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Pippin Photography

SELLERS ENGINEERING BAND with PHILLIP McCANN

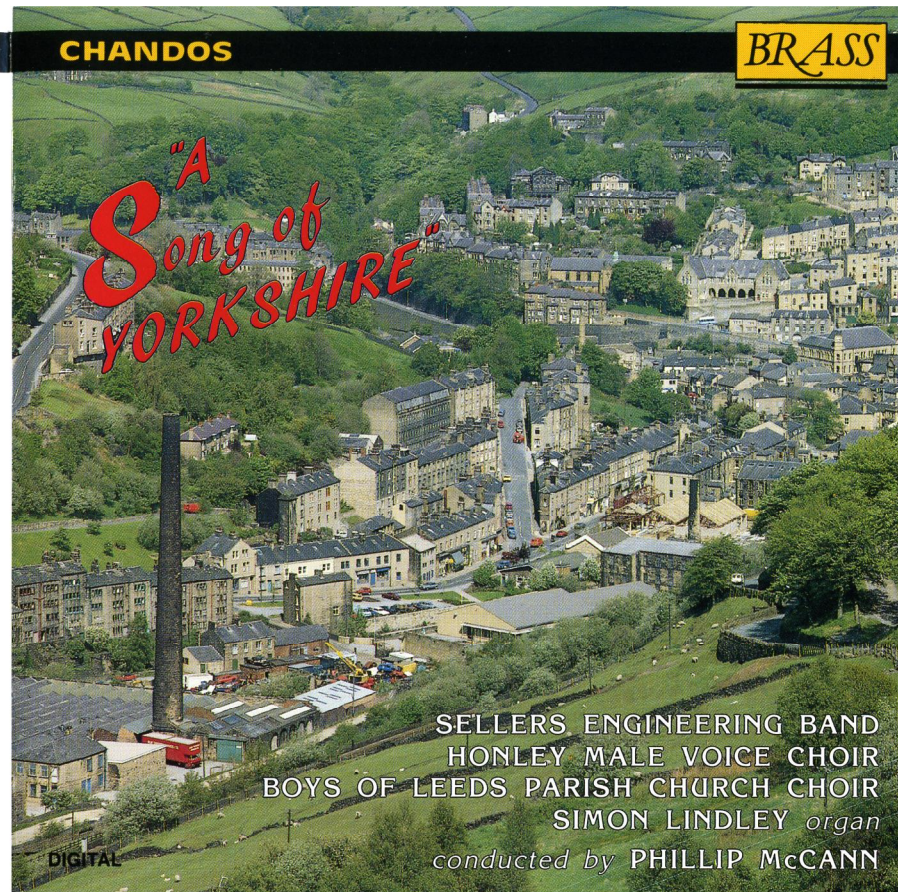
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CHANDOS

BRASS

"A Song of YORKSHIRE"



**SELLERS ENGINEERING BAND
HONLEY MALE VOICE CHOIR
BOYS OF LEEDS PARISH CHURCH CHOIR
SIMON LINDLEY *organ*
conducted by PHILLIP McCANN**

DIGITAL

A SONG OF YORKSHIRE

- 1 **A SONG OF YORKSHIRE*** (6:00)
Gordon Langford
- 2 **CHILDREN'S DANCE from "HANSEL and GRETEL"†** (3:05)
Humperdinck arr. Gordon Langford
Vocal soloists: Thomas Hamilton, Samuel Parker
- 3 **AMAZING GRACE*††** (3:12)
Trad. arr. Goff Richards
- 4 **SOUND AN ALARM*** (3:17)
Handel arr. Peter Graham
- 5 **ROSE OF ENGLAND†** (5:55)
Novello arr. Michael Kenyon
- 6 **SPEED YOUR JOURNEY from "NABUCCO"***
[Coro di Schiavi Ebrei] (3:54)
Verdi arr. Peter Graham
- 7 **ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS*** (3:21)
Sullivan arr. Richard Phillips
- 8 **THE LOST CHORD*†** (3:59)
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- 9 **THREE YORKSHIRE SONGS*** (5:11)
Trad. arr. Gordon Langford
Vocal soloists: Gerard Bentall, Danny Bullett
- 10 **NYMPHS AND SHEPHERDS†** for Boys' Choir & Brass Quintet (3:16)
Purcell arr. Gordon Langford
- 11 **PILGRIMS' CHORUS from "TANNHÄUSER"*** (4:01)
Wagner arr. Michael Kenyon
- 12 **"PIRATES OF PENZANCE" SELECTION*** (9:12)
Gilbert & Sullivan arr. Gordon Langford
Vocal soloists: Brian Winterbottom, Norman Mellor, Kevin Carville
- 13 **O, FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE†** (2:39)
Mendelssohn arr. Goff Richards
- 14 **BLESS THIS HOUSE*** (2:37)
May Brahe arr. Richard Phillips
- 15 **BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC*††** (3:27)
Trad. arr. Peter Graham

DDD TT = 64:48

* HONLEY MALE VOICE CHOIR
† BOYS OF LEEDS PARISH CHURCH CHOIR
†† SIMON LINDLEY, *organ*

SELLERS ENGINEERING BAND
conducted by
PHILLIP McCANN

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A SONG OF YORKSHIRE

Yorkshire is 'alive with the sound of music'. As if to confirm this fact the producers of this recording have selected musical resources which are based in this county, although of course their musical influence extends beyond such limiting boundaries. It cannot be claimed that each participating musician belongs to the White Rose family, but then, even the county cricket club has had to revise its policies in recent times regarding its exclusiveness in player membership!

In *A Song of Yorkshire* (which provides the title for the record label) the various facets of Yorkshire life are graphically described and Gordon Langford's music, set to Agnes Wright's words, is sure to stir the blood of any Yorkshire listener. After an exciting opening, both band and male voice choir herald the fine sounds to be heard in the rest of the programme; the music is of equal interest to both musical groups.

As the recording proceeds it becomes evident how successfully Phillip McCann guides the band in a variety of styles to suit the mood of the various items. There is a delightful freshness about the voices of the Boys of Leeds Parish Church Choir in the evergreen *Children's Dance* by Humperdinck.

Both choirs combine to advantage in Goff Richards' arrangement of the well-loved hymn, *Amazing Grace*. The band supports well the climax of the final verse.

The clear vocal lines of Handel's *Sound an Alarm* are given a meticulous presentation by the Honley Male Voice Choir. Peter Graham's transcription confirms the ideal partnership of male voices and brass band in this Handelian classic.

A change of style occurs with Michael Kenyon's arrangement for boys' voices and band of Ivor Novello's *Rose of England*. The band features alone in one of the choruses. In a song which requires no little stamina the vocal representations of the 'White Rose' commendably offer us the wider concept of the English Rose.

It is almost inevitable (and happily so) that Verdi's *Speed your Journey* (from 'Nabucco') should appear in a recording which includes men's voices. Peter Graham's arrangement allows the band to be in turn impressive and sympathetic; there is some fine dove-tailing work in this performance.

1992, the year of this record's release, is the 150th anniversary of the birth of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Three tracks help to commemorate this event. *Onward, Christian Soldiers* has stood the test of time, and one expects it will continue to do so long after

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many of the rather superficial contemporary hymn tunes have vanished. Richard Phillips' arrangement is full of interest, with an accompaniment that is busy but not fussy. The same arranger has adopted the authentic style for the continually popular *The Lost Chord*. (How many composers could get away with a melody whose first thirteen notes are at the same pitch?)

We are reminded of the title of the recording with a companion number to the first track. In *Three Yorkshire Songs* the usual originality of approach of Gordon Langford's arrangements is again in evidence. Two soloists provide contrast from the full male voice ensemble. In the following item Gordon Langford has elected to score an accompaniment of brass quintet for the boys' voices in Purcell's *Nymphs and Shepherds*.

Wagner's majestic *Pilgrims' Chorus* from 'Tannhäuser' is faithfully interpreted by male voice chorus and band. Each complements the other in reproducing the composer's climaxes. Michael Kenyon's transcription has for its conclusion the final bars of the opera, with added choral chords, in order to provide a fitting finale. (The arranger is fortunate in having his work represented since his family roots are in 'Red Rose country'!)

A selection from Gilbert and Sullivan's work is popular with most listeners. In this medley from *Pirates of Penzance*, Gordon Langford has provided a judicious mixture of solos and full ensemble work. Together with the unifying support of the band an entertaining item is the result.

The soaring melody of Mendelssohn's *O, for the wings of a dove* is given renewed interest in Goff Richards' band accompaniment to the boys' voices. One must again admire the composer's effectiveness in setting the text in such a remarkable way.

Similarly, in the male voice choir's presentation of *Bless this house*, Richard Phillips has maintained a traditional style yet at the same time has injected as much as possible his own personal ideas. As in other examples in this recording, the continuing success of this song owes much to the original composer's ability to match the sentiments of the text with effective contours in the melody: in this way very expressive climaxes are reached.

Battle Hymn of the Republic is an ideal choice for the final track. The fine, descriptive verses are afforded appropriate settings. Peter Graham uses all the provided musical resources in an arrangement which demonstrates his creative flair.

The items in this production are all well known and should therefore find instant

appeal with listeners. What is not always realised is that with all popular numbers a challenge is presented to arrangers to provide an individualistic approach without detracting from the basic appeal of the original.

The Sellers Engineering Band are well supported in their choice of guests. Phillip McCann, the musical director, has drawn from all the musical groups performances which are well presented and which have the advantage of interesting and well-balanced items to interpret.

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Trevor Bray

HONLEY MALE VOICE CHOIR with ALAN JENKINS

A SONG OF YORKSHIRE

We sing the wind-swept moors that rise
Beyond the mills and town streets' cries
Where rocky out-crops shelter sheep
And lambs do play near sudden steep
Let brass bands sound and voices raise
Their cheerful songs in Yorkshire's praise.

We sing the dales in sun or rain
Where rivers join in glad refrain
And lonely hills lead to a scene
Of peaceful church and pleasant green.
Let music of a brass band thrill
Each village with its shelt'ring hill.
Sing cheerful songs in Yorkshire's praise.

This county in our lovely isle
Holds varied beauty mile on mile,
From rugged cliffs safe harbour plain
Thro' wooded vales and winding lane.

We sing of old historic towns,
Cathedrals, castles, sea-wave sounds.
We sing our sportsmen well renowned,
Our artists famed the world around,
Warm-hearted folks in danger brave
In air on land or ocean wave.

Let brass bands sound and choirs raise
Their cheerful songs, triumphant songs
In Yorkshire's praise, in Yorkshire's praise.

CHILDREN'S DANCE

"Brother, come and dance with me,
Both my hands I offer thee,
Right foot first, left foot then,
Round about and back again."

"I would dance, but don't know how,
When to jump or when to bow,
Show me what I ought to do,
So that I may dance like you."

"With your foot you tap, tap, tap,
With your hand you clap, clap, clap,
Right foot first, left foot then,
Round and back again!"

"That was very good indeed,
O, I'm sure you'll soon succeed!
Try again and I can see
Hänsel soon will dance like me."

"With your head you nick, nick, nick,
With your fingers you click, click, click,
Right foot first, left foot then,
Round and back again!"

"Brother, watch what next I do,
You must do it with me too!
You to me your arm must proffer,
I shall not refuse your offer! Come!"

"What I enjoy is dance and jollity,
Love to have my fling,
In fact I like frivolity,
And all that kind of thing!"

"Come and have a twirl, my dearest
Hänsel,
Come and have a turn my dearest Hans!
Sing lustily while I dance with you!
And if the stockings are in holes, why
mother'll knit some new."

AMAZING GRACE

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me,
I once was lost but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved,
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and
snares
I have already come,
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus
far
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand
years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first believed.

SOUND AN ALARM

Sound an alarm,
Your silver trumpets sound
And call the brave,
And only brave around.

Who listeth, follow:
To the field again,
Justice with courage
Is a thousand men.

Sound an alarm,
Your silver trumpets sound
And call the brave,
And only brave around.

ROSE OF ENGLAND

Grown in one land alone,
Where proud winds have blown;
There's not a flow'r born of the show'r
Braver than England's own.
Now wakes our foe of foes
Mad to pluck our rose,
Frantic he comes drumming his drums
of war
But England's pride still blossoms fresh
on England's shore.

*Rose of England, thou shalt fade not here,
Though the storm of battle thunder near,
Red shall thy petals be as rich wine untold,
Shed by thy warriors who served thee of old,
Rose of England, breathing England's air,
Flow'r'd liberty beyond compare;
While hand and heart endure to cherish thy
prime,
Thou shalt blossom to the end of Time.*

When each man takes his part,
Learns the warrior's art,
Red as the dawn, petals are born
Richly within his heart.
Let earth's foundations groan,
We'll not yield a stone,
Undaunted still hamlet and hill shall stand,
While sons of Britain live to guard their
native land.

Rose of England...

SPEED YOUR JOURNEY

Speed your journey, my thoughts and my
longings
Speed your journey to mountain and valley,
Where the sweet-scented air breathes a
fragrance
O'er the homes that we knew long ago!
To the waters of Jordan bear greeting,
To the downfallen temples of Zion
Oh, my country so fair and so wretched
Oh, remembrance of joy and of woe!
Golden harps of the prophets Oh tell me,
Why so silent ye hang from the willow?
Once again sing the songs of our homeland,
Sing again of the days that are past,
We have drunk from the cup of affliction
And have shed bitter tears of repentance,
Oh, inspire us, Jehovah with courage
So that we may endure to the last.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

*Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!*

Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle
See his banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers...

Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.

Onward, Christian soldiers...

We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.

Onward, Christian soldiers...

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain.

Onward, Christian soldiers...

Gates of Hell can never
'Gainst the Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Onward, Christian soldiers...

THE LOST CHORD

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wander'd idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fever'd spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife,
It seem'd the harmonious echo,
From our discordant life.

It link'd all perplexed meanings,
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And enter'd into mine.

It may be that Death's bright Angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heav'n
I shall hear that grand Amen.

THREE YORKSHIRE SONGS

Lass of Richmond Hill

On Richmond Hill there lived a lass
More sweet than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat with smile so sweet
Has won my right goodwill.
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

*Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.*

How happy will the shepherd be
Who calls the maid his own.
O may her choice be fixed on me,
Mine's fixed on her alone.

Sweet lass of Richmond Hill...

Pretty Flower

Abroad for pleasure as I was walking
It was one summer summer's evening clear,
Oh, there I beheld a most beautiful damsel
Lamenting for her shepherd dear.

No more to you green banks will I take thee
with pleasure
For to rest thyself and see the lambs
But I will take thee to you green gardens
Where the pretty flowers grow.

Ilkley Moor Baht 'At

Where 'as tha been sin' ah saw thee?
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at
Tha's been a-courtin' Mary Jane
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at.

NYMPHS AND SHEPHERDS

Nymphs and shepherds come away,
In this grove, let's sport and play,
For this is Flora's holiday.

Sacred to ease and happy love
To music, to dancing and to poetry
Your flocks may now securely rest
Whilst you express your jollity.

Nymphs and shepherds come away.

Nymphs and shepherds pipe and play,
Tune a song, a festal lay,
For this is Flora's holiday.

Lightly we tread o'er all the ground
With music, with dancing and with poetry.
Thus trip we round with merry sound
And pass the day in jollity.

Nymphs and shepherds come away.

PILGRIM'S CHORUS

Once more with joy, Oh my home, I may
meet thee;
Once more, ye fair flow'ry meadows, I
greet ye;

My pilgrim staff henceforth may rest,
Since Heav'n's sweet peace is within my breast.
The sinner's plaint on high was heard,
Accepted by a gracious hord.
The tears I laid before His shrine,
Are turned to hope and joy divine,
Oh Lord, eternal praise be Thine!
The blessed source of Thy mercy o'erflowing,
On souls repentant, who seek Thee, bestowing;
Of hell and death I have no fear,
My gracious hord is ever near.
Hallelujah! eternally!

PIRATES OF PENZANCE SELECTION

*Pour, oh pour, the pirate sherry,
Fill, oh fill the pirate glass!
And, to make us more than merry,
Let the pirate bumper pass!*

For today our Pirate 'Prentice
Rises from indenture freed;
Strong his arm, and keen his scent is
He's a Pirate now indeed!
Here's good luck to Fred'ric's ventures!
Fred'ric's out of his indentures.

Pour, oh pour...

Oh, better far to live and die
Under the brave black flag I fly,
Than play a sanctimonious part,
With a pirate head and a pirate heart.
Away to the cheating world go you,
Where pirates all are well-to-do,
But I'll be true to the song I sing,
And live and die a Pirate King.
For I am a Pirate King!
And it is a glorious thing,
To be a Pirate King!

You are! Hurrah for our Pirate King.

When a felon's not engaged in his employment
Or maturing his felonious little plans,
His capacity for innocent enjoyment
Is just as great as any honest man's.
Our feelings we with difficulty smother
When constabulary duty's to be done,
Ah, take one consideration with another
A policeman's lot is not a happy one.

When the foeman bares his steel,
We uncomfortable feel!
And we find the wisest thing,
Is to slap our chests and sing.
For when threaten'd with emeutes,
And your heart is in your boots,
There is nothing brings it round,
Like the trumpet's martial sound.

Go ye heroes, go to glory,
Tho' ye die in combat gory,
Ye shall live in song and story.
Go to immortality,
Go to death and go to slaughter,
Die and every Cornish daughter
With her tears your grave shall water.

With cat-like tread, upon our prey we steal;
In silence dread, our cautious way we feel!
No sound at all, we never speak a word;
A fly's footfall would be distinctly heard.
So stealthily the Pirate creeps,
While all the household soundly sleeps.

Come, friends, who plough the sea,
Truce to navigation, take another station,
Let's vary piracee with a little burglaree!
Here's your crowbar, and your centre-bit,
Your life preserver you may want to hlt!
Your silent matches, your dark lantern seize!
Take your file and your skeletalonic keys!

O, FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE

O, for the wings, for the wings of a dove!
Far away, far away would I rove!
In the wilderness build me a nest
And remain there forever at rest.

BLESS THIS HOUSE

Bless this house, O Lord we pray,
Make it safe by night and day;
Bless these walls, so firm and stout,
Keeping want and trouble out.

Bless the roof and chimneys tall,
Let thy peace lie over all;
Bless this door, that it may prove
Ever open to joy and love.

Bless these windows shining bright,
Letting in God's heav'nly light;
Bless the hearth a-blazing there,
With smoke ascending like a prayer;

Bless the people here within,
Keep them pure and free from sin;
Bless us all that we may be
Fit, O Lord, to dwell with thee.

Bless us all that we one day
May dwell, O Lord, with thee.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightning of his
terrible swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory hallelujah.

His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;

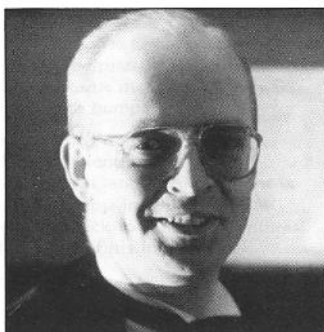
He is sifting out the hearts of men before
his judgement seat;

O, be swift, my soul to answer him; be
jubilant my feet!

Our God is marching on.

Glory, glory hallelujah,

His truth is marching on.



SIMON LINDLEY



BOYS OF LEEDS PARISH CHURCH CHOIR

Simon Lindley is Organist of Leeds Parish Church and Leeds Town Hall. One of the most popular recitalists of his generation, Mr Lindley has given over 200 recitals at the Town Hall and over 100 at the Parish Church since moving to Leeds seventeen years ago.

He is a retained Adviser to Yorkshire Television, and enjoys close associations with all the leading institutions for the organ and church music. He is a long serving Councillor of, and Examiner to, The Royal College of Organists and is much sought after as a writer and speaker on musical matters.

Born in London, the son of an Anglican priest and a writer, Simon Lindley was educated at Magdalen College School, Oxford, and the Royal College of Music. He held posts at Westminster and St Albans before his appointment to Leeds Parish Church. Mr Lindley currently holds a senior position in the City's Leisure Services Department, having been for twelve years a Senior Lecturer at Leeds Polytechnic.

Leeds Parish Church Choir was formed in 1815, and three years later became the first choir on mainland Britain to be supplanted since the Reformation. The maintenance of daily choral services — as well as those on Sundays and Holy Days — without the advantage of a resident school choir or substantial endowments reflects a remarkable degree of commitment on the part of countless generations of choristers and their families. The Boy Choristers attend many different schools in the Leeds locality, and many travel long distances from school for their daily rehearsal and Choral Evensong.

Honley Male Voice Choir was formed in 1936 in the village of Honley, near Huddersfield, Yorkshire. The Choir has had many successes at music festivals in different parts of Britain, winning the first National Male Voice Choir Championship in May 1990 in competition with the country's leading male-voice choirs.

The Honley Male Voice Choir is also a first-class concert choir and regularly sings to capacity audiences (1,300) in the Huddersfield Town Hall. In addition to performing in various parts of the United Kingdom and Europe, the Choir, under the musical directorship of Alan Jenkins, made a highly successful concert tour of Florida in October 1991.

The **Sellers Engineering Band** was originally formed as The Huddersfield Tecol Band in early 1986 by the Head of Brass Music Teaching at Huddersfield Technical College, Phillip McCann, at the request of his students.

The Band was initially admitted to Section 3 of the National Championships, gaining promotion to Section 2 from January 1987. In January 1990 Sellers Engineering Band were promoted to the Championship Section, and in October 1990 were placed third in the Championship Grade finals in the Royal Albert Hall. In 1992 the Band competed in the Swiss Open Championship and was placed third. As well as the contest side the Band is also heavily engaged in concerts, recordings and charity events.

The Band has made two successful tours of Spain and one of Belgium and other continental tours are envisaged. Sellers Engineering Band performs regularly on BBC Radio 2, and has appeared on both BBC and Yorkshire Television. The Band has signed an exclusive recording contract with Chandos Records.

The driving force behind the formation and development of Sellers Engineering Band, **Phillip McCann** is one of the best known names in Brass Banding.

Born in Bo'ness, Scotland, Phillip first came to fame as an outstanding cornet player. Starting with the Kinneil Colliery Band, he later became principal cornet with the National Youth Brass Band of Great Britain for five years before advancing to the same position with the world-famous Black Dyke Mills Band in 1973.

In recent years Phillip has progressively increased his activities on the conducting and Musical Direction side, although he still maintains his reputation as a player through his many guest appearances at band concerts all over the world, and recordings of world-famous melodies on Chandos.

Phillip is also heavily committed to teaching brass music through his work at Huddersfield Polytechnic, Huddersfield Technical College, the Barnsley College of Technology and the Birmingham Conservatoire of Music.



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PHILLIP McCANN

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THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MELODIES Vol. 3
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 CHAN 4503 CD; BBTD 4503 Cassette

THE WORLD OF BRASS
Sellers Engineering Band/McCann/Blackledge
 CHAN 4511 CD; BBTD 4511 Cassette

- **A Chandos Digital Recording**
- Recording Producer: Ralph Couzens
- Sound Engineer: Ben Connellan
- Assistant Engineer: Richard Smoker
- Editor: Jonathan Cooper
- Recorded at St Paul's Hall, Huddersfield Polytechnic on 3-5 July 1992
- Front Cover Photograph of Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire by Simon Warner
- Sleeve Design: Penny Olymbios • Art Direction: Ralph Couzens

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