The Sixteen Edition

Other Sixteen Edition recordings available on Coro

à la Gloire de Dieu
Barber, Stravinsky, Tippett, Poulenc COR16013
“The Sixteen give a deeply committed and technically brilliant reading of this extremely difficult repertoire.”
GRAMOPHONE

La Jeune France
Jolivet, Messiaen, Daniel-Lesur COR16023
Three composers testing vocal technique as never before, in music that’s rapturous, mystical, fresh and erotic.
“This disc is not far from a revelation...”
The Daily Telegraph

The Fairy Queen
Purcell - 2 CDs COR16005
“A performance like this shows dimensions of Purcell’s genius that are all too rarely heard on disc.”
GRAMOPHONE

Ikon of Light
John Tavener COR16015
“As time goes by, I find Harry Christophers’ music-making more and more captivating”
BBC Radio 3, CD REVIEW

To find out more about The Sixteen, concert tours, or to buy CDs, visit www.thesixteen.com
Frank Martin’s Mass for Double Choir is without doubt one of the finest Mass settings of modern times but when I decided to record it, the problem arose as to just what to put with it. Such was the quality of his writing I was sad to see, looking through the catalogue of his works, that he had composed so little for unaccompanied choir. However, I managed to contact Maria Martin to find out more about her late husband’s music. Quite by chance, the day before she received my letter she had been in a disc shop and had bought a copy of our recording of music by John Tavener. It was a “marvellous discovery” for her and she was “most impressed by the superb quality of the singers”; she reminded me of Martin’s Five Songs of Ariel and also sent me two sets of Chansons which were unfortunately out of print. Much of her husband’s religious work had been written for large choir with full orchestra, but she thought how wonderful it would have been to have had more choral music for smaller forces. Having recorded this disc I think we would all agree.

“Music is a science which makes us laugh and sing and dance”
(Ode à la musique)
Frank Martin (1890-1974)

Geneva-born in 1890, Frank Martin was, at the time of his death in 1974, arguably Switzerland’s greatest composer. Formative musical influences on him were few and distinct. The musical child who began composing at eight was overwhelmed by hearing the St Matthew Passion at twelve. To his experience of Bach, who remained his own favourite composer, he added Wagner and Franck. From sixteen to twenty-four he studied music with Joseph Lauber in his native Geneva. The early Frank Martin presents a clear picture of a very conservative Swiss musician, the joint product of a rigidly strict musical training and a strait-laced Swiss musical conservatism. The equally intransigent discipline of a Swiss Protestant background, impervious to the lure of contemporary music, even, on his own confession, to that of Debussy. Yet, as a mutual friend, Ernest Ansermet, pointed out to me half a century ago, it was impossible for anyone influenced by him to avoid the temptation of the emancipated use of tonality.

The present disc of music precedes Martin’s early a cappella Mass with smaller occasional pieces for vocal ensemble. Providing a background, sacred and secular, to the music of the mature master, Mass and miniatures reflect the young composer who applied himself assiduously to composition in a pure and distinct. The musical child who began hearing the St Matthew Passion at twelve. To that of Debussy, set here for seven voices (SATB) and organ. Its bare fifths, seconds and common chords, preponderably minor, are already typical of the individual tonal language of the emancipated composer. Several smaller pieces by Marin as well as major scores were intended for Swiss musical organisations, among them groups of part-songs. The tiny settings of Janetons (Roland Stähli), Petite église (Henri Devain) and Si Charlotte avait voulu (Roland Stähli) were written for the Société cantonale des chanteurs bernois shortly before Martin’s generally acknowledged masterpiece, the Petite Symphonie concertante (1944).

The instrumental colour of that score already informs that of Martin’s Shakespearean opera, Der Sturm, completed in 1955, but this was already preceded in 1950 by the five Songs of Ariel (1944) for mixed choir a cappella, composed for Felix de Nobel and his Nederlands Kamerkoor and first given by them in Amsterdam in 1953. Martin wrote: ‘Long before deciding to write an opera on Shakespeare’s The Tempest, which had been haunting my mind for many years, I chose to set for this choir the Songs of Ariel, the fairy incarnating the Spirit of the Air in this play’.

The Chansons (1931) for female voices comprise the Sonnet, a setting for two treble parts and one cello, of Pierre de Ronsard’s ‘Je vous envoie un bouquet’, Le Coucou, a canon for seven voices a cappella on a text taken from the Contratimes of J. P. Toulet, the Ode, a setting of Ronsard’s ‘Les épis sont à Cérès’, for the same ensemble as the Sonnet, and the Chanson, a four-part setting of Le petit village by C. F. Ramuz. Frank Martin contributed his 1961 setting of Guillaume de Machaut’s Ode à la Musique, for baritone solo, mixed choir, brass, double-bass and piano, to that year’s XXXe Congrès de la Société Pédagogique de la Suisse Romande. In a note, expressing his attraction to medieval verse, Martin drew attention to its conciseness and direct appeal to music. Although begun in 1922 and completed in 1926, the Mass for Double Choir was not heard until forty-one years later, Martin had sought no performance of the work which was neither commissioned, nor ever submitted to the Association of Swiss Composers for one of their annual festivals. At the time (according to his 1970 programme-note), he viewed it only as an affair between God and himself. In 1962, Franz W. Brunner asked to see the score and gave the Mass in Hamburg with his Bugenhagen-Kantorei on November 23, 1963, by which time Martin had already been widely recognised as a master.

Felix Aprahamian
Seigneur! ceux qui fondèrent la Patrie, un soir, dans la prairie, au dessus des eaux, n’ont pas douté que Ta main s’étendrait, dès lors et à jamais, sur les vergers et les demeures, sur l’atelier et sur la vigne et la moisson de leurs enfants, qui vivent et qui meurent, fidèles au serment, fait en Ton nom, dans la prairie, au dessus des eaux.

Seigneur! Ta main ne s’est pas fatiguée de secourir au long des temps notre terre agrandie et menacée, notre maison bénie et divisée, la patrie oublieuse de Ta voix follement oubliée de son âme, et risquant de laisser éteindre la flamme allumée en ce jour lointain, devant la croix, dans la prairie, au dessus des eaux.

Seigneur! reste avec nous! Dieu de pitié! reste encore avec nous! Avec ceux qui célèbrent la patrie dans toutes les églises de chez nous.

Lord! those who founded the fatherland, one evening in the fields and on the waters, never doubted that Your hand would stretch from that time forward, over the meadows and villages, over the workplace and the vine, and the harvest of their children who live and die faithful to the sacrament made in Your name in the fields and on the waters.

Lord! Your hand never tired of nourishing, through the years, our land expanding yet threatened, our house, blessed yet divided, our country, oblivious of Your voice, wildly oblivious of its soul, and at risk of quenching the flame, lit so long ago before the cross in the fields and on the waters.

Lord be with us! God of pity, remain with us. With those who celebrate the fatherland in every one of our churches.

Lord be with us! God of pity, remain with us. Town and valley pray to You together; those in the factory and in the mountains, and those who keep watch at the river or the forest edge.

Today we all look to You, O God of the people, and, right hand raised in anguish and faith, we beg You, Lord, to make us true, true to the sacrament made in Your name in the fields and on the waters.

Cantate pour le 1er Août (Charly Clerc)
Janet (Roland Stähli)

Janet veut se marier
C’est pour rire, c’est pour rire,
Janet veut se marier
C’est pour rire, et pour pleurer.

Elle aime un gallant fusilier
C’est pour rire, c’est pour rire,
Elle aime un gallant fusilier
C’est pour rire et s’amuser.

Ce matin se sont fiancés
C’est pour rire, c’est pour rire,
Ce matin se sont fiancés
C’est pour rire et s’embrasser.

Dimanche voudront s’épouser
C’est pour rire, c’est pour rire,
Dimanche voudront s’épouser
Pour se battre et pour s’aimer.

Janet veut se marier
C’est pour rire, c’est pour rire,
Janet veut se marier
C’est pour rire et s’amuser.

Janet wants to get married
For a laugh, for a laugh,
Janet wants to get married
For a laugh, for a tear.

She’s in love with a gallant fusilier
For a laugh, for a laugh,
She’s in love with a gallant fusilier
For a laugh, for a game.

This morning they got engaged
For a laugh, for a laugh,
This morning they got engaged
For a laugh, for a kiss.

On Sunday they’ll want to be married
For a laugh, for a laugh,
On Sunday they’ll want to be married
For a quarrel, for love.

Janet wants to get married
For a laugh, for a laugh,
Janet wants to get married
For a laugh, for a game.

Petite église (Henri Devain)

Petite église, petite église,
Au creux du valon.
Ton joli carillon.
Sonne! Sonne!
Cloche légère,
Ton clair appel à la raison!
Sonne! Sonne!
Notre existence est passagère,
Sonne!
Notre vie est courte saison.

Petite église, petite église,
Au creux du valon.
Ce jour dans la brise
Ton joli carillon.
Sonne! Sonne!
Cloche légère,
Ton clair appel à la raison!
Sonne! Sonne!
Notre existence est passagère,
Sonne!
Notre vie est courte saison.

Little church, little church,
Deep in the valley.
Your joyful bells
Ring out on the breeze.
Ring! Ring!
Gentle bell,
Ring your clear call to reason.
Ring! Ring!
Our existence is fleeting,
Ring!
Our life is but a short season.

Little church, little church,
Deep in the valley.
Let us be forever faithful
To the pretty bell.
Ring! Ring!
Gentle bell,
Ring your clear call to reason.
Ring! Ring!
Our existence is fleeting,
Ring!
Our life is but a short season.
Si Charlotte avait voulu

Si Charlotte avait voulu épouser son militaire
Il serait heureux sur terre
Et jamais ne voudrait plus disparaître en pleine guerre
Pour tuer son pauvre amour
Et percer son cœur trop lourd
(Lanturlu, lanturlu)
coquin d'amour!

But Charlotte had wanted to marry her soldier
He would be happy on this earth,
And would never want to disappear off to war again,
Killing off his poor love,
Piercing his too heavy heart.
(Lanturlu, lanturlu)
Mischievous love!

Petite église, petite église,
Au creux du valon.
Il donne l’allègresse
Ton joyeux carillon.
Sonne! Sonne!
Cloche légère,
Ton clair appel à la raison!
Sonne! Sonne!
Notre existence est passagère,
Sonne!
Notre vie est courte saison.

When you ring out
On Judgement Day
Your holy bell will say
To those who weep:
Fly! Fly!
Gentle soul,
The House of the Lord is open.
Fly! Fly!
Our existence is fleeting,
Fly!
Our life is but a short season.

(Lanturlaire, lanturlu)
Mais Charlotte avait voulu épouser un capitaine
Capiston, capistontaine
Et pas us galon de laine,
C’est pourquoi ne pourra plus retrouver malgré sa peine
Plus ardent, plus bel amour
Que celui trouvé trop lourd
(Lanturlu, lanturlu)
coquin d’amour!

(Lanturlaire, lanturlu)
If Charlotte had wished to marry only a captain
Capiston, capistontaine
And not a low-ranking officer,
Which is why,
Despite her efforts,
She will never find
A more ardent and beautiful love
Than the one she found too dull.
(Lanturlu, lanturlu)
Mischievous love!
SONGS OF ARIEL

[Come unto these yellow sands (Act I, sc.II)]

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands; Courtsied when you have and kiss’d, -
The wild waves whist - Foot it feately here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear. Hark, hark!
(Bow-wow!) The watch-dogs bark. (Bow-wow!) Hark, hark, I hear
The strain of strutting Chanticleer Cry, ‘cock-a-diddle-dow’.

[Full fathom five (Act I, sc.II)]

Full fathom five thy father lies.
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
(Ding-dong.) Hark, now I hear them.
(Ding-dong bell).

[Before you can say (Act IV, sc.I)]

Before you can say, ‘Come’ and ‘Go’, And breathe twice, and cry, ‘So, so’, Each one tripping on his toe, Will be here with mop and mow. Do you love me, master? No!

[You are three men of sin (Act III, sc.III)]

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny-
That hath to instrument this lower world And what is in’t, - the never-surfeited sea Hath caused to belch up you, and on this island Where man doth not inhabit, you ’mongst men Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad, And even with suchlike valour men hang and drown Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows Are ministers of fate. The elements Of whom your swords are tempered may as well Wound the loud winds, or with bemock’d-at stabs Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish One dowl that’s in my plume. My fellow ministers Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,

Your swords are now too massy for your strengths And will not be uplifted. But remember, For that’s my business to you, that you three From Milan did supplant good Prospero; Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it, Him and his innocent child; for which foul deed, The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures, Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso, They have bereft, and do pronounce by me Ling’ring perdition – worse than any death Can be at once – shall step by step attend You and your ways; whose wrathes to guard you from – Which here in this most desolate isle else falls Upon your heads – is nothing but heart’s sorrow And a clear life ensuing.
Where the bee sucks (Act V, sc.I)

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip’s bell I lie;
There I crouch when owls do cry.
On the bat’s back I do fly

After summer merrily,
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bow.

I am sending you a bouquet just plucked by my own hand from among these blooms.
If they had not been picked this evening
They would be wilted tomorrow.
Let this be proof
That your beauty, though in bloom today,
Will soon fade away,
And, like flowers, will perish suddenly.
Time passes, time passes.
Alas, lady, it is not time but we who pass on,
Soon to be laid out.
And the love of which we speak
Will no longer be fresh if we are dead.
For this reason, love me whilst you are beautiful.

Le coucou (J. P. Toulet)

1. Le coucou chante au bois qui dort
   L’aurore est rouge encore
2. Et le vieux pâon qu’Iris décore
   Jette au loin son cri d’or
3. Les colombes de ma cousine
   Pleurent comme une enfant
4. Le dindon roué
   En s’esclaffant
5. Il court, il court, il court, il court,
   Il court à la cuisine.
6. Oh!

The cuckoo sings in the sleeping wood
The dawn is still red
And the old peacock that Iris adorns
Projects afar his golden cry
My cousin’s doves
Weep like a girl
The turkey spreads its tail
And cackles with laughter
He runs, he runs, he runs, he runs,
He runs to the kitchen.
Oh!
Le petit village (C. F. Ramuz)

Les petites filles roulent, robes rouges, jupons blancs, (a…)
C’est dimanche, il fait beau temps
Laquelle prendrez-vous de ces belles demoiselles?
Lequel prendrez-vous de ces beaux petits messieurs?

Les petites filles roulent sur la place du village, (a…)
Robes blanches, jupons bleus.
La plus belle du rond qui s’appelle Marion.

Les petites filles roulent, robes grises, jupons gris, (a…)
Et la lune leur sourit.

Ode à la Musique (Guillaume de Machaut)

Et Musique est une science
Qui veut qu’on rie et chante et danse.
Cure n’a de mélancolie
Ni d’homme qui mélancolie
A chose qui ne peut valoir,
Ains met tels gens en nonchaloir.

Partout où elle est joie y porte,
Les déconfortés réconforte
Et n’est seulement de l’ouïr,
Fait-elle les gens réjouir.

N’instrument n’en a tout le monde
Que sur musique ne se fonde,
Ni qui ait souffle ou touche ou corde
Qui par musique ne s’accorde.

Tous ses faits plus à point mesure
Que ne fait nulle autre mesure.
Elle fait toutes les caroles,
Par bourgs, par cités, par écoles,
Où l’on fait l’office divin,
Qui est fait de pain et de vin.

And music is a science
which makes us laugh and sing and dance.
It has no use for melancholy
or for anyone who frets
over worthless things,
but sets such people at naught.
Wherever it is it brings joy,
consoles the disconsolate,
and by the mere hearing of it
makes people rejoice.

There is no instrument in all the world
which is not founded on music,
no instrument of wind or key or string
which is not made harmonious by music.
it measures all its works more precisely
than any other science.
It moves all the dances
in towns, in citadels, in schools
where the divine office is celebrated,
which is made with bread and wine.
Can one imagine a more worthy thing
or make a more gracious gesture
than to exalt God and his glory,
to praise, serve, love, and keep faith with Him
and his sweet mother in song,
who has such grace and goodness
that the heavens and all the earth

Little girls dance in a ring, red dresses, white petticoats, (ah…)
It is Sunday and the weather is fine
Which of these pretty misses would you choose?
Which of these fine young gentlemen?

Little girls dance in a ring in the village square, (ah…)
White dresses, blue petticoats.
The prettiest in the ring whose name is Marion.
The prettiest in the ring whose name is Marion.
The little girls dance in a ring, grey dresses, grey petticoats, (ah…)
And the moon is smiling at them.

La plus belle du rond qui s’appelle Marion.
La plus belle du rond qui s’appelle Marion.
La plus belle du rond qui s’appelle Marion.
La plus belle du rond qui s’appelle Marion.

La plus belle du rond qui s’appelle Marion.
La plus belle du rond qui s’appelle Marion.
La plus belle du rond qui s’appelle Marion.
La plus belle du rond qui s’appelle Marion.

The prettiest in the ring whose name is Marion.

The prettiest in the ring whose name is Marion.

The prettiest in the ring whose name is Marion.

The prettiest in the ring whose name is Marion.

And the moon is smiling at them.

Que sur musique ne se fonde,
Ni qui ait souffle ou touche ou corde
Qui par musique ne s’accorde.

Tous ses faits plus à point mesure
Que ne fait nulle autre mesure.

Que la plus belle du rond s’appelle Marion.

Et la lune leur sourit.

Et l’office divin,
Qui est fait de pain et de vin.

Et sa douce mère en chantant
Qui de grâce et de bien a tant
Que le ciel et toute la terre
Et si chantait si doucement
Que les grands arbres s’abaissaient
Et les rivières retournaient
Pour li ouïr et écouter,
Si qu’on doit croire sans douter
Que ce sont miracles apertes
Que musique fait.
C’est voir, certes.

Et quan que les mondes enserrent,
Grands, petits, moyens et menus,
En sont gardés et soutenus.
J’ai ouï dire que les anges,
Les saints, les saintes, les archanges
De voix d’élie, saine et claire
Louent en chantant Dieu le Père
Pour ce qu’en gloire les a mis
Com justes et parfaits amis,
Et pour ç’aussi que de sa grâce
Le voient adés face à face.
( Gloria!…)
Or ne peuvent les saints chanter
Qu’il n’ait musique en leur chanter:
Donc est Musique en paradis.
David, le prophète jadis,
Quand il voulait apaiser l’ire de Dieu,
Il accordait sa lire
Dont il harpait se proprement
Et chantait si dévotement
Hymnes, psautiers et oraisons
Ainsi comme nous le lisons,
Que sa harpe à Dieu tant plaisait
Et son chant qu’il se rapaisait.
Orpheüs mit hors Eurydice
D’enfer, la cointe, la faitice,
Par sa harpe et par son doux chant.
Ce poète dont je vous chant
Harpaït si très joliment
and whatever is contained within them,
great, little, middling, or small,
are protected and sustained by Him!
I have heard it said that the angels,
the saints, male and female, the archangels,
with voices refined, bright, and clear,
sing the praises of God the Father
because He has placed them in glory
as his just and perfect friends,
and also because by his grace
they see Him for ever face to face
(Glória…)
Now the saints cannot sing
unless there is music in their singing:
therefore there is music in paradise.
David, the prophet of long ago,
when he wished to appease the wrath of God,
tuned his lyre,
on which he harped so becomingly
and sang so devoutly
his hymns, psalms, and prayers,
as we read (in the scriptures)
that his harp and his voice pleased God
so much that he calmed his anger.
Orpheus brought Eurydice,
the fair and graceful, out of Hell
by his harping and his sweet singing.
This poet of whom I sing
harped so very finely
and sang so sweetly
that the great trees bowed down
and the rivers turned back
to hear and to listen to him,
so we must certainly believe
that these are proven miracles
worked by Music.
This is the truth, for sure.

MASS FOR DOUBLE CHOIR

Kyrie

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

Gloria

Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Et in terra pax hominibus
bonae voluntatis.
Laudamus te, benedicimus te,
adoramus te, glorificamus te.
Gratias agimus tibi
propter magnam gloriam tuam.

Lord have mercy.
Christ have mercy.
Lord have mercy.

Glory be to God on high.
And on earth peace
to men of good will.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee,
we worship thee, we glorify Thee.
We give thanks to Thee
for Thy great glory.
Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine,
Deum verum de Deo vero,
Genitum, non factum,
Consubstantialem Patri,
Per quem omnia facta sunt.
Qui, propter nos homines,
Et propter nostram salutem,
Descendit de coelis.
Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto
Ex Maria virgine,
Et homo factus est.
Crucifixus etiam pro nobis
Sub Pontio Pilato;
Passus et sepultus est.
Et resurrexit tertia die,
Secundum scripturas;
Et ascendit in coelum,
Sedet ad dextram Patris.
Et iterum venturus est cum gloria
Iudicare vivos et mortuos,
Cuius regni non erit finis.
Et in Spiritum Sanctum
Dominum et vivificantem,
Qui cum Patre et Filio
Simul adoratur et conglorificatur;
Qui locutus est per Prophetas.
Et unam sanctam catholicam
Et apostolicam ecclesiam.

O Lord God, heavenly King,
God the Father almighty.
O Lord, the only-begotten Son,
Jesu Christ.
Lord God, Lamb of God,
Son of the Father.
Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
Have mercy upon us.
Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
Receive our prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right hand of the Father,
Have mercy upon us.
For Thou only art holy,
Thou only art the Lord,
Thou only art the most high,
Jesu Christ.
With the Holy Spirit
In the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Credo

I believe in one God,
The Father almighty,
Maker of heaven and earth,
And of all things visible and invisible.
And in one Lord Jesus Christ,
The only begotten Son of God,
Begotten of his Father before all worlds.

Domine Deus, Rex coelestis,
Deus Pater omnipotens.
Domine Fili unigenite,
Iesu Christe.
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei,
Filius Patris.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
suscepi deprecationem nostram.
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
miserere nobis.
Quoniam tu solus Sanctus,
tu solus Dominus,
tu solus Altissimus
Iesu Christe.
Cum Sancto Spiritu
in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

O Lord God, Light of Light,
Very God of very God,
Begotten, not made,
Being of one substance with the Father,
By whom all things were made.
Who for us men,
And for our salvation,
came down from heaven.
And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost
Of the Virgin Mary
And was made man.
And was crucified also for us
Under Pontius Pilate.
He suffered and was buried.
And the third day he rose again
According to the scriptures;
And ascended into heaven,
And sitteth at the right hand of the Father.
And he shall come again with glory
To judge both the quick and the dead;
Whose kingdom shall have no end.
And I believe in the Holy Ghost
The Lord and giver of life,
Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son;
Who spake by the prophets.
And I believe in one holy, catholic
And apostolic church.
After twenty-five years of world-wide performance and recording, 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 eighty recordings, many prize-winning, reflect The Sixteen’s quality in a range of work spanning the music of six hundred years. The Sixteen has toured throughout Europe, Japan, Australia and the Americas and has given regular performances at major concert halls and festivals worldwide, including the Barbican Centre, Sydney Opera House, and Vienna Musikverein; also the BBC Proms, and the festivals of Salzburg, Granada, Lucerne and Istanbul. The vigour and passion of its performance win new fans wherever it performs.

At home in the UK, the group promotes A Choral Pilgrimage, a tour of our finest cathedrals bringing music back to the buildings it was written for.

The choir is enhanced by the existence of its own period instrument orchestra, The Symphony of Harmony and Invention, and through it Harry Christophers brings fresh insights to music including Purcell, Monteverdi, JS Bach and Handel. 2003 witnessed the launch of the group’s Handel in Oxford Festival, a weekend of concerts and events dedicated to the life of this great composer.