Sarah Connolly began her career with The Sixteen, singing in the choir in the late 1980s and early 1990s, and is now in demand throughout the world. On this disc she demonstrates her versatility as both hero and heroine. By turn reflective, pleading or defiant, she shows off her richly colourful voice with an instinctive understanding of how to bring the beauty and expressiveness of these wonderful arias to life. In addition to the thrilling and heart-stoppingly beautiful arias on this recording, the orchestra has some ‘solo’ tracks of its own which include The Arrival of the Queen of Sheba.

"Connolly seals her reputation as our best Handel mezzo in many years." FINANCIAL TIMES

Available at most record shops. To find out more about The Sixteen, concerts tours or to buy CDs, visit www.thesixteen.com
This is our tribute to the genius of Purcell; no outside influences, simply The Sixteen and The Symphony of Harmony and Invention reveling 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.

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

VIOLIN
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

MILITARY DRUMS
Stephen Saunders

THEORBO
Robin Jeffrey
Elizabeth Kenny

CHAMBER ORGAN
Paul Nicholson

HARP
Paul Nicholson

HARPSICHORD
Laurence Cummings
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 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, an ingenious double canon between the two upper and the two lower voices, was published in 1687 as a mere technical example of the sort. However, Jehova, quam multi sunt hostes mei, 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. 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] - [8], 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, premiered 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” [9] 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” [10], 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 device, but one which evoked music of rare directness. The other, “May her blest example” [10], 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, premiered 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” [9] 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” [10], 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 device, but one which evoked music of rare directness.

It was less than six years before this prophesied mourning became reality. Queen Mary was only thirty-three when, just after the Queen’s birthday, 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, [11] [12] [13]. 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. [11] [12] [13]. Both of them are strikingly similar to Purcell’s, and for good reason: all three had to fit in with the playing of six trumpets in the procession. Nowadays we usually hear Purcell’s March with kettledrum 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 [12], 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 tow Latin elegies on the Queen: private rather than public music. Incassum, Lesbia [12] is a solo setting of a text in which Mary is mourned, in the well-worn manner of the oboe and trumpet marches. Purcell’s funeral anthem for the Queen, Thou knowest, Lord, the secret of our hearts [8], 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 [8], 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 tow Latin elegies on the Queen: private rather than public music. Incassum, Lesbia [12] is a solo setting of a text in which Mary is mourned, in the well-worn manner of the oboe and trumpet marches. Purcell’s funeral anthem for the Queen, Thou knowest, Lord, the secret of our hearts [8], 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 [8], 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 tow Latin elegies on the Queen: private rather than public music. Incassum, Lesbia [12] is a solo setting of a text in which Mary is mourned, in the well-worn manner of the oboe and trumpet marches. Purcell’s funeral anthem for the Queen, Thou knowest, Lord, the secret of our hearts [8], 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 [8], 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 tow Latin elegies on the Queen: private rather than public music. Incassum, Lesbia [12] is a solo setting of a text in which Mary is mourned, in the well-worn manner of the oboe and trumpet marches. Purcell’s funeral anthem for the Queen, Thou knowest, Lord, the secret of our hearts [8], 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
Jehovah Quam Multi Sunt Hostes

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: who for our sins art justly displeased?

Miserere Mei

Have mercy upon me, O Jesu

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.

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?

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,

Funeral Sentences For Queen Mary

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

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.

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

Incassum, Lesbia, incassum rogas

In cassum, Lesbia, incassum rogas:
Lyra mea mens est immundulata;
Terrarum orbis lachrymarum pleno
Dolorum rogatas tu cantilenam?

En nymphas! en pastores! caput omne reclinat
Iuncorum instar! admodum fletur!
Nec Galatea cantit, nec ludit Tityrus agris:
Non curant oves, moerore perditi.

Regina, heu! Arcadiae Regina
Perit! O Damnum non exprimendum;
Non, non suspiris, genitus imis,
Pectoris aut querulii singultu turbido.

Miseros Arcadis! 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 express;
Not by the deepest sigh, or groan,
Or throbtings 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.

Incassum, Lesbia, incassum rogas:

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 aweful 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

Ode for Queen Mary’s Birthday, 1692

Love’s goddess sure was blind

Incassum, Lesbia, incassum rogas:

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 aweful 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

O Dive Custos

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

Seu te fluenter promus ad Isida
In voto fervens Oxonidum chorus,
Seu te precantar, quos remoti
Unda lavat properata Cami,

Descende caelo non ita creditias
Visurus aeques praesidias tuis,
Descende visurus penates
Caesaris, et penetrale 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)

Order of Service at The Burial of the Dead

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 displeased?
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,

Then shall be said or sung,

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

The Sixteen Edition on Coro:

COR16001
The Flowering of Genius
Guerrero, Tallis, Byrd, Victoria

COR16002
The Voices of Angels
Eton Choirbook Volume V

COR16003
Iste Confessor
Scarlatti

COR16004
Hodie
An English Christmas Collection

COR16005
The Fairy Queen
Henry Purcell

COR16006
Blest Cecilia
Britten, Volume I

COR16007
The Call of the Beloved
Victoria

COR16008
Samson
Handel (complete)

COR16009
Te Deum Teixeira

COR16010
An Eternal Harmony
Carver Cornysh, MacMillan

COR16011
Israel in Egypt
Handel

COR16012
The Crown of Thorns
Eton Choirbook Volume II

COR16013
a la Gloire de Dieu
Barber, Stravinsky, Tippett, Poulenc

COR16014
Misericere
Allegri, Palestrina

COR16015
Ikon of Light
Tavener

COR16016
Spem in alium
Tallis - Music for Monarchs and Magnates (cd/sacd)

COR16017
Weinachts Oratorium
Bach

COR16018
The Flower of all Virginity
Eton Choirbook Volume IV

COR16019
Esther
Handel (complete)

COR16020
A Golden Age of Portuguese Music
Melgas, Rebelo

COR16021
The Mystery of the Cross
Victoria

COR16022
The Pillars of Eternity - Eton Choirbook Volume III

COR16023
La Jeune France
Jolivet, Messiaen, Daniel-Lesur

COR16024
Love’s Goddess Sure was Blind
Henry Purcell

COR16025
Heroes and Heroines
Handel arias - Sarah Connolly

COR16026
The Rose and the Ostrich Feather
Eton Choirbook Volume I

COR16027
Christus Natus Est
An Early English Christmas

Available from most record shops or at www.thesixteen.com