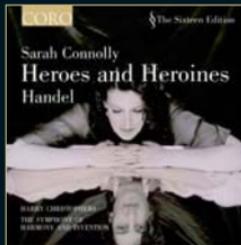


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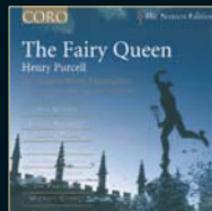
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Harry Christophers

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# Love's Goddess Sure was Blind Purcell

The Sixteen

HARRY CHRISTOPHERS

THE SYMPHONY OF  
HARMONY AND INVENTION

---

COMPLETE FUNERAL MUSIC  
FOR QUEEN MARY

---

LATIN MOTETS

---

THREE FUNERAL SENTENCES

---

ELEGIES ON THE DEATH  
OF QUEEN MARY

---





This is our tribute to the genius of Purcell; no outside influences, simply The Sixteen and The Symphony of Harmony and Invention revelling in the multi-faceted brilliance of England's finest composer. You, as the listener, are to witness a feast of imagination, wit, heartfelt tributes to a much-loved monarch and harmony and invention in abundance.

For those of you interested in the more authentic aspects of performing practice, there are two revelations on this disc. Firstly, I adopted the twelve strings of Purcell's time for use in "Love's Goddess sure"; as Purcell had done, I used three players on each part with the cello/bass line played by bass violins. The violone (double bass as we know it now) was not yet in regular use but the bass violin, only very slightly larger than the cello, gives an added depth and a warm sonority to the string sound. It is in this birthday ode that Purcell's admiration for his Queen is most apparent – wickedly introducing her favourite Scottish ballad "Cold and raw" and then closing with a heart-breaking lament that seems to anticipate their own deaths.

Secondly, in the reconstruction of the Funeral sentences for Queen Mary, I have used flat trumpets which Purcell requests; these symbolically funereal instruments were rarely used and no wonder as they are almost unplayable. Crispian Steele-Perkins (he and his colleagues make it sound so easy) said to me: "Imagine playing a trombone but with the slide behind you and not in front of you – that's what we have to do – they're cumbersome and impossible to play!"

I called on my old classics tutor at Oxford to translate "O dive custos" for me. This is an extraordinary poem and Purcell's music is quite sensational and sung here by Carys Lane and Libby Crabtree with real poignancy and drama. The poem calls on the Isis and the Cam (the Oxbridge rivers) to weep for their Queen. This is a remarkable tribute to Purcell's Queen and an equally remarkable tribute to this fabulous group of singers and players that I have the great fortune to conduct.

Harry  
Christophers,

## THE SIXTEEN

### SOPRANO

Fiona Clarke  
Libby Crabtree  
Carys Lane  
Ruth Dean  
Sally Dunkley  
Katie Pringle

### ALTO

Andrew Giles  
Michael Lees  
Philip Newton  
Christopher Royall

### TENOR

Simon Berridge  
Philip Cave  
Neil MacKenzie  
David Roy

### BASS

Simon Birchall  
Robert Evans  
Timothy Jones  
Michael McCarthy

## THE SYMPHONY OF HARMONY AND INVENTION

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David Woodcock (*leader*)  
Jane Carwardine  
Helen Orsler  
William Thorp  
Theresa Caudle  
Claire Sansom

### VIOLA

David Brooker  
Nicola Ackroyd  
Pamela Cresswell

### BASS VIOLIN

Jane Coe  
Richard Tunnicliffe  
Helen Verney

### OBOE

Paul Goodwin  
Lorraine Wood  
Gail Hennessy  
Matthew Dixon

### TENOR OBOE

Richard Earle  
Caroline Kershaw

### BASSOON

Sally Jackson  
Andrew Watts

### SLIDE TRUMPETS

Crispian Steele-Perkins  
David Blackadder  
Susan Addison  
Stephen Saunders

### KETTLE DRUMS

Ben Hoffnung

### MILITARY DRUMS

Ben Hoffnung  
Stephen Henderson  
William Lockhart

Robert Howes  
Alisdair Molloy  
Graham King

### THEORBO

Robin Jeffrey  
Elizabeth Kenny

### CHAMBER ORGAN

Paul Nicholson

### HARPSICHORD

Paul Nicholson  
Laurence Cummings

## Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

### Two Latin Motets

1 *Jehova, quam multi sunt hostes mei* 5'59  
Simon Berridge TENOR, Simon Birchall BASS

2 *Miserere Mei* 1'10

### Funeral Sentences

3 *Man that is born of a woman* 2'38

4 *In the midst of life* 4'49

5 *Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts* (first setting) 3'31

### Elegy on the Death of Queen Mary

6 *Incassum, Lesbia, incassum rogas* 7'14

### Ode for Queen Mary's Birthday, 1692

#### Love's goddess sure was blind

7 *Symphony* 5'06

8 *Love's goddess sure was blind this day* 3'00  
Simon Berridge TENOR

9 *Those eyes that form, that lofty mien* 1'21  
Simon Birchall BASS

10 *Sweetness of nature, and true wit* 2'44  
Simon Berridge TENOR I

Neil MacKenzie TENOR II  
David Woodcock, Helen Orsler SOLO VIOLINS

11 *Long may she reign over this Isle* 2'47  
Libby Crabtree SOPRANO

12 *May her blest example chase* 2'02  
Neil MacKenzie TENOR

13 *Many such days may she behold* 3'08  
Simon Berridge TENOR, Simon Birchall BASS

14 *May she to heaven late return* 2'58

### Elegy on the Death of Queen Mary

15 *O dive custos auricae domus* 6'38  
Carys Lane, Libby Crabtree SOPRANO DUET

### The Complete Funeral Music for Queen Mary (1695) Order of Service at The Burial of the Dead (Thomas Morley [c.1557 – 1602] and Henry Purcell)

16 *The Queen's Farewell* 4'29  
(James Paisible [d.1721])

17 *March* (Purcell) 1'43

18 *The Queen's Farewell* 2'51  
(Thomas Tollett [d. c.1696])

19 *March* (Purcell) 1'29

20 *I am the resurrection and the life* 1'20  
(Morley)

21 *I know that my Redeemer liver* 1'37  
(Morley)

22 *We brought nothing into this world* 1'41  
(Morley)

23 *Man that is born of a woman* 1'14  
(Morley)

24 *In the midst of life* (Morley) 1'23

25 *Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts* (Purcell) 1'57

26 *Canzona* (Purcell) 2'28

27 *I heard a voice from Heaven* (Morley) 1'33

*Total Timing* 79'45

## Love's Goddess Sure Was Blind Henry Purcell

Throughout his short life Purcell served as a royal musician. In his boyhood he was a chorister at the Chapel Royal of King Charles II; by the time of Queen Mary's death, he was a Gentleman and Organist of the Chapel, Organist of Westminster Abbey, and a celebrated composer of operas, court odes and solo songs: the most eminent musician in the land, and probably the busiest too.

Most of his large output of sacred music consists of English anthems, composed for the Chapel and the Abbey. But around 1680 he also set several Latin texts – presumably for private devotions, though it is not known whose. Some of these pieces are very modest in scale; *Miserere mei* 2, an ingenious double canon between the two upper and the two lower voices, was published in 1687 as a mere technical example in a treatise. However, *Jehova, quam multi sunt hostes mei* 1, towers above all Purcell's other Latin settings. The sheer expressive power of the work – solos and sumptuous five-part passages alike – reveals a technical and emotional maturity astonishing in so young a composer.

It was also around 1680 that Purcell made a final revision of a work composed several years earlier: a setting of three of the Funeral Sentences 3 - 5. The text is part of the Anglican

liturgy at the Burial of the Dead, which includes seven "sentences" drawn largely from the scriptures: a group of three at the beginning of the service, three more at the graveside, and the final one after the interment. Purcell's setting is one of the second group alone. A setting exists of the other four settings by Henry Cooke, the royal choirmaster in the early years of the Restoration, and Purcell may conceivably have added the graveside sentences for Cooke's own funeral in 1672, when he himself was a chorister. His setting is intimate in mood, but its musical language is extremely powerful. The constant highlighting of crucial words – with jagged, angular vocal lines (plunging into low notes at "secrets" and "fall", for instance), with grinding dissonances ("who for our sins art justly displeased") and above all with searing chromatic harmony ("the bitter pains of eternal death") – creates an intensity of effect unmatched in any other setting of these texts.

Purcell's duties as a composer involved secular as well as sacred music. Every year from 1680 onwards he composed a choral and orchestral ode in homage to the monarch: for Charles II and James II, a welcome song on the court's return to London after its summer "remove" to Windsor or Newmarket, but for Queen Mary a Royal tribute on her birthday.

The Queen was genuinely fond of music, and Purcell regaled her with several of his finest odes. Four of them are scored for full baroque orchestra, including woodwind and trumpets – large forces by the standards of the 1690s. But

the 1692 ode, *Love's goddess sure was blind* [7] – [24], is a very restrained affair, with the voices accompanied by strings alone. This modest scoring is certainly appropriate to the text, in which the customary bombast is replaced by wit and lyricism.

It probably reflected practicalities too: at the time of composition Purcell was feverishly busy on the score for *The Fairy Queen* – the most elaborate of his operas, premièred just two days after the Queen's birthday.

Despite these pressures, the ode contains some of the loveliest music to be found among his court compositions. Many of its solo passages are taken by the upper voices, resulting in an overall effect of great delicacy. Two of the airs are especially noteworthy. The first of them, "Long may she reign" [11], has the limpid directness of the show-stopping numbers in Purcell's operas; its fresh and appealing melody is promptly repeated by the chorus, with rich harmonies. The other, "May her blest example" [12], famously employs as its bass line the folk song "Cold and raw" – a favourite with the Queen. Even more striking is the closing chorus, with its anticipation of mourning for the Queen's eventual death – a curious literary fancy, but one which evoked music of rare intensity.

It was less than six years before this prophesied mourning became reality. Queen Mary was only thirty-three when, just after Christmas 1694, she fell victim to smallpox. King William, initially distraught, wanted her

buried privately, but she had been so universally loved that he reluctantly permitted an elaborate state funeral. On 5 March 1695, in bitter winter weather, a long procession accompanied the Queen's body from Whitehall Palace, where she had lived and died, to Westminster Abbey, where she was interred.

For the funeral Purcell composed three pieces: an anthem, to words from the Burial Service, and a march and canzona for four trumpets, [17], [25], [26]. The latter were not the "natural" trumpets of the baroque orchestra (and the battlefield), but the instruments fitted with a trombone-like slide which enabled them to play a full chromatic scale. Their effect, as they sounded Purcell's March immediately before the royal hearse, must have been awe-inspiring.

As the procession moved slowly past, bystanders also heard two other new marches – composed by Thomas Tollet and James Paisible for the royal oboe band, [18], [19]. Both of them are strikingly similar to Purcell's, and for good reason: all three had to fit in with the playing of thirty drummers in the procession. Nowadays we usually hear Purcell's March with kettledrum parts added, or with no drums at all; but at the funeral it was undoubtedly heard with military drums. And what the drummers were playing can be taken for granted: the Old English March. This had been prescribed by royal warrant, earlier in the century, as the only march to be used by the infantry, and was preserved – alone among English drum marches – in contemporary documents. Newly transcribed, it is treated on

this recording exactly as standing orders required of drummers: that is, repeated continuously. Its nine lines, with their evolving rhythms, form a subtly shifting background to the square phrases of the oboe and trumpet marches.

Purcell's funeral anthem for the Queen, *Thou knowest, Lord, the secret of our hearts* [25], is an acknowledged masterpiece. But it is tiny – a mere three pages of music – and its text is only a fragment of the burial service as given in the Book of Common Prayer. In many previous recordings it has been yoked together with Purcell's early setting of three of the Funeral Sentences – a most uncomfortable mismatch in key, scoring and musical style, as well as liturgically incomplete! But recent research by the present writer has revealed that Purcell composed *Thou knowest, Lord* to replace a lost movement in an otherwise complete setting of the service by Thomas Morley – dignified Tudor work, whose use at English state funerals had become traditional.

Purcell succeeded brilliantly in matching Morley's antique musical language whilst outdoing him in expressive intensity. *Thou knowest, Lord* according to one eye-witness, drew tears from everyone, musicians and non-musicians alike. The radiance of the harmonies with which it opens, contrasting sharply with the sombreness of the preceding music by Morley, would have been enhanced by its accompaniment: not only the organ, but also the four slide trumpets, which doubled the voices. This also allowed the players to warm

their instruments unobtrusively before playing the exposed and difficult Canzona [26], which followed during the actual interment. In the Canzona the trumpets may well have been joined by two royal kettledrums, for these had been provided with funerary covers but were not carried in the procession; this recording therefore includes a kettledrum part by the editor.

After the interment Purcell's music gave way to Morley's, for the final choral portion of the service. Within the year, the same settings by the two composers were to be sung once more in the Abbey – at Purcell's own funeral. His early death, like that of the Queen, was much lamented.

In addition to his music for her funeral, Purcell composed two Latin elegies on the Queen: private rather than public music. *Incassum, Lesbia* [6] is a solo setting of a text in which Mary is mourned, in the well-worn images of pastoral allegory, as the Queen of Arcady. But there is nothing commonplace about Purcell's setting: a captivating air in triple time, flanked by declamatory passages of searing intensity. The duet *O dive custos* [15], similar in form, is more restrained in musical language, reflecting a text that prefers artifice to emotion. Both pieces exemplify Purcell's genius for perfectly poised melody, powerfully expressive chromatic harmony, and compelling declamation of the words. Like virtually all his compositions for Queen Mary, they are among his masterpieces.

BRUCE WOOD

## Two Latin Motets

### 1 *Jehovah Quam Multi Sunt Hostes*

*Jehova, quam multi sunt hostes mei:  
quam multi insurgunt contra me.  
Quam multi dicunt de anima mea:  
non est ulla salus iste in Deo plane.  
At tu, Jehova, clypeus es circa me:  
gloria mea, et extollens caput meum.  
Voce mea ad Jehovam clamanti:  
respondit mihi e monte sanctitatis suae maxime.  
Ego cubui et dormivi; ego expergefeci me:  
quia Jehova sustentat me.  
Non timebo a myriadibus populi:  
quas circum disposuerint metatores contra me.  
Surge, Jehova, fac salvum me Deus mi:  
qui percussisti omnes inimicos meos maxillam,  
dentes improborum confregisti. Jehova est salus:  
super populum tuum sit benedictio tua maxime.*

### 2 *Miserere Mei*

*Miserere mei, O Jesu.*

Lord, how are they increased that trouble me:  
many are they that rise against me.  
Many one there be that say after my soul:  
there is no help for him in his God.  
But thou, O Lord, art my defender:  
thou art my worship, and the lifter up of my head.  
I did call upon the Lord with my voice:  
and he heard me out of his holy hill.  
I laid me down and slept, and rose up again:  
for the Lord sustained me.  
I will not be afraid for ten thousands of the people:  
that have set themselves against me round about.  
Up, Lord, and help me, O my God:  
for thou smitest all mine enemies upon the cheekbone;  
thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.  
Salvation belongeth unto the Lord:  
and thy blessing is upon thy people.

PSALM III

Have mercy upon me, O Jesu

## Funeral Sentences For Queen Mary

### 3 *Man that is born of a woman*

Man that is born of a woman hath  
but a short time to live, and is full  
of misery.

He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower;  
he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never  
continueth in one stay.

### 4 *In the midst of life*

In the midst of life we are in death:  
of whom may we seek for succour,  
but of thee, O Lord,  
who for our sins art justly displeased?

Yet, O Lord most holy, O Lord most mighty,  
O holy and most merciful Saviour,  
deliver us not into the bitter pains of  
eternal death.

### 5 *Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts* (first setting)

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts;  
shut not thy merciful ears to our prayer;  
but spare us, Lord most holy, O God  
most mighty,

O holy and most merciful Saviour,  
thou most worthy Judge eternal,  
suffer us not, at our last hour,  
for any pains of death, to fall from thee.

FROM THE ORDER OF SERVICE AT THE BURIAL  
OF THE DEAD: BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, 1662

## Elegy On The Death Of Queen Mary

### 6 *Incassum, Lesbia, incassum rogas*

*Incassum, Lesbia, incassum rogas:  
Lyra mea mens est immodulata;  
Terrarum orbe lachrymarum pleno  
Dolorum rogitas tu cantilenam?*

*En nymphas! en pastores! caput omne reclinat  
Iunctorum instar! admodum fletur!  
Nec Galatea canit, nec ludit Tityrus agris:  
Non curant oves, moerore perdit.*

*Regina, heu! Arcadiae Regina  
Periit! O! Damnum non exprimendum;  
Non, non suspiriis, gemitibus imis,  
Pectoris aut queruli singultu turbido.*

*Miseros Arcadas! O quam lugentes!  
Suorum gaudium oculorum mirum  
Abiit! nunquam, O nunquam reversurum!  
Stella sua fixa coelum ultra lucet.*

No, Lesbia, no, you ask in vain,  
My harp, my mind's unstrung;  
When all the world's in tears, in pain,  
Do you require a song?

See, see how ev'ry nymph and swain  
Hang down their pensive heads, and weep!  
No voice nor pipe is heard in all the plain:  
So great their sorrows, they neglect their sheep.

The Queen! the Queen of Arcadie is gone!  
Lesbia, the loss can't be exprest;  
Not by the deepest sigh, or groan,  
Or throbbings of the breast.

Ah, poor Arcadians! ah, how they mourn!  
O the delight and wonder of their eyes!  
She's gone! and never, never must return;  
Her star is fix'd, and shines beyond the skies.

MR HERBERT (1695),  
TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR

## Ode for Queen Mary's Birthday, 1692

### 7 - 14 *Love's goddess sure was blind*

Love's goddess sure was blind this day  
Thus to adorn her greatest foe,  
And Love's artillery betray  
To one that would her realm o'erthrow.

Those eyes, that form, that lofty mien,  
Who could for Virtue's camp design?  
Defensive arms should there be seen;  
No sharp, no pointed weapons shine.

Sweetness of nature, and true wit,  
High power, with equal goodness join'd!  
In this fair Paradise are met  
The Joy and Wonder of mankind.

Long may she reign over this Isle,  
Lov'd and ador'd in foreign parts;  
But gentle Pallas shields awhile  
From her bright charms our single hearts.

May her blest example chase  
Vice in troops out of the land,  
Flying from her awful face,  
Like pale ghosts when day's at hand.

May her hero bring home peace  
Won with honour in the field.  
And all home-bred factions cease;  
He our Sword, and she our Shield.

Many such days may she behold,  
Like the glad sun without decay:  
May Time, that tears where he lays hold,  
Only salute her in his way.

May she to Heaven late return,  
And choirs of angels there rejoice  
As much as we below shall mourn  
Our short, but their eternal choice.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY 1639-1701

## Elegy on the Death of Queen Mary

### 15 *O Dive Custos*

*O dive custos auriacae domus  
Et spes labantis certior imperi;  
O rebus adversis vocande,  
O superum decus in secundis!*

*Seu te fluentem pronus ad Isida  
In vota fervens Oxonidum chorus,  
Seu te precantur, quos remoti  
Unda lavat properata Cami,*

*Descende caelo non ita creditas  
Visurus aedes praesidiis tuis,  
Descende visurus penates  
Caesaris, et penetrabile sacrum.*

*Maria musis flebilis occidit,  
Maria, gentis deliciae brevis;  
O flete Mariam! flete, Camoenae!  
O flete, Divae, dea moriente.*

O God, guardian of the House of Orange,  
and surer hope of fleeting power,  
O you who should be invoked in adversity,  
O divine ornament in prosperity –

whether the eager choir of Oxford  
by the river Isis calls  
on you in prayer of they who are washed  
by the swift stream of the distant Cam –

come down from heaven to visit with your help  
the palace not thus entrusted,  
come down and visit the chapel of our Monarch  
and the sacred chamber.

Mary is dying, lamented by the Muses,  
short-lived darling of her people,  
O weep for Mary, O weep you Muses,  
O weep you Goddesses, Weep for the dying divinity.

HENRY PARKER (1695),  
TRANSLATED BY OLIVER TAPLIN

## The Complete Funeral Music For Queen Mary (1695)

### 16 - 27 *Order of Service at The Burial of the Dead*

The Priests and Clerks (i.e. choir) meeting  
the corpse at the entrance of the Church-yard,  
and going before it, either into the Church,  
or towards the grave, shall say, or sing:

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the  
Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were  
dead, yet shall he live: and whosesoever liveth  
and believeth in me shall never die.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he  
shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.  
And though after my skin worms destroy this  
body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I  
shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold,  
and not another.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is  
certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord  
gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be  
the name of the Lord.

*(Then follow either one or two psalms,  
and a reading from the New Testament.)*

*When they come to the grave, while the corpse is  
made ready to be laid into the earth, the Priest  
shall say, or the Priest and Clerks shall sing:*

Man that is born of a woman hath but a short  
time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up,  
and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were  
a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.

In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may  
we seek for succour, but of thee, O Lord, who for  
our sins art justly displeas'd?  
Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty,  
O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not  
into the bitter pains of eternal death.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts;  
shut not thy merciful ears unto our prayer; but  
spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty,  
O holy and most merciful Saviour, thou most  
worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last  
hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee.

*Then, while the earth shall be cast upon the body..., The Priest shall say (the words of the committal).*

*Then shall be said or sung,*

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me,  
Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead  
which die in the Lord: Even so, saith the Spirit,  
for they rest from their labours.

*(The Lesser Litany, the Lord's Prayer,  
a further prayer, a collect and the Grace  
conclude the service).*

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, 1662

Recording Producer: Mark Brown  
Recording Engineer: Mike Hatch  
CD mastering: Julian Millard  
Recorded at St. Bartholemew's Church, Orford, Suffolk  
Originally released on the Collins label

Cover artwork: Victoria & Albert Museum  
(© V&A Images)

Design: Richard Boxall Design Associates  
Editions: Novello Purcell Society edition  
of Love's Goddess Sure

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