

SEASONS IN TIME


deux-elles



Eleanor & Gus



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DEUX-ELLES: This is the debut album of your duo, which is very exciting. Can you tell us how it all started?

GUS: We started our duo as second year students at the Royal Academy of Music. I played in the Academy's guitar chamber concerts every term as part of my studies, and we thought it would be a perfect opportunity to perform together for the first time.

ELEANOR: Being both a singer and double bass player, it seemed obvious to the both of us when starting the duo that I should do both things at the same time. It's a great combination, and having the bass play the bassline allows the guitar to have much more freedom.

D-E: You're almost like a trio, with double bass, guitar and singing.

GUS: That also pushes us to be creative and arrange things, rather than just playing voice and guitar music that was already written. For that first chamber concert, we thought it would be great to play two entirely contrasting pieces. Eleanor ►

arranged I Got Rhythm, by George Gershwin, coupled with If My Complaints Could Passions Move, by John Dowland. It wasn't necessarily conceptual at that point - we essentially just chose songs that we liked - but that was the beginning of our idea of juxtaposing different genres of music. Later, we competed for the New Elizabethan Award, a competition based on repertoire from the first and second Elizabethan periods, and we found that it fit well with what we were already organically doing: blending old with new and performing in a variety of styles.

ELEANOR: It was my Mum (Jacqueline Barron) who suggested doing the Eric Wetherell songs for that programme. I had sung both songs in my A-level music recital at school, so I'd had them in my body for a while. They were written during Elizabeth II's reign and both had Shakespeare texts, which ticked both the Elizabethan-era boxes at once. That then planted the seed to do a programme on the theme of the seasons.

D-E: And that became the theme of your album, Seasons in Time.

ELEANOR: Yes, we decided on that title as we were building on the seasons theme from the New Elizabethan Award. We ended up broadening the concept a little bit, even though I'd say all of the songs have seasonal elements.

GUS: Some are more nature based and some focus more on the passage of time.

ELEANOR: And we wanted to have twelve tracks because there are twelve months in the year. Even though you have songs like *Autumn*, and *How Like A Winter*, which have one of the seasons in their name, I like to think that the listener can decide for themselves what season they might think certain songs fit into. You might listen to Joni Mitchell's *Urge For Going*, for example, and even though that's about the cold winters in Saskatchewan where she grew up, it feels quite summery to me. I think it's nice that the listener can choose how they feel about each song. We also wanted the album as a whole to showcase music in its broadest sense, including songs in all sorts of genres and styles, but also creating coherence from one song to another, and that's of course helped by the arranging and the instrumental forces used. ►

D-E: Do you have a process when it comes to arranging, or do you just take a song and start singing and playing it and then see what happens?

GUS: I guess it depends. Some of it is more like a transcription. *Cherry Blossom Wand* I transcribed straight from the piano part, but the folk songs and the early music are our own arrangements. *Time Stands Still* is pretty much Dowland's lute part with the bass added, which makes it slightly different, and in *Have You Seen But a White Lily Grow*, there's some reharmonisation.

ELEANOR: Yes, and sometimes composition as well. In the *The Cuckoo*, I composed the guitar and double bass part from scratch, as well as the vocals in the middle section, and *In Time* is a song I wrote specifically for the album.

D-E: Tell us some more about that.

ELEANOR: The song is all about having a friend or a partner or a family member that you've fallen out with, and it's never really been resolved. "Maybe I'll understand in time" is saying, well maybe,

eventually, I'll look back and understand why the things that happened, happened. I wanted to write it in a singer-songwriter style, not only to complement the folk songs and the Joni Mitchell songs, but also because I liked the accessibility of it - it's very much story-telling. Like *The Circle Game*, the guitar part is quite simple and the focus is on the lyrics. I managed to write something about the seasons in it too, so that's a fun little Easter egg.

D-E: And how did you choose the other songs on the album? It's a nice mix of old and new, and of folk songs and art songs, including a few composers I had never heard of.

GUS: A lot of the songs on the album are quite unknown. The Eric Wetherell songs for example are really unknown - I don't think I've ever heard a recording of them, or heard them performed.

ELEANOR: No, and that's one of the reasons we chose this collection of songs. We also wanted to showcase songs written by female composers like Rebecca Clarke, Elizabeth Poston and of course Joni Mitchell. It's lovely to have that mix. ►

D-E: Elizabeth Poston was also a new name to me.

ELEANOR: Yes, she wrote *Sweet Suffolk Owl*. That song is actually on the grade 7 ABRSM syllabus, and I sang it when I was at school. It's one of our favourite songs to perform.

GUS: And it works so well on guitar. We also definitely wanted to include Rebecca Clarke's *Cherry Blossom Wand*, as it's a really intimate and beautiful song. It's a nice contrast to the other songs, as it's so unusual and the harmony is really interesting.

D-E: It really is. And the Joni Mitchell songs are also very striking in this context, especially juxtaposed with the Renaissance lute songs. They're not worlds apart.

GUS: Yes, that was the idea.

ELEANOR: And that's another reason I wanted to include a song of my own: it's continuing that tradition of "I'm just a person writing a song". They're all just really great songs, and it can't be overthought too much.

D-E: That links back to what you said earlier about showcasing music in its broadest sense. It's almost as though you're softening the lines between genres, so that one song can flow to the next.

GUS: Yes, it takes you on a journey.

ELEANOR: With this album, and with every concert we do, we hope that there will be something in there for everyone, and that if you listen to the album in its entirety, you'll be exposed to lots of different styles. If you just take them for what they are, they're all fantastic songs. ■

1. THE CUCKOO

*Trad. | Arranged for voice, guitar and double bass
by Eleanor Grant*

The cuckoo is a pretty bird
She sings as she flies.
She bringeth us good tidings
She telleth us no lies.
She sucks the sweet flowers
To make her voice clear,
She never sings 'cuckoo'
'Till summer is near

The cuckoo is a pretty bird
She sings as she flies
She bringeth us good tidings
She telleth us no lies.
She sucks the sweet flowers
To make her voice clear,
And when we hear her sing 'cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo'
The summer is here. ■

2. AUTUMN

*Composer: David Shire | Arranged for voice, guitar and
double bass by Eleanor Grant Lyrics: Richard Maltby Jr.*

Autumn, it feels like Autumn;
Although the breeze is still,
I feel the chill
Of Autumn.

Oh yes, it's Autumn,
It's always Autumn!
However green the hill,
To me it still
Is Autumn!

I can feel the frost now,
That makes my Spring and Summer
dreams seem lost now;
Why can't the Autumn haze
Recall the days
Of warm Summer laughter
That faded soon after,
In Autumn?



She left in Autumn,
And though another season's here,
I feel the emptiness of Autumn
All the year!
Autumn, Autumn! ■

3. HAVE YOU SEEN BUT A WHITE LILY GROW

*Music & lyrics by Robert Johnson | Arranged for voice,
guitar and double bass by Eleanor Grant & Gus McQuade*

Have you seen but a whyte Lilie grow
Before rude hands have touch'd it;
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow
Before the Earth hath smucht it.
Have you felt the wool of Beaver,
Or Swansdown ever;
Or have smelt of the Bud of the Bryer,
Or the Nard in the fire;
Or have tasted the Bag of the Bee;
O so whyte! O so soft! O so sweet is she! ■

4. SWEET SUFFOLK OWL

*Composer: Elizabeth Poston | Arranged for voice and
guitar by Eleanor Grant | Lyrics: Thomas Vautor*

Sweet Suffolk Owl,
So trimly dight
With feathers like a lady,
Like a lady bright.

Thou sing'st alone
Sitting by night
Too whit, too whoo!
Too whit, too whoo!

Thy note, that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command the mouse controls,

And sings a dirge
For dying souls,
Too whit, too whoo!
Too whit, too whoo! ■

5. HOW LIKE A WINTER

Composer: Eric Wetherell | Arranged for voice, guitar and double bass by Eleanor Grant | Lyrics: William Shakespeare

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time,
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near. ■

6. TIME STANDS STILL

John Dowland

Time stands still with gazing on her face.
Stand still and gaze, for minutes, hours and years
to her give place.
All other things shall change but she remains
the same
Till heavens changed have their course and Time
hath lost his name.
Cupid doth hover up and down, blinded with
her fair eyes
And fortune captive at her feet contemned and
conquered lies.

When fortune, love, and Time attend on,
Her with my fortunes, love and time I honour
will alone
If bloodless Envy say my duty hath no desert,
Duty replies that Envy knows herself his
faithful heart.
My settled vows and spotless faith no fortune
can remove,
Courage shall show my inward faith, and faith shall
try my love. ■

7. URGE FOR GOING

Music & Lyrics by Joni Mitchell

I awoke today and found the frost perched on
the town

It hovered in a frozen sky, then it gobbled
summer down

When the sun turns traitor cold

And all trees are shivering in a naked row

I get the urge for going but I never seem to go

I get the urge for going

When the meadow grass is turning brown

Summertime is falling down and winter is closing in

I had me a man in summertime

He had summer-coloured skin

And not another girl in town

My darling's heart could win

But when the leaves fell on the ground

And bully winds came around pushed them
face down in the snow

He got the urge for going and I had to let him go

He got the urge for going

When the meadow grass was turning brown

And summertime was falling down and winter
was closing in

Now the warriors of winter

they gave a cold triumphant shout

And all that stays is dying

and all that lives is getting out

See the geese in chevron flight, flapping and racing
on before the snow

They've got the urge for going and they've got
wings so they can go

They get the urge for going

When the meadow grass is turning brown

Summertime is falling down and winter is closing in

I'll ply the fire with kindling and pull the
blankets to my chin

I'll lock the vagrant winter out and I'll bolt
my wandering in

I'd like to call back summertime and
have her stay for just another month or so

But she's got the urge for going so I guess
she'll have to go
She gets the urge for going when the meadow
grass is turning brown
And all her empires are falling down
And winter is closing in
And I get the urge for going when the meadow
grass is turning brown
And summertime is falling down ■

8. CHERRY BLOSSOM WAND

Composer: Rebecca Clarke | Arranged for voice and guitar by Gus McQuade | Lyrics: Anna Wickham (pseudonym of Edith Alice Mary Harper)

I will pluck from my tree a cherry-blossom wand,
And carry it in my merciless hand,
So I will drive you, so bewitch your eyes,
With a beautiful thing that can never grow wise.

Light are the petals that fall from the bough,
And lighter the love that I offer you now;
In a spring day shall the tale be told
Of the beautiful things that will never grow old.

The blossoms shall fall in the night wind,
And I will leave you so, to be kind:
Eternal in beauty, are short-lived flowers,
Eternal in beauty, these exquisite hours.

I will pluck from my tree a cherry-blossom wand,
And carry it in my merciless hand,
So I will drive you, so bewitch your eyes,
With a beautiful thing that can never grow wise. ■

9. SHALL I COMPARE THEE

Composer: Eric Wetherell | Arranged for voice, guitar and double bass by Eleanor Grant | Lyrics: William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;

►

Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee. ■

10. IN TIME

Music & lyrics by Eleanor Grant

Do you ever say my name in vain, or trust?
So long since I've seen you, am I relieved or crushed?
I thought I had you all worked out but still my
doubts cripple me
I look back and wish I'd look fondly
Instead you fade away

Truly I don't understand where we went wrong
Now you've left me guessing, maybe that's
what you want?
It's hard to hold these memories remembering what
you were to me
Who are you, who were you, I've lost you,
Or did I let you go?

What was it all about then?
Am I meant to pretend that we are fine?
Friend or foe, give me a sign.
What was it all about then?
Heart of gold but lacking in a spine
Maybe I'll understand in time.

I long for the predictable but I never seem to know
Maybe that's just nature's way of saying we
must grow
Seasons change yet we remain in sunshine,
rain or snow
I was waiting for our rainbow
It never showed

What was it all about then?
Am I meant to pretend that we are fine?
Friend or foe, give me a sign.
What was it all about then?
Heart of gold but lacking in a spine
Maybe I'll understand in time.

I hope that I'll be proud
Of all the things that you have done since you've
not been around

And I, I wonder if you could say the same for me
As I do for you.

What was it all about then?

Am I meant to pretend that we are fine?

Friend or foe, give me a sign.

What was it all about then?

Heart of gold but lacking in a spine

Maybe I'll understand in time.

Ooo, will I understand in time?

Or will you always be this tragedy of mine

And I wonder, what you'd say

If you saw me again, if I saw you again,

Would you call me a friend? ■

11. THE TREES THEY GROW SO HIGH

Composer: Benjamin Britten | Arranged for voice and guitar by Gregg Nestor | Lyrics: Trad.

The trees they grow so high
And the leaves they do grow green.
And many a cold winter's night
My love and I have seen.
Of a cold winter's night, my love,

You and I alone have been,
Whilst my bonny boy is young
He's a-growing.
Growing, growing.
Whilst my bonny boy is young
He's a-growing.

O father, dearest father.
You've done to me great wrong,
You've tied me to a boy
When you know he is too young.
Oh daughter, dearest daughter,
If you wait a little while,
A lady you shall be
Whilst he's growing.
Growing, growing,
A lady you shall be
Whilst he's growing.

I'll send your love to college
All for a year or two,
And then in the mean-time
He will do for you;
I'll buy him white ribbons,
Tie them round his bonny waist



To let the ladies know
That he's married.
Married, married,
To let the ladies know
That he's married.

I went up to the college
And I looked over the wall,
Saw four-and-twenty gentlemen
Playing at bat and ball.
I called for my true love,
But they would not let him come,
All because he was a young boy
And growing.
Growing, growing,
All because he was a young boy
And growing.

At the age of sixteen
He was a married man,
And at the age of seventeen
He was a father to a son;
And at the age of eighteen
The grass grew over him.
Cruel death soon put an end

To his growing.
Growing, growing,
Cruel death soon put an end
To his growing.
And now my love is dead
And in his grave doth lie.
The green grass grows o'er him
So very, very high.
I'll sit and I'll mourn his fate
Until the day I die,
And I'll watch all o'er his child
Whilst he's growing.
Growing, growing,
And I'll watch all o'er his child
Whilst he's growing. ■

12. THE CIRCLE GAME

Music & lyrics by Joni Mitchell

Yesterday a child came out to wonder
Caught a dragonfly inside a jar
Fearful when the sky was full of thunder
And tearful at the falling of a star

And the seasons they go round and round
And the painted ponies go up and down
We're captive on the carousel of time
We can't return we can only look
Behind from where we came
And go round and round and round
In the circle game

Then the child moved ten times round the seasons
Skated over ten clear frozen streams
Words like when you're older must appease him
And promises of someday make his dreams
And the seasons they go round and round
And the painted ponies go up and down
We're captive on the carousel of time
We can't return we can only look
Behind from where we came
And go round and round and round
In the circle game

Sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now
Cartwheels turn to car wheels through the town
And they tell him take your time it won't be long now
Till you drag your feet to slow the circles down

And the seasons they go round and round
And the painted ponies go up and down
We're captive on the carousel of time
We can't return we can only look
Behind from where we came
And go round and round and round
In the circle game

So the years spin by and now the boy is twenty
Though his dreams have lost some grandeur
coming true
But there'll be new dreams maybe better
dreams and plenty
Before the last revolving year is through

And the seasons they go round and round
And the painted ponies go up and down
We're captive on the carousel of time
We can't return we can only look
Behind from where we came
And go round and round and round
In the circle game ■



ELEANOR GRANT

Hailed as “one of Britain’s greatest talents” (Hollywood in Vienna), Eleanor Grant is an accomplished singer, songwriter, double bassist and bass guitarist. In the studio, Eleanor has sung for composers Nigel Hess, Alan Menken, Guy Chambers & Rachel Portman, and has performed as a guest soloist with orchestras across the globe, including Shanghai Philharmonic Orchestra, Luxembourg Philharmonic and RTÉ Concert Orchestra. At the age of just 18, she made her Royal Albert Hall solo debut at the world premiere screening of *The English Patient* Live in Concert with the Royal Philharmonic Concert Orchestra, and returned to the RAH in October 2024 as guest soloist in the world premiere of *Avatar* Live in Concert. Versatility lies at the core of Eleanor’s identity, regularly touring Europe and Asia with *Avatar*, *Titanic*, and *Lord of the Rings* in Concert. She is also the electro-acoustic double bassist and female vocalist for the London Symphonic Rock Orchestra. As a keen song-writer, she looks forward to releasing an album of her original music in the near future. ■

GUS MCQUADE

Gus McQuade is a classical guitarist from Leamington Spa. He completed his Master's degree with distinction at the Royal Academy of Music, where he was awarded the prestigious Regency Award (2024). His studies were supported by scholarships from the Drake Calleja Trust, Help Musicians, the Craxton Memorial Trust, and the Royal Academy of Music. As a soloist, Gus has performed at leading London venues including the Southbank Centre's Purcell Room and Kings Place. He is also a recipient of the Blyth Watson Award and the Timothy Gilson Prize. An avid chamber musician and arranger, Gus works across a range of ensembles, often creating original arrangements that draw on diverse musical styles. His work reflects a strong interest in blending genres, with an innovative approach shaped by the needs and character of each project. During his time at the Academy, he took part in masterclasses with leading guitarists such as David Russell, Fabio Zanon, Paul Galbraith, and Xuefei Yang, as well as lutenist Nigel North. ■



As a duo, Eleanor and Gus are passionate about showcasing music in its broadest sense. While working together as students at the Royal Academy of Music in London, they quickly became aware of a mutual enthusiasm for mixing old with new,

and bringing obscure and unknown repertoire to life. This led to the duo becoming recipients of the New Elizabethan Award, followed by their debut performance at Wigmore Hall in 2023. They have been unstoppable ever since. ■





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|--|---|
| 1 The Cuckoo 2:46
<i>Trad., arr. Eleanor Grant</i> | 7 Urge For Going 4:55
<i>Joni Mitchell (b. 1943)</i> |
| 2 Autumn 2:25
<i>David Shire (b. 1937) arr. Eleanor Grant</i> | 8 Cherry Blossom Wand..... 3:26
<i>Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979) arr. Gus McQuade</i> |
| 3 Have You Seen But a White Lily Grow 3:24
<i>Robert Johnson (c. 1583-1633) arr. Eleanor Grant & Gus McQuade</i> | 9 Shall I Compare Thee 2:40
<i>Eric Wetherell (1925-2021) arr. Eleanor Grant</i> |
| 4 Sweet Suffolk Owl..... 3:09
<i>Elizabeth Poston (1905-1987) arr. Eleanor Grant</i> | 10 In Time 3:41
<i>Eleanor Grant (b. 1999)</i> |
| 5 How Like A Winter 2:43
<i>Eric Wetherell (1925-2021) arr. Eleanor Grant</i> | 11 The Trees They Grow So High 4:24
<i>Benjamin Britten (1913-1976) arr. Gregg Nestor</i> |
| 6 Time Stands Still 3:39
<i>John Dowland (c. 1563-1626)</i> | 12 The Circle Game 5:30
<i>Joni Mitchell (b. 1943)</i> |

Total playing time: 42:41