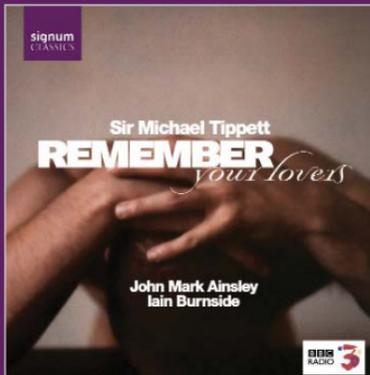


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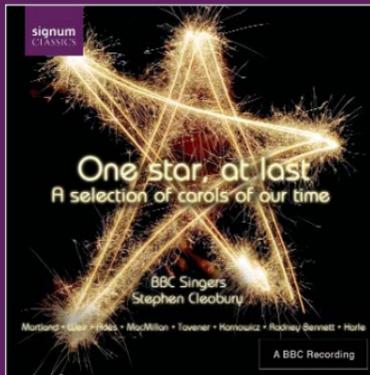


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CHORAL IMAGES Sir Michael Tippett



BBC Singers
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CHORAL IMAGES - SIR MICHAEL TIPPETT

1. Dance, Clarion Air (1952)	[4.36]	11. Over the Sea to Skye (1956, premiere recording)	[4.04]
2. Plebs Angelica (1943)	[3.11]	12. The Source (1942)	[2.14]
3. The Weeping Babe (1944)	[5.06]	13. The Windhover (1942)	[3.00]
Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis Collegium Sancti Johannis Cantabrigiense (1961)		14. Lullaby (1959)	[4.20]
4. Magnificat	[4.14]	Soloist: Siân Menna mezzo-soprano	
5. Nunc Dimittis	[2.45]	Five Negro Spirituals from the oratorio A Child of Our Time (1939–41)	
Soloists: Margaret Feavouir soprano, Kim Porter alto, Andrew Murgatroyd tenor, Stephen Charlesworth baritone		15. Steal away	[3.01]
6. Hymn: Unto the Hills (Wadhurst) (1958, premiere recording)	[3.46]	16. Nobody knows	[1.22]
Four Songs from the British Isles (1956)		17. Go down, Moses	[3.02]
7. England: Early one Morning	[2.56]	18. By and by	[1.13]
8. Ireland: Lilliburlero	[1.41]	19. Deep River	[3.33]
9. Scotland: Poortith Cauld	[5.26]	Soloists: Jennifer Adams-Barbaro soprano, Jacqueline Fox mezzo-soprano, Robert Johnston tenor, Stuart MacIntyre baritone	
10. Wales: Gwenllian	[3.26]	Total Timing	[63.00]

BBC SINGERS CONDUCTED BY STEPHEN CLEOBURY
IAIN FARRINGTON - ORGAN

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In December 1944, Michael Tippett was commissioned to write *The Weeping Babe* for a BBC radio programme, *Poet's Christmas*. Although he had worked extensively with amateur choirs, this was, as he recalled nearly fifty years later, "my first encounter with the professionalism of the BBC Singers, then conducted by Leslie Woodgate. I was immediately taken aback by their speed of learning and range of vocal skills. It was to be the first of many such occasions when a composer's dreams were brought to fulfilment." These words were written for the programme of the BBC Singers' 70th anniversary concert in September 1994. On this disc the present-day BBC Singers repay Sir Michael's compliment by performing all of his music for choir, both unaccompanied and with organ, including a recent rediscovery.

Choirs and choral music played a significant role in Tippett's career. As a student at the Royal College of Music, he took every opportunity to fill a gap in his education by hearing Renaissance choral music in London's cathedrals and churches; and his involvement became more practical when he began conducting a madrigal choir in the Surrey village of Oxted (where he went to live). He later conducted choirs associated with left-wing causes in London. And in the 1940s, when he took on the post of Music Director of Morley College, the adult education

institution in south London, one of his main responsibilities was conducting the college's Choir. An inspiring leader if no conducting technician, he built it up from an initial membership of eight to become a major force in the musical life of London and, through broadcasts, the whole country. Its activities combined contemporary music with important revivals of music by Purcell and Tudor composers – including the first ever recording, conducted by Tippett, of Tallis's 40-part motet *Spem in alium*.

So successful was Tippett with the Morley Choir, indeed, that in the early 1950s the impresario Walter Legge invited him to form and train what was later to be the Philharmonia Chorus – though, realising this would involve working on standard choral repertoire of no interest to him as a composer, Tippett declined the offer. But even after parting company with Morley in 1951, he continued to conduct choirs from time to time in his own choral works. Notably, he took charge of the first performance of his challenging *The Vision of Saint Augustine* in 1966, and of its first recording five years later; and he conducted a recording of his *A Child of Our Time* in Symphony Hall, Birmingham, at the age of eighty-five.

These two major works and the evening-length *The Mask of Time*, as well as several of the operas, all have important contributions by the chorus, representing in different ways collective as opposed to individual experience – a concept central to Tippett's view of the composer's role in society. But it has to be admitted that for choir alone, or with organ, there is no extended work by Tippett of comparable significance: nothing on a par with, say, the *Hymn to St Cecilia* or *A Boy was Born* of his colleague and friend Benjamin Britten. Indeed, his only two choral cycles of any substance both consist of arrangements of traditional songs. However, even those arrangements are highly personal in manner and, together with a number of original small-scale works, they make a valuable contribution to the choral repertoire – as well as illuminating Tippett's stylistic preoccupations and development in the earlier part of his career.

Tippett's earliest published pieces for chorus were *Two Madrigals*, contrasting settings of Edward Thomas's poem *The Source* and Gerard Manley Hopkins's *The Windhover*. They were written in 1942 and dedicated "to Morley College Choir"; they were first performed at the College in July 1943, conducted not by the composer but by his Morley colleague Walter Bergmann. Thomas's nature painting is set with only a few patches of

madrigalian imitation, but with several of the ecstatic melismas (many notes to a single syllable) that characterise Tippett's vocal music throughout his career. The setting of Hopkins's wonder-struck description of a hawk in flight is more obviously a modern equivalent of the Tudor madrigal, with the text depicted line by line in changing textures, and the stresses of the words interacting with syncopations and changing metres to produce lithe, flexible rhythms, separating into counterpoint and reuniting for cadences or passages in octaves. "Curious, experimental stuff it is", Tippett wrote to his close friend Francesca Allinson when he was working on the Madrigals – "interweaving rhythms which I can't theoretise but only pattern out by instinct."

In the same letter, Tippett complained that working on such a small scale was "not altogether my cup of tea, really"; but during wartime he accepted commissions for two more choral miniatures. The motet *Plebs angelica* was written in late 1943 and early 1944 for the Choir of Canterbury Cathedral, though the first performance was eventually given by T.B. Lawrence's Fleet Street Choir, in the Cathedral, in September 1944. The text is a mediaeval Latin lyric, a prayer to the heavenly host to be conducted into paradise. Tippett sets it for two antiphonally placed four-part choirs, in his own characteristic freely alternating metres, but in

a glowing mixture of chordal and contrapuntal writing clearly suggested by English Renaissance practice.

The Weeping Babe, the occasion of Tippett's first encounter with the BBC Singers (at the time an elite group of two octets distinct from the main BBC Chorus), was one of four collaborations between poets and composers for *Poet's Christmas*, broadcast on the BBC Home Service on Christmas Eve 1944. The poem by Edith Sitwell is a serious nativity carol which looks ahead to the Crucifixion. Tippett's setting is again madrigalian in style, with an expressive soprano solo, and one of his typically satisfying final cadences.

Tippett's major wartime achievement was his oratorio *A Child of Our Time*, written between 1939 and 1943, and first performed in London in March 1944. The composer's text was based on recent events, the murder of a Nazi diplomat in 1938 by a Polish Jewish refugee, and the savage Nazi reprisals of "Kristallnacht". But it comments on them not from a Christian or patriotic point of view, but from that of a Jungian pacifist, arguing for every individual's need to come to terms with the "dark side" of his or her personality, rather than project hatred on to an enemy. Musically, Tippett modelled the work on Handel's *Messiah* and the Passions of Bach; but in place of the Lutheran

chorales which punctuate the Passions, he used Afro-American spirituals, "arranged and sung after the manner of the best Negro choirs". These spirituals, powerful and universally familiar expressions of the sufferings of the victims of oppression, make a profoundly moving effect, both in their original context, and in the *a cappella* arrangement which Tippett made of them in 1958 at the request of his German publisher. Of these *Five Negro Spirituals* from *A Child of Our Time*, the first two are essentially as in the oratorio, while the last three are reworked to incorporate, or replace, independent orchestral parts; the original solo parts are retained for "leaders" of each section.

Tippett reverted to his "modern madrigal" manner in 1952 for *Dance, clarion air*. This was his contribution to *A Garland for the Queen*, a collection of ten "songs for mixed voices" commissioned by the Arts Council of Great Britain in honour of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, and first performed by the Golden Age Singers and the Cambridge University Madrigal Society, conducted by Boris Ord, at the Royal Festival Hall in London on Coronation Eve, 1 June 1953. All the texts were specially written by leading poets of the time: Tippett's was by Christopher Fry, a friend and collaborator in the 1930s who had subsequently become well known for his verse dramas. The setting is for five-part

choir, with “echoes” for a semi-chorus or soloists, and two short phrases for a high solo soprano. A dancing fanfare precedes an episode shaped in a gradual crescendo, a slightly slower section beginning as a double canon, and a passage rising to an exultant climax. The luminous conclusion hints, Tippett himself said, at one of the most celebrated of all English madrigals, Wilbye’s *Draw on, sweet night*.

Tippett made his arrangements of *Four Songs from the British Isles* for unaccompanied four-part chorus in 1957, in response to a commission from North West German Radio, Bremen, for a festival of European folk song. But the amateur choir for which they were intended found them too difficult, and the first performance took place only in July 1958, given by the London Bach Group, conducted by John Minchinton, at Royaumont in France. Tippett chose the English song “Early one morning” for what he described as its “classic line, tender and pure”, and his setting preserves the melody intact, passing it from voice to voice in accordance with the narrative, and framing and surrounding it with some characteristic counterpoint. “Lilliburlero”, probably an original Irish jig though its words may well be a 17th-century English parody of Irish brogue, provides what the composer called a “rollicking and vigorous scherzo”. “Poortith cauld”

(“Cold poverty”) has words by Robert Burns, fitted to the traditional Scottish tune “Cauld kail in Aberdeen”; Tippett admired this “rich and strong melody”, and as well as framing it with his own introduction, interludes and coda he also treats it to decorative variation and even rhythmic transformation. “Gwenllian”, a cradle song for a 13th-century Welsh princess, is, Tippett said, “possibly an older tune ‘four-squared’ for harp in the 18th century. So I had to loosen it, by trick means, towards my own lilt.” This he does by adding counterpoints in conflicting cross-rhythms, and an introduction, interlude and coda in 5/8 time interleaved with odd bars of 2/4 – his “own lilt” indeed.

The recently published volume of Tippett’s *Selected Letters*, edited by Thomas Schuttenhelm, includes a progress report on the Four Songs to the composer’s German publisher, dated 28 July 1957, in which he says that he proposes to replace his original Scottish song because it is “too strictly held by a publisher here”. The discarded number, *Over the Sea to Skye*, was discovered after Tippett’s death in the offices of his London publishers Schott’s; it was published at the end of 2002, and first performed the following July in Dublin. The “Skye Boat Song”, as it is usually called, is an adaptation of a traditional Scottish rowing song, but was published in 1884 with newly written words by Sir Harold

Boulton, a lullaby for Bonnie Prince Charlie, the Young Pretender, as he is rowed with his helper Flora MacDonald to the isle of Skye following his defeat at the Battle of Culloden in 1746. Tippett surrounds the familiar melody with proliferating contrapuntal lines, until at the end he reverts to his original, simple treatment, and adds a characteristic receding coda.

The years around 1960 saw a sharp change in Tippett’s music, towards much sparser textures, more astringent harmonies, and forms made up of a mosaic of contrasting units – and this is reflected in two of the three choral miniatures dating from this period. The odd one out is *Unto the Hills*, a four-part hymn tune on a 19th-century metrical paraphrase of Psalm 121 by John Campbell, Marquess of Lorne, which Tippett composed in 1958 for the Salvation Army. The setting, which he called *Wadhurst* after the Sussex village where he was living at the time, has some not quite conventional if never startling harmonies, and a metrical freedom reminiscent of the hymns of Orlando Gibbons.

The *Lullaby* was written in 1959 for the tenth anniversary of the Deller Consort, founded and led by Alfred Deller, the pioneer of the counter-tenor revival, whom Tippett had first brought to national prominence. It was first performed at the Victoria

and Albert Museum in London in January 1960. The poem by W.B. Yeats, always one of Tippett’s favourite authors, includes among its allusions to different legends one to the story of King Priam, the subject of the opera on which Tippett was then working. The text is carried in full in the solo part, written for Deller himself, and full of declamatory flourishes distantly derived from the vocal writing of Purcell. The other five parts – originally for soloists, though Tippett said they could also be sung by a small choir – surround this central line with fragments of echo and resonance, in a manner which looks ahead to the choral writing of *The Vision of Saint Augustine* and even *The Mask of Time*.

The setting of the Anglican Evensong canticles *Magnificat* and *Nunc dimittis*, the atheist Tippett’s only treatment of a liturgical text, was commissioned for the 450th anniversary of the foundation of St John’s College, Cambridge, written in 1961, and first sung by the College Choir under George Guest in March 1962. The *Magnificat* is dominated by flamboyant flourishes intended for the trumpet stop recently installed on the St John’s organ, standing out amidst cool chordal writing for the choir. The *Nunc dimittis* gives the melodic lead to a solo treble or soprano over subdued chanting, punctuated by occasional organ chords. But there is one passage in the work which harks back to earlier Tippett, and

to earlier centuries, when the 5/4 time doxology of the *Magnificat* breaks into flowing four-part counterpoint, reminiscent once more of the Tudor composers by whom Tippett was so fruitfully inspired.

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TEXTS

Dance, Clarion Air

Dance, clarion air,
Shine, stones on the shore,
swept in music by the ocean,
Shine, till all this island is a crown.
This island, and these realms and territ'ries
rememb'ring all, that human is,
Sound with love and honour for a Queen.
O morning light unfold a morning thorne.

Christopher Fry from *A Garland for the Queen*

Plebs Angelica

Plebs angelica.
Phalanx et archangelica principans turma.
Virtus Uranica.
Ac potestas almiphona.
Dominantia numina divinaque subsellia.

Cherubim aetherea.
Ac Seraphim ignicomae.
Vos, O Michael coeli satrapa.
Gabrielque vera dans verba nuntia.
Atque Raphael vitae vernula.
Transferte nos in Paradisicolas.

*Angelic host,
Phalanx and squadron of the Prince-Archangels,
Uranian power, Strength of the gracious word.*

*Spirits that have dominion, Cherubim,
Divine tribunal of the air,
And Seraphim with flaming hair.*

*And you, O Michael, Prince of Heaven,
And Gabriel, by whom the word was given.*

*And Raphael, born in the house of Life,
Bring us among the folk of Paradise.*

Translation by Helen Waddell
10th Century, St Martial of Limoges

The Weeping Babe

The snow is near gone:
The bird's soft flowers
Shine in the thickets and bowers.
I sing to the spray

Of the world's green Spring,
"Lullay Lullay."
Why dost thou weep,
My little child?
For the winter heart of the world
O Sun of the Sunless
Child of the Childless one?
Why weepst thou?
For the Heart of Man
that once was a little child like thee.
And now among the beasts has lain.
Weep not so sore.
Lullay, Lullay.
I kiss you and hold you fast from the cold
in my budding breasts
My heart's young leaves.
O little hands and feet wet from thy tears,
O little dayspring that weeps forlorn.
Why must those winter flowers know the cold
of the world's heart, and those bitter years,
The nails of thy Cross, my sweet flower's thorn.

Edith Sitwell

Magnificat

My Soul doth magnify the Lord:
and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For he hath regarded the lowliness
of his handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth:
all generations shall call me blessed.
For he that is mighty hath magnified me:
and holy is his Name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him:
throughout all generations.
He hath shewed strength with his arm:
He hath scattered the proud in the
imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their
seat and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things:
and the rich he hath sent empty away.
He remembering his mercy hath holpen
his servant Israel: as he promised to our
forefathers, Abraham and his seed for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now,
and ever shall be:
World without end.

Amen.

Book of Common Prayer

Nunc Dimittis

Lord now lettest thou thy servant
depart in peace: according to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared before the
face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles:
And to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now,
and ever shall be:
World without end.

Amen.

Book of Common Prayer

Unto the Hills (Wadhurst)

Unto the hills around do I lift up My longing eyes;
O whence for me shall my salvation come,
from whence arise?
From God, the Lord, does come my certain aid,
From God, the Lord,
who Heaven and earth hath made.

He will not suffer that thy foot be moved,
Safe shalt thou be;
No careless slumber shall His eyelids close,
Who keepeth thee.
Behold, He sleepeth not; He slumbereth ne'er,
Who keepeth Israel in His Holy care.

Jehovah is Himself thy keeper true,
Thy changeless shade;
Jehovah thy defence on thy right hand
Himself hath made.
And thee no sun by day shall ever smite,
No moon shall harm thee in the silent night.

From ev'ry evil shall He keep thy soul,
From every sin:
Jehovah shall preserve thy going out, Thy coming in.
Above thee watching, He whom we adore
Shall keep thee henceforth, yea, for evermore.

John Campbell

FOUR SONGS FROM THE BRITISH ISLES

1. *Early one morning*

Early one morning just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing in the valley below:
"O don't deceive me,
O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

"Remember the vows that you gave to your Mary,
remember the bow'r where you vowed to be true;
O don't deceive me,
O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

"O gay is the garland, and fresh are the roses,
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow.
O don't deceive me,
O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

Thus sung the poor maiden, her sorrows bewailing.
Thus sung the poor maid in the valley below:
"O don't deceive me,
O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

Anon

2. *Lilliburlero*

Lilliburlero bullen a la.
Ho! broder Teague dost hear de decree,
Lilliburlero bullen a la.
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilliburlero bullen a la.
Ho! by Shaint Ty burn't is de Talbote,
Lilliburlero bullen a la.
And he will cut all de English troate,
Lilliburlero bullen a la.

Anon

3. *Poortith cauld*

O poortith cauld, and restless love,
ye wreck my peace between ye;
yet poortith a' I could forgive,
an' 'twere - na for my Jeanie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have,
life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,
its pride, and a' the lave o't,
O fie on silly coward man,
that he should be the slave o't.

Her een sae bonnie blue, betray
how she repays my passion,
but prudence is her o'er word aye,
she talks of rank and fashion.

O wha can prudence think upon,
and sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon?
and sae in love as I am?

How blest the simple cotter's fate!
He woos his artless dearie;

the silly bogles wealth and state,
can never make him eerie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have,
life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
depend on Fortune's shining?

Robert Burns

4. *Gwenllian*

Gwenllian, O my heart's delight.

You sleep unmov'd by wars command
and hold your small red-yellow apple in your hand.
Your baby cheeks, so rosy red and bright,
Your heart so happy day and night.

Gwenllian, O my heart's delight.

Forget our world of woe,
O bless'd princess within your cradle,
Where you hold an apple that
is all your earthly care.
Your brothers battle bravely,
for your father's sword is at his thigh,
But you are sound asleep and
dreaming where you lie.

Gwenllian, O heart's delight.

The land shakes now with noise of Norman war.
O angels guard thy father's door!
To sleep so healthily content;
The Queens of highest line would all
forgo their thrones for bed of such a babe so small.

Gwenllian, O my heart's delight.

Anon

Over the Sea to Skye

Speed, bonny boat, like a bird on the wing
"Onward", the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Though the waves leap, soft shall he sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch o'er your weary head.

Speed, bonny boat, like a bird on the wing
"Onward", the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Many's the lad fought on that day,
Well the claymore did wield,
When the night came could silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.

Speed, bonny boat, like a bird on the wing
"Onward", the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Sir Harold Boulton

The Source

All day the air triumphs with its two voices
Of wind and rain
Drowning the sound of earth
That gulps in choked endeavour vain
To swallow the rain.

Half the night, only the wild air speaks
With wind and rain,
Till forth the dumb source of the river breaks
And drowns the rain and wind,
Bellows like a giant bathing in mighty mirth
The triumph of earth.

Edward Thomas

The Windhover

I caught this morning morning's minion,
kingdom of daylight's dauphin,
dapple dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air,
and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein
of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a
bow-bend: the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird, the achieve of,
the mastery of the thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh,
air, pride, plume, here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks
from thee then, a billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wonder of it: sheer plod makes
plough-down sillion
Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermillion.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

Lullaby

Beloved, may your sleep be sound
That have found it where you fed.
What were all the world's alarms to mighty Paris
when he found sleep upon a golden bed
That first dawn in Helen's arms?

Sleep, beloved,
Such a sleep
As did that wild Tristram know when
the potion's work being done,
Roe could run or doe could leap
under oak and beechen bough.

Such a sleep and sound as fell upon Eurotas'
grassy bank when the holy bird that was there
Accomplished his predestined will
From the limbs of Leda sank
But not from her protecting care.

W. B. Yeats

Five Negro Spirituals from *A Child of our Time*

1. *Steal Away*

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus;
Steal away, steal away home
I han't got long to stay here.

My Lord, He calls me, He calls me by the thunder,
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul,
I han't got long to stay here.

Green trees a-bending, poor sinner
stands a-trembling,
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul,
I han't got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus;
Steal away, steal away home
I han't got long to stay here.

2. *Nobody Knows*

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows like Jesus.

O brothers, pray for me,
O brothers, pray for me,
And help me to drive old Satan away.

O mothers, pray for me,
O mothers, pray for me,
And help me to drive old Satan away.

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows like Jesus.

3. *Go Down, Moses*

Go down, Moses, Way down in Egypt land;
Tell old Pharaoh, to let my people go.

When Israel was in Egypt land,
Let my people go,
Oppressed so hard They could not stand,
Let my people go,
"Thus spake the Lord", bold Moses said,
Let my people go,
"If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,"
Let my people go.

Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land;
Tell old Pharaoh, to let my people go.

4. *By and By*

O by and by,
I'm going to lay down my heavy load.

I know my robe's going to fit me well,
I tried it on at the gates of Hell.

O, Hell is deep and a dark despair,
O stop, poor sinner, and don't go there!

O by and by,
I'm going to lay down my heavy load.

5. *Deep River*

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,
Deep river, Lord,
I want to cross over into camp-ground.

O, chillun! Oh, don't you want to go
to that gospel feast,
That promised land,
That land where all is peace?
Walk into heaven and take my seat,
And cast my crown at Jesus' feet.

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,
Deep river, Lord,
I want to cross over into camp-ground.

BIOGRAPHIES

BBC SINGERS

Established in 1924, the BBC Singers have grown from a small group, singing in the broadcast daily act of worship on the Home Service, into a virtuoso 24-voice ensemble, forming the UK's only full-time professional chamber choir. The Singers' versatility and breadth of repertoire make the group a vital resource in the broadcast music-making of the BBC and a major force in British concert life. Equally at home on the concert platform and in the recording studio, the BBC Singers perform a wide range of music, from Tallis to Takemitsu. The group's particular expertise in contemporary repertoire has

led to creative relationships with some of the most important conductors and composers of the 20th and 21st centuries, including Britten, Boulez and Sir Harrison Birtwistle. The BBC Singers also perform regularly with a wide range of period-instrument and contemporary-music ensembles. The choir's outreach work includes regular collaborations across the country with school children, youth choirs and the amateur choral community, as well as with tomorrow's young professionals – composers, singers and conductors.

Sopranos

Jennifer Adams-Barbaro
Margaret Feaviour
Elizabeth Franklin-Kitchen
Juliet Fraser
Amanda Morrison
Elizabeth Poole
Alison Smart
Karen Woodhouse

Altos

Lynette Alcántara
Jacqueline Fox
Rebecca Lodge
Siân Menna
Kim Porter
Penny Vickers

Tenors

John Bowley
Robert Johnston
Ian Kennedy
Neil MacKenzie
Andrew Murgatroyd
David Roy

Basses

Simon Birchall
Stephen Charlesworth
Charles Gibbs
Stuart MacIntyre
Adrian Peacock
Edward Price



STEPHEN CLEOBURY - CONDUCTOR

Stephen Cleobury has been Director of Music at King's College, Cambridge since 1982, and, since 1983, conductor of the orchestra and chorus of the Cambridge University Musical Society. In November 1995 he was appointed Chief Conductor of the BBC Singers. Stephen is active as a conductor and organist both in the UK and abroad, frequently visiting North America, Australia and Europe in these roles.



During his time the King's College Choir has performed with leading soloists and orchestras, among them Lucia Popp, Brigitte Faessbender,

Robert Tear, Thomas Allen, and Olaf Bär: the ECO, RPO, LPO and Philharmonia, the City of London Sinfonia, the Hanover Band, the Academy of Ancient Music and the Brandenburg Consort. With this last the choir has recorded Handel's *Messiah*, Bach's *St Matthew Passion* and Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. As well as being dedicated to an approach to earlier music which is stylistically aware, Stephen Cleobury has commissioned many works for the choir from important contemporary composers.

Stephen's work with the BBC Singers includes studio recordings, invitation concerts and public engagements, across a range of choral repertoire from the Renaissance right up to the present day. He has recorded five CDs with the BBC Singers and recent collaborations have included concerts in Stratford, Canterbury and Cambridge, a performance of Schnittke's *Choir Concerto* for the BBC Symphony Orchestra's Schnittke Festival, the world premiere of BBC Singers Associate Composer Edward Cowie's *Gaia* with the Endymion Ensemble and, outside the UK, concerts in Belgium, Budapest and the Netherlands.

In his work with Cambridge University Musical Society, Stephen combines presentation of new works with the standard repertoire. In 1991/92 the chorus premiered Robin Holloway's *Hymn to the*

Senses, in the following season CUMS undertook the first Cambridge performance and a recording of Alexander Goehr's *The Death of Moses*. Its most ambitious recent projects have been Mahler's Eighth Symphony and Britten's *War Requiem* given

with the Bach Choir in Ely Cathedral, and in the Royal Albert Hall, London. Robert Saxton's *Canticum Luminis*, a CUMS commission, was premiered in March 1994.

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