

The background of the entire cover is a photograph of a winter scene. In the foreground, there are snow-covered evergreen trees. The middle ground shows a misty or snowy valley. The sky is a mix of blue and orange, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall mood is serene and cold.

signum
CLASSICS

A CEREMONY OF CAROLS

Benjamin Britten

AN ENGLISH DAY-BOOK

Elizabeth Poston

NYCoS National Girls Choir

Claire Jones Harp
Christopher Bell Conductor

A CEREMONY OF CAROLS

A Ceremony of Carols

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

1	Procession	[1.38]
2	Wolcum Yole!	[1.22]
3	There is no Rose	[2.27]
4	That Yonge Child	[1.46]
5	Balulalow	[1.23]
6	As Dew in Aprille	[0.58]
7	This little Babe	[1.23]
8	Interlude	[3.40]
9	In Freezing Winter Night	[3.15]
10	Spring Carol	[1.09]
11	Deo Gracias	[1.06]
12	Recession	[1.57]

An English Day-Book

Elizabeth Poston (1905-1987)

13	The Bellman's Song	[1.11]
14	Te Lucis ante terminum	[1.40]
15	A Night Curse	[1.17]

16	Lemady: Maying Song	[2.46]
17	A Charm Against The Bumble Bee	[2.52]
18	Interlude for Harp	[1.55]
19	The Noonday Heat	[2.18]
20	Running Set: Spring	[1.35]
21	Evening Song	[1.24]
22	Sweet Suffolk Owl	[1.52]
23	The Bellman's Song	[0.53]

24	On a Summer Night	Oliver Iredale Searle (b.1977)	[4.03]
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25	The Ears of Mr Tuer	Stephen Deazley (b.1969)	[3.09]
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Total timings:	[49.06]
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NYCoS NATIONAL GIRLS CHOIR
CLAIRE JONES HARP
CHRISTOPHER BELL CONDUCTOR

AN ENGLISH DAY-BOOK: BURIED TREASURE...

Britten's *A Ceremony of Carols* is a total masterpiece. Two processions, seven Christmas songs, a delightful interlude and the totally unique colour of upper voices and harp. I have known, performed and loved the piece over many years and each time I perform it, I marvel at its fine melodies and inventive accompaniment. For the same number of years I have been looking for another piece of music for the same combination to pair with it in a concert.

In 2009 I was contacted by Brian Davis, a harpist from England. He, too, had been trying to find pieces to pair with the Britten, had compiled a list, and wondered if I'd like to see it along with some music he had collected. Of course I'd be thrilled, was my reply. As I sifted through the contents of the parcel, I came across a substantial score, a photocopy of *An English Day-Book* by Elizabeth Poston (handwritten manuscript). The composer's name was known to me – Elizabeth Poston wrote a charming and very effective setting of *Jesus Christ, the Apple Tree*, and she also wrote the score to the TV series *Howard's End*! Some research revealed that she worked for the BBC, had made many folk song arrangements and also edited the Penguin Book of Carols. And as I listened to the CD with its

hissing sound, its noisy, somewhat scrappy performance, my excitement level was rising. This could really, really, really be the piece to pair with the Britten – a musical treasure hidden for many years!

It has been a great pleasure to be part of the process of reviving this piece. The handwritten manuscripts did not always match with the harp part, and there was a lot of consulting and discussing to do. But in the end I am thrilled that the National Girls Choir and I got to work on this wonderful music.

Christopher Bell

A Ceremony of Carols Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Benjamin Britten's hugely popular *A Ceremony of Carols* was inspired by his discovery of *The English Galaxy of Shorter Poems* and was composed in part while returning by ship to Britain from the United States. It is an unusual setting for treble voices and harp; Britten had intended to write a harp concerto and so had been studying the instrument. The "carols" are largely the product of 15th and 16th century writers, most of whom are anonymous. They retain their unique flavour by Britten's extensive use of old English language.

The work opens and ends with the choir processing to plainsong, and the sections in-between deal with the traditional stories surrounding the birth of Christ. The piece in its entirety shows Britten's mastery of choral music, with each movement in contrast with the next, ranging from the plangent solos of *That Yonge Child* and *In Freezing Winter Night* through the smooth polyphony of *Balulalow* and *There is no Rose* to the angularity and dynamism of *As Dew in Aprille* and *This Little Babe*.

Samir Savant

1 Procession

Hodie Christus natus est:
Hodie Salvator apparuit:
Hodie in terra canunt angeli,
Laetantur archangeli.
Hodie exsultant justi dicentes:
Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia!

*Today Christ is born:
Today the Saviour has appeared:
Today the angels sing on earth,
The archangels rejoice.
Today the righteous exult, saying:
Glory to God on high! Alleluia!*

2 Wolcum Yole!

Wolcum be thou hevenè king,
Wolcum Yole!
Wolcum, born in one morning,
Wolcum for whom we sall sing!

Wolcum be ye, Stevene and Jon,
Wolcum, Innocentes every one,
Wolcum, Thomas marter one,
Wolcum Yole!

Wolcum be ye good Newe Yere,
Wolcum, Twelfthe Day both in fere,
Wolcum seintes lefe and dere,
Wolcum Yole!

Candelmesse, Quene of bliss,
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.

Wolcum be ye that are here,
Wolcum Yole!
Wolcum alle and make good cheer
Wolcum alle another yere,
Wolcum Yole!

Anon 14th century

3 There is no Rose

There is no rose of such vertu
As is the rose that bare Jesu.
Alleluia.

For in this rose containèd was
Heaven and earth in litel space,
Res miranda.

By that rose we may well see
There be one God in persons three,
Pares forma.

The aungels sungen the shepherds to:
Gloria in excelsis!
Gaudeamus.

Leave we all this werdly mirth,
And follow we this joyful birth.
Transeamus
Anon 14th century

4 That Yongë Child

That yongë child when it gan weep
With song she lulled him asleep:
That was so sweet a melody
It passèd alle minstrelsy.

The nightingalë sang also:
Her song is hoarse and nought thereto:
Whoso attendeth to her song
And leaveth the first then doth he wrong.

Anon 14th century

5 Balulalow

O my deare hert, young Jesu sweat,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee to my hert,
And never mair from thee depart.

But I sall praise thee evermoir
With sanges sweet unto thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow, sall I bow,
And sing that richt Balulalow!

James, John and Robert Wedderburn (1548), 1561

6 As Dew in Aprille

I sing of a maiden
That is makëles:
King of all kings
To her son she ches.

He came also stille
There his moder was,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the grass.

He came also stille
To his moder's bour,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the flour.

He came also stille
There his moder lay,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the spray.

Moder and mayden was never none but she:
Well may such a lady Goddes moder be.

Anon c 1400

7 This little Babe

This little babe so few days old
Is come to rife Satan's fold;
All hell doth at his presence quake
Though he himself for cold do shake;
For in this weak unarmèd wise
The gates of hell he will surprise.

With tears he fights and wins the field,
His naked breast stands for a shield;
His battering shot are babish cries,
His arrows looks of weeping eyes,
His martial ensigns Cold and Need
And feeble Flesh his warrior's steed.

His camp is pitchèd in a stall,
His bulwark but a broken wall;
The crib his trench, haystalks his stakes;
Of shepherds he his muster makes;
And thus, as sure his foe to wound,
The angels' trumps alarum sound.

My soul, with Christ join thou in fight,
Stick to the tents that he hath pight.
Within his crib is surest ward,
This little Babe will be thy guard.
If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy,
Then flit not from this heavenly Boy.

Robert Southwell 1561? – 1595

9 In Freezing Winter Night

Behold, a silly tender babe
In freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies
Alas, a piteous sight!

The inns are full; no man will yield
This little pilgrim bed.
But forced he is with silly beasts
In crib to shroud his head.

This stable is a Prince's court,
This crib his chair of State;

The beasts are parcel of his pomp,
The wooden dish his plate.

The persons in that poor attire
His royal liveries wear;
The Prince himself is come from heav'n;
This pomp is prizèd there.

With joy approach, O Christian wight,
Do homage to thy King,
And highly praise his humble pomp,
Wich he from Heav'n doth bring.

Robert Southwell 1561? – 1595

10 Spring Carol

Pleasure it is to here iwis, the Birdès sing,
The deer in the dale, the sheep in the vale, the corn
springing.

God's purveyance for sustenance. It is for man.
Then we always to him give praise, and thank
him than.

William Cornish 14? – 1523

11 Deo Gracias

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!

Adam lay ibounden,
bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter
thought he not to long.

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!

And all was for an appil,
an appil that he tok,
As clerkès finden
written in their book.

Deo Gracias! Deo Gracias!

Ne had the appil takè ben
The appil takè ben,
Ne haddè never our lady
A ben hevenè quene.

Blessèd be the time
That appil takè was.
Therefore we moun singen,
we moun singen,

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!

Anon 15th century

12 Recesson

Hodie Christus natus est:
Hodie Salvator apparuit:
Hodie in terra canunt angeli
Laetantur archangeli:
Hodie exsultant justi dicentes:
Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia!

An English Day-Book Elizabeth Poston (1905-1987)

A Day-Book is a diary or a journal: a book in which
to record the events of the day. In this piece,
Elizabeth Poston has linked together a sequence
of sacred and profane poems in which the
small-scale happenings of the day are
symbolically identified with the procession of the
seasons of the year and, by further augmentation,
with the span of life itself.

The contrasting conceptions of faith and
superstition, of birth and death, of dawn and
dusk, contribute alike to a serene, philosophical
interpretation of our earthly destiny in terms of
lyrical song. The sequence of poems is cyclical,
beginning and ending with the bellman's (or town
crier's) curfew call: "Cover the coal".

From the programme note by John Gardner © 1969

Elizabeth Poston was an English composer, pianist,
and writer. Poston went abroad between 1930
and 1939, where she studied architecture, and
collected folksongs. She became the director
of music for the BBC European Service at the
beginning of WWII and later advised on the
creation of the BBC Third Programme.

Poston composed scores for radio and television
and wrote the score for the television production
of *Howards End*. In addition she was a respected
performer, premiering Walter Leigh's *Concertino*
for piano and strings and playing piano at
National Gallery Concerts.

13 The Bellman's Song

Maids to bed and cover coal!
Let the mouse out of her hole!
Crickets in the chimney sing
Whilst the little bell doth ring.
If fast asleep, who can tell
When the clapper hits the bell?

Thomas Ravenscroft 1611

14 Te Lucis ante terminum

Te lucis ante terminum,
Rerum Creator poscimus,

Ut pro tua clementia,
Sis praesul et custodia.

Before the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray,
That thou with wonted love would'st keep
Thy watch around us while we sleep.

The night is come like to the day,
Depart not thou, great God, away;
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.

O thou whose nature cannot sleep,
Upon my temples sentry keep;
*Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.*
Make my sleep a holy trance,
While I rest my soul advance.
*Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head:
One to watch and one to pray
And two to carry my soul away.*

The Wells Office Book
Sir Thomas Browne 1605-1682 and traditional

15 A Night Curse

Within and without,
And all place about,
And through the virtue of His might,
Let no thief enter in this night.
No foot further than the ground,
That I upon go.
But at my bidding there be found
To do all I bid them do.
Dark be their senses, therewith.
And their lives mightless,
And their eyes sightless.
Dread and doubt,
Them envelope about;
As a wall of stone
Be they cramped in the ton,
Cramped and crooking
And fault in their footing.
The might of the Trinity
Save these goods for me.

Anon (MS British Museum Addit.36674)

16 Lemady: Maying Song

Arise! arise! arise!
O hark! the nightingales are singing,
The larks they are taking their flight into the air,
And in ev'ry green border the turtle doves are

building
Just as the sun is glimmering: arise, my dear!

Lemady, lemady, lemady.

Arise! the birds are sweetly singing,
The fields and the meadows are covered with green,
So pleasant and so charming, so early in the morning
So early in the morning by the break of day.

The moon shines bright, the stars give a light,
A little before the day,
Our heav'nly Father he called to us
And bid us wake and pray.

Awake, awake, my pretty, pretty love,
Out of your drowsy dream,
And step into your dairy below,
And fetch me a load of cream.

If not a bowl of your sweet cream,
A snug of your brown beer,
For the Lord knows when we shall meet again
To be maying another year.

Turn to the Lord and our sweet God,
O turn to him with praise,
For when we are dead and in our graves,
We are nothing but dust and clay.

Arise! arise! arise! my love!
I have plucked thee fair posies,
The choicest of flowers that grow in the grove,
I have gathered them all for thee, my love:

Lemady, lemady, lemady!

Traditional

17 A Charm Against The Bumble Bee

Avaunt from us, false Bumble Bee, in thy
busie buzzing:
And come not here, thou craftie Flea, harm
not in thy huzzing
Fly far enough, prodigious Fowle, in thy
bitter stinging:
Worse than scritchng ougly Owle, never good
luck bringing.

*In thy coming or thy humming, thou false
Bumble Bee,
In thy swarming and thy harming, If thou
chance within my charming,
Exorciso te.*

Beware, I say, thou little bird, of my leather
flea flap;
And come not here nor hitherward, lest it
reach a sound rap:

For it shall beat thy little bum - hear me,
prettie fellow -
And clap it thriftly if thou come, hearken what
I tell ye.

In nomine O Domine, defend us from this Drone:
And charm this hurtful honey bee, to let us
here alone.
Away! thou foul and fearful sprite, and, thou
little divell,
I charge thee come not in our sight, for to do
us evil.

T. Cutwode fl 1599

[19] The Noonday Heat

Tell me, lovely shepherd, where
Thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care;
Direct me to the sweet retreat
That guards thee from the midday heat.

Left by the flocks I lonely stray
Without a guide, and lose my way.
Where rest at noon thy bleating care?
Gentle shepherd, tell me where.

Anon 18C

[20] Running Set: Spring

Jug-a-jug, jug, jug-a-jug-a jug,

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In ev'ry street these tunes our ears do greet:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

Thomas Nashe, 1567-1601

[21] Evening Song

Farewell! Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
Sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eyelids! So farewell:

Thus I end my evening's knell.

John Fletcher, 1579-1625

[22] Sweet Suffolk Owl

Sweet Suffolk Owl so trimly dight,
With feathers like a lady bright,
Thou sing'st alone sitting by night,
Te whit, te whoo, te whit, te whit.

Thy note that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command the mouse controls,
And sings a dirge for dying souls,
Te whit, te whoo, te whit, te whit.

Thomas Vautour, 1619

[23] The Bellman's Song

Maids to bed and cover coal!
Let the mouse out of her hole!

[24] On a Summer Night **Oliver Iredale Searle (b.1977)**

On a Summer Night is a setting of a poem by a girl called Sophie Large, who tragically died in a car accident at the age of 19. This is one of the last poems she wrote and it has some wonderful imagery, which I have attempted to compliment

musically. I decided to set it as a two part, unaccompanied song, using a simple melody that gradually diverges and introduces simple harmony. It is rhythmically and structurally quite unusual, using the mixolydian mode as its basis (instead of a major or minor scale), intended to reflect and highlight the atmospheric text. It finishes equivocally, ending with the line 'Not yet, I say, don't mourn me yet!', leaving the listener to decide whether it is indeed complete.

Oliver Searle

The warm treacle day dissolves,
Mellows to ruby red port wine.

The night glides and smooths
In deep contented dreamings

I drift into the garden folds,
Lie still in cool moist grasses.

The finite world around me stirs
I seep within its slow rhythm;

The air flows clear; is full
Of serene boundless stillness. Yet

My eyes search high heights,
through leafy Boughs of darkened
summer trees.

The whole sky soars down to me.
Droves of streaks of invisible.

My mortality aches in me,
Stretches sobbing to its core

Before this vast weeping space
My smallness smalls and crumples more
The skies are weeping for me
With countless white tears!

Running limbs flicker in the moonlight,
Grasses part and swish and crackle.

Those thoughts reluctant from me
Break away, in night breezes

Grieving black, of a sudden,
Return to air, retracts its lull.

My mind, deceptive slow, snaps back -
The red wine of my being thrills -

Behind me strange wonderings
In darkness lonely, unconfessed.

My whole being mirthful rings.
Not yet, I say. Don't mourn me yet!

[25] The Ears of Mr Tuer **Stephen Deazley (b.1969)**

I never met Mr Tuer. He lived and worked in London from the middle of the nineteenth century, first as a stationer and then as editor of his own press. He is described by his contemporaries as an 'omnivorous collector' so I imagine his house in Notting Hill full of objects telling tales of the oddities of London's life, bric a brac, books, china, silver, stuffed dogs, ear pieces, oriental carpets, clocks and coloured glass.

Mr Tuer had a slightly random approach to his life and work, which included for him an interest in preserving aspects of London that he felt were disappearing. His collection of Old London Street Cries takes in nearly 400 years of songs and cries not just from hawkers and sellers of foods and goods from stinking fish to coffins, but also from sellers of services, the letter writers, barbers and rat catchers. I liked that his "collecting" took him to the streets to capture the sounds and melodies of the market singers.

The song doesn't attempt to recreate the sound of the streets as Mr Tuer's ears might have encountered them, with the melodies and cries mingling and fighting for the ear's attention, as

I wrote it in a more controlled way drawn mostly to the sound of the words themselves "jemmies, coxcombs, bloods", setting them without a narrative in three parts in three simple verses which feature a different part in each verse. Not very modern in style but then, neither was Mr Tuer.

Stephen Deazley

Full many a year in middle row has this old
barber been
Which those who often that way go have full
as often seen
Jemmies, coxcombs, bloods and beaux, the
lawyer, the divine,
Each to his reverend tonsor goes to purchase
wigs so fine!

These are the cries of London town

Tuppence to London Bridge
Thrupence to The Strand
Fourpence Sir to Whitehall Steps
or else you'll go by land

Who will buy, who will?
Will you buy a dish a' flounders?
Will you buy hot pudding pies?
Will you buy any lantern candlelight?
Will you buy a mouse trap, or a rat trap, or a right
merry song?

Pippins Pippins Pippins she cry'd
He that will have neither rat nor mouse
let him pluck of the tiles, and set fire of his house!
Sweep!

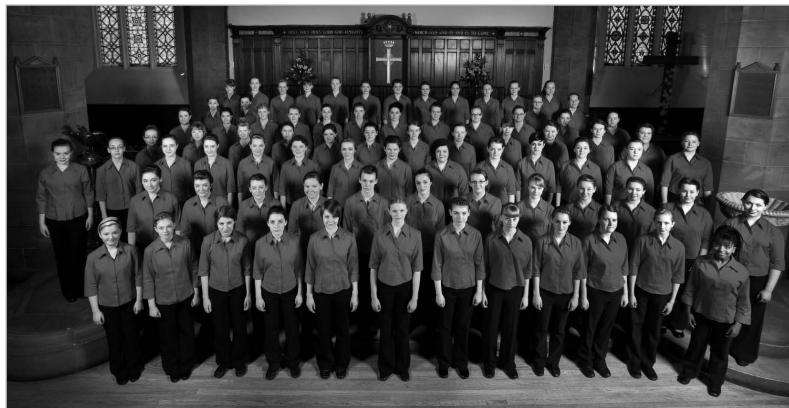
BIOGRAPHIES

NYCoS NATIONAL GIRLS CHOIR

NYCoS National Girls Choir was formed in 2007 for singers aged 13-15 years. Membership is granted by audition on a yearly basis and is open to girls who are born, resident or studying in Scotland. So far, the choir has performed in Edinburgh, Perth, Aberdeen and Helensburgh.

The girls are selected from all over Scotland and attend an intensive six-day residential course each year where they learn and fine-tune the repertoire for the year ahead.

NYCoS National Girls Choir has received a number of invitations to perform at prestigious events



including BBC Proms in the Park in 2008 and in the opening concert of the Edinburgh International Festival in 2010. In 2009 the choir gave the Scottish premiere of *Dreamfighter* by Tim Sutton at the Aberdeen International Youth Festival with the Scottish Ensemble.

In 2010, NYCoS National Girls Choir formed a Training Group and expanded the age range to 12–16 year olds allowing a greater number of young female singers to gain valuable experience of not only singing in a top choir but to access the high standards of musicianship training offered by NYCoS.

Soprano 1

Jennifer Allan, *Dundee*
Pascale Argondizza, *Glasgow*
Caitlin Bell, *Dumfries*
Rachel Blackhurst, *Glasgow*
Hannah Bown, *Orkney*
Niamh Brannan, *Kilwinning*
Morven Bremner, *Lochwinnoch*
Rhona Christie, *Banff*
Arianna Clark, *Bankfoot*
Amanda Connelly, *Motherwell*
Rachel Cram, *Comrie*
Eleanor Crowe, *Glasgow*
Caitlin Findlay, *Bridge Of Weir*
Georgia Gage, *Edinburgh*
Jennifer Halliday, *Linlithgow*

Emily Harrison, *Crieff*
Catriona Houston, *Perth*
Anna Kaye, *Aberdeen*
Cait Lennox, *Banff*
Holly Little, *Dumfries*
Anna Murphy, *Edinburgh*
Karen Proctor, *Edinburgh*
Emma Rainey, *Edinburgh*
Rachel Speirs, *Stirling*
Claire Stenhouse, *Glasgow*
Elizabeth Thomson, *Edinburgh*
Heather Watson, *Portlethen*
Melissa Wilkie, *Falkland*

Soprano 2

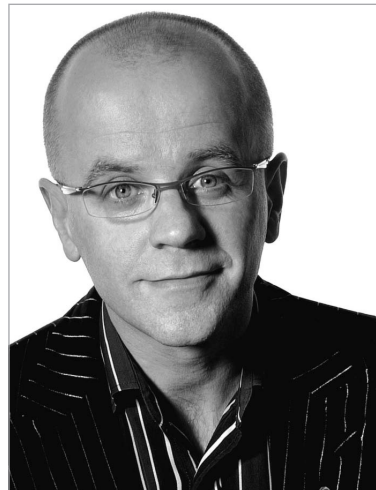
Eilidh Bremner, *Lochwinnoch*
Shona Buchanan, *Stirling*
Alana Cook, *Glasgow*
Geraldine Cooper, *Aberdeen*
Colette Crawford, *Stirling*
Susan Crowe, *Glasgow*
Anna Dowling-Clarke, *Edinburgh*
Sarah Hay, *Perth*
Gemma Jones, *Linlithgow*
Eleanor Kemp, *Perth*
Kitty Lambton, *Biggar*
Clare Leonard, *Livingston*
Victoria Macdonald, *Stirling*
Eva MacFarlane, *Dunoon*
Julia Mark, *Wishaw*
Melissa Meighan, *Brookfield*
Roisin Murray, *Greenock*
Carla Page, *Dundee*
Amelia Perry, *Kirkcudbright*
Laura Preston, *Dundee*
Rebecca Ronney, *Kilmacolm*
Alison Ross, *Dundee*
Samantha Sodden, *Edinburgh*
Abigail Stirling, *Falkirk*
Moira Watkins, *Edinburgh*
Bethany Yeaman, *Dundee*

Alto

Katie Athorne, *Glasgow*
Sally Bishop, *Kilbarchan*
Emma Cavaroli, *Galashiels*
Lauren Clayson, *Dundee*
Rhea Connor, *Edinburgh*
Fiona Currie, *Dumfries*
Jennifer Faint, *Greenock*
Amy Ferry, *Dunfermline*
Emily Fulton, *Bo'ness*
Kerri Glover, *Renton*
Amy Gordon, *Banff*
Karyn Joss, *Dundee*
Roisin Kelly, *Stirling*
Ailie MacDougall, *Wemyss Bay*
Victoria McEleny, *Largs*
Rachel Murphy, *Motherwell*
Amy Papiransky, *Keith*
Erin Ross, *Peebles*
Emma Rowse, *Peebles*
Rebecca Shaw, *Isle Of Bute*
Jane Shepherd, *Houston*
Caitlin Tait, *Hamilton*
Amy Wallace, *Lochgelly*
Morgan Wilcox, *Burntisland*
Rachel Woods, *North Berwick*

CHRISTOPHER BELL

Belfast born Christopher Bell is the Artistic Director of NYCOS. Alongside that he currently holds posts as Chorus Director of the Grant Park Chorus, Chicago, USA, Chorusmaster of the Royal Scottish National Orchestra Junior Chorus, the Edinburgh Festival Chorus and of the Belfast Philharmonic Choir. In 2009 he became Associate Conductor of Ulster Orchestra.



Christopher Bell was educated at Edinburgh University and held his first post as Associate Conductor of the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra between 1989 and 1991. Since then he has worked with many of the major orchestras in the UK and Eire, including the Royal Philharmonic, Royal Scottish National, BBC Scottish Symphony, Ulster, Scottish Chamber, City of London Sinfonia, London Concert, RTE National Symphony, RTE Concert and the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestras.

Christopher Bell enjoys working with young people. Before his current posts with the RSNO and NYCOS, for six years he directed the TOTAL Aberdeen Youth Choir, undertaking touring and recordings with them as well as many concerts in the North East of Scotland. He was the first Artistic Director of the Ulster Youth Choir between 1999 and 2004, a group which he developed and moulded into a critically acclaimed ensemble. Between 2001 and 2008 he was Artistic Director of the highly successful Children's Classic Concerts series.

It was his work as Chorusmaster of the RSNO Chorus between 1989 and 2001 alongside the time with the Aberdeen Youth Choir which led Christopher to form the National Youth Choir of Scotland in 1996 to encourage young singers to

develop their skills. Since then the organisation has grown, not only as a choral group with four national choirs and area choirs across Scotland, but as a provider of educational training and resources for teachers and choir directors.

For his work with singers, and particularly his encouragement of young singers in Scotland, Christopher Bell was awarded a Scotsman of the Year 2001 award for Creative Talent. In 2003, he was awarded the Charles Groves Prize for his contribution to cultural life in Scotland and the rest of the UK. In 2009 he was awarded an Honorary Masters Degree from the Open University for Services to the Arts.

CLAIRE JONES

Born in Pembrokeshire, Wales in 1985, Claire began her musical education at the age of seven. She soon excelled in three instruments – Harp, Violin, and Piano – and achieved three grade 8 distinctions at the age of 14. Claire studied harp with Buddug Stephens until entering the Royal College of Music at 18 years old where she then studied with Ieuan Jones, graduating with 1st class honors in 2007. In 2009 Claire graduated as an M.A. scholar from the Royal Academy of Music where she studied with Professor Skaila



Kanga. Claire was one of the first recipients of the Prince of Wales Advanced Study Awards in 2007 and 2008. This award recognizes her as one of Wales' most outstanding young musicians. She is also supported by the Victor Salvi Foundation, the Cork Fund, the Countess of Munster Trust, and the Harriet Cohen Memorial Music Award.

In 2007, Claire was appointed Official Harpist to His Royal Highness, The Prince of Wales and regularly performs for the Royal Family and distinguished guests at the Royal palaces. Claire made her concerto debut with the English Chamber Orchestra in the same year.

In 2008, she performed a concerto with the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Owain Arwel Hughes at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. This was a performance of a special commission written for His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales' 60th birthday by Patrick Hawes. The event culminated in a surprise choir of 60 harps organized by Claire. She has also performed solo concertos with such illustrious ensembles as the European Union Chamber Orchestra, the Ulster Symphony Orchestra, and the Royal Academy of Music Soloists. A highlight was being invited to perform as soloist with the world-renowned conductor Maestro Gergiev and

the Mariinsky Theatre Ballet. At the opening of the International Rugby games in 2008, Prince William saw Claire play to a sell out crowd of 75,000 and 4 million viewers on the BBC.

In 2010, Claire performed the private premiere of the 'Highgrove Suite' at HRH's residence, Highgrove House – a work written in celebration of the work of the Prince's Foundation for Children and the Arts by Patrick Hawes. It is released on the Classic FM label.

Notable artists Claire has collaborated with include Bryn Terfel, Alfie Boe and William Bennett OBE, to name only a few. Claire also performed as a soloist on a Mediterranean cruise with the English Chamber Orchestra, Joshua Bell and Steven Isserlis, and has entertained many International audiences and cruise ship passengers through her solo recitals.



NYCoS would like to thank:

Brian Davis, Harpist, who promoted *An English Day-Book* and sent scores to NYCoS, and has selflessly allowed us to record it without him.

Simon Campion, for editing the performing edition of the vocal score from the original manuscript.

Stephen and Cherry Large, for allowing us to use Sophie's poem. Sophie, their daughter, died in a car accident in 1998 aged 19. Her works are collated in a book entitled 'Sophie's Log', the focus of a charity – Sophie's Silver Lining Fund.

Anne Murphy for her assistance during the recording.

Publishers

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Campion Press: *An English Day-Book*

NYCoS: *On a Summer Night* and *The Ears of Mr Tuer*

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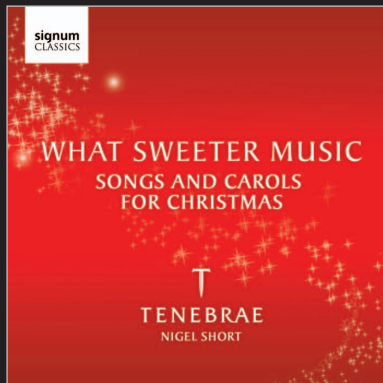
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