

THE CHOIR OF ROYAL HOLLOWAY · RUPERT GOUGH

# English Romantic Madrigals

PARRY ~ ELGAR ~ PEARSALL ~ LESLIE

STAINER ~ GOODHART ~ STANFORD



hyperion



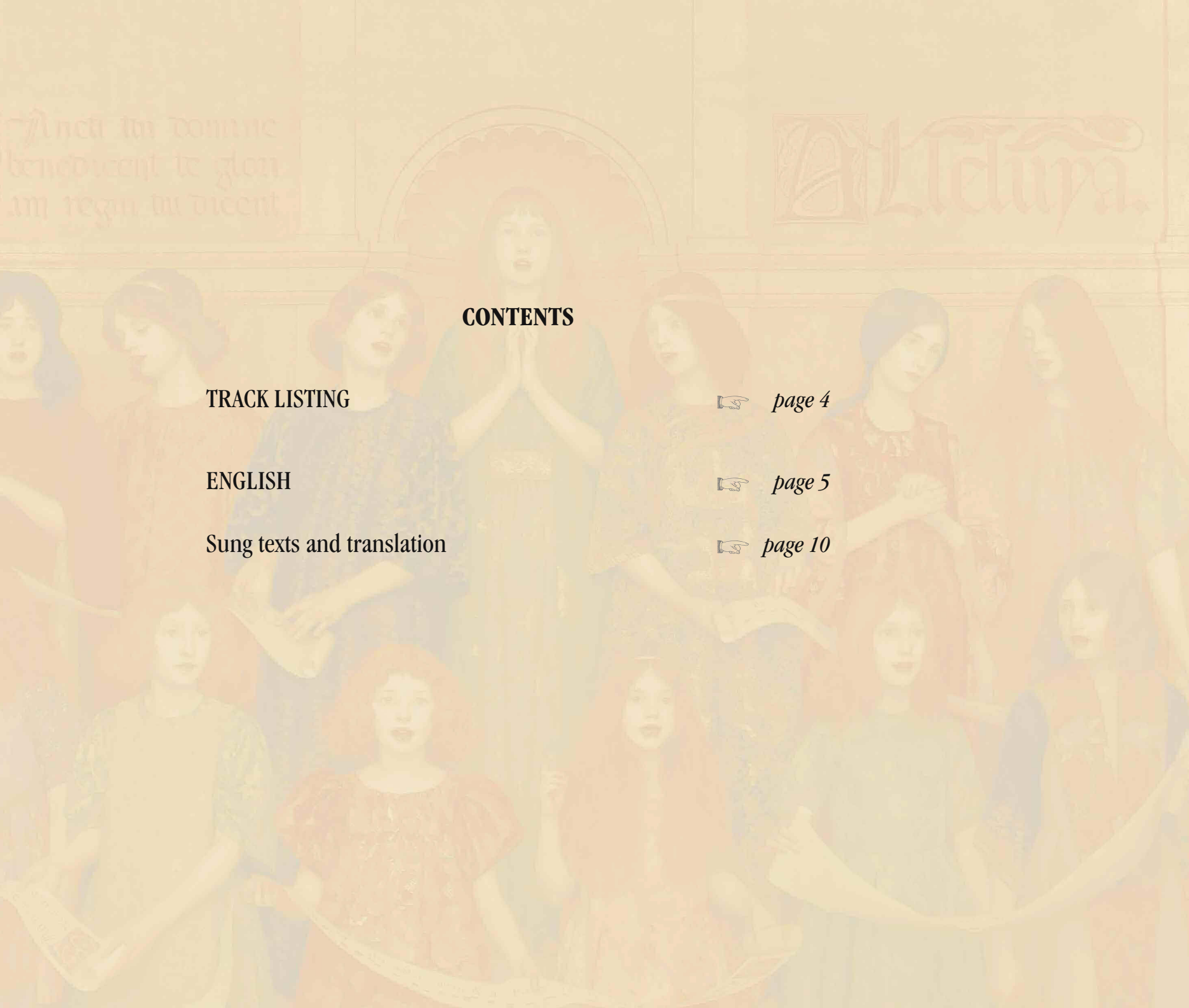
### **THE CHOIR OF ROYAL HOLLOWAY**

*soprano* Sophie Edwards, Gillian Franklin, Jessica Kinney, Phoebe Kirrage, Joyce Law,  
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*bass* Thomas Graebe, Thomas Motley, Charlie Ruck, Stephen W Salts, James Sperling, Mikhail Stuurman, Ciaran Walshe



Sancti tui domine  
benedicent te glori-  
am regni tui dicent

Altelupa.

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**THE CHOIR OF ROYAL HOLLOWAY**  
**RUPERT GOUGH** CONDUCTOR



**T**HE MADRIGAL is, not without justification, a genre most closely associated with the great Flemish and Italian creative flowering of secular vocal music during the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. After Nicholas Yonge's publication of Italian madrigals in *Musica Transalpina* in 1588 with English texts, England, whose interest in Italian madrigals had been gradually awakening during the 1580s, took up the madrigal with an alacrity that did much to define the 'golden age' of this country's music during the Elizabethan era. By 1597, when Yonge published a second volume of *Musica Transalpina*, the madrigal had indeed become something of an English institution. Composers such as Byrd, Watson and Morley published works in the genre, soon to be followed by Wilbye, Weelkes and Benet, and later by names such as Bateson, Hilton, East and Gibbons, while a veritable explosion of enthusiasm for the art form, its union with the English language and the joy of this music in domestic performance was enshrined in the *The Triumphs of Oriana*, an anthology of English madrigals by twenty-four composers (modelled on *Il trionfo di Dori* of 1592) written in honour of Elizabeth I and edited by Morley in 1601 (though not published until after the queen's death in 1603).

This high point in the madrigal's history waned after the death of Elizabeth I, but a revival of interest began with the foundation of the Madrigal Society in London in 1741. A small, select society at first, with only sixteen members, met at the Twelve Bells in Bride Lane to sing madrigals, catches, rounds, canons and glees, but, by degrees, membership increased as the Society became better established. The domestic element of madrigal-singing was preserved and combined with a strong social component of festival dinners, monthly supper meetings and convivial fraternization lubricated with plenty of wine. In 1811, for the first time, the Society offered a prize for a new madrigal in no fewer than four parts and no more than six which drew its manner

from the madrigals of the Elizabethan era (which also included the ballet with its distinctive 'fa la la' refrain). Out of the fourteen entrants, who included Samuel Wesley (and his striking *I sing unto my roundelay*), William Linley (*Ab me, quoth Venus*) and William Hawes (*Philomela*), the winner was William Beale for his madrigal *Awake, sweet muse* of 1813. During the eighteenth century the Society attracted many distinguished musicians to its ranks, including the historian John Hawkins and Thomas Arne, and in the nineteenth century, as the Society flourished, members such as Vincent Novello, George Cooper, John Hullah, John Stainer, Otto Goldschmidt, J Frederick Bridge and Arthur Sullivan could be counted among its members and practitioners.

While the Madrigal Society in London was the most time-honoured standard-bearer of the madrigal, other parts of England steadily began to take an interest in what the genre might offer them, both musically and socially. Probably the most important of these was the Bristol Madrigal Society, which was founded in 1837. Its best-known founding member was Robert Lucas Pearsall (1795–1856), who was born in Bristol but spent most of his life in Germany and Switzerland. Pearsall began to take an interest in music comparatively late, when he was thirty, but a combination of his musical studies in strict counterpoint, the Cecilian Movement (a Roman Catholic movement devoted to the promotion of sixteenth-century church music) and his zeal for antiquarianism fuelled his musical development. In 1836 he returned to England, having inherited the family home at Willsbridge, and it was at this time, during the sale of the house, that he joined with others to form the Bristol Madrigal Society, who performed many of his pieces. In the years directly afterwards he wrote most of his madrigals in which he was able to develop and extend his advanced understanding of dissonance (to lengths, as Nicholas Temperley has pointed out, 'undreamt of by Wilbye or

Monteverdi') and of vocal sonority. Indeed, Pearsall must have learned much from the eighteenth-century examples of *stile severo* in Lotti and Caldara, but his six-part settings **Light of my soul** from Bulwer-Lytton's *Siege of Granada* (1838), **Great god of love** (1839), and Beaumont and Fletcher's **Lay a garland** (1840) in eight parts reveal a handling of suspensions which still seems altogether modern in its boldness and scope. The ballet **Sing we and chaunt it**, for double choir, dates from 1840 and was written in tribute to the setting by Thomas Morley (which itself was a translation of Gastoldi's *A lieta vieta*) of 1595. His realization of the thirteenth-century medieval English rota **Summer is y' coming in**, in six parts, probably dates from the 1840s. The original version clearly did not appeal to Pearsall's ears, for in his six-part arrangement, where (as stated in the copy) he 'attempted to make it acceptable to modern taste', the canonic idiom was subsumed into a more madrigalian texture of sixteenth-century counterpoint.

The name of Henry Leslie (1822–1896) is little known today, but during the nineteenth century he was well known as a choral conductor. In particular he had a high reputation as a choral trainer derived from the concerts of madrigals and other unaccompanied choral repertoire he gave in London's Hanover Square Rooms and St James's Hall with his own choir ('Henry Leslie's Choir') of around thirty voices, which he founded in 1856. His six-part setting of Thomas Watson's **Thine eyes so bright** was entered for the Bristol Madrigal Society's prize of 1865, and took first prize with a winning sum of £25 (now worth around £3,000). A fluent and skilful essay, Leslie's work clearly impressed the judges with its smooth and well-calculated imitation and dissonance (very much modelled on Pearsall) and with its subtle structure (in which the opening 'point' returns at the end); it was first performed in Bristol on 18 January 1866. The five-part **My love is fair** took its text from George Peele's pastoral comedy *The Arraignment of Paris*



ROBERT LUCAS PEARSALL



HENRY LESLIE

by Julia B Folkard (1849–1933)

© Royal College of Music

(1584) and is a buoyant miniature in two verses. Full of florid counterpoint, occasional moments of chromaticism (such as 'with Cupid's curse') reveal its romantic origins; it was first sung by Leslie's choir in London on 31 January 1867.

It was while John Stainer (1840–1901) was *informator choristarum* at Magdalen College, Oxford, during the 1860s that he published his set of *Eight Madrigals* by subscription in or around 1865. Stainer almost certainly gained his love of madrigals and the singing of them from his mentor Frederick Ouseley while he was organist at St Michael's College, Tenbury, between 1857 and 1859. At Magdalen Stainer inherited the conductorship of the Magdalen Madrigal Society which gave charitable concerts in the college and around the city; there were also other opportunities to sing madrigals with the 'Magdalen Vagabonds', a



SIR JOHN STAINER




SIR HUBERT PARRY

group which gave concerts during the university vacations at college livings around the country. The *Eight Madrigals* were written expressly for these vocal groups who, judging by the demands of the pieces, must have been accomplished singers. By the time Stainer was composing these works, the term ‘madrigal’ was beginning to merge with the more contemporary genre of the part-song, in which the harmonic colour and homophony (as opposed to the polyphony of the madrigal) was strongly accentuated. (Stainer’s interest in modern harmony was substantial, as was his knowledge of the music of Schubert, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner and Brahms, and one that informed his much-neglected but entirely novel *Theory of Harmony* of 1871.)

Most madrigalian of the three works that feature on this recording (edited here by Jeremy Dibble and Alasdair Jamieson), **Disappointment**, for six voices, is a setting

from Part IV of *A Pastoral Ballad* by the eighteenth-century poet William Shenstone. Imitation and word-painting dominate the two verses, but in the anguished refrains (‘She was faithless, and I am undone’) Stainer’s nineteenth-century credentials are plain to hear. Even more experimental is the eight-part setting of Herrick’s **Dry your sweet cheek**, where sumptuous diatonic textures occur alongside chromatic progressions of an entirely contemporary character. **The castle by the sea**, for two five-part choirs, is even more extraordinary. Longfellow’s translation of Ludwig Uhland’s *Das Schloss am Meere* forms the basis of this part-song ballad in which choral antiphony and the full panoply of Stainer’s chromatic vocabulary are used to evoke the wondrous splendour of the medieval castle and coastal landscape; yet all is not well. Weeping is heard and, when the two choirs come together to form an opulent, ten-part threnody, a darkness descends as we realize, with Heine-esque irony, that the old king and queen mourn the death of their beautiful daughter.


The eight-part setting of Spenser’s Sonnet XXXIV from *Amoretti and Epithalamion*, **Like as a ship** was entered for the Bristol Madrigal Society prize of 1865, but was not among the winning applicants, perhaps because its content was not madrigalian enough, or because its arresting harmonic language was too much for the judges. Whatever the reason, Stainer’s tour de force manipulates the problematic sonnet form to perfection. After a turbulent ‘octave’ (the first eight lines) in which the composer’s chromatic palette reaches new levels of daring and bravado, the emotional ‘turn’ (‘Yet hope I will’) has an intense passion whose fervour is quelled by a ‘secret sorrow and sad pensiveness’, the harmonic enterprise of which looks forward to the early twentieth century. *Like as a ship* remains unpublished and is performed here in an edition by Jeremy Dibble from the autograph manuscript in the Stainer Archive at Durham University.



In 1899, Walter Parratt, Master of the Queen's Musick, and Arthur Benson, a housemaster at Eton College, conceived the idea of a collection of 'choral songs' in emulation of *The Triumphs of Oriana* to mark Queen Victoria's eightieth birthday. As the preface to the collection enunciated:

It was the custom of bygone days for sovereigns to require and for subjects to express respect and devotion in terms of unmeasured hyperbole; such conventional homage added little lustre to the monarch for whose honour it was designed; the current coin of compliment rang hollow. Your Majesty has taught your subjects to value sincerity above praise, and genuine affections above indiscriminate adulation; the auspicious year in which your Majesty attains in health and vigour a patriarchal age, gives your Majesty's servants a natural opportunity for expressing the devotion to your Throne and Person which lies at the heart of all your subjects.

In these works the spirit of part-song was now predominant, but it did not prevent some of the thirteen composers from deferring to the madrigal style. Stainer's setting of his son's poem **Flora's Queen** is a thoroughly entertaining essay in Renaissance modal harmony and imitation, Handelian grandeur (replete with quasi *cantus firmus* acclamations of 'Long live Victoria!') and a coda 'poached', as Stainer wryly admitted, from Gibbons. Parratt sent Elgar a poem of Frederic Myers in 1898, **To her beneath whose steadfast star**, asking if he might also contribute, though stating categorically that there was no imperative to use antique forms. Tinged with yearning, Elgar's offering has an introspective quality in its mingling of modal and unusual diatonic harmonies. The inventive opening progressions of Parry's pensive setting of Austin Dobson's **Who can dwell with greatness!** are also so typical of that composer as is the masterly manipulation of the five-part texture. For



Edmund Gosse's **Lady on the silver throne**, Parratt turned to another Eton housemaster, Arthur Murray Goodhart (1866–1941), who, clearly influenced by the harmonic language of Parry, produced a rich, lyrical setting full of harmonic surprises and luscious dissonances.

In 1897, as Set I of his six *Songs of Faith*, Op 97, Stanford selected Tennyson's late poem **God and the universe** (from *The death of Ænone, and other poems* of 1892) which he later chose to recast for eight-part choir in 1906. In this choral version, its spacious, questioning sentiment is magnificently portrayed by a rich array of exploratory harmonies revealing the composer's consummate handling of the modern chromatic apparatus. Stanford's setting of Milton's **On Time**, Op 142, and Parry's setting of Keats's ballad **La belle dame sans merci** were both composed in 1914 for the Bristol Madrigal Society, as commemorative pieces for the Jubilee of the Society's conductor, Daniel Wilberforce Rootham. Sung by the Society in a 'Ladies' Night' programme given on 14 January 1915 in the Victoria Rooms, Bristol, under Rootham's direction, both works made considerable demands on the Society's singers. As Parry (who was present along with Stanford) wrote, in a letter to the Society: 'I dare say it is difficult, but I thought it might give a choir such as yours something to tackle.'

Stanford's brilliant canvas for double choir powerfully communicates Milton's contempt for Time, which may consume all before it, but man, touched by the divine, is more fortunate in his inheritance of eternal life. The overwhelming mood of Stanford's choral song is one of haste and urgency in both the opening paragraph ('Fly envious Time') and the impatience of the rousing coda ('Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit'), but perhaps most striking of all is the expression of hope and aspiration of the central exultation ('Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss'). Although Parry assigned the title of 'madrigal' to *La belle dame sans merci*, its style and technique belong

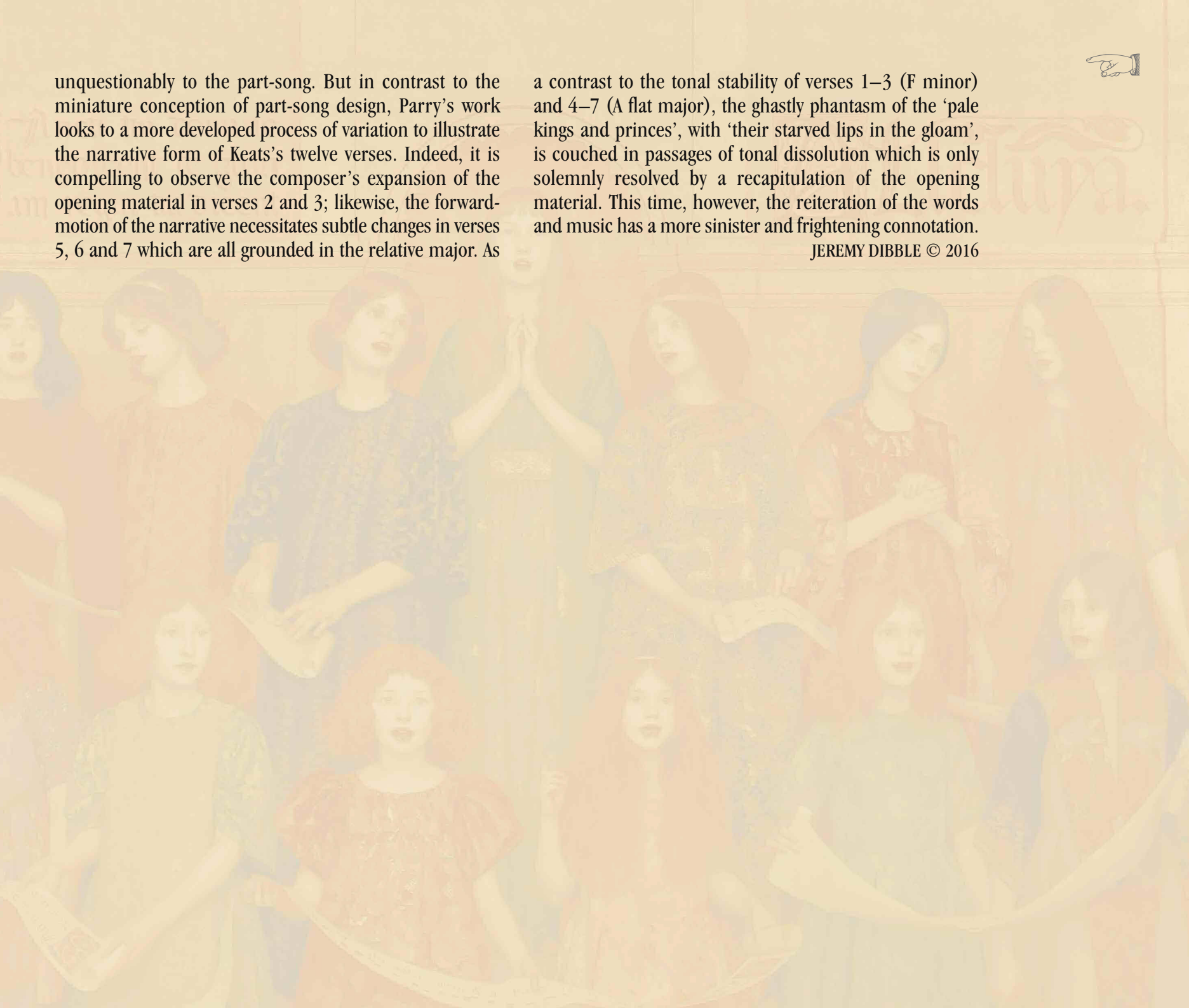




unquestionably to the part-song. But in contrast to the miniature conception of part-song design, Parry's work looks to a more developed process of variation to illustrate the narrative form of Keats's twelve verses. Indeed, it is compelling to observe the composer's expansion of the opening material in verses 2 and 3; likewise, the forward-motion of the narrative necessitates subtle changes in verses 5, 6 and 7 which are all grounded in the relative major. As

a contrast to the tonal stability of verses 1–3 (F minor) and 4–7 (A flat major), the ghostly phantasm of the 'pale kings and princes', with 'their starved lips in the gloam', is couched in passages of tonal dissolution which is only solemnly resolved by a recapitulation of the opening material. This time, however, the reiteration of the words and music has a more sinister and frightening connotation.

JEREMY DIBBLE © 2016





ROBERT LUCAS PEARSALL (1795–1856)

**1 Sing we and chaunt it**

Sing we and chaunt it,  
While love doth grant it,  
Fa la la la ...  
Not long youth lasteth,  
And old age hasteth.  
Now is best leisure  
To take our pleasure.  
Fa la la la ...

THOMAS MORLEY (1557/8–1602)

**2 Light of my soul**

Light of my soul, arise, arise!  
Thy sister lights are in the skies;  
We want thine eyes,  
Those joyous eyes;  
Night is mourning for those eyes!  
The sacred verse is on my sword,  
And on my heart thy name:  
The words of each alike adored;  
The truth of both the same.

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE BULWER-LYTTON (1803–1873)  
from *Leila: or The Siege of Granada*

**3 Summer is y' coming in**

*soprano* Sophie Edwards, Frances Stafford  
*alto* Leilani Barratt  
*tenor* Tom Robson  
*baritone* Ciaran Walshe  
*bass* Stephen W Salts

Summer is y' coming in,  
Loud sing cuckoo!  
Groweth seed and bloweth mead  
And springeth the weed new,  
Loud sing cuckoo!  
Ewe is bleating after lamb,  
And calf crieth after cow.  
Deer are belling, buds are swelling,  
Merrie sing cuckoo!  
Be silent never now,  
Loud sing cuckoo!

**4 Great god of love**

Great god of love, some pity show,  
On Amarillis bend thy bow.  
Do thou, we pray, her soul inspire,  
And make her feel the self-same fire,  
That wastes her lover's heart away.

**5 Lay a garland**

Lay a garland on her hearse  
Of dismal yew.  
Maidens, willow branches wear,  
Say she died true.  
Her love was false, but she was firm.  
Upon her buried body lie  
Lightly, thou gentle earth.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1584–1616) & JOHN FLETCHER (1579–1625)  
from *The Maid's Tragedy*, Act II Scene 1

HENRY LESLIE (1822–1896)

**6 My love is fair**

*soprano* Sophie Edwards  
*alto* Leilani Barratt  
*tenor* Tom Robson  
*baritone* Ciaran Walshe  
*bass* Stephen W Salts

My love is fair, my love is gay,  
And fresh as be the flowers in May,  
And of my love my roundelay  
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—  
They that do change old love for new  
Pray gods they change for worse!

My love can dance, my love can sing,  
My love can many a pretty thing,  
And of her lovely praises sing  
My merry roundelay,  
Sing Amen to Cupid's curse,—  
They that do change old love for new  
Pray gods they change for worse!

GEORGE PEELE (1558–1596)  
from *The Arraignment of Paris*



7 **Thine eyes so bright**

Thine eyes so bright  
Bereft my sight,  
When first I viewed thy face.  
So now my light  
Is turned to night.  
Ah, me! I stray from place to place.  
Then guide me of thy kindness,  
So shall I bless my blindness.

THOMAS WATSON (1555–1592)

SIR JOHN STAINER (1840–1901)

8 **Disappointment**

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,  
And take no more heed of my sheep:  
They have nothing to do but to stray;  
I have nothing to do but to weep.  
Yet do not my folly reprove;  
She was fair, and my passion begun;  
She smiled, and I could not but love;  
She was faithless, and I am undone.

O ye woods, spread your branches around;  
To your deepest recesses I fly;  
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;  
I could vanish from every eye.  
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove  
With the same sad complaint it begun;  
How she smiled, and I could not but love;  
She was faithless, and I am undone.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE (1714–1763)  
from Part IV of *A Pastoral Ballad, in Four Parts*

9 **Dry your sweet cheek**

Dry your sweet cheek, long drowned with sorrow's raine;  
Since clouds disperst, suns guild the aire again.  
Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and over-boile;  
But turne soone after calme, as balme or oile.  
Winds have their time to rage, but when they cease,  
The leavie trees nod in a still-born peace.  
Your storme is o'er; Lady, now appeare  
Like as the peeping springtime of the yeare.  
Upon your cheek sat ysicles awhile;  
Now let the rose raigne like a queene, and smile.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591–1674)

10 **Like as a ship**


Like as a ship that through the ocean wide,  
By conduct of some star, doth make her way,  
When as a storm hath dim'd her trusty guide,  
Out of her course doth wander far astray;  
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright rays  
Me to direct, with clouds is over-cast,  
Do wander now in darkness and dismay,  
Through hidden perils round about me plac'd;  
Yet hope I will that when this storm is past  
My Helice, the loadstar of my life,  
Will shine again, and look on me at last  
With lovely light, to clear my cloudy grief:  
Till then I wander careful, comfortless,  
In secret sorrow and sad pensiveness.

EDMUND SPENSER (1552–1599)  
Sonnet XXXIV from *Amoretti and Epithalamion*

11 **The castle by the sea**

Hast thou seen that lordly castle,  
The castle by the sea?  
Golden and red above it  
The clouds float gorgeously.





And fain it would stoop downward  
To the mirrored wave below;  
And fain it would soar upward  
In the evening's crimson glow.

Well have I seen that castle,  
That castle by the sea,  
And the moon above it shining,  
And the mist rise solemnly.

The winds and the waves of ocean,  
Had they a merry chime?  
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,  
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?

The winds and the waves of ocean,  
They rested quietly;  
But I heard on the gale the sound of wail,  
And tears came to mine eye.


And saw'st thou not on the turrets  
The king and his royal bride?  
And the wave of their crimson mantles?  
And the golden crown of pride?

Led they not forth in rapture  
A beauteous maiden there?  
Resplendent as the morning sun,  
And beaming with golden hair?

Well saw I the ancient parents,  
Without the crown of pride;  
They were walking slow, in weeds of woe,  
No maiden was by their side!

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND (1787–1862)  
*Das Schloss am Meere*  
translated by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807–1882)

12 **Flora's Queen**




Room! Room! For Flora's Queen!  
So sang the nymphs and shepherds on the morn of May  
In rustic roundelay:  
Then was I ware of one enthroned on high,  
Radiant in vesture and of noble mien,  
At whose fair feet did many garlands lie  
Of all the flowers that best be seen;  
Cowslip and daffodil, and sweet woodbine  
That tokens sympathy;  
Whitethorn and primrose, and brave eglantine  
That's for simplicity;  
The gentle violet for modesty;  
Lilies for purity and grace;  
And chiefly there found place  
England's red rose for strength and dignity.  
Thus, singing still, the fields and flowers among  
They passed, a gallant train,  
And this the burden of the song they sung:  
'Long live Victoria, long may she reign':  
And hark! afar across the sea  
From clime to clime  
How kindred voices chime  
Joining the glad refrain  
In ever-swelling Harmony:  
'Long live Victoria! Long may she reign.'

JOHN FREDERICK RANDALL STAINER (1866–1939)

ARTHUR MURRAY GOODHART (1866–1941)

13 **Lady on the silver throne**

Lady on the silver throne,  
Like the moon thou art to me,  
Something bright, august and lone,  
Infinite in mystery;  
How can I, a pilgrim, sing  
Such a dazzling, distant thing?



But the moon came down to earth,  
Wiping tears from humble eyes;  
Thou dost bend to grief and mirth,  
Woman in thy smiles and sighs;  
Empress, take the human praise  
That a subject dares not raise.

SIR EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE (1849–1928)

SIR EDWARD ELGAR (1857–1934)

**14 To her beneath whose steadfast star**

To her beneath whose steadfast star  
From pole to pole in lusty play,  
Her English wander, forcing far  
Their world-ingathering way;  
Outsoar the Caesar's eagle flight,  
Outrun the Macedonian reign,  
Flash from the flamy Northern night  
Speech to the Austral main:

To her whose patient eyes have seen  
Man's knowledge wax thro' ebb and flow,  
Till some have felt those bars between  
Wind of the Spirit blow;  
Tho' some, heart-worn with doubt and strife,  
Would bid the doomful thunder fall,  
Bind as with bands the cosmic Life,  
And dream the end of all:

Beyond, beyond their wisdom's bound,  
Thro' fairer realms the Queen shall roam,  
Till soul with soul the Wife hath found  
Her mystic-wedded home:  
While her long-rumoured glories stir  
The blue tide's earth-engirdling wave,  
With love, with life, her Prince and her  
The All-Father shield and save!

Let the Queen live for ever!

FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY MYERS (1843–1901)

SIR HUBERT PARRY (1848–1918)

**15 Who can dwell with greatness!**

Who can dwell with greatness! Greatness is too high;  
Flowers are for the meadow, suns are for the sky;—  
Ah! but there is greatness in this land of ours,  
High as the sunlight, humble as the flowers!

Queen, of thee the fable! Lady, thine the fate!  
Royal, and yet lowly, lowly and yet great;—  
Great in far dominion, great in pomp of years,  
Greater still as woman, greatest in thy tears!

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON (1840–1921)

**16 La belle dame sans merci**

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
Alone and palely loitering?  
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
So haggard and so woebegone?  
The squirrel's granary is full,  
And the harvest's done.


I see a lily on thy brow  
With anguish moist and fever dew,  
And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,  
Full beautiful—a faery's child;  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;  
She look'd at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long,  
For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
A faery's song.





She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild, and manna dew,  
And sure in language strange she said—  
'I love thee true.'

She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,  
And there I shut her wild wild eyes  
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,  
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!  
The latest dream I ever dream'd  
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;  
They cried—'La belle dame sans merci  
Hath thee in thrall!'

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,  
With horrid warning gaped wide,  
And I awoke and found me here,  
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

JOHN KEATS (1795–1821)

SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD (1852–1924)


**17 God and the universe**

Will my tiny spark of being wholly vanish in your deeps and heights?  
Must my day be dark by reason, O ye Heavens, of your boundless nights,  
Rush of Suns, and roll of systems, and your fiery clash of meteorites?

'Spirit, nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy human state,  
Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is great,  
Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent Opener of the Gate.'

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809–1892)

**18 On Time**



Fly envious Time, till thou run out thy race,  
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,  
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;  
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
And merely mortal dross;  
So little is our loss,  
So little is thy gain!  
For whenas each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,  
And last of all, thy greedy self consum'd,  
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
With an individual kiss;  
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
When every thing that is sincerely good  
And perfectly divine,  
With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine  
About the supreme Throne  
Of Him, t'whose happy-making sight alone  
When once our heavenly guided soul shall clime;  
Then, all this earthly grossness quit,  
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,  
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time!

JOHN MILTON (c1563–1647)

## THE CHOIR OF ROYAL HOLLOWAY

The Choir of Royal Holloway is one of the finest mixed-voice collegiate choirs in Britain. Unlike other chapel choirs, its focus is increasingly on performance, with concerts broadcast weekly on the internet attracting viewers worldwide, and a repertoire encompassing secular music. The choir's busy schedule of concerts, services, recordings and broadcasts has seen it perform widely across the United Kingdom and abroad. The choir comprises twenty-four choral scholars (generously funded by Santander) and is the only British university choir that maintains a tradition of daily sung morning services.

Royal Holloway, one of the largest colleges in the University of London (founded as a women's college in 1886), is located west of London and housed in a remarkable Victorian building inspired in design by a grand French chateau. Contained within this building is a beautiful gilded chapel, with sculptures by Ceccardo Fucigna, as well as a picture gallery containing one of the world's most important and finest collections of Victorian paintings.

The choir enjoys performing with a wide variety of orchestras, composers and instrumentalists, including the Britten Sinfonia, Tallinn Chamber orchestra, Florilegium and the English Cornett and Sackbut Ensemble. Many works have been composed for the choir—recently by Richard Rodney Bennett, Gabriel Jackson, James MacMillan, Paul Mealor, Antony Pitts and Gwilym Simcock. The choir has a vibrant association with the jazz trio Acoustic Triangle, resulting in many festival appearances, and benefits from a close collaboration with The King's Singers, Royal Holloway's Artists in Residence. For more information please see [www.chapelchoir.co.uk](http://www.chapelchoir.co.uk)

## RUPERT GOUGH

Rupert Gough has been Director of Choral Music and College Organist at Royal Holloway, University of London, since 2005. He is also Organist and Director of Music at London's oldest surviving church, Great Saint Bartholomew. At Royal Holloway, Rupert has cultivated a choral programme to include weekly choral recitals, choral conducting courses for undergraduates and new choral commissions, and has developed the Chapel Choir into an elite group of twenty-four choral scholars. The choir has particularly come to prominence through its series of recordings for Hyperion Records and exploration of new music from the Baltic States.

Rupert was a chorister at the Chapels Royal, St James's Palace, and won a scholarship to the Purcell School. He received (with distinction) a Masters degree in English Church Music from the University of East Anglia whilst Organ Scholar at Norwich Cathedral. He spent eleven years as Assistant Organist at Wells Cathedral, during which time he featured on many recordings as either organist or conductor. As a conductor he has worked with a variety of professional choirs and orchestras, as well as with many distinguished soloists, instrumental and vocal. As an organist, he is particularly known for his concert and recording work in combination with violin as a member of the Gough Duo. The Duo travels widely with recent performances in the major concert halls of Hong Kong and Moscow and numerous tours to the USA.

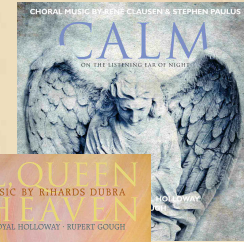




Also available from *The Choir of Royal Holloway and Rupert Gough*

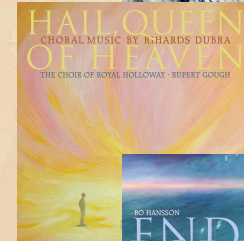
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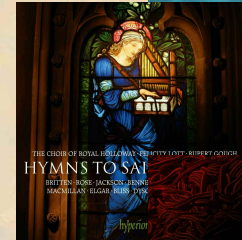
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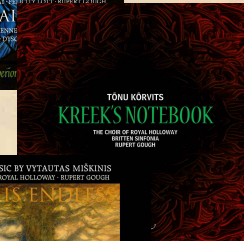
**Hymns to Saint Cecilia**  
CDA68047

'Gough has an exceptional group of singers here' (*Gramophone*) 'The performances by the fine mixed choir of choral scholars are superb' (*American Record Guide*)



**TÕNU KÕRVITS (b1969)**  
**Kreek's Notebook** Spiritual Songs from the Baltic States  
CDA67968

'Performances and recording are outstanding' (*Gramophone*)



**VYTAUTAS MIŠKINIS (b1954) Choral Music**  
CDA67818

'Vytautas Miškinis might be the best thing to happen to choral societies since Morten Lauridsen ... the Choir of Royal Holloway sing with excellent intonation and blend' (*International Record Review*)



**PETER PHILIPS (1560/1–1628) Cantiones sacrae octonis vocibus**  
CDA67945

'Rupert Gough and his fresh young voices make a convincing case for these unjustly neglected works' (*The Observer*)







*with thanks to Professor Jeremy Dibble for the preparation of musical materials for this recording  
and to The King's Singers for their generous assistance and guidance*

Recorded in All Hallows, Gospel Oak, London, on 23–25 April 2015

Recording Engineer DAVID HINITT

Recording Producer ADRIAN PEACOCK

Booklet Editor TIM PARRY

Executive Producer SIMON PERRY

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Front illustration: *Alleluia* (1896) by Thomas Cooper Gotch (1854–1931)

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Sancti tui domine  
benedicent te glori-  
am regni tui dicent



Alléluya.

