

HENRY PURCELL

CORO



Royal Welcome Songs for King Charles II

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CORO

Henry Purcell

Royal Welcome Songs for King Charles II

Volume IV

The Sixteen

HARRY CHRISTOPHERS



Over the next few years, we are embarking on a series of recordings devoted to the musical genius of Henry Purcell. Although we do not know exactly when he was born, we do know from his memorial stone in Westminster Abbey that he died on 21 November 1695 when he was in his 37th year. At a mere 18 years old he succeeded Matthew Locke as the composer to His Majesty King Charles II, and from then on he rewarded us with church anthems of all descriptions, full, verse and ceremonial, countless songs, a plethora of catches (some bawdy, some highly political), various operas, incidental music to plays, fantasias and Welcome Songs or Birthday Odes. In this series, we will depict the wealth of Purcell's versatility, with each volume focusing on one or two of his Welcome Songs.

What are these Welcome Songs? Soon after the Restoration, it became the custom for the King to be entertained on his birthday, at New Year and, indeed, for other royal occasions such as birthdays and marriages. It was Purcell's job to write suitable odes for these occasions. Purcell not only had to delight his monarch but also had to keep his fellow musicians on board, singers and instrumentalists alike. His setting of the English language is second-to-none; he possessed an extraordinary talent for writing vocal lines that reflect not only verbal rhythms but also syllabic lengths and stress patterns. In the Welcome Song *The summer's absence unconcerned we bear*, we are rewarded with two fabulous alto arias over his trademark ground-bass settings. But whereas he could revel in verses from the scriptures or theatrical lyrics, like Psalm 27 *The Lord is my light* or the high-flown verse of Nathaniel Lee's play *Theodosius*, he often had to endure setting some poor poetry where the predictable scansion would test any composer. It is not only Purcell's vocal writing which is brilliant; his string writing is extraordinary. He had at his

disposal the Twenty-Four Violins, a unique band of musicians, modelled on the French court orchestra but, unlike the French distribution of one violin, three violas and bass, Purcell preferred two violins, viola and bass. And he certainly gave them music of great variety, intensity and sheer joy to relish.

Purcell's genius abounds, not only through his Welcome Odes, theatre and sacred music, but also in his purely instrumental writing. He wrote a number of fantasias, and I have chosen the two *In nomine* settings, which also allowed me the excuse to include the original *Benedictus* from John Taverner's *Missa Gloria tibi Trinitas* written over a century before and from which the theme is based. These are quite simply astonishing pieces, full of extraordinary counterpoint and techniques of form which only someone of Purcell's skill can turn into music of intense emotion and expression.

This series has evolved from our residency at the Wigmore Hall in London, where we have had the pleasure of revelling in Purcell's extraordinary music and will continue to do so for some years to come. With my octet of singers, 12 strings (not as many as Purcell had at his disposal but nevertheless preserving the numerical ratio), two recorders, oboe and a continuo section comprising organ, harpsichord, theorbo and harp, we have so enjoyed committing Purcell's genius to disc and hope that you, the listener, get as much enjoyment from it as we did performing it.

Harry
Anisimer.

Henry Purcell (1659-95)

1	Catch: God save our sov'reign Charles Z250 (c.1682) Mark Dobell, Hugo Hymas, George Pooley <i>tenor</i>	1.04
2	WELCOME SONG: Swifter, Isis, swifter flow Z336 (1681) Symphony / Swifter, Isis, swifter flow Hugo Hymas <i>tenor</i>	5.14
3	Land him safely on her shore Ben Davies <i>bass</i>	1.10
4	Hark, hark! Just now my listening ears Hugo Hymas <i>tenor</i>	1.42
5	Welcome, dread Sir, to town Daniel Collins <i>alto</i> , George Pooley <i>tenor</i> , Stuart Young <i>bass</i>	1.13
6	But with as great devotion meet Ben Davies <i>bass</i>	0.55
7	Your Augusta he charms with no lesser delight Mark Dobell <i>tenor</i>	1.00
8	The King whose presence like the Spring Kirsty Hopkins, Katy Hill <i>soprano</i>	1.13
9	Then since, Sir, from you all our blessings do flow <i>Chorus</i>	2.03
10	In nomine Fantasia a6 Z746	2.18
11	JOHN TAVERNER (c.1490-1545) Benedictus (from Missa Gloria tibi Trinitas)	3.34
12	In nomine Fantasia a7 Z747	4.18

Selections from *Theodosius, or The Force of Love* Z606 (1680)

Marina: Kirsty Hopkins *soprano* – *Flavilla*: Katy Hill *soprano*
2nd Priest: Hugo Hymas *tenor* – *3rd Priest*: Mark Dobell *tenor* – *Atticus*: Ben Davies *bass*

13	Prepare, prepare, the rites begin 1.08	14	Canst thou, Marina 2.22
15	The gate to bliss 2.36	16	Hark! Behold the heav'nly choir! 2.37
17	Now, now the fight's done 2.19	18	Sad as death at dead of night 2.13
19	Dream no more of pleasures past! 1.30	20	Hail to the myrtle shade 3.46
21	Ah! Cruel, bloody fate 2.00		
22	The Lord is my light Z55 (1683-4) Daniel Collins <i>alto</i> , Mark Dobell <i>tenor</i> , Ben Davies <i>bass</i>		11.06
	WELCOME SONG: The summer's absence unconcerned we bear Z337 (1682)		
23	Symphony		3.42
24	The summer's absence unconcerned we bear Stuart Young <i>bass</i> – Daniel Collins <i>alto</i> , Mark Dobell <i>tenor</i> , Ben Davies <i>bass</i>		3.14
25	And when late from your throne Heaven's call you attend Daniel Collins <i>alto</i>		2.26
26	Ah! Had we, Sir, the power of art Kirsty Hopkins, Katy Hill <i>soprano</i> , Stuart Young <i>bass</i>		2.13
27	Happy while all her neighbours bled Daniel Collins <i>alto</i> , Hugo Hymas <i>tenor</i> , Ben Davies, Stuart Young <i>bass</i>		1.14
28	So happily still you your counsels employ Daniel Collins <i>alto</i> , Mark Dobell <i>tenor</i>		3.14
29	But those no more shall dare repine Mark Dobell <i>tenor</i>		2.12
		Total Running Time	75.37

Royal Welcome Songs and Odes for King Charles II

Henry Purcell was the most versatile European composer of his generation, turning his hand with nonchalant ease to everything from opera, theatre songs and court odes to church anthems, chamber music and bawdy catches. His wretchedly brief career – a mere two and a half decades – was influenced more than it should have been by the extreme volatility of politics in Britain under the Stuart monarchs at the close of the 17th century.

The early 1680s mark a moment when Purcell's virtuoso gifts take wing. At barely 20 years old he has taken the place of Matthew Locke, a master he greatly admired, as 'Composer for the Violins' at the court of King Charles II and becomes organist of Westminster Abbey. He writes his first music for the stage, at a period when no self-respecting London

theatre production is without its songs, dances and instrumental interludes to add sparkle and atmosphere to the show. At the Chapel Royal, meanwhile, he is perfecting the favoured form known as the 'symphony anthem', an elaborate hybrid of sung sacred text with sections for string ensemble couched in a style designed to appeal to a king who is very easily bored and, as a crypto-Catholic, attends Anglican worship from duty rather than devotion.

Roger North, a lawyer who wrote some valuable musical memoirs of this period, tells us that Charles "never in his life could endure any musick that he could not act by keeping the time". We can hear how easily Purcell starts the royal foot tapping in the anthem **The Lord is my light**, composed around 1683. After a slow introduction to its string symphony, the faster second

section sets up what North calls "the step tripla" and this rhythm predominates throughout most of the score. Variety springs from the composer's treatment of the text, verses from Psalm 27, assigning some to soloists (the amazing bass John Gostling probably sang "Though an host of men were laid against me"), others to a vocal trio and only bringing in the full choir for the final "*Alleluia*".

When the diarist John Evelyn attended the Chapel Royal he was displeased by "a Consort of Violins between every pause, after the French fantastical light way, better suiting a Tavern or a Playhouse than a Church". Purcell's supple, imaginative handling of this sacred style could just as easily adapt itself to the theatre and his chance came when, in 1680, he was commissioned to write the music for Nathaniel Lee's tragedy **Theodosius, or The Force of Love**, given its premiere at the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Garden. Opened nine years earlier, the house was noted for its handsome auditorium and a

deep stage area which gave a chance for spectacular scenic effects. It was ideally suited to the dramas of Nathaniel Lee, a playwright whose meteoric career ended in alcoholism and insanity, but who possessed an undoubted eye for tense, thrilling situations and a talent for writing the kind of high-flown verse which actors loved to declaim and audiences delighted to hear.

Two of Lee's recent plays had caused offence by touching on politically risky subjects and seeming to criticise King Charles for his notoriously loose morals. Though *Theodosius* reprises this latter topic in its story of a Byzantine emperor's unholy passion for Athenais, a young girl he has watched bathing, the tragedy brought its author back into favour. "All the Parts in it being perfectly perform'd, with several Entertainments of Singing compos'd by the Famous Master Mr Henry Purcell, made it a living and gainful Play to the Company." How closely did Lee and Purcell collaborate on the project? The

Theodosius music is important not just for giving the young composer intensive experience of working in the theatre, but also because it appears more obviously integrated with the drama than in many of the plays to which he later contributed. Act I, for example, is framed between the priest Atticus's *Prepare, prepare, the rites begin*, its bass solo, joined later by tenor and alto, accompanied by mystic sounding recorders, and the superbly characterised *Canst thou, Marina*, an essentially operatic episode in which the Emperor's two sisters make ready to renounce the world and its temptations.

It was usual in the Restoration theatre for the play, whether tragedy or comedy, to be interspersed with contrasted instrumental introductions to each act. In addition, there was an overture or 'curtain tune' at the start and dances might feature elsewhere in the performance. Interestingly, no such orchestral material seems to exist for *Theodosius*. Purcell's focus here is entirely on the vocal element

and his song settings reveal a potent grasp of character and situation as the drama progresses. The bluff soldier Marcian, winning the heart of princess Pulcheria, is rewarded with *Now, now the fight's done*, contrasting two different kinds of death, a literal demise in battle and the much more preferable variety achieved through orgasm. *Sad as death at dead of night*, on the other hand, underpinned by a sombre bass line, recreates for us Athenais's looming fate, in which "virtue was betrayed by power and yielded to unlawful charms". A similar image of her as a sacrifice to male fickleness and opportunism conditions *Dream no more of pleasures past!*.

The mood changes with *Hail to the myrtle shade*, placed at the end of Act III as a lyrical interlude between two turbulent dramatic episodes. This delightfully artless, lilting melody shows Purcell's deftness as a songwriter, able to shift with the greatest of ease from a vein of tragic introspection to something almost like

a folk tune, whistled by coachmen or hummed by kitchen maids. In his music for *Theodosius* we watch the composer displaying his playhouse wares in strokes of astonishing versatility. He surely hoped that further such commissions might soon come his way, but apart from a couple of songs for plays at Drury Lane it would be almost ten years before he made a serious impact as a master of music for the stage.

Absorbed as Purcell was by the cultural values of his own time, he never forgot his artistic heritage within a tradition of English music stretching back into the Tudor era. While at work on *Theodosius*, he found time, during the summer of 1680, to compose a sequence of fantasias for a consort of viols, by now an almost obsolete musical ensemble in an age when the trio sonata for violins and continuo was gaining primacy as a chamber music genre. Why Purcell turned to writing fantasias is not clear, but he set his idiosyncratic stamp firmly on the medium. To the 13 ultimately completed, he added

two of the type known as **In nomine**, complex contrapuntal experiments using a cantus firmus derived from a setting of the words "*In nomine Domini*" in Tudor composer John Taverner's **Missa Gloria tibi Trinitas**. Were the viol fantasias a kind of therapeutic diversion for Purcell during an exceptionally busy period in his working life? What comes across in his music from these years is an abundant confidence in the sheer range of his professional skills. These were to be further extended through the experience of writing court odes and Welcome Songs, those often laboriously sycophantic musical tributes to members of the royal family which became such a regular feature of Purcell's annual calendar as an official composer to the Stuart dynasty. In 1681 he was commissioned to set an anonymous ode, **Swifter, Isis, swifter flow**, which was probably intended to celebrate King Charles II's return to London after summoning his parliament to Oxford. This was a political masterstroke by the king. The Whigs, led by the sulphurous figure

of Lord Shaftesbury, menaced the throne's stability, so Charles determined to thwart them by invoking his royal prerogative of calling a parliament wherever he chose. Removing his opponents from their power base in the capital to loyal Tory Oxford, he donned his robes and crown to dissolve both houses, ruling as an absolute monarch for the last four years of his reign.

The poetry of Purcell's Welcome Song is routine enough but he transfigures it in music of remarkable inventiveness and sensitivity to instrumental colour. We catch the flow of the River Thames – called 'Isis' at Oxford – in the opening chorus, recorders bring a sensuous touch to the bass solo *Land him safely on her shore* and an oboe makes its Purcellian debut in the tenor's *Hark, hark! Just now my listening ears*. Purcell's beloved ground bass plays its part in two of the numbers and he has fun with the harmonic shifts in the closing chorus. The next year's Welcome Song, *The summer's absence unconcerned we bear*, has a similarly

fulsome anonymous text. This time His Majesty, accompanied by his brother James, Duke of York, is coming home from Newmarket races amid a surfeit of peace and prosperity throughout the nation. Bass John Gostling is rewarded with yet another chance to display his stunning virtuosity in *Ah! Had we, Sir, the power of art* and the alto soloist enjoys a brace of ground bass settings. Yet the ode's scoring, in comparison with its forerunners, is somewhat more restrained. There's a sense throughout of Purcell getting to know his way around this particular Restoration musical form through a careful husbanding of his resources. In a few years Charles will be dead and his brother 'dismal Jimmy', who succeeded him as James II, driven into exile, but soon this same genre of courtly homage in music will draw from the composer some of his most lavish inventions in the six great odes written for Queen Mary.

Jonathan Keates © 2019

1 Catch: God save our sov'reign Charles Z250 (c.1682)

Mark Dobell, Hugo Hymas, George Pooley *tenor*

God save our sov'reign Charles, our faith's defender,
Let all good men his laws and honour tender;
Protect Queen Cath'rine, England's nursing-mother,
Preserve York's duke, our King's illustrious brother:
Who to his pious votes denies his hand,
I pray for him too, but wish him out o' th' land.

WELCOME SONG

Swifter, Isis, swifter flow Z336 (1681)

2 Symphony / Swifter, Isis, swifter flow

Hugo Hymas *tenor*

Swifter, Isis, swifter flow,
Muster all your streams together,
Then in a full body go
And guard great Britain's monarch hither.
Charles, the mighty sovereign,
Great lord of the exhaustless main,
From whose fountain every tide
Your dead low waters are supplied.

3 **Land him safely on her shore**

Ben Davies *bass*

Land him safely on her shore,
Who his long absence does deplore,
He with joy her walls does fill,
As high spring tides your channels swell,
Fills her walls to that excess,
As lovers' hearts with happiness,
Tender lovers when returned
To those dear arms whose loss they mourn'd.

4 **Hark, hark! Just now my listening ears**

Hugo Hymas *tenor*

Hark, hark! Just now my listening ears
Are struck with the repeated sound
Of labouring oars, and it appears,
By growing strong, they're this way bound.
See, see, it is the royal barge,
Oh, how she does my eyes delight,
Let bells ring, and great guns discharge,
Whilst numerous bonfires banish night.

5 **Welcome, dread Sir, to town**

Daniel Collins *alto*, George Pooley *tenor*, Stuart Young *bass*

Welcome, dread Sir, to town,
Thrice welcome to this your chief seat,
Pensive at your retreat
As joyful at your return.
Though causeless jealousy
May by the factious be broached,
Your Augusta will never be
From your kinder arms debauched.

6 **But with as great devotion meet**

Ben Davies *bass*

But with as great devotion meet
And fall at your returning feet,
As those glad northern people run
To welcome and adore the sun
(Who, in their gloomy hemisphere
For certain months does disappear)
When they are told the pleasing news
By him who first the glimmering views.

7 **Your Augusta he charms with no lesser delight**

Mark Dobell *tenor*

Your Augusta he charms with no lesser delight
Who tells her the King keeps his court here tonight.

8 **The King whose presence like the Spring**

Kirsty Hopkins, Katy Hill *soprano*

The King whose presence like the Spring, Recalls the beauty of each thing, Makes gay the town as that the field	And more delight and profit yield, Makes all our sorrows vanish quite, As day-break clears the face of night.
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9 **Then since, Sir, from you all our blessings do flow**

Chorus

Then since, Sir, from you all our blessings do flow,
And a tribute of praise to the fountain we owe,
'Tis fit when the best of your subjects address,
In music and song we our hearts should express,
As rivers back into the ocean do run
And a homage do pay where their streams first begun.
May no harsher sounds e'er invade your blest ears,
To disturb your repose or alarm our fears,
No trumpet be heard in this place or drum beat,
But in compliment or to invite you to eat,

Or this happy palace with any shouts ring
But the loud acclamations of 'Long live the King!'

10 **In nomine Fantasia a6 Z746**

JOHN TAVERNER (c.1490-1545)

11 **Benedictus (from Missa Gloria tibi Trinitas)**

<i>Benedictus</i> <i>qui venit in nomine Domini.</i> <i>Osanna in excelsis.</i>	Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.
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12 **In nomine Fantasia a7 Z747**

Selections from *Theodosius, or The Force of Love* Z606 (1680)
(Nathaniel Lee)

13 **Prepare, prepare,
the rites begin**

Atticus

Prepare, prepare, the rites begin,
Let none unhallow'd enter in;
The temple with new glories shine;
Adorn the altar, wash the shrine,
And purge the place from sin!

Marina:	Kirsty Hopkins <i>soprano</i>
Flavilla:	Katy Hill <i>soprano</i>
2nd Priest:	Hugo Hymas <i>tenor</i>
3rd Priest:	Mark Dobell <i>tenor</i>
Atticus:	Ben Davies <i>bass</i>

Second Priest, Third Priest and Atticus
Prepare, prepare the rites begin ...

14 Canst thou, Marina

Atticus

Canst thou, Marina, leave the world,
The world that is devotion's bane;
Where crowns are toss'd, and sceptres hurl'd,
Where Lust and proud Ambition reign?

Third Priest

Canst thou thy costly robes forbear
To live with us in poor attire?
Canst thou from courts to cells repair
To sing at midnight in our choir?

Second Priest, Third Priest and Atticus

Say, votaries, can this be done
While we the grace divine implore,
The world has lost, the battle's won,
And sin shall never charm you more?

Second Priest

Can you forget your golden beds
Where you might sleep beyond the morn,
On mats to lay your royal heads,
And have your beauteous tresses shorn?

Atticus

Can you resolve to fast all day,
And weep and groan to be forgiv'n?
Can you in broken slumbers pray,
And by affliction merit heaven?

15 The gate to bliss

Marina

The gate to bliss does open stand,
And all my penance is in view;
The world, upon the other hand,
Cries out: 'O do not bid adieu!'
Yet sacred sir, in these extremes,
Where pomp and pride their glories tell;
Where youth and beauty are the themes,
And plead their moving cause so well;
If aught that's vain my thoughts possess,
Or any passion govern here
But what divinity may bless,
O may I never enter there!

Flavilla

What can pomp or glory do?
Or what can human charms persuade?
The mind that has a heav'n in view,
How can it be by earth betray'd?
No monarch full of youth and fame,
The joy of eyes and nature's pride,
Should once my thoughts from heav'n reclaim,
Tho' now he woold me for his bride.

Marina and Flavilla

O haste then, and take us in,
For ever lock religion's door,
Secure us from the charms of sin,
And let us see the world no more!

16 Hark! Behold the heav'nly choir!

Atticus

Hark! Behold the heav'nly choir!
They cleave the air in bright attire,
And see his lute each angel brings,
And Hark! Divinely thus he sings.

Chorus

To the Powers divine, all glory be given,
By men upon earth and angels in heav'n.

17 Now, now the fight's done

Mark Dobell *tenor*

Now, now the fight's done, and the great God of war
Lies sleeping in shades, and unravels his care;
Love laughs at his rest, and the soldier's alarms,
He drums and he trumpets and struts in his arms;
He rides on his lance, and the bushes he bangs;
And his broad bloody sword on the willow tree hangs.

Love smiles when he feels the sharp point of his dart,
And he wings it to hit the grim god in the heart;
Who leaves his steel bed and bolsters of brass
For pillows of roses and couches of grass.
His courser of lightning is now grown so slow
That a Cupid i'the saddle sits bending his bow.

Love, love is the cry; love and kisses go round,
Till Phillis and Damon lie clasp'd on the ground.
The shepherd too quick does her pleasure destroy.
'Tis abortive,' she cries, and 'He murders my joy.'
But he rallies again with the force of her charms,
And kisses, embraces and dies in her arms.

18 Sad as death at dead of night

Katy Hill *soprano*, Ben Davies *bass*

Sad as death at dead of night,
The fair complaining Celia sat,
But one poor lamp was all her light,
While thus she reason'd with her fate:
'Why should man such triumphs gain,
And purchase joys that give us pain?
Ah! What glory can ensue,
A helpless virgin to undo?'

'Curse the night then, curse the hour
When first he drew thee to his arms,
When virtue was betray'd by power,
And yielded to unlawful charms;
When love approach'd with all his fires,
Arm'd with hopes and strong desires,
Sighs and tears, and ev'ry wile
With which the men the maids beguile.'

19 Dream no more of pleasures past!

Kirsty Hopkins, Katy Hill *soprano*, Mark Dobell *tenor*, Ben Davies *bass*

Dream no more of pleasures past!
Since all thy torments are to come,
The secret is made known at last,
And endless shame is now thy doom;

The false forsworn, alas, is gone,
And left thee to despair alone.
Who, that hears of Celia's pain,
Will ever trust a man again?

20 Hail to the myrtle shade

Katy Hill, Kirsty Hopkins *soprano*, Mark Dobell *tenor*, Ben Davies *bass*

Hail to the myrtle shade,
All hail to the nymphs of the fields;
Kings will not here invade,
Tho' virtue all freedom yields.
Beauty here opens her arms
To soften the languishing mind,
And Phillis unlocks her charms;
Ah Phillis! Ah! Why so kind?

Phillis, the soul of love,
The joy of the neighbouring swains;
Phillis that crowns the grove,
And Phillis that gilds the plains.
Phillis that ne'er had the skill
To paint, or to patch, or be fine;
Yet Phillis whose eyes can kill,
Whom nature has made divine.

Phillis whose charming tongue,
Makes labour and pain a delight;
Phillis that makes the day young,
And shortens the livelong night.
Phillis whose lips like May
Still laugh at the sweets that they bring,
Where love never knows decay,
But sets with eternal spring.

21 Ah! Cruel, bloody fate

Kirsty Hopkins *soprano*

Ah! Cruel, bloody fate,
What canst thou now do more?
Alas! 'Tis now too late
Philander to restore.

Why should the heav'nly powers persuade
Poor mortals to believe
That they guard us here
Or reward us there
Yet all our joys deceive?

Her poinyard then she took,
And held it in her hand,
And with a dying look
Cried: 'Thus I fate command;

Philander, ah! My love I come
To meet thy shade below
I come,' she cried:
'With a wound so wide,
There needs no second blow.'

In purple waves her blood
Ran streaming down the floor,
Unmov'd she saw the flood,
And blest the dying hour;

'Philander, ah Philander!' still
The bleeding Phillis cried,
She wept awhile
And she forc'd a smile,
Then clos'd her eyes and died.

22 The Lord is my light Z55 (1683-4)

Daniel Collins *alto*, Mark Dobell *tenor*, Ben Davies *bass*

The Lord is my light, and my salvation; whom then shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom then shall I be afraid?
Though an host of men were laid against me, yet shall not my heart be afraid;
and though there rose up war against me, yet will I put my trust in him.
For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his tabernacle;
In the secret place of his dwelling, and set me up upon a rock of stone.
And now shall he lift up mine head; above mine enemies round about me.
Therefore will I offer in his dwelling an oblation with great gladness;
I will sing and speak praise unto the Lord.
Alleluia.

Psalm 27: 1, 3, 5-7

WELCOME SONG

The summer's absence unconcerned we bear Z337 (1682)

23 **Symphony**

24 **The summer's absence unconcerned we bear**

Stuart Young *bass*

Daniel Collins *alto*, Mark Dobell *tenor*, Ben Davies *bass*

The summer's absence unconcerned we bear
Since you, great Sir, more charming fair appear,
Scattering the mists of faction with our fear.
Shine thus for many years, and let the sight
Your friends encourage and your foes affright,
Like Joshua's sun, with undiminished light.

25 **And when late from your throne Heaven's call you attend**

Daniel Collins *alto*

And when late from your throne Heaven's call you attend,
In peace let your crown on the next head descend,
Let no sham pretences give birth to a guilt
Which would injure the blood of the Martyr was spilt.

26 **Ah! Had we, Sir, the power of art**

Kirsty Hopkins, Katy Hill *soprano*, Stuart Young *bass*

Ah! Had we, Sir, the power of art
To grant the wishes of our heart,
Your long and glorious reign should be
One entire piece of harmony.
No day should an ill aspect wear,
But, smooth as seas when calms appear,
All hearts should smile as at that hour
When you from exile blest our shore,
And the ill omens o'er us placed
Should vanish with the time that's past.
Then would we conclude that our Isle, which of old
Was the Fortunate called, had her name but foretold
By some learned bard, who in times past foreknew
How in ages to come she'd be happy in you.

27 **Happy while all her neighbours bled**

Daniel Collins *alto*, Hugo Hymas *tenor*, Ben Davies, Stuart Young *bass*

Happy while all her neighbours bled,	When all the blessings of her train
Their countries harassed and untilled,	Were at her feet an off'ring laid,
When Peace to you for shelter fled,	When fearless she did plough the main
Her garners with rich plenty filled,	And reap rich harvests of her trade.

28 **So happily still you your counsels employ**

Daniel Collins *alto*, Mark Dobell *tenor*

So happily still you your counsels employ,
More blessings than all the whole world we enjoy;
But amidst all our stores some who surfeit on peace
The infection had spread of a mortal disease:
To the plague of rebellion the mischief was growing
And the life of the State to your conduct is owing.

These had by their ill usage drove
The beauteous Nymph long since away,
Had she not, vanquished by your love,
Charmed in your soft embraces lay.

29 **But those no more shall dare repine**

Mark Dobell *tenor*

But those no more shall dare repine,
Nor shall she ever hence remove,
But totally now her heart resign
And always to you constant prove.
Britannia shall now her large empire bestride
And over the seas she unrivalled shall ride,
Sole Emperess she the vast flood shall command
And awe the great blustering Hectors at land.
Thus strongly secured, mighty Sir, on your throne,
By all nations feared, and beloved of your own,
If of Heaven we could such a bounty obtain,
From our own stock of years we would lengthen your reign.



On the cover:

Marcellus Laroon's *Cries of the City of London*

The death of Oliver Cromwell and the Restoration of Charles II made the thoroughfares of London festive places once again, renewing the street life of the metropolis. When the Great Fire of 1666 destroyed shops and markets, an unprecedented horde of hawkers flocked to the city from across the country to supply the needs of Londoners. Among the first Cries to be credited to an individual artist, Marcellus Laroon's *Cries of the City of London Drawne after the Life* were on a more ambitious scale than had been attempted before, permitting sophisticated use of composition and greater detail in costume.

Hawkers were portrayed not merely as representative types but each with a distinctive personality, revealed through their movement, their attitudes, their postures, their gestures and their clothing,

according to the wares they sold. Perhaps influenced by Bonnat's *Cries de Paris* and Carraci's drawings in Bologna, Laroon's Cries possessed more vigour and individuality than those that had gone before, reflecting the dynamic renewal of London at the end of the 17th century.

Such was their success, Laroon's original set of 40 designs commissioned by the entrepreneurial bookseller Pierce Tempest in 1687 was quickly expanded to 74 and continued to be reprinted from the same plates until 1821.

Living in Bow Street, Covent Garden, from 1680 until his death in 1702, Laroon sketched those he came to know in his years of residence there. Expanding the range of subjects beyond hawkers and watchmen, he included street performers, a prostitute, tricksters, dubious clergymen and other

hustlers. For the first time, the swagger and the performance that is essential to success as a street trader was manifest.

The details of Marcellus Laroon's life are scarce and conjectural. A Frenchman born in the Hague, Laroon was reputedly an acquaintance of Rembrandt as a young man. He may have become drawing master to King William III when he came to London, but was primarily employed as a costume painter in the portrait studio of Sir Godfrey Kneller. According to Bainbrigg Buckeridge, author of the earliest history of English painting, entitled *An Essay Towards An English School of Painters*, Laroon was 'an exact Draftsman but chiefly famous for Drapery, wherein he exceeded most of his contemporaries.'

Unlike the highly formalised portraits upon which he was employed by Kneller, Laroon's *Cries of the City of London Drawne after the Life* demonstrate an inventive variety of pose and vigorous spontaneity of composition. Each subject

is permitted individual attention with close observation to the detail of their clothing as an integral expression of their identity. Portrayed with an unsentimental balance of stylisation and realism, all Laroon's figures are presented with grace and poise, even if they are wretched.

Since Laroon's designs were ink drawings produced under commission to Pierce Tempest, he achieved little personal reward or success from the subsequent exploitation of his creations, earning his day-to-day living by painting the drapery for Kneller's aristocratic portraits and then dying of consumption at the age of 49.

Yet, through widening the range of subjects of the Cries to include all social classes as well as preachers, beggars and performers, Marcellus Laroon left us a shrewd and exuberant vision of the variety of London street life in his day.

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§ The Sixteen

SOPRANO

Katy Hill
Kirsty Hopkins

ALTO

Daniel Collins

TENOR

Mark Dobell
Hugo Hymas
George Pooley

BASS

Ben Davies
Stuart Young

VIOLIN 1

Sarah Sexton *leader*
Sarah Moffatt
Sophie Barber

VIOLIN 2

Daniel Edgar
Jean Paterson
Nia Lewis

VIOLA

Martin Kelly
Jane Norman
Oliver Wilson

CELLO

Joseph Crouch
Imogen Seth-Smith
Jonathan Rees

RECORDER

Rebecca Miles
Ian Wilson

OBOE

Hannah McLaughlin

THEORBO

David Miller

HARP

Frances Kelly

ORGAN /
HARPSICHORD

Alastair Ross

Harry Christophers stands among today's great champions of choral music. In partnership with The Sixteen, the ensemble he founded almost 40 years ago, he has set benchmark standards for the performance of everything from late medieval polyphony to important new works by contemporary composers. His international influence is supported by more than 150 recordings and has been enhanced by his work as Artistic Director of Boston's Handel and Haydn Society and as guest conductor worldwide.

The Sixteen's soundworld, rich in tonal variety and expressive nuance, reflects Christophers' determination to create a vibrant choral instrument from the blend of adult professional singers. Under his leadership The Sixteen has established its annual Choral Pilgrimage to cathedrals, churches and other UK venues, created the *Sacred Music* series for BBC television, and developed an acclaimed period-instrument orchestra. Highlights of their recent work include an Artist Residency at Wigmore Hall, a large-scale tour of Monteverdi's *Vespers of 1610*, and the world premiere of James MacMillan's Symphony No. 5, *Le grand Inconnu*; their future projects, meanwhile, comprise a new series devoted to Purcell and an ongoing survey of Handel's dramatic oratorios.

Harry has served as Artistic Director of the Handel and Haydn Society since 2008. He was also appointed as Principal Guest Conductor of the City of Granada Orchestra in 2008 and has worked as guest conductor with, among others, the London Symphony Orchestra, the BBC Philharmonic, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and the



Photo: © Philip V. Barre / Getty Images

Deutsches Kammerphilharmonie. Christophers' extensive commitment to opera has embraced productions for English National Opera and Lisbon Opera and work with the Granada, Buxton and Grange festivals.

He was appointed a CBE in the Queen's 2012 Birthday Honours for his services to music. He is an Honorary Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, as well as the Royal Welsh College of Music and Drama, and has Honorary Doctorates in Music from the Universities of Leicester, Northumbria, Canterbury Christ Church and Kent.

§ The Sixteen

Whether performing a simple medieval hymn or expressing the complex musical and emotional language of a contemporary choral composition, The Sixteen does so with qualities common to all great ensembles. Tonal warmth, rhythmic precision and immaculate intonation are clearly essential to the mix. But it is the courage and intensity with which The Sixteen makes music that speak above all to so many people.

The Sixteen gave its first concert in 1979 under the direction of Founder and Conductor Harry Christophers CBE. Their pioneering work since has made a profound impact on



Photograph: Firedog

the performance of choral music and attracted a large new audience, not least as 'The Voices of Classic FM' and through BBC television's *Sacred Music* series.

The voices and period-instrument players of The Sixteen are at home in over five centuries of music, a breadth reflected in their annual Choral Pilgrimage to Britain's great cathedrals and sacred spaces, regular appearances at the world's leading concert halls and award-winning recordings for The Sixteen's CORO and other labels.

Recent highlights include the world premiere of James MacMillan's Symphony No. 5, '*Le grand Inconnu*', commissioned for The Sixteen by the Genesis Foundation, an ambitious ongoing series of Handel oratorios, and a debut tour of China.

With thanks to Bruce Wood and The Purcell Society

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