

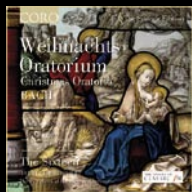
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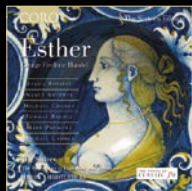
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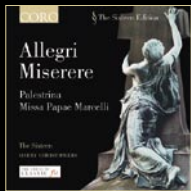
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THE GUARDIAN

CORO

§ The Sixteen Edition

Music from the Chapel Royal 'The King's Musick'



HENRY COOKE
JOHN BLOW
PELHAM HUMFREY

The Sixteen
HARRY CHRISTOPHERS

THE VOICES OF
CLASSIC *fm*



Music has always played a major role in the day-to-day life of the monarchy and the existence of a Chapel Royal dates back many centuries. However, originally, it was not so much a building or buildings but an establishment. Musicians, both singers and instrumentalists, were there to serve the spiritual needs of the sovereign.

Our profuse thanks go to Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales for allowing us to perform in the Chapel Royal two years ago, thereby sowing the seeds of this recording. The Chapel Royal's long musical history has always interested me, but it was this concert which rekindled my enthusiasm.

I have taken as my starting point 'Captain' Henry Cooke. It was largely through his efforts that the choir of the Chapel Royal was successfully re-formed at the Restoration in 1660. Its presence as a bastion of musical excellence has ensured that the English choral tradition not only survived but excelled. Two of Cooke's finest anthems, which have never been recorded, have been unearthed and expertly edited by Bruce Wood; these have been set alongside works by his pupils, Pelham Humfrey and John Blow, thus showing how they enhanced the reputation of the Chapel even further.

This recording is a testament to that musical excellence and to our many patrons, without whom this intriguing project would not have been possible.

Henry
Cooke

The King's Musick

On 29 May 1660 all London turned out to witness a revolution – or rather the reversing of one: the Restoration. The diarist John Evelyn saw Prince Charles Stuart, son of the king who had been deposed and put to death by the Puritans eleven years previously, ride into London to claim the throne,

with a triumph of above two hundred thousand horse and foot, brandishing their swords and shouting with unexpressable joy; the ways strewed with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapestry, fountains running with wine; the Mayor, aldermen and all the companies in their liveries, chains of gold, banners, lords and nobles, everybody clad in cloth of silver, gold and velvet; the windows and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music and myriads of people flocking the streets and ways as far as Rochester, so as they were seven hours in passing the City, even from two in the afternoon till nine at night.

Flaunting the pomp of royalty was a shrewd move on Charles's part, and he showed the same grasp of its value as he set about restoring institutions of state which the Puritans had destroyed. Most notable among these was the royal household itself – once a centre of English cultural life, enriched by painting, poetry and drama, and of course music.

Rebuilding the royal music was one of Charles's top priorities. At the end of the Civil War his father's musicians had been scattered to the four winds – some had sought employment with wealthy families in the provinces, others had gone abroad – but reassembling them now was for the most part straightforward. There was, though, a major problem affecting the Chapel Royal, the choir of thirty-two men and twelve boys who sang daily services in the king's household. The men, like those in the Private Music, returned with alacrity to their duties and privileges, but the boys were a different matter: all their voices had, of course, broken in the intervening years, and the tradition of chorister training had everywhere been destroyed by the Puritans' ban on any church music more elaborate than hymns and psalms. The new royal choirmaster would face an uphill task.

The man whom Charles appointed to that post was Henry Cooke. We know next to nothing of his origins and early life save that, in the words of that old gossip Anthony Wood, he was "bred up in the Chapel" of Charles I, presumably as a chorister. But certainly he scratched his name on a pane of glass in the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster Abbey, adding the date 1642. That may well have been when he joined the royalist forces in the Civil War, quickly rising to the rank of captain, by which he was known even after returning to civilian life. Described on the

title-page of John Playford's *A Musical Banquet* of 1651 as being among the "excellent and able masters" of the voice and viol in London, he was a bass singer specializing in the Italianate declamatory style, which was fashionable in mid-century England, and which he would, after the Restoration, introduce to the hitherto conservative Chapel Royal. He was also skilled at accompanying himself on the theorbo, doing so on one occasion in 1654 to entertain a party that included an appreciative John Evelyn. We next encounter him two years later, in company with other leading musicians, taking part in a series of London stage shows which cunningly evaded the Puritan ban on theatre by being all-sung (a possibility that had never occurred to the *apparatchiks* who drafted the repressive legislation) – and which, in the process, quite fortuitously, laid the foundations of English opera. Cooke featured both as a singer and as one of several contributing composers.

At the Restoration the very first entry in the Lord Chamberlain's records marks Cooke's appointment as a singer in the King's Private Music. He soon acquired further posts, as a performer on the lute, and also – yet another of his skills – on the virginals. A month after the Restoration he was appointed master of the boys in the Private Music, and those two or three lads probably formed a nucleus for the Children of the Chapel Royal, of whom he was now appointed master. Lacking suitable candidates for the nine or ten

vacancies, he reinstated the ancient system of the royal warrant – personally travelling on horseback around the English choral foundations, and conscripting their ablest boys. His eye for talent was so formidable that he rapidly assembled the most brilliant group of choristers ever to sing together in one choir: of that first dozen boys, fully half were destined for professional prominence, and two for eminence.

Choral services in the royal chapel were restored in astonishingly short order. Samuel Pepys, that tireless observer of Restoration England, noted in his diary on 8 July 1660 that he had "heard very good music, the first time that I remember ever to have heard the organs and singing-men in surplices in my life". A month or so later he reported "a brave anthem of Captain Cooke's, which he himself sung" (presumably a solo anthem, ending with a short passage for the full choir), and on 7 October "a poor dry sermon; but a very good anthem of Captain Cooke's afterwards". But things did not always go so smoothly: the following Sunday the anthem was "ill sung, which made the King laugh". In the early days that must have been an occupational hazard: according to one of Cooke's colleagues, Matthew Locke (who admittedly had a disputatious streak, and may have been exaggerating), "a year after the opening of his Majesty's chapel, the orderers of the music there were necessitated to supply the superior parts of their music with cornetts and men's

feigned voices [falsettists], there not being one lad, for all that time, capable of singing his part readily".

There were also problems of a different kind. Besides training the choirboys, Cooke was responsible for their general musical education, including instrumental tuition, and for their boarding, feeding and clothing – but, like most of the employees of a king who was permanently mired in financial embarrassment, he had great difficulty getting money out of the Treasury. In 1668, and again two years later, he deliberately caused a scandal, by keeping the boys from attending the chapel because their clothes were in rags; but despite indignant royal orders to the officials responsible, payments remained in arrears, and at his death Cooke was owed the astonishing sum of over £1600 – more than twenty times the *annual* salary of a Gentleman of the Chapel.

Pepys, a frequent Sunday worshipper at Whitehall Chapel (from 1662 he even, as Clerk of the Privy Seal, had his own pew there) gives us numerous glimpses of Cooke at work: twice in one day on 18 May 1662 – "an excellent anthem ... brave music"; on 7 September that year "a most excellent anthem with symphonies between, sung by Captain Cooke"; and on 21 December 1663, after the service, "Captain Cooke and his two boys did sing some Italian songs, which ... was fully the best music that I ever yet heard in all my life". On one memorable occasion

in 1660 Pepys even contrived somehow to infiltrate the chapel choir, and "did sing my part along with another [a duet in a verse anthem, presumably] before the King – and with much ease". (Such *chutzpah* would be unimaginable nowadays, but Pepys repeated his coup a year later, this time with the choir of Westminster Abbey.) He also knew Cooke socially, dining with him on occasion in 1660 and 1661, and noting after one convivial evening in a tavern that "without doubt, he hath the best manner of singing in the world". A few years later, though, his enthusiasm for Cooke had cooled markedly, at least on the personal level: "a vain coxcomb I perceive he is, though he sings and composes so well".

The "anthem with symphonies between" which Pepys heard on 7 September 1662 must have been one punctuated with interludes on the organ, for a week later he describes "Captain Cooke's new music; this the first day of having viols and other instruments to play a symphony between every verse of the anthem ... and very fine it is". In 17th-century England the word "music" implied something specifically instrumental; what Pepys heard, however, was not viols, as he supposed, but a consort drawn from the royal band, the famous Twenty-Four Violins, which included not only trebles (the instruments we still term violins nowadays) but also tenors (violas) and bass violins (a little larger than the cello, and tuned a tone lower). In Whitehall Chapel, which was tiny – less than seventy-

five feet by thirty – there was probably only one player per part, and even that would have been a squeeze in the “music room”, a partitioned-off section of a narrow gallery on one side of the building. At all events, Pepys seems to have witnessed the birth of a new musical genre, the Restoration anthem with strings, which would flourish for only thirty years but to which Pelham Humfrey, John Blow and the young Henry Purcell would all contribute masterpieces – with the specific encouragement of the king. Thomas Tudway, another of that brilliant first generation of Chapel choristers at the Restoration, and later Professor of Music at Cambridge, tells us that

his Majesty, who was a brisk & airy prince, coming to the crown in the flower & vigour of his age, was soon ... tired with the grave and solemn way, and ordered the composers of his chapel to add symphonies &c with instruments to their anthems; and thereupon established a select number of his private music, to play the symphonies & ritornellos which he had appointed. ... In about 4 or 5 years' time, some of the forwardest & brightest children of the chapel, as Mr Humfrey, Mr Blow, &c, began to be masters of a faculty in composing. This his majesty greatly encouraged ... so that every month at least, & afterwards oftener, they produced something new of this kind ... for otherwise it was in vain to hope to please his Majesty.

Not everybody shared Pepys's (and Charles's)

enthusiasm for the new order of things. John Evelyn wrote scathingly in December 1662 of having heard, “instead of the ancient, grave and solemn wind music, ... a consort of violins ... after the French fantastical light way, better suiting a tavern or play-house than a church”. But the violin consort did not immediately displace the traditional ensemble of cornetts and sackbuts: as late as 1668 Pepys went to Chapel “expecting wind-music”. In any case Cooke was interested primarily in vocal composition, and his instrumental writing, whether for strings or for wind, is undifferentiated in style. Even his vocal music displays a good deal of technical awkwardness: the word-setting is often pedestrian or even clumsy – a defect surprising in a singer; the harmonic direction and key structure are not always clear; and the part-writing is occasionally quite primitive, with consecutive fifths and octaves (those sins against the Holy Grail of counterpoint!) creeping in unnoticed. But for all their flaws, his symphony anthems took an important lead in establishing the new genre, and at their best they have simple dignity and moments of real expressiveness. Both those on the present disc probably belong to the last few years of Cooke's life: their structure, buttressed by a central repeat of the opening symphony, marks a great advance on the crude patchwork pieces he had written in 1661 for Charles's coronation. And passages such as the expressive opening solo and the radiant concluding chorus of *Put me not to*

rebuke, and the engaging penultimate duet in *O Lord, thou hast searched me out*, do much to explain why Pepys and others so admired Cooke's music.

Pelham Humfrey, one of the “forwardest & brightest” Chapel boys mentioned by Tudway, was probably a native Londoner, though evidence as to his origins is scanty. He already had several anthems to his credit while he was still a chorister, and when his voice broke in 1664 he was sent to study in France. On his return three years later he had become, according to a disgusted Pepys,

an absolute monsieur, ... full of form and confidence and vanity, and disparages everything and everybody's skill but his own. The truth is, everybody says he is very able; but to hear how he laughs at all the King's music here ... that they cannot keep time nor tune nor understand anything, and that Grebus [Louis Grabu] the Frenchman, the King's Master of the Music, how he understands nothing nor can play on any instrument and so cannot compose, and that he will give him a lift out of his place, and that he and the King are mighty great, and that he hath already spoke to the King of Grebus, would make a man piss ...

But the reports of Humfrey's ability were accurate: this bumptious and obnoxious young man would quickly prove himself a master craftsman – admittedly within a modest output and a narrow compositional

range: church music, court odes, solo songs and theatre music. As it happened, nothing came of his scheming against Grabu (though that unfortunate man was eventually squeezed out, not by musical hostility but by anti-Catholic legislation), and he took good care to stay on the right side of other royal musicians, especially his old teacher: when Cooke died in 1672, Humfrey not only succeeded to the post of royal choirmaster but also, around the same time, married Cooke's daughter. He must have felt just then that the world was at his feet; but he was destined to live for only two more years. Even so, well before his early death he had brought the English baroque to a belated coming-of-age, creating a powerful synthesis of Italianate vocal idioms and the up-to-the-minute techniques of string writing he had learned in Paris, and devising coherent structures in which vocal and instrumental movements are organically linked, not just tacked together.

By the waters of Babylon and *O Lord my God* are both among the finest of Humfrey's fourteen symphony anthems. The term may appear slightly misleading here, in that neither piece opens, as was customary, with its main symphony; instead, each has a shorter prelude, with the longest instrumental movement, in a stately dance measure, placed towards the end. In *O Lord my God* the prelude is repeated half-way through, and the central chorus is sung again at the end, so that each half is framed by the same pair of movements – a

telling and attractive symmetry. But what first strikes the listener is not the structure of either work, but the sheer vividness of the musical language. Humfrey excelled at expressing sombre and penitential moods, by means of jagged lines, acute dissonances and drooping chromaticism, and all these techniques abound in both anthems, as indeed they do in his four devotional songs, whose vocal lines are full of poignant leaps and little spurts of madrigalian colour. John Blow and the young Henry Purcell learned a great deal from this eloquent music.

Originally a chorister at Newark Parish Church, Blow – another of the “brightest & forwardest” among Tudway’s Chapel Royal contemporaries – had been among five boys from Newark and Lincoln conscripted by Cooke in the summer of 1661. It was Blow who, thirteen years later, succeeded Humfrey as Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal; in contrast to the brief tenure of his predecessor, he was to occupy the post for nearly 35 years, and he combined it – effortlessly, it appeared – with an enormous and varied output as a composer. As a musician he was altogether bigger and more versatile than Humfrey, but he remains a frustratingly shadowy figure, little noticed by contemporary writers. Pepys, for instance, mentions almost nothing of him save a brief encounter in 1667, when he was amused by the youth’s ungainly attempts to sing with a newly broken voice; unfortunately, by the time

Blow came to prominence Pepys had ceased keeping a diary.

I will hearken, composed in about 1680, is one of Blow’s two dozen Chapel Royal symphony anthems. It avoids grand gestures (unlike many of the others: one, for instance, requires three spatially separated groups of soloists, plus full choir and strings), and is contemplative and intimate in mood. Strikingly, it takes Humfrey’s “prelude anthem” model to its logical conclusion, doing away altogether with the usual dance-like main symphony in favour of short ritornellos which grow naturally out of the vocal material. It is far more elaborately scored than anything of Humfrey’s, the instruments not merely alternating with the voices but instead accompanying them for much of the time, to create a rich and seamless texture.

The remaining piece on the present disc, *I will always give thanks unto the Lord*, is something of a curiosity in having not one but three composers: the young Humfrey and Blow, and a fellow chorister of theirs, William Turner (1649-1708), who was to enjoy a solid if undistinguished career as a singer and minor composer. It is not known when they wrote the piece, whose obvious immaturity is the only evidence as to its date. Nor is it known why they did so, though a century later William Boyce suggested that the “Club” Anthem, as it has always been known, was intended simply as a mark of their “fraternal esteem and friendship”. But what is entirely

clear, from their other music, is which of them wrote what. The vigorous opening section of the anthem is by Humfrey – the lion’s share of it, as befitting the eldest member of the trio, and beginning with a symphony in the king’s favourite dance measure (Pepys once noticed him in chapel tapping his foot to an anthem!); the short and rather bland bass solo that follows a repeat of the symphony is by Turner, the youngest of the three; and Blow contributed the remainder – an expressive solo for counter-tenor, a short verse passage, and a final chorus which is full of close counterpoint, quite intricate if still slightly awkward. This style of writing, descended directly from the music of the English polyphonic masters of the previous century, was beyond the powers of Humfrey or Turner, and it points the way not only to Blow’s adult technique but also to perhaps his most important future achievement: in later years he taught Purcell – the greatest composer of the age, and a supreme contrapuntist. The public adulation showered on a pupil who so obviously excelled his teacher did not mar their lifelong friendship – a fact which sheds a rare and welcome glimmer of light on Blow’s character. Other crumbs of evidence also suggest that, however elusive he may be to posterity, to his fellows he was a decent and a generous man.

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The Sixteen

SOPRANO	Julie Cooper Grace Davidson Sally Dunkley Charlotte Mobbs Elin Manahan Thomas
ALTO	Ian Aitkenhead David Clegg William Missin Christopher Royall
TENOR	Simon Berridge Mark Dobell David Roy William Unwin
BASS	Jonathan Arnold Eamonn Dougan Timothy Jones Robert Macdonald

The Symphony of Harmony and Invention

VIOLIN	Walter Reiter, Miles Golding
VIOLA	Emma Alter
BASS VIOLIN	Richard Campbell
THEORBO	David Miller, Arngair Hauksson
ORGAN	Alastair Ross

MUSIC FOR THE CHAPEL ROYAL

- | | | |
|---|---|-------|
| ① | O Lord my God
PELHAM HUMFREY (1647-1674)
(<i>verse: Simon Berridge, Mark Dobell, Jonathan Arnold</i>) | 10.13 |
| ② | Put me not to rebuke, O Lord
HENRY COOKE (c1615-1672)
(<i>verse: Elin Manahan Thomas, Jonathan Arnold</i>) | 11.24 |
| ③ | Lord I have sinned
PELHAM HUMFREY (<i>solo: Mark Dobell</i>) | 2.32 |
| ④ | I will always give thanks (The 'Club' Anthem)
PELHAM HUMFREY, JOHN BLOW (1649-1708) & WILLIAM TURNER
(<i>verse: Simon Berridge, Mark Dobell, Jonathan Arnold</i>) | 6.37 |
| ⑤ | O the sad day
PELHAM HUMFREY (<i>solo: Mark Dobell</i>) | 3.08 |
| ⑥ | By the waters of Babylon
PELHAM HUMFREY (<i>verse: Simon Berridge, Mark Dobell, Jonathan Arnold</i>) | 11.03 |
| ⑦ | Sleep downy sleep come close mine eyes
PELHAM HUMFREY (<i>solo: Simon Berridge</i>) | 2.26 |
| ⑧ | O Lord, thou hast searched me out
HENRY COOKE (<i>verse: Julie Cooper, Simon Berridge, Robert Macdonald</i>) | 10.29 |
| ⑨ | Wilt thou forgive that sin (A Hymn to God the Father)
PELHAM HUMFREY (<i>solo: Elin Manahan Thomas</i>) | 2.29 |
| ⑩ | I will hearken
JOHN BLOW (<i>verse: Mark Dobell, Timothy Jones, Robert Macdonald</i>) | 6.38 |
| | Total playing time | 68.00 |

TEXTS

① O Lord my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

O Lord my God, why hast thou forsaken me:
and art so far from my health, and from the words of my complaint?

I am poured out like water, all my bones are out of joint:
my heart also in the midst of my body is even like melting wax.

For many dogs are come about me:
and the council of the wicked layeth siege against me.

They pierced my hands and my feet; I may tell all my bones:
they stand staring and looking upon me.

But be not thou far from me, O Lord:
thou art my succour, haste thee to help me.

They part my garments among them:
and cast lots upon my vesture.

But be not thou far from me ...

Ps. XXII, 1, 14, 16-19

② Put me not to rebuke, O Lord

Put me not to rebuke, O Lord, in thine anger:
neither chasten me in thy heavy displeasure.

For thine arrows stick fast in me:
and thy hand presseth me sore.

There is no health in my flesh, because of thy displeasure:
neither is there any rest in my bones, by reason of my sin.

For my wickednesses are gone over my head:
and are like a sore burden, too heavy for me to bear.

I am brought into so great trouble and misery:
that I go mourning all the day long.

Lord, thou knowest my desire:
my groaning is not hid from thee.

Forsake me not, O Lord my God:
be not thou far from me.

Haste thee to help me:
O Lord God of my salvation.

Ps. XXXVIII, 1-4, 6, 9, 21, 22

3 Lord I have sinned

Lord, I have sinned, and the black number swells
To such a dismal sum
That should my stony heart, and eyes,
And this whole sinful trunk a flood become,
And run to tears, their drops could not suffice
To count my score,
Much less to pay;
But thou, my God, hast blood in store,
And art the Patron of the poor.

Yet since the balsam of thy blood,
Although it can, will do no good
Unless the wounds be cleansed with tears before,
Thou, in whose sweet but pensive face
Laughter could never steal a place,
Teach but my heart and eyes to melt away,
And then one drop of balsam will suffice.

Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667)

4 I will always give thanks unto the Lord

I will always give thanks unto the Lord:
his praise shall be ever in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord:
the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O praise the Lord with me:
and let us magnify his Name together.

I sought the Lord, and he heard me:
yea, he delivered me out of all my fear.

Lo, the poor crieth, and the Lord heareth him:
yea, and saveth him out of all his trouble.

Let thy merciful kindness, O Lord, be upon us:
like as we do put our trust in thee.

Ps. XXXIV, 1-4, 6; XXIII, 21

5 O the sad day

Oh the sad day,
When friends shall shake their heads and say
Of miserable me,
Hark how he groans, look how he pants for breath,
See how he struggles with the pangs of death!
When they shall say of these poor eyes,
How hollow, and how dim they be!
Mark how his breast does swell and rise
Against his potent enemy!
When some old friend shall step to my bedside,
Touch my chill face, and thence shall gently slide,
And when his next companions say,
How does he do? what hopes? shall turn away,
Answering only with a lift up hand,
Who can his fate withstand?
Then shall a gasp or two do more
Than e'er my rhetoric could before:
Persuade the (peevish*) world to trouble me no more!

Thomas Flatman (1637–1688)

*Humfrey omitted this word in his setting of this song

6 By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept:
when we remembered thee, O Sion.
As for our harps, we hanged them up:
upon the trees that are therein.
For they that led us away captive required of us a song, and melody in our heaviness:
sing us one of the songs of Sion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song:
in a strange land?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth:
yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth.
Remember the children of Edom, O Lord, in the day of Jerusalem:
how they said, Down with it, down with it to the ground.
O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery:
happy shall he be that taketh thy children and throweth them against the stones.

Ps. CXXXVII, adapted

7 Sleep downy sleep come close mine eyes

Sleep, downy sleep, come close mine eyes, Tired with beholding vanities; Welcome, sweet sleep, that drives away The toils and follies of the day;	On thy soft bosom will I lie, Forget the world and learn to die. O Israel's watchful Shepherd, spread Teams of angels round my bed.
--	--

Let not the spirits of the air,
Whilst I slumber, me ensnare.
But guard thy suppliant free from harms,
Clasped in thy everlasting arms.

Clouds and thick darkness is thy throne,
Thy wonderful pavilion:
O dart from thence a shining ray,
And then my midnight shall be day.

Thus, when the morn in crimson drest
Breaks through the windows of the east,
My hymns of thankful praises shall arise
Like incense, or the morning sacrifice.

Author unknown

8 O Lord, thou hast searched me out and known me

O Lord, thou hast searched me out and known me: thou knowest my down-sitting
and mine up-rising, thou understandest my thoughts long before.

Thou art about my path, and about my bed:
and spiest out all my ways.

For lo, there is not a word in my tongue:
but thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether.

Thou hast fashioned me behind and before:
and laid thy hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent for me:
I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go then from thy Spirit:
or whither shall I go then from thy presence?

If I climb up into heaven, thou art there:
if I go down to hell, thou art there also.

If I take the wings of the morning:
and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there also shall thy hand lead me:
and thy right hand shall hold me.

Ps. CXXXV, 1-9

9 Wilt thou forgive that sin (A hymn to God the Father)

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which is my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive those sins through which I run,
And do run* still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin by which I've won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore.
Swear by thy self, that at my death thy Son
Shall shine as he** shines now, and heretofore;
And having done that, thou hast done:
I fear[†] no more.

original text by John Donne (1573–1631) has *them, **it, [†]have

10 I will hearken what the Lord God will say

I will hearken what the Lord God will say concerning me:

for he shall speak peace unto his people, and to his saints, that they turn not again.

For his salvation is nigh them that fear him:

that glory may dwell in our land.

Mercy and truth are met together:

righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Truth shall flourish out of the earth:

and righteousness hath looked down from heaven.

Yea, the Lord shall shew loving kindness:

and our land shall give her increase. Alleluia.

Ps. LXXXV, 8-12



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Blow:	Bruce Wood (Stainer and Bell)
Humfrey anthems:	Peter Dennison (Stainer and Bell)
Humfrey songs:	Peter Dennison (Novello)
Club anthem:	Peter Dennison (Stainer and Bell)

ORGAN

Three-stop Cabinet Continuo organ
built and tuned by
Vincent Woodstock
Pitch: 440Hz
Temperament: Valotti.

§ The Sixteen

HARRY CHRISTOPHERS

The Sixteen is recognised as one of the world's greatest vocal ensembles. Its special reputation for performing early English polyphony, masterpieces of the Renaissance and a diversity of 20th century music is drawn from the passions of conductor and founder, Harry Christophers. Over ninety recordings reflect The Sixteen's quality in a range of work spanning the music of five hundred years, winning many awards including Grand Prix du Disque for Handel's *Messiah*, numerous Schallplattenkritik, the coveted Gramophone Award for Early Music for the Eton Choirbook, and most recently the prestigious Classical Brit Award 2005 for 'Renaissance'.

The Sixteen tours throughout Europe, Japan, Australia and the Americas and has given regular performances at major concert halls and festivals worldwide, including the Barbican Centre, Queen Elizabeth Hall, Sydney Opera House, and Vienna Musikverein; also the BBC Proms, and the festivals of Salzburg, Granada, Lucerne and Istanbul. The group promotes The Choral Pilgrimage in some of the UK's finest cathedrals, bringing music back to the buildings for which it was written. The Sixteen also promotes the annual Handel in Oxford Festival, a weekend of concerts and events dedicated to the life of this great composer.

The Sixteen are Associate Artists of London's South Bank Centre and also well known as the "The Voices of Classic FM". The Sixteen's own CD label CORO now releases most of the group's recordings.



Recording Producer: Mark Brown
Recording Engineer: Mike Hatch (Floating Earth Ltd)
Recorded at St Giles' Church, Cripplegate, London 2006

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For further information about The Sixteen recordings on CORO or live performances and tours, call +44 (0) 1865 793 999 or email coro@thesixteen.org.uk

www.thesixteen.com

