heard approached these rural warblers in variety of tone-quality, range of dynamics, rhythmic resourcefulness and individuality of style. For while our concert singers (dull dogs that they are—with their monotonous mooing and bellowing between mf and ff, and with never a pp to their name!) can show nothing better (and often nothing as good) as slavish obedience to the tyrannical behests of composers, our folksingers were lords in their own domain—were at once performers and creators. For they bent all songs to suit their personal artistic taste and personal vocal resources: singers with wide vocal range spreading their intervals over two octaves, singers with small vocal range telescoping their tunes by transposing awkward high notes an octave down.

But even more important than these art-skills and personality-impresses (at least to Australia—a land that must upbuild itself in the next few hundred years, a land that cannot forever be content to imitate clockwork running down) is the heritage of the old high moods of our race (tangible proofs that "Merry England"—that is, agricultural England—once existed) that our yeoman singers have preserved for the scrutiny of mournful, mechanised modern man.

Up to the time of the Norman Conquest—in spite of the roaming of Danish armies over the English land—English art showed the characteristics we might expect of a proud Nordic people: in its heathen and half-heathen poems the glorification of race-redeeming, mankind-rescuing, blind-to-gain saviour-heroes such as Beowulf; in its Christian literature the veneration of true Christian meekness, studiousness, culture. It was only after the Norman Conquest that these high ideals gave place to a week-kneed tolerance of '(indeed, sly admiration for), such vices as adventurousness, opportunism and luck-chasing, and that the "inferiority complex" of a defeated people revealed itself in the mock-heroics, flighty pessimism, self-belittlement, South-worship and Continent-apery so distressing (from an Australian standpoint) in Spencer, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Keats, Tennyson, Swinburne and much other English art. (It is upheartening to note that this defeatist self-effacement, this indescriminate grovelling before things foreign is blessedly absent from American poetry such as Walt Whitman's and Edgar Lee Master's and from such Australian art as Barbara Bainton's prose and the drawings, paintings and novels of Norman Lindsay. Here we meet again the affirmative life-worship and robust selfhood so characteristic of Scandinavian art (of all periods) and of pre-Norman English art. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that America and Australia are in process of de-Normanising, re-Anglo-saxonis ng and re-Scandinavianising themselves!)

Yet in spite of the defeatist pessimism so rampant in the more courtly, townified and university-bred branches of English art during the last 900 years our 'yeoman-artists have been able to hand down to us a large body of proud English moods, qualities and feelings: grandeur, sturdiness, stocialness, unmatched sweetness (what folktunes are so meltingly sweet as the English?), wistfulness, island-minded mildness (for a nation without land-frontiers is, naturally, a stranger to continent-bred harshness and intolerance). And it is this yeomanship (this ability to stubbornly remain immune to all sorts of upstart un-English influences) that I wished to celebrate in my "Posy".

These musical portraits of my folksingers were tone-painted in a mood of considerable bitterness—bitterness at memories of the cruel treatment meted out to folksingers as human beings (most of them died in poor-houses or in other down-heartening surroundings) and at the thought of how their high gifts oftenest were allowed to perish unheard, unrecorded and unhonoured.

It is obvious that all music lovers (except a few "cranks") loathe genuine folksong and shun it like the plague. No genuine folksong ever becomes popular—in any civilised land. Yet these same music-lovers entertain a maudlin affection for the word "folksong" (coined by my dear friend Mrs. Edmund Woodhouse to translate German "volkslied") and the ideas it conjures up. So they are delighted when they chance upon half-breed tunes like "Country Gardens" and "Shepherd's Hey" (on the borderline between folksong and unfolkish "popular song") that they can sentimentalise over (as being folksongs), yet can listen to without suffering the intense boredom aroused in them by genuine folksongs. Had rural England not hated its folksong this form of music would not have been in process of dying out and would not have needed to be "rescued from oblivion" by townified highbrows such as myself and my fellow-collectors. As a general rule the younger kin of the old folksingers not only hated folksong in the usual way, described above, but, furthermore, fiercely despised the folksinging habits of their old uncles and grandfathers as revealing social backwardness and illiteracy in their families. And it is true! the measure of a countryside's richness in living folksong is the measure of its illiteracy; which explains why the United States is, to-day, the richest of all English-speaking lands in living folksong.

There are, however, some exceptions to this prevailing connection between folksong and illiteracy. Mr. Joseph Taylor, the singer of "Rufford Park Poachers"—who knew more folksongs than any of my other folksingers, and sang his songs with "purer" folksong traditions—was neither illiterate nor socially backward. And it must also be admitted that he was a member of the choir of his village (Saxby-All-Saints, Lincolnshire) for over 45 years—a thing unusual in a folksinger. Furthermore his relatives—keen musicians themselves—were extremely proud of his prowess as a folksinger. Mr. Taylor was bailiff on a big estate, where he formerly had been estate woodman and carpenter. He was the perfect type of an English yeoman: sturdy and robust, yet the soul of sweetness, gentleness, courteousness and geniality. At the age of 75 (in 1908) his looks were those of middle age and his ringing voice—one of the loveliest I ever heard—was as fresh as a young man's. He was a past master of graceful, birdlike ornament and relied more on purely vocal effects than any folksinger known to me. His versions of tunes were generally distinguished by the beauty of their melodic curves and the symmetry of their construction. His effortless high notes, sturdy rhythms and clean unmistakable intervals were a sheer delight to hear. From a collector's standpoint he was a marvel of his cheery voice.

Mr. George Gouldthorpe, the singer of "Harkstow Grange" (born at Barrow-on-the-Humber, North Lincolnshire, and aged 66 when he first sang to me, in 1905) was a very different personality. Though his face and figure were gaunt and sharp-cornered (closely akin to those seen on certain types of Norwegian upland peasants) and his singing voice somewhat grating, he yet contrived to breathe a spirit of almost caressing tenderness into all he sang, said and did—though a hint of the tragic was ever-present also. A life of drudgery, ending, in old age, in want and hardship, had not shorn his manners of a degree of humble nobility and dignity exceptional even amongst English peasants; nor could any situation rob him of his refreshing, but quite unconscious, Lincolnshire independence. In spite of his poverty and his feebleness in old age it seemed to be his instinct to shower benefits around him. Once, at Brigg, when I had been noting down tunes until late in the evening, I asked Mr. Gouldthorpe to come back carly the next morning. At about 4.30 I looked out of the window and saw him playing with a colt, on the lawn. He must have taken a train from Goxhill or Barrow, at about 4.0 a.m. I apologised, saying "I didn't mean that early, Mr. Gouldthorpe." Smiling his sweet kingly smile he answered: "Yuh said: Coome eearly. So I coom'd."

Towards the end of his life he was continually being pitch-forked out of the workhouse to work on the roads, and pitch-forked back into the workhouse as it was seen he was too weak to work ("When Ah gets on to the roads I feel thaht weeak!") But he was very anxious to insist that no injustice was done to him. In the midst of reciting his troubles he would add quickly, impulsively: "Aw, boot Ah'm nawt cumplaainin'! They're verra kahn tummuh (kind to me) at the workkus; they're verra kahn' tummuh!"

His child-like mind and unworldly nature, seemingly void of all bitterness, singularly fitted him to voice the purity and sweetness of folk-art. He gave out his tunes in all possible gauntness, for the most part in broad, even notes; but they were adorned by a richness of dialect hard to match.

In recalling Mr. Gouldthorpe I think most of the mild yet lordly grandeur of his nature, and this is what I have tried to mirror in my setting of "Harkstow Grange."

Mr. George Wray (the singer of "Lord Melbourne") had a worldlier, tougher and more prosperously-coloured personality. He too, was born at Barrow-on-Humber, and was eighty years old when he sang to me in 1906. From the age of eight to seventeen he worked in a brick yard, after which he went to sea as cook and steward, learning some of his songs aboard ship. After that he again worked at a brick yard, for forty years; and, later on again, he sold coals, taking them to Barton, Barrow, Goxhill, etc., in his own ship, and also carrying them round on his back (in "scootles"), as much as twenty tons a day. This he did to the age of seventy-three, and then he "give over." In his old age he enjoyed independence, and said: "And thaay saay (they say) a poor mahn 'ahsn't a chahnce!" He used to be a great dancer. (Yet, in spite of this association with strict rhythm, his singing was more irregular in rhythm than any I ever heard.) He took a prize—a fine silver pencil—for dancing, at Barton, at the age of fifty-four, performing to the accompaniment of a fiddle, which he considered "better than anything to dance to." His brother was a "left-handed" fiddler (bowing with his left hand, fingering with his right). Mr. Wray held that folksinging had been destroyed by the habit of singing in church and chapel choirs, and used to wax hot on this subject, and on the evils resultant upon singing to the accompaniment of the piano. He was convinced that most folks could keep their vigour as late in life as he had, if they did not overfeed.

He lived alone, surrounded by evil-smelling cats. I asked him if he often went to town, and he answered: "It's too temptatious for a mahn of my age!" A consciousness of snug, self-earned success underlay the jaunty contentment and skittishness of his renderings. His art shared the restless energy of his life. Some of his versions of tunes were fairly commonplace (not "Lord Melbourne," however!), yet he never failed to invest them with a unique quaintness—by means of swift touches of swagger, heaps of added "nonsense syllables," queer hollow vowel-sounds (doubtless due to his lack of teeth) and a jovial, jogging stick-to-it-iveness in performance. He had an amazing memory for the texts of his songs. "Lord Melbourne" (actually about the Duke of Marlborough) is a genuine war-song—a thing rare in English folksong.

Mrs. Thompson (the singer of "The Brisk Young Sailor"), though living in Barrow-on-Humber, North Lincolnshire, came originally from Liverpool.

The first number in my set, "Dublin Bay," was collected under characteristic circumstances. In 1905, when I first met its singer—Mr. Deane, of Hibbaldstowe—he was in the workhouse at Brigg, N.E. Lincolnshire. I started to note down his "Dublin Bay," but the workhouse matron asked me to stop, as Mr. Deane's heart was very weak and the singing of the old song—which he had not sung for forty years—brought back poignant memories to him and made him burst into tears. I reluctantly desisted. But a year or so later, when I had acquired a phonograph, I returned to get Mr. Deane's tune "alive or dead". I thought he might as well die singing it as die without singing it.

I found him in the hospital ward of the workhouse, with a great gash in his head-he having fallen down stairs. He was very proud of his wound, and insisted that he was far too weak to sing. "All right, Mr. Deane," I said to him, "you needn't sing yourself; but I would like you to hear some records made by other singers in these parts." He had not heard half a record through before he said, impulsively: "I'll sing for you, yoong main." So the phonograph was propped op on his bed, and in between the second and third verse he spoke these words into the record: "It's pleasein' muh." Which shows how very much folksinging is part of the folksinger's natural life.

The last number of my set (" The Lost Lady Found") is a real dance-song-come down to us from the days when voices, rather than instruments, held village dancers together. Miss Lucy E. Broadwood, who collected the tune, writes of its origin as follows, in her " English Traditional songs and Carols" (Boosey & Co.):

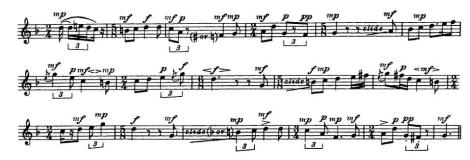
" Mrs. Hill, an old family nurse, and a native of Stamford (Lincolnshire), learned her delightful song when a child, from an old cook who danced as she sang it, beating time on the stone kitchen-floor with her iron pattens. The cook was thus unconsciously carrying out the original intention of the "ballad," which is the English equivalent of the Italian "baletta" (from ballare, "to dance"), signifying a song to dancemeasure, accompanied by dancing.

PERCY ALDRIDGE GRAINGER, August, 1939.

### SOURCES OF THE FOLKSONGS USED IN "LINCOLNSHIRE POSY."

Printed notations of some of the folk-tunes used may be consulted as follows: "The Duke of Marlborough" (freely altered into a counter-melody in the "Dublin Bay" setting) and "The Lost Lady Found" in English Traditional Songs and Carols by Lucy E. Broadwood (Boosey & Co., 1908).

"Rufford Park Poachers" (notation of a phonograph record of the singing of Mr. Joseph Taylor on Aug. 4, 1906) in Journal of the Folk-Song Society, No. 12 (May, 1908). On July II, 1908, Mr. Joseph Taylor recorded this song for the London Gramophone Co. The following shows his (combined) divergencies, from his earlier singing (recorded in the above-mentioned Folk-Song Society Journal), on that occasion:



Practically all of Mr. Taylor's variants appear in my setting.

"Lord Melbourne" in Journal of the Folk-Song Society, No. 12 (May, 1908).

My notation of the folksongs underlying the "Dublin Bay", "Harkstow Grange" and "The Brisk Young Sailor" settings are not yet published; but they are almost identical with the tunes as they appear in the settings.

PERCY ALDRIDGE GRAINGER, August, 1939.

Dedicated to the folksingers who sang so sweetly to me.

Playing-time

Complete "Lincolnshire Posy": 14.58 min

'Dublin Bay'': 1.20 min:

The counter-melody (on horns, etc.) based on the first phrase of "The Duke o Mariborough" folksong noted down b Lucy E. Broadwood from the singing o Mr. H. Burstow, of Horsham, England.

kindly granted by Messrs, Boosey & Co. Ltd. publishers of "Epglish Traditional Songs and Carols" by Lucy E. Broadwood. The whole of this tune is used in "The Duke of Mariborough Fanfare" for Brass Choi (British Folk-Music Settings, Nr 36).

Lord Melbourne" (Nr 5 in "Lincolnsh Posy") is a variant of this same song.

# Percy Aldridge Grainger

BRITISH FOLK-MUSIC SETTINGS

#### Nº 34. "LINCOLNSHIRE POSY"

Based on English Folksongs gathered in Lincolnshire

FOR MILITARY BAND

1. "DUBLIN BAY" (Sailor's Song)

Noted down by Percy Aldridge Grainger (1905) from the singing of Mr. Deane (of Hibbaldstowe, Lincolnshire, England) and set for Military Band

PERCY ALDRIDGE GRAINGER

COMPRESSED FULL SCORE

This version of "Dublin Bay" for Military Band (scored Jan. or Feb. 1937) is an off-shoot from the root-form which was tone-wrought for Wind 5-some (June-July 1931) on sketches for chorus dating from March 19, 1906.





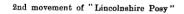


This is the root form of

this setting, from which the version for 2 planos, 4 hands

(see "British Folk-Music Settings " Nr 35-2) is an off-

Set, March 1934-Feb. 1, 1937.



#### Playing-time: 2.15 mins.

Bass Tbn. Tubas added, Hn IV 853

46150

Strg. Bass Bya lower Low Reeds, Low Saxs keep on

### 2. "HARKSTOW GRANGE" (The Miser and his Man-a local Tragedy)

English folksong, noted down by Percy Aldridge Grainger (in 1905) from the singing of George Gouldthorpe (of Goxhill, North Lincolnshire, England) and set for

MILITARY BAND

### PERCY ALDRIDGE GRAINGER

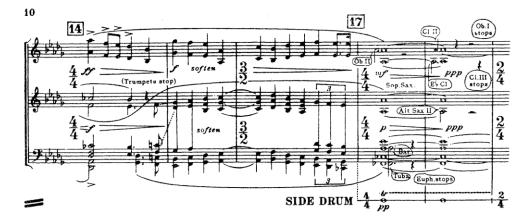
COMPRESSED FULL SCORE

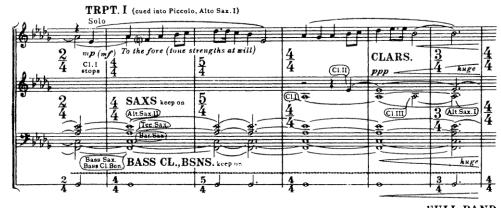


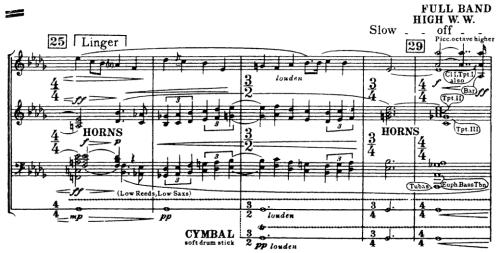


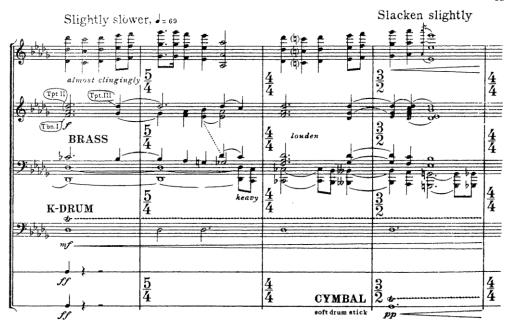
Str. Bass (bowed)

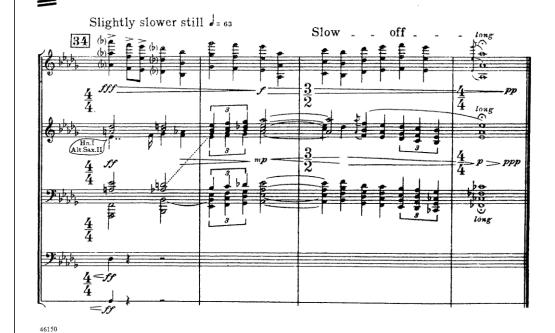












Playing-time: 4.05 mins.

3rd movement of "Lincolnshire Posy"

# 3. "RUFFORD PARK POACHERS"

(Poaching Song)

English Folksong, noted down by Percy Aldridge Grainger (in 1906) from the singing of Joseph Taylor (of Saxby-All-Saints, Lincolnshire, England) and set for Military Band by

PERCY ALDRIDGE GRAINGER

Set Jan.-March 1937,

off-shoot.

This is the root-form of

this setting, from which the version for 2 pianos, 4 hands

(see "British Folk-Music

Settings" Nr. 35-3) is an

46150

COMPRESSED FULL SCORE

N.B. If you have a soprano saxophonist who can play the solo from bar 19 to bar 46 LOUDLY, piercingly, feelingly and vibratingly, use version B. If not, this solo may be played on a Flügelhorn (or Trumpet, or Cornet) in which case use Version A. The Bandmaster should be careful to let the band know which version is to be played.



















46150

Playing-time: 1.45 mins.

4th movement of "Lincolnshire Posy"

## 4. "THE BRISK YOUNG SAILOR"

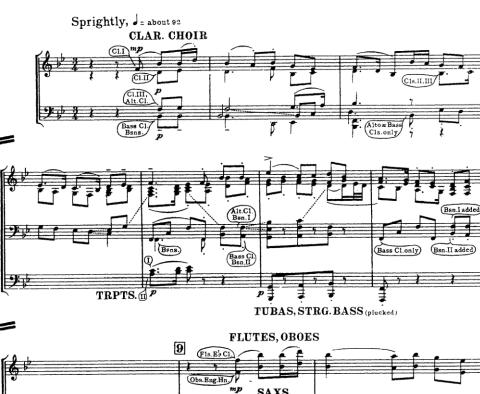
(who returned to wed his True Love)

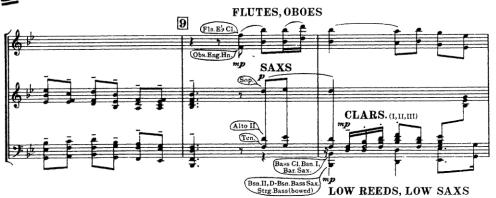
English Folksong noted down by Percy Aldridge Grainger (in 1906) from the singing of Mrs. Thompson (born in Liverpool, but living in Barton-on-Humber, Lincoln-hire, England) and set for Military Band

PERCY ALDRIDGE GRAINGER

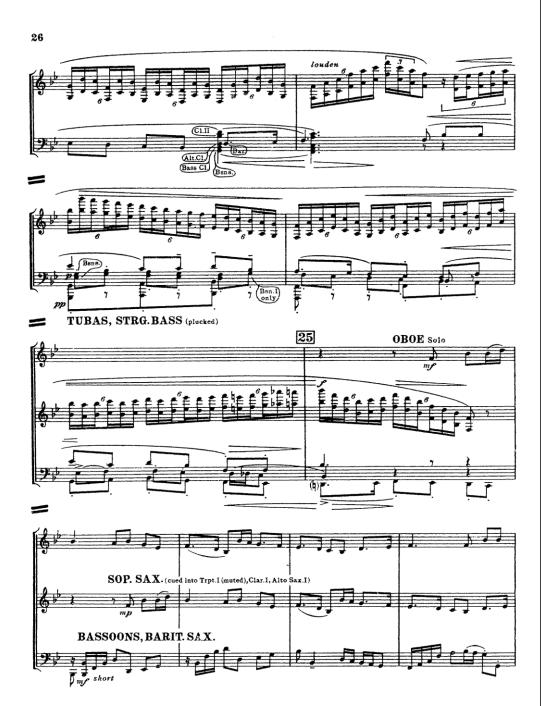
COMPRESSED FULL SCORE

This is the root-form of this setting, thought out for Military Band in March, 1937 (scored March 13-16, 1937) and somewhat based on sketches for Unison Chorus, Horns and Strings dating from about 1919. The version for 2 pianos. 4 hands ("British Folk-Music" setting Nr. 35-4) is an off-shoot from this root-form for Military Band.













5th movement of "Lincolnshire Posy"

Playing-time : 3.08 mins

Marlborough" folksong, the first phrase of which (as noted down by LUCY E BROADWOOD from the singing of Henry Burstow, of Horsham, Sussex,

England: is used to form a counter-melody

In "Dublin Bay" (Nr 1 of "Lincolnshire

### 5. "LORD MELBOURNE"

(War Song)

English folksong, noted down (m 1906) by Percy Aldridge Grainger from the singing of George Wray (of Barton-on-Humber, Lincoln-shire, England) and set for Military Band

This varion for Military Band (worsed out and scored, Fab., 1927) is the root-form of this setting, from which root-form the varions for 2 planos—4 hands (British Folk-Music Sattings, Nr. 35-5) is an off-shoot. But this root-form for Military Band (ascept bars 14-12, which date from FEB., 1937) closely follows a sketch for a setting for Chorus, Organ and Brass dating from 1911.

### PERCY ALDRIDGE GRAINGER

COMPRESSED FULL SCORE

In the passages marked "Free Time" (between the sign @ and the next bar-line) the bandleader should slightly vary his beat-lengths with that rhythmic elasticity so characteristic of many English folksingers . and especially characteristic of George Wray, the singer of this song. Thus the opening phrase may be taken

or equally well as follows

or in any other suitable arrangement of slightly

varying beat-lengths. The bandleader should give free rein to his rhythmic fancy, just as folk-singers do. Each note with an arrow above it may be beaten with a down beat. Regular beat-lengths and conventional beat-gestures are taken up wherever there are bar-lines and time-signatures.



