TOCCATA CLASSICS

William JACKSON of Exeter

SONGS, CANZONETS AND A SONATA

Emma Kirkby and Irene Mas Salom, sopranos
Charles Daniels, tenor
Ars Musicae, Mallorca

FIRST RECORDINGS

WILLIAM JACKSON Songs, Canzonets and a Sonata

1	Twelve Songs, Op. 4: No. 8, ‘Let me approach my sleeping love’	4:17
2	Twelve Songs, Op. 1: No. 12, ‘Ianthe the lovely, the joy of her swain’	2:53
3	Twelve Canzonets, Op. 9: No. 1, ‘Time has not thinn’d my flowing hair’	3:26
4	Twelve Pastorals, Op. 15: No. 7, ‘Lone minstrel of the midnight hour’	3:05
5	Twelve Canzonets, Op. 9: No. 5, ‘Ah! where does my Phillida stray?’	3:46
6	Twelve Songs, Op. 4: No. 4, ‘Ye shepherds give ear to my lay’	3:14
7	Twelve Songs, Op. 1: No. 3, ‘For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove’	3:06
8	Twelve Songs, Op. 1: No. 9, ‘’Twas when the seas were roaring’	5:14
Eight Sonatas, Op. 10: No. 4, Sonata in A minor		**11:47**
9	I *Andante*	3:20
10	II *Allegro*	4:42
11	III *Minuetto*	3:45
12	Twelve Songs, Op. 1: No. 5, ‘In vain you tell your parting lover’	3:22
13	Twelve Songs, Op. 16: No. 4, ‘Again returns the blushful May’	3:15
14	Twelve Canzonets, Op. 9: No. 8, ‘O Venus! hear my ardent pray’r’	4:03
15	Twelve Songs, Op. 1: No. 2, ‘Blest as th’immortal gods is he’	6:51
16	Twelve Songs, Op. 4: No. 2, ‘My banks they are furnish’d with bees’	2:41
17	Twelve Songs, Op. 1: No. 1, ‘The heavy hours are almost past’	4:46
18	Twelve Songs, Op. 7: No. 6, ‘Night to lovers’ joys a friend’	2:40
19	Twelve Songs, Op. 16: No. 6, ‘Sweet was the sun’s last parting ray’	4:20

TT **72:46**

Emma Kirkby, soprano 3 5 6 13 14 16 19
Irene Mas Salom, soprano 2 3 8 14 18**, violin II** 7 9–11
Charles Daniels, tenor 1 5 7 12 15 17
Maria-Antònia Melià, flute 4
Bernat Cabot, violin I 4 7 9–11
Marc Bauzà, violin II 2
Cristina Trenchs, viola 9–11
Sylvia Serrano, cello 9–12
Timothy Roberts, harpsichord 9–11

Ars Musicae, Mallorca
Bernat Cabot (leader), Marc Bauzà, Jaume Aguiló, Caterina Cladera, first violins
Irene Mas Salom, Aina Maimó, Aurora Alcover, Maria Victòria Sabater, second violins
Cristina Trenchs, Fabià Acosta, Aina Servera, Beatriz Torres, violas
Silvia Serrano, Isidre Mateu, cellos
Joan Pep Coll, double bass
Maria-Antònia Melià, Mike Gingold, flutes
Paul Nicholson 2 3 6 8 13 14 16 19 and Timothy Roberts 1 4 5 7 12 15 17 18, harpsichord continuo

FIRST RECORDINGS

WILLIAM JACKSON OF EXETER, MUSICIAN

by Timothy Roberts

> At Exeter we spent a pleasant day and night, though it was in the church-yard where our hotel (one of the best in that city) was situated. I went to the cathedral, and heard a beautiful anthem of Jackson's finely sung. I went up to the organ-loft, and introduced myself to him; he did me the favour to call at my hotel, and spend the evening with me. He was a man of great taste and musical research, but very eccentric. His melodies were pure and natural, and some of his madrigals and anthems will live for ever, to the credit of the English school.[1]

This album is almost certainly the first ever devoted entirely to the music of William Jackson,[2] which is indeed 'pure and natural' and therefore requires little detailed description to be understood and enjoyed. As the composer himself claimed, his songs are rooted in English traditions, and if his harmonies rarely move beyond those of Corelli and Handel, Jackson's emphasis on sensibility also brings hints of early Romanticism. His literary work[3] likewise anticipates the critical essays of Berlioz (who was born in the year of Jackson's death), and his wide interests included not only science and history but also the visual arts: he knew several of the leading British artists of his day, most famously Thomas Gainsborough (who left a portrait of Jackson), and was himself a minor painter of note.[4]

[1] Michael Kelly, *Reminiscences*, ed. Roger Fiske, Oxford University Press, Oxford and London, 1975, p. 234.

[2] One work by Jackson, *Let no mortal sing to me*, appeared in my anthology *O Tuneful Voice*, Oxford University Press, Oxford and London, 1989; three are heard on the CD *O Tuneful Voice: Songs and Duets from Late Eighteenth-century England*, Hyperion CDA66497, and four more on *Enchanting Harmonist: A Soirée With the Linleys of Bath*, Hyperion CDA66698.

[3] Jackson's three principal books are *Thirty Letters on Various Subjects,* London, 1783, *Observations on the Present State of Music in London,* London, 1791, and *The Four Ages together with Essays on Various Subjects,* London, 1798. All three can be read online at, respectively, https://archive.org/details/thirtylettersonv00jack, http://imslp.org/wiki/Observations_on_the_Present_State_of_Music_in_London_(Jackson%2C_William), and as a Google book.

[4] Formerly attributed to Gainsborough, the painting on the cover of this booklet may be one of the other portraits that Jackson mentions in his autobiography (*cf.* p. 7), or could be a self-portrait.

The New Grove sums up Jackson's significance thus:

> he was among the first composers in England to show an awareness of the styles of early Classical music both in his harmonic language and his extensive use of dynamics. His best music is to be found in his secular vocal works, where he demonstrates an ability to blend a natural melodic style with a sensitivity to text.[5]

Most of Jackson's solo songs have an accompaniment for a four-part string ensemble, which could be performed orchestrally (in public concerts or the pleasure gardens, for example), or else by a quartet, with or without double bass, in more domestic surroundings. Of the twelve songs recorded here, only four have a different scoring: 'Again returns the blushful May' 13, which has additional parts for two transverse flutes; 'Ianthe the lovely, the joy of her swain' 2 and 'For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove' 7, which have no viola part; and 'In vain you tell your parting lover' 12, which, unusually, is accompanied only by a cello obbligato and continuo.

Nearly all the songs are strophic, meaning that they consist of a number of verses sung to more or the less the same tune. There is always an instrumental or orchestral introduction, for the entry of the singer as it were, and a smaller instrumental section after each verse, which usually also serves as the final playout. Sometimes there is an instrumental interlude in the middle of the verse as well. There may be just two verses 7 12 13, three 1 2 6 17 18 or more 16. Sometimes a verse may consist of two repeated halves (AABB), though for this recording we have regarded such repeats as to some extent optional.

'Blest as th'immortal gods is he' 15 is a twist on the normal strophic scheme. Notionally its form is Introduction–AABB–CCDD, but the lyric, depicting the exaggerated sensations of an over-excitable lover, inspires the composer to make C and D into almost comical variations on A and B. The vocal cadenzas were invented by Charles Daniels. The last song in the album, 'Sweet was the sun's last parting ray' 19, is also exceptional, setting a short, eight-line lyric as a simple AABB structure (with introduction and playout).

[5] Richard McGrady, 'Jackson, William [i]', *Grove Online*.

The canzonets 3 5 14 and pastoral 4 are simple vocal duets with a light continuo accompaniment, in AABB or ABB form. (We have chosen to play 4 on instruments alone, a common practice in Jackson's time.) In calling his duets 'canzonet' Jackson would have been aware of the precedents of both Thomas Morley's *Canzonets to Two Voyces* of 1595 and, a much more recent model, J. C. Bach's two sets of *Sei canzonette* (London, 1765 and 1767) to lyrics by Metastasio. As he would record in his autobiography, the success of Jackson's canzonets took him by surprise: he regarded them as mere ephemeral teaching material, and yet 'Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair' 3 would endure as his most famous work.

The Sonata in A minor 9–11 belongs to the genre called 'accompanied keyboard music', a still-young tradition that would lead via the piano trios and quartets of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven through to the piano quartets and quintets of the nineteenth century. In Jackson's day such music was still principally sociable and intended mainly for the pleasure of the performers. But even at this early stage, the string-quartet 'accompaniment' is hardly dispensable, for it makes an essential contribution to the colour, dynamics and – at times – melodic interest of the music.

This recording represents a range of Timothy Roberts' musical skills: research, editions – especially of English song from the Restoration through to the Victorian era – and programme-planning; keyboard-playing in both solo and accompanying roles; and stereo recording and producing. A former pupil of Christopher Kite and of Jill Severs, he was principal keyboard of the Gabrieli Consort and Players from 1988 to 2007. In 2003–8 he lived in Mallorca, where he formed enduring friendships with (among others) Ars Musicae and the organ-builder Gerhard Grenzing. At present he lives in London, plays piano for dance at Bird College theatre school and runs a concert series at St Saviour's Church in his native Hampstead. His website can be found at www.orchardstreetmusic.uk.

WILLIAM JACKSON IN HIS OWN WORDS

What follows is extracted from Jackson's 'Short Sketch of My Own Life', a manuscript autobiography written around 1800 (though including his Continental travel journal of 1785) that was later inherited by the composer's adoptive grandson, William Elmsley, QC. It was first published in abridged form in 1882, in the London periodical The Leisure Hour. *A complete modern edition, along with much other exhaustive information on the composer, is in* Gainsborough's House Review, *Vol. iv, Sudbury, 1996–97, pp. 39–151. The footnotes here are supplied by Timothy Roberts.*

[...] I was born May 28. 1730. O.S.[1] Of my Family I know nothing but that for many Generations they were Farmers at Morleigh, an obscure Place in the South-west of Devon [….] all the Jacksons in Devonshire have a Family Face & Person – what mine was may be known by a Picture […] by Rennel painted at Twenty Years of Age – one by Gainsborough at Forty, another by Keenan at Seventy. [...] I recollect also sitting for a Miniature to Humphry – for a Portrait in Crayons to Morland, and for two in Oil to Opie.[2]

My Grandfather [...] was a Serge-maker in Exeter [... and] left many Children. My Father, William [...received] a good School-Education, but [...] he soon dissipated his little Fortune. He was bred a Grocer [... and then worked] in a Merchant's Compting House. [...] My classical Education was begun in my seventh Year, and continued till I was sixteen. [...] I am so far from having any infantine Prodigies to record, that my Twelfth Year had arrived when my musical Studies had *commenced* – that is to say, my Master[3] received my Entrance [fee] and

[1] Meaning 'old style', the Julian calendar being used in England and Wales until 1752. McGrady (*loc. cit.*) gives Jackson's date of birth as 29 May.

[2] Thomas Rennell (1718–88), Thomas Gainsborough (1727–88), John Keenan (*fl.* 1780–1819), William Humphrey (1740?–1810?), Henry Robert Morland (d. 1797) and John Opie (1761–1807).

[3] Possibly John Silvester, cathedral organist from 1741 to 1753 (McGrady, *loc. cit.*).

gave me my Notes [i.e. musical rudiments], which was all I was indebted to him for. From a subordinate Member of the Choir at Exeter [Cathedral] I learnt two or three common airs such as are given to young Beginners. [...] by my own assiduous Practice I could perform Handel's Organ Concertos and some of Corelli's Sonatas; in a wild irregular manner no doubt. As yet I was a Stranger to any but my own poor Performance, when I was carried to hear a young Lady who, among other Pieces, played the Overture of Otho.[4] I have since heard most of the great Virtuosi play their own Music, but could I recall the *genuine feelings* which possessed me when I first heard the Lady and the Overture of 'Otho'!

[...] Some Actors travelling from the Metropolis to Plymouth left their first Violin sick at Exeter. [...] My Father became acquainted with him, and of course he became of use to me. He taught me to accompany him in some Solos [...] and lighted up a new Flame within me. [...] After a few Difficulties were surmounted, I was sent [to London] to study under M^{r} [John] Travers, Organist of the King's Chapel[5] and S^{t} Paul's Covent-Garden. [...]

The Academy of ancient Music[6] was then in its full Vigour, and helped to keep in existence many Pieces that had better have been forgot – However, they frequently [...] performed some of a superior cast. Geminiani was now (1746) at the close of his Life, but he led the Band in his new Concertos [...]. It was about this time that the Oratorio of Judas Maccabaeus was first performed. I was squeezed in among the Chorus-singers, and was remarked by Handel, when he entered, as a Stranger. 'Who are *you*? says he, can you play? can you sing? If not, open your mouth and pretend to sing, for there must be no idle persons in my band' – He was right – However, in the course of the Evening, by turning his Leaf, and some little Attentions, there became some sort of Acquaintance between us, so that I gained Admission to the frequent Repetitions of this Oratorio. [...]

[4] Handel's opera *Ottone*.

[5] That is, the Chapel Royal.

[6] '[F]ounded as the Academy of Vocal Music in 1726 to revive the glories of 16th- and 17th-century sacred music and madrigals', the society met at the Crown & Anchor Tavern in the Strand (Simon McVeigh, 'London', *§V*, 2, in *Grove Online*).

Being with Travers as a Scholar, and not as Apprentice, the Expense of my residing in London was rather too much for my Father's Finances, and he sent for me home. Under Eighteen I was obliged to practise my Profession for a Subsistence. [...] from thence to the present Moment [c. 1800], I have never owed a Shilling but have ever paid my Bills as soon as delivered. [...]

Accident threw Fielding's Joseph Andrews in my way. In my early Youth I had made the usual progress through Fairy-Tales, Books of Chivalry and the Arabian Nights, but Joseph Andrews was the first sober Book of Invention I ever read. Although young, my Judgement was sufficiently matured to have an exquisite Relish of that admirable performance. [...] I had scarcely finished the third reading [...] when Tom Jones made its appearance – perhaps the most engaging Book to young Persons that the World has produced. I began to read it at the close of the Evening, and continued my reading all through the Night. [...] At Twenty three I married – in every respect, improperly. [...] my Wife […] was a sober, virtuous, good Woman, but as totally unfit for her Husband as he was for Her.

It was about the year 1755 that I published my Set of [twelve] Songs,[7] under the *Firm* (to speak consequentially) of William Jackson *of Exeter*. I took the Addition of my Place of Nativity and Residence, to be distinguished from a Person of the same Name in Oxford [...].[8] Of these Songs, perhaps, more Books have been sold than of any other musical Publication, and with less Profit to the Composer. [...] They have been pirated by all the Trade – printed in Holland – published separately, – adapted for the Guittar – for the German Flute, and twisted into various different Forms for the Advantage of all concerned, except myself. [...] As this was the Work which gave the Impression of my Character as a Composer, on the Public, it may not be amiss to say in what it differed from preceding Publications under the same Title.

[7] Op. 1, c. 1755 (British Library catalogue), the source of tracks 2 7 8 12 15 and 17. 'The heavy hours' 17 was recorded by John McCormack (1884–1945): www.youtube.com/watch?v=orByJiQGmYM (78 rpm)

[8] A now-forgotten musician. It was, however, probably thanks to Jackson of Exeter's lasting reputation that a northern namesake, born in 1816, would habitually refer to himself as 'William Jackson of Masham'.

Our national Melody is peculiar to ourselves – it bears no Resemblance to the Italian, German, French, or even to the Scottish. What this was (for it is almost forgotten) may be known from the natural Tunes in the Beggar's Opera,[9] from Carey's Ballad-Operas[10] – and, in a more elegant form, from many Airs of Greene, Arne, Howard, and Boyce. We were losing our national Melody apace when my Songs first appeared. I depended on Tune as their principal Support, to this I added Expression, (hitherto not much attended to)[11] and Choice of Words, which had never before been considered as *essential* to the effect of Vocal music. I had the Satisfaction to find my Principle applauded, from which I have never departed.

About 1757 were published my first Set of Sonatas for the Harpsichord with a Violin Accompaniment [...]. In 1760 my Elegies [for three male voices and continuo] came out [... in circumstances that caused them] to be much noticed, which consequently were profitable to me [...]. It was [also] about the year 1757 that I first attempted Landscape-painting in Oil, but being perfectly ignorant of the mechanical part,[12] my Pictures [...] were ill-painted. [...] It is (to Me) a melancholy Consideration that what I wanted might have been explained to me in a few Minutes; but being without this necessary Information, I arrived at the very advanced Age of Seventy [... before I learned technique]; and now I must leave the World before I can put it into practice!

[Through the miniature-painter Collins[13]] I became acquainted with Gainsborough [...]. Conceiving that [through the latter's connections in Bath] I had an Opportunity of making Advantage of my musical Reputation, I published Proposals for printing a Set of Songs[14] by Subscription. Many of them were sung at the Bath-Concert by the

[9] John Gay's ballad opera of 1728.

[10] Henry Carey (1687–1743) composed 'Sally in our alley' and many other successful songs.

[11] Jackson seems to be talking of dynamics, including the early form of 'hairpin' that Geminiani had introduced for crescendo and diminuendo.

[12] That is, the technique of painting.

[13] Samuel Collins (1735–1768) was active in Bath, which was then 'almost a little capital of its own – the capital of fashion' (Eric Blom, *Music in England*, Pelican, London, 1942, p. 139). Bath is 80 miles from Exeter.

[14] Op. 4, c. 1765, source of 1 6 and 16.

Linleys,[15] where they were applauded [....] I got towards Three hundred Pounds, besides the after profits of a constant Sale, which has still continued; but the Property[16] is no longer mine. [...] The Impossibility of cultivating Acquaintance from my being short-sighted, and the *apparent* Neglect with which I treated the World (always construed into Ill-manners and Pride) put me on so bad a footing with [... Exeter] people, that by *them* I never got Salt to my Porridge, as the common Proverb expresses it – and though my *nearest* Connections knew I had no other way to maintain myself than by teaching Music, yet they studiously avoided any Application to me for that purpose – In fact it is by Strangers that I am, and have been supported. [...]

From the Age of Twenty five to Thirty (perhaps long after) I was deeply engaged in various Studies. Astronomy had much of my Attention, and Natural Philosophy, but I never felt much interest in the Transactions of any other country but my own. [...] My first Knowledge of English History I derived from Shakespeare's Plays, and although I have since read Rapin, Hume and many others, all I can *remember* is Shakespeare. Fortunately for me the Events from the Reign of James the first [onwards] were never poetically treated, so that I derive my Knowledge of them from more legitimate Sources. The Thirtieth of January[17] was since my remembrance kept as a day of fasting and humiliation [...]. It is true that [...] I do not shed Tears when good King Charles is mentioned, but it is impossible for me not to esteem a Monarch who had the finest Collection of Pictures in the World.

Besides the Music I published I had composed many other things – a Te Deum [...] and some Concertos for Violins & Wind-Instruments. The latter I shall destroy as they are too much in the quaker-style to please fashionable People; in fact, they are too deficient in Fancy and Effect to bear a comparison with the shewy Things which have

[15] The composer and singing teacher Thomas Linley the elder (1733–95) had twelve children, eight of whom would become musicians, most notably the soprano Elizabeth (1754–92) and the prodigious violinist and composer Thomas the younger (1756–78).

[16] That is, the copyright.

[17] The anniversary of the execution of King Charles I.

since been given to the World.[18] They therefore must 'hide their diminished Heads'[19] [...].

About this time[20] I published twelve hymns for three voices [...]. A third set of songs (Op. 7)[21] followed the hymns. As good Lyric Poetry began to grow scarce with me, Wolcot (better known by the Name of Peter Pindar)[22] furnished me with the Words of [... some of these songs] – I endeavoured, and, as it appears, successfully, to do justice to his Performances, for they are still liked where they are known. These songs, I think, are an Improvement upon those before published, as I had now acquired a Facility of Composition which nothing but long Practice can give. Thirty-four years have elapsed since their Publication, but they still continue to be performed. [...]

Wolcot is one of the few extraordinary Men of the present times. In his Poetry he is by turns vulgar, delicate, abusive, and sometimes sublime. He neither begs, borrows, nor steals, but is always himself and himself alone. His Conversation is seldom entertaining, and never informing. 'What Mortal could suppose, (said a Lady) that such a Man had written such fine Things?' [...]

Being at a loss for proper Duets to teach those who were learning to sing, I composed [...] my First Set of Canzonets Opera 9.[23] They were originally composed for a Treble and a Tenor, but knowing by experience that the Public understand no Clefs but the Treble and Bass, I was obliged to convert the Tenor into a second Treble, and frequently to alter the Part, much to its Disadvantage. [...] I am truly hurt that I cannot publish them

[18] In the *Observations* (*cf.* note 3 on p. 4) Jackson expressed disdain for Haydn, and so this is probably sarcasm.

[19] A quotation from Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, l. 34.

[20] In 1768.

[21] Published c. 1770 [18]. Jackson's last song collection, Op. 16, was printed c. 1790 ([13] [19]).

[22] Jackson's fellow Devonian John Wolcot (1738–1819), poet and satirist. In 1908 Sabine Baring-Gould (1834–1924) wrote that Jackson's door 'was always open to those young men who were of a poetical cast of mind. Even Dr. Wolcot, the venomous Peter Pindar, had a kindly word to say for him in verse. His favourite composer of words for his songs was one [John C. W.] Bampfylde [1754–1796/7], a Devonshire poet'. *Cf.* https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Devonshire_Characters_and_Strange_Events/William_Jackson,_Organist.

[23] Op. 9 (1770): [3] [5] and [14]. A second set of canzonets, Op. 13, appeared c. 1782, followed by *Twelve Pastorals,* Op. 15 (1786).

as they were at first composed.[24] [...] For these canzonets there is a continual demand, though not to my Advantage, as I long since sold the Copy-right.

I also composed about this time Eight Sonatas for the Harpsichord, accompanied by two Violins, Tenor and Bass Opera 10.[25] They never were noticed by the Public, but much approved in all Private parties where they were performed. I had the Mortification lately to find that the [engraved] Plates were destroyed, so that [...] they only exist but in the possession of private Persons [...]. I am sorry for the Fate of this Work [i.e., opus] for many Reasons – They did me Credit as Compositions, and they were the most perfect Specimens of musical engraving that has yet been produced. [...]

As I write at a great distance of time [...], I cannot pretend to ascertain Incidents by dates [...]; but I should have been glad to have said in what year it was that [Jacob] Kirkman the harpsichord-maker showed me [...] *the first pianoforte* that was ever seen in England.[26] It came from Portugal [...] and it was about the size and shape of a Rucker[s]-harpsichord. [...] I was much delighted with it, and recommended it strongly to Kirkman's attention, at the same assuring him that the period was not remote when the harpsichord would be disused. My prophecy has been fulfilled. [...]

I had now attained my forty-seventh Year without having any other means of my Subsistence than what I laboured for [...]. I embraced an Opportunity offered me by the then Organist of Exeter to succeed him in his Place [....] Cathedral Duty was not new to me. I found a bad Choir, which I was determined, if possible, to make a good one. By degrees I succeeded, and it is now (1801) and has been for many Years, the first in the

[24] In his preface to Op. 9, Jackson remarks that 'I should scarce have ventured to publish them, if they had not met with more approbation than appeared to me due to their merit [....] As trifles only they are offered to the public, and as trifles they will doubtless be received'. Yet 'Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair' 3 was still in print in the 1880s (Ashdown, London, c. 1887), and as late as 1892 Frederick Corder (1852–1932) arranged some of the canzonets as vocal quartets. My own edition of *William Jackson: Ten Duets* was published by Green Man Press, London, in 2013.

[25] That is, string quartet; Op. 10 (c. 1773). The viola part of these sonatas is lost; the reconstruction heard here 9–11 is by Timothy Roberts.

[26] Possibly the same pianoforte that Handel played, at the home of Charles Jennens, in 1756; *cf.* D. Burrows *et al.*, *Music and Theatre in Handel's World*, Oxford University Press, Oxford, 2002, p. 314.

Kingdom. [...].[27] The late Organist had [also] carried on a Winter-Concert to which I succeeded as well [...]. In the course of the following seasons [...] I had really brought it to be the second Band out of London[28] – that at Bath being the first. [...]

I had now entered the fiftieth Year of my Age when I had a Proposal from Sheridan for setting General [J. S.] Burgoyne's Opera of *The Lord of the Manor*.[29] [...] I do not recollect anything particular in my literary Pursuits at this time. I continued to improve myself in the French and Italian Languages, and at times read Terence and Virgil […]. Parts of Chaucer and Spencer were familiar to me, but I could never read either of these Poets from beginning to end. [...] Most probably I composed many other Things previous to 1785, when I interrupted the Sameness of my Life by making a little Tour on the Continent.[30]

Set off from Exeter by way of Bath July 20. 1785.[31] […] In my Garden the white Lilies had blowed and were gone – the Grapes were beginning to be transparent – The Corn was nearly ripe, and in one or two Fields the Harvest was begun. At Taunton much the same […]. near Bath, and all the Road to London, not so forward by a Fortnight. Left London July 30. [...] July 31, arrived at Calais. […] The Gravity and frequent melancholy Character, so apparent in the Parisians, contrasted with that interested bustling, driving through the Streets of London, so expressive of Business and Pleasure. [...] Went to Versailles [...]. A grand pianoforte, painted green & the mouldings gilded – very false Taste, there should never be Paint about an Instrument. [...] The Gardens to an Englishman are horrid. [...] The last four Miles before we arrive at Lyons, are replete with noble Objects, particularly a rocky Island in the River with an old Castle on it –

[27] Jackson devotes the following paragraphs to a discussion of his church music, some of which has never entirely dropped out of the Anglican repertory, though it has also been condemned as 'insipid' (Eric Blom, *op. cit.*, p. 155). He remained organist of Exeter Cathedral for the rest of his life.

[28] That is, England's second-best provincial orchestra.

[29] Drury Lane Theatre, 1780. In 1812 this comic opera was adapted by Sir Henry Bishop and others, and it remained in repertory well into the nineteenth century.

[30] Such a journey, amounting to a miniature Grand Tour, was a rare privilege for an eighteenth-century musician. Jackson's twin aims were, as a painter, to see mountains, and to visit his son Thomas, who was *chargé d'affaires* in Turin.

[31] Jackson wrote a lengthy account of his tour, from which the following paragraph offers a few fragments. The watercolour sketches from his travel notebooks are reproduced in *Gainsborough's House Review*, *loc. cit.*, pp. 79–97.

The Evening Sun gave it a warm Light & a depth of Shadow superior to anything I ever saw. [...] After Dinner set off on Horseback for the Grande Chartreuse [north of Grenoble …]. The first Hour and a half you *approach* the Mountains, the last Hour and a half you go *through* them. A wooden bridge is past where are two wonderful fine Subjects for Pictures. […][32]

Oct^{r} 12th came to London – my Eyes, of late accustomed to the lofty Buildings of Flanders, did not well relish the stunted Houses of our Capital, which, I must own, in that respect, appeared to disadvantage. [...]

In 1791 I published my Observations on the present State of Music in London, which produced from the Monthly Review – what shall I say? the most illiberal Criticism? – No – that is much too gentle – the most outrageous Abuse that came from the Pen of any Writer [...].[33] A little after this I published the third Edition of my *Thirty Letters*[34] with [...] many Alterations. [...]. [These were followed by] my Epigrams [...] for two, three, and four Voices [... and] Six Madrigals [...]. And here let me pause – most probably *This* is the end of my *professional* Life, which is all I proposed to write – but if anything hereafter occurs worth recording it shall be added with the same Fidelity as the above was written by

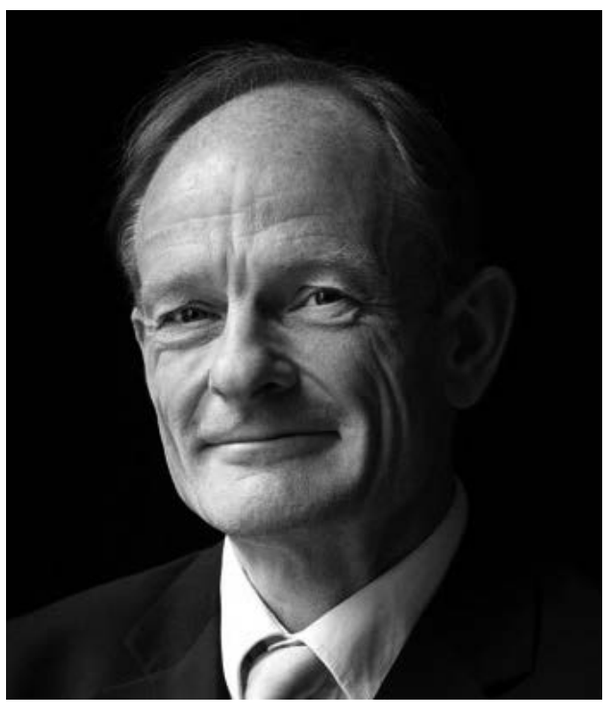
William Jackson
Exeter, May 24th. 1802

[32] Jackson continued over the Alps to Turin, then returned to Calais via Aix-les-Bains, Geneva, Lausanne, Epinal, Metz, Luxembourg, Brussels and Antwerp.

[33] The attacker was the eminent music historian Charles Burney, who accused Jackson of 'prejudice, envy, a provincial taste' (*Monthly Review*, October 1791, pp. 196–202).

[34] *Cf*. note 3 on p. 4.

Emma Kirkby feels lucky in many ways: that she encountered Renaissance vocal polyphony while still at school, that she studied Classics and sang with the Schola Cantorum at Oxford and, best of all, that there she encountered 'historical' instruments known to Renaissance and Baroque composers, the lute, harpsichord, early piano, wind and string instruments, the sound and human scale of which drew from her an instinctive response. Beginning as a schoolteacher and amateur singer, she was soon invited to perform professionally with pioneer groups; and long partnerships followed in Britain and abroad, with ensembles, individual players and record companies, so that now her voice and style are recognised worldwide. Awarded a DBE in 2007, and in 2011 the Queen's Medal for Music, she is grateful for these responses to the world of early music, which is now an area crowded with young virtuosi, who are both soloists and team players in consorts vocal or instrumental.



Charles Daniels is recognised as one of the world's leading performers of Baroque music. He studied at King's College, Cambridge, and at the Royal College of Music in London, and has a prolific recording legacy, having made over 90 recordings, ranging from the earliest Renaissance music through to contemporary repertoire. Charles performs frequently with the Netherlands Baroque Society (Jos van Veldhoven) and makes regular appearances throughout Canada, where he works with Les Voix Baroques, Les Voix Humaines, Toronto Consort, Tafelmusik and with Early Music Vancouver and at the Montreal Baroque Festival. Among his innumerable past projects one might mention his role in the Purcell secular vocal works for Hyperion, his years as a member of the Orlando Consort and his participation in the recording by the Purcell Quartet of Bach's complete Weimar cantatas.

Having led the second violins of Ars Musicae since her schooldays, **Irene Mas Salom** has subsequently devoted her energies to her soprano voice, which one music critic (*Diario de Mallorca*, 2015) has likened to that of the young Elly Ameling. In 2012 Irene won a First Prize in Palma de Mallorca for both chamber music and voice; she then studied at the Conservatorio del Liceu in Barcelona, from where she graduated in 2016. She has won several other awards, including First and Special Prizes at the international competition 'de les Corts'. She made her operatic debut as Susanna in *Le nozze di Figaro* at the Opera Academy, Sabadell, and has since sung in other Mozart operas as well as in works by Britten, Humperdinck, Puccini and others. Currently she is working with La Grande Chapelle, Jordi Savall's ensemble La Capella Real and the Chamber Choir of the Palau de la Musica in Barcelona.

Based primarily in Bunyola, a small town next to the Sierra de Tramuntana in Mallorca, the string ensemble **Ars Musicae** is one of only a handful of orchestras in Spain that play on period instruments. It was formed in 2003 by Bernat Cabot and the late Raimon Boix, who was a violist in the Balearic Symphony Orchestra, and about half of the present membership has been with the group, which meets on most Wednesday evenings through the year, from the start – one of the factors contributing to its individual, committed style. Many of the players work in other areas of music, from instrumental or class teaching through to folk and even rock music. As Ars Musicae they operate as a friendly co-operative, playing regularly in many of the historic venues on Mallorca, both alone and with wind soloists as well as various vocal groups. They have also built a growing reputation on the

Spanish mainland, partly through their regular performances with the Youth Choir of Orfeó Català in Barcelona, and especially appreciate their collaborations with Dame Emma Kirkby, which have included concerts in London in 2015 and 2017.

Bernat Cabot, a native of Bunyola, studied Baroque violin with Raimon Boix and owns a fine collection of eighteenth-century violins. In addition to his work in early music he is much in demand as a folk violinist. He is Head of Music at the Colegio de Santa Mónica in Palma de Mallorca.

Song Texts[1]

1 Twelve Songs, Op. 4: No. 8,
'Let me approach my sleeping love'
Charles Daniels, strings and continuo

Let me approach my sleeping love,
And scatter round the sweetest flow'r,
Let not a sigh my bosom move,
Nor wish profane my Delia's bow'r;

How oft all lonely have I sigh'd,
My love in silence to conceal,
How many a fond expedient tried,
Nor dar'd my secret wish reveal.

Now then, resolv'd I'll tell my smart;
And may the moment lucky prove!
Be still, be still, my beating heart,
Let me approach my sleeping love –

Yet if the dearest maid should wake,
Ah frail resolves, soon would you fly!
I know I shall not silence break,
But struck with awe and fear, shall die.

I cannot trust in falt'ring speech,
In broken phrase my tale to tell;
Passion like mine no tongue can reach,
No eloquence can utter well.

But may some ardent look disclose
The throbs, the tumults of my heart;
With what true love my bosom glows!
Nor dare the secret to impart.

[1] As was usual at the time Jackson, or his publishers, did not name the authors of the words of his songs and canzonets. Online research has provided a few names, as printed above, and Toccata Classics would be glad to receive any further attributions (info@toccataclassics.com).

2 **Twelve Songs, Op. 1: No. 12,**
'Ianthe the lovely, the joy of her swain'
Irene Mas Salom, strings and continuo

Ianthe the lovely, the joy of her swain,
By Iphis was lov'd and lov'd Iphis again;
She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair,
Their pleasure was equal and equal their care.
No delight, no enjoyment their dotage withdrew,
But the longer they liv'd still the fonder they grew.

A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain,
Some envied the nymph, but more envied the swain;
Some swore 'twould be pity their loves to invade,
That the lovers alone for each other were made;
But all, all consented that none ever knew
A nymph be more kind, or a shepherd so true.

Love [=Cupid] saw them with pleasure and vow'd to take care
Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent pair;
What either might want he bid either to move,
But they wanted nothing but ever to love.
He said all to bless them his Godhead could do,
That they still should be kind, and they still should be true.

John Glanvill

3 **Twelve Canzonets, Op. 9: No. 1,**
'Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair'
Irene Mas Salom, Emma Kirkby and continuo

Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand;
Ah, why so soon the blossom tear,
E'er autumn yet the fruit demand?

Let me enjoy the cheerful day
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;
Pleas'd let me trifle life away,
And sing of love till I grow old.

4 **Twelve Pastorals, Op. 15: No. 7,**
'Lone minstrel of the midnight hour'
instrumental: flute, violin and continuo

5 **Twelve Canzonets, Op. 9: No. 5,**
'Ah! where does my Phillida stray?'
Emma Kirkby, Charles Daniels and continuo

Ah! where does my Phillida stray?
Ah! where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys so gay,
Are the shepherds so gentle as ours?

The groves may perhaps be as fair,
The face of the valleys as fine,
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine!

6 **Twelve Songs, Op. 4: No. 4,**
'Ye shepherds give ear to my lay'
Emma Kirkby, strings and continuo

Ye shepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep;
They've nothing to do but to stray,
I've nothing to do but to weep.

Yet do not my folly reprove,
She was fair and my passion begun,
She smil'd and I could not but love;
She's faithless and I am undone!

She's faithless and I am undone!
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Yet reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.

Beware how ye loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace,
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
I would vanish from every eye.

Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun:
How she smil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

William Shenstone

7 **Twelve Songs, Op. 1: No. 3,**
'For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove'
Charles Daniels, two violins and continuo

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part:

Bid us sigh on, from day to day,
And wish and wish our souls away,
Til youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone.

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow:
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To bind the gentle, with the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,
And I absolve thy future care:
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

John Thomson ('Disappointment')

8 **Twelve Songs, Op. 1: No. 9,**
''Twas when the seas were roaring'
Irene Mas Salom, strings and continuo

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.

Wide o'er the foaming billows,
She cast a wishful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembl'd o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why dids't thou, vent'rous lover,
Why dids't thou trust the seas?

Cease, cease thou troub'd ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah, what's thy troubl'd motion,
To that within my breast?

The merchant robb'd of pleasure,
Views tempests with despair;
But what's the loss of treasure,
To the losing of my dear?

Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and di'monds grow
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why, then, beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?

No eyes the rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep
To wreck the wand'ring lover
And leave the maid to weep.

Thus melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear,
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear:

When o'er the white waves stooping,
His floating corpse she spied;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died.

John Gay ('The Melancholy Nymph')

9–11 Eight Sonatas, Op. 10: No. 4, Sonata in A minor
harpsichord obbligato and string quartet

12 Twelve Songs, Op. 1: No. 5, 'In vain you tell your parting lover'
Charles Daniels, cello obbligato and harpsichord continuo

In vain you tell your parting lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over;
Alas, what winds can happy prove,
Which bear me far from what I love!
Alas, what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain
From slighted vows and cold disdain?

Be gentle and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempest loose,
That thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain,
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

Matthew Prior

13 Twelve Songs, Op. 16: No. 4, 'Again returns the blushful May'
Emma Kirkby, two flutes, strings and continuo

Again returns the blushful May
And gilds with smiling suns the grove;
Again amid the varied lay
The linnets pour the song of love.

Thy triumph, gentle May, I hail
O'er winter's blast and chilling snow;
May songs still echo thro' the vale,
Thy breeze with sweets for ever blow.

Yet what to him the opening flow'r,
Tho' all the fragrant east it bears.
Or what to him the golden hour,
Who counts the moments by his tears?

When hope forsakes the love-lorn heart,
Away the faithless pleasures fly,
And vernal breezes nought impart
To heal the wound – to chase the sigh!

14 Twelve Canzonets, Op. 9: No. 8,
'O Venus! hear my ardent pray'r'
Irene Mas Salom, Emma Kirkby and continuo

Oh! Venus! hear, O hear my ardent pray'r!
Or bind the nymph, or loose the swain;
Yet rather guard them with thy care,
To die together in thy chain.

What I demand her heart desires,
But fears the eager wish restrain:
The secret thought which love inspires,
The conscious eye can well explain.

15 Twelve Songs, Op. 1: No. 2,
'Blest as th'immortal gods is he'
Charles Daniels, strings and continuo

Blest as th'immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Sweetly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd, a subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horror thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sank, and died away.

Ambrose Philips after Sappho

16 Twelve Songs, Op. 4: No. 2,
'My banks they are furnish'd with bees'
Emma Kirkby, strings and continuo

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.

I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I had labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.

Oh how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay;
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed –
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed!

For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard,
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs;
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?

Dear regions of silence and shade,
Soft scenes of contentment and ease,
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence could please.

William Shenstone

17 Twelve Songs, Op. 1: No. 1: 'The heavy hours are almost past'
Charles Daniels, strings and continuo

The heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.
But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is still the same?
And heal each idly anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?
Thus Delia, thus I paint the scene
When we shall shortly meet;
And try what yet remains between,
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;
All I of Venus ask is this,
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
To die and think you mine.

Lord Lyttelton

18 Twelve Songs, Op. 7: No. 6, 'Night to lovers' joys a friend'
Irene Mas Salom, strings and continuo

Night, to lovers' joys a friend,
Swiftly thy assistance lend,
Chase the envious, seeing day,
Bring my charming youth away.
Haste, and speed the tedious hour,
To the secret, happy bow'r;
Then my heart for bliss prepare!
Thyrsis surely will be there.

See, the hateful day is done,
Welcome evening now comes on;
Soon to meet my dear I fly,
None but Love shall then be by:
None shall dare to venture near,
To tell the plighted vows they hear.
Parting thence will be a pain,
But we part to meet again.

Farewell, loit'ring idle day,
To my dear I haste away;
On the wings of love I go,
He the ready way will show.
Peace, my breast, nor danger fear;
Love and Thyrsis both are near –
'Tis the youth, I'm sure 'tis he –
Night, how much I owe to thee!

19 Twelve Songs, Op. 16: No. 6, 'Sweet was the sun's last parting ray'
Emma Kirkby, strings and continuo

Sweet was the sun's last parting ray
Shot upwards from the streaky west,
Solemn the waning tide of day,
And evening's silent hour of rest.

But ah! the soul by sorrows torn,
What time, what hour can e'er delight?
My griefs awaken with the morn,
nor vanish with the shades of night.

TOCCATA CLASSICS

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