

BENE ARTE

Music of the Spheres

Part Songs of the British Isles



TENEBRAE
NIGEL SHORT

	<i>Two Songs from Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night'</i>	Herbert Murrill	
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4	Music, When Soft Voices Die	Frank Bridge	5.16
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	<i>Total Timing</i>		65.04

www.tenebrae-choir.com

INTRODUCTION

When I began looking into this particular field of repertoire I was rather taken aback and delighted by the sheer volume and range of material that I'd never come across before! A seemingly inexhaustible supply of beautiful part songs and settings meant that many of my personal favourites I'd originally earmarked for this recording had to be put to one side. As with other Tenebrae recordings on the Bene Arte label I've aimed to strike a balance between well-known works and some lesser-known gems, old and new, that deserve to be up in lights.

I received a huge amount of help in my research from our generous benefactor Richard Baker, himself a former chorister and choral scholar from King's College, Cambridge, who has vast personal experience of performing many of the works included here. It was Richard who introduced me to the two Shakespeare settings by Herbert Murrill. Most choral singers will have come across Murrill's setting of the *Canticles in E major* and, like me, may not be aware of any other output from him. These pieces are exquisite and Murrill's skill in balancing wide-spread chords so that every note adds to the richness can't be applauded enough and deserve to be included in any programme of music from this era! There are works from more recent times including Bob Chilcott's *The Modern Man*

I Sing, a fun and energetic setting of three poems taken from Walt Whitman's collection 'Leaves of Grass' (the only non-British texts on this disc). Also recorded here is the heart wrenching *The Drowned Lovers* by Judith Bingham that was conceived to segue into Stanford's iconic setting of Mary Elizabeth Coleridge's poem *The Blue Bird*. If this doesn't bring a tear to your eye then nothing will!

Thank you as always go to our wonderful team of Tenebrae singers and to Richard Baker, whose generosity made this recording possible.



Nigel Short 2016

Two Shakespeare Songs

Herbert Murrill (1909-1952)

Herbert Murrill (1909-1952) fits the quintessential image of a British organist-composer with another 'proper job' in education and broadcasting. Following his time at Oxford he held a succession of London organist posts, became a professor of composition at the RAM in his early twenties and rose to head of music at the BBC in 1936. His formation was conservative – but he strayed from a predictable course with commissions for incidental music for film documentaries and for the Group Theatre Company. It is now known that he served in the war effort as a sergeant at Bletchley Park where his musical skills were additionally put to good use.

The two settings: *O Mistress Mine* and *Come Away, Death* are from *Twelfth Night*, the former being words of Feste, the jester. The normality of *O Mistress Mine* echoes the conventions of Gerald Finzi. The final cadence has a remarkable eyebrow-raiser for the upper sopranos, just when all seemed plain sailing, whereas the harmonic language of *Come Away, Death* comes as quite a surprise. Whilst Murrill shares a free, homophonic word-setting with many of this era, where the speech-flow has an effortless precedence over the tyrannies of conventional bar-groupings, the slightly tortuous chromatic lines tend towards the multi-tonal.

Moments such as a somewhat stunning 'Weep' at the close of *Come Away, Death* possess a Gallic *richesse* and there is a hint of a Walton-esque blues flavour in this example.

Autumn

Frank Bridge (1879-1941)

Autumn, composed in 1903, sets words by Shelley and is in essence a dirge for the passing of summer and nature's blossoming.

Frank Bridge is remembered largely through his most successful student, Benjamin Britten, although he did not have a great following as a teacher of composition. Certainly his style was quintessentially English-retrospective and an attempt at richer and later, more ambitious techniques appears to have gained little attention.

Music, when Soft Voices Die

Frank Bridge

Music, when Soft Voices Die begins in the sound-world of earlier English madrigals, yet there is the unmistakable homage in the writing to his own teacher, Stanford.

The Bee

Frank Bridge

The Bee is a fanciful scherzo, complete with buzzing effects. But the keen ear might detect in

this miniature inspiration for Britten's *Ballad of Green Broom*.

Three Shakespeare Songs

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1875-1958)

Ralph Vaughan Williams composed these choral essays, somewhat reluctantly, as test pieces for the 1951 National Competition Festival of the British Federation of Music. Since then they have become a firm favourite as they combine a world of impressionism (from his experience with Ravel) with a journey through enharmonic wonders, and tongue-tying tricks of choral enunciation.

Full Fathom Five is a play on the sound of tolling bells, in multi-divided upper voices while the basses sing an undulating melody beneath. There is a little quirk though. If one takes the first four notes of either 'O taste and see' or the hymn tune: '*For all the saints*' by the same composer, and sings them simultaneously, the result is the cluster-chord on 'Ding'. The tenors, on 'Dong', then provide that clanging dissonance which employs the same interval inherent in bell overtones. A central, contrasting section is classic Vaughan Williams: parallel triads which transform, punning beautifully with the text, into the strangest superimposition of chords on 'strange'.

The Cloud-Capp'd Towers is a masterful test-piece for choirs to prove their collective tuning skills, but has also become a favourite for its ravishing colour-changes reminiscent of progressions in his 6th Symphony.

Over Hill, Over Dale is in essence a *Scherzo*, with some similarities to the choral-scherzo (third movement) of his *Sea Symphony*. The keen listener might recognise the same interval-span on 'hill' and 'dale' as was used in the tolling-bell-effect in the first song.

Four Part-Songs Op. 53

Sir Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

The Four Part-Songs Opus 53, written mainly in Rome in 1907, are examples of the large output of solo and choral songs, over one hundred in number, which Elgar composed from 1889 to 1909.

There is Sweet Music (text by Tennyson) is an ambitious experiment in bi-tonality, the women's voices singing in A-flat while the lower voices answer in G major. Clearly intended to be a demanding competition piece, in this case it was for Elgar's friend, Canon Gorton and the 1909 Morecambe Festival.

Deep in My Soul (Byron), while restricting itself to the same key for all the singers, travels far and wide through keys. There is perhaps a love interest in the composer's mind, the dedicatee having been an

American acquaintance, Julia Worthington, known in Elgar's circles as 'Pippa'. Written at the behest of Dr W G McNaught, with whom Elgar acted as an adjudicator at the Morecambe Festival.

O Wild, West Wind was given its premier there in 1909. Written in the same period as the First Symphony, it reveals its origins in the complexity of its writing, replete with ambitious key-modulations.

Owls has some hint of the inner mysteries of the *Enigma Variations*. There is an emptiness and lack of any resolution which Elgar refused to explain, even to his friend, Jaeger.

Soft Music

Ernest Walker (1870-1949)

Ernest Walker had a lifelong association with Oxford where he studied and later became Director of Music of Balliol College and whose pupils included William Walton, Charles Groves and Herbert Murrill.

His **Soft Music**, for six-part choir SSATBB reflects his apparent leaning towards the mystical in nature, and the brief text by the poet, *Robert Herrick* (1591-1634) suits his own simple, syllabic style, featuring seemingly elementary scales in thirds, unexpectedly thrown off course by chromatic and enharmonic shifts in a vivid illumination of the words.

The Drowned Lovers

Judith Bingham (b.1952)

Both words and music were written by Judith Bingham inspired by a swim in a Bavarian lake and was intended to be a partner work for *The Blue Bird* by Stanford. Judith has spent much of her musical life with feet in two camps, as singer and composer. Many of her influences are not simply from the abstract but are enriched from nature and from the realm of ideas and from other art forms. *The Drowned Lovers* is scored for mezzo solo and eight-part chorus.

The Blue Bird Op. 119

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

This tender and exquisite setting of words by *Mary Coleridge* is in no sense the typical Stanford of routine, choral fare. The serenity of the picture painted owes something to the unorthodox use of unresolved, *secondary seventh* chords - the piece tapers away on one - and a judicious and apparently timeless technique of hanging, lengthy notes which allow no ripples on the surface of this particular lake. It might just be deliberate on the composer's part, but as often as not the top line and the bass part move in contrary motion. Is this perhaps the bluebird's reflected view from above the still water?

On Time Op. 142

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

Written in 1914 to celebrate the jubilee of the conductor of the Bristol Madrigal Society, Daniel Wilberforce Rootham, this *opus 142* setting is an exhortation by Milton (c.1563-1647) for Time itself to fly on its way. Milton himself was no stranger to thinking on higher things and, while on the face of it this text makes no reference to the Divine, it clearly implies that Man has the promise of eternal life and should be joyful about it. The choral format seems perfect for stereo recording, long before its birth, and the finely crafted writing throws in some surprises such as some sudden modulations and a striking flattened-ninth chord on 'consumid'.

Song of June

Jonathan Harvey (1939-2012)

Jonathan Harvey was described by fellow-composer, Michael Berkeley as wearing two hats: the predictable type of English, establishment composer, whose face fitted with, for example, that world in which his own son entered as a chorister at Winchester Cathedral, and also a rather unconventional world of the experimental sounds of electronics-plus-speech.

Song of June is a setting of Wilfred Owen's 1914 poem about youth and freedom and it exudes spiritual dimensions of light and love, using

contrapuntal techniques, in a vocally wispy treatment, using tintinnabulation, drones and repeated speech-effects.

The Modern Man I Sing

Bob Chilcott (b.1955)

This is one of Chilcott's earliest choral successes after his time in the *Kings Singers* and as an orchestrator, written for the leading Lutheran *Gustavus Choir* (Minnesota).

The Runner employs 'cross-handed' rhythmic vocalization and canonic 'chasing' to suggest the pumping limbs of the runner, use of panting effects and even the fugal technique of *stretto*, where thematic material is superimposed closer in time to give an accelerating effect.

The Last Invocation is a tender song which, in a similar vein to Vaughan Williams, uses a bell-like accompaniment, but in this case upwards from the bass, matched to a *wide-open-space* melody on top - consciously American?

One's-Self I Sing is a paean of ostinatos, starting gruffly in the basses but becoming increasingly rhythmically complex. The tenors own the melody and the women's voices provide little fanfares on top, the whole effect reminiscent of William Walton's *Cantico del Sole*, in an athletic, Choral-Concerto mode.

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1. O Mistress Mine

O Mistress mine where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further pretty sweetening,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love, 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth, hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Text: William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

2. Come Away, Death

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Text: William Shakespeare

3. Autumn

The warm sun is falling, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are
dying,
And the Year

Is lying.
Come, Months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,

And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is
crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the Year;

The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards
each gone

To his dwelling.
Come, Months, come away;
Put on white, black and gray;
Let your light sisters play –
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,

And make her grave green with tear on tear.

Text: Percy Bysshe Shelley

4. Music, When Soft Voices Die

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Text: Alfred Lord Tennyson

5. The Bee

The bee buzzed up in the heat.
“I am faint for your honey, my sweet.”
The flower said, “Take it, my dear;
For now is the spring of the year.

So, come, come!
“Hum!”
And the bee buzzed down from the heat.

And the bee buzzed up in the cold.
When the flower was withered and old.
“Have you still any honey, my dear?”
She said, “It's the fall of the year,
But come, come!”
“Hum!”
And the bee buzzed off in the cold.

Text: Alfred Lord Tennyson

6. Full Fathom Five

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.

Text: William Shakespeare

7. The Cloud-Capp'd Towers

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Text: William Shakespeare

8. Over Hill, Over Dale

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire
I do wander everywhere.
Swifter than the moonè's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Text: William Shakespeare

9. There is Sweet Music

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep
Down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Text: Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-92)

10. Deep in My Soul

Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,
Then trembles into silence as before.
There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp
Burns the slow flame, eternal – but unseen;
Which not the darkness of Despair can damp,
Though vain its ray as it had never been.

Text: Lord Byron (1788-1824)

11. O Wild West Wind

O wild West Wind!
Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet tho' in sadness.
Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Text: Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

12. Owls, an Epitaph

What is that? ... Nothing;
The leaves must fall, and falling, rustle;
That is all;
They are dead
As they fall, –
Dead at the foot of the tree;
All that can be is said.

What is it? ... Nothing .
What is that? ... Nothing;
A wild thing hurt but mourns in the night,
And it cries
In its dread,
Till it lies
Dead at the foot of the tree;
All that can be is said.

What is it? ... Nothing.
What is that? ... Ah!
A marching slow of unseen feet,
That is all:
But a bier, spread
With a pall,
Is now at the foot of the tree;
All that could be is said;
Is it – what? ... Nothing.

Text: Edward Elgar

13. Soft Music

The mellow touch of music most doth wound
The soul, when it doth rather sigh, than sound.

Text: Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

14. The Drowned Lovers

Solo:
In the deepest reaches of the lake,
I and my love do lie.
I clung to him, and pulled him down
And so we both did die.
Th'uncaring clear blue waters
Over our heads did close,
And shoals of fishes, sightlessly,
In clouds around us rose.
His pale green eyes were cold in death,
His love had been a lie,
But now we share a watery death,
Forever intertwined.

Text: Judith Bingham (b.1952)

Chorus:
Blue below
Cold and still
Beneath me
Cold and still
Blue in blue
His image
Cold and still

Text: Verse stolen from Coleridge by the composer (see track 12)

15. The Blue Bird

The lake lay blue below the hill,
O'er it, as I looked, there flew
Across the waters, cold and still,
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,
The sky beneath me blue in blue,
A moment, ere the bird had passed,
It caught his image as he flew.

Text: Mary Coleridge (1861-1907)

16. On Time

Fly envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more then what is false and vain,
And meerly mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as 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 heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
Then all this Earthy grosnes quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee
O Time.

Text: John Milton (1608-1674)

17. Song of June

Leaves
Murmuring by myriads in the shimmering trees.

Lives
Wakening with wonder in the Pyrenees.

Birds
Cheerily chirping in the early day.

Bards
Singing of summer, scything through the hay.

Bees
Shaking the heavy dews from bloom and frond.

Boys
Bursting the surface of the ebony pond.

Flashes
Of swimmers carving through the sparkling cold.

Fleshes
Gleaming with wetness to the morning gold.

A mead
Bordered about with warbling waterbrooks.

A maid
Laughing the love-laugh with me; proud of looks.

The heat
Throbbing between the upland and the peak.

Her heart
Quivering with passion to my pressed cheek.

Braiding
Of floating flames across the mountain brow.

Brooding
Of stillness; and a sighing of the bough.

Stirs
Of leaflets in the glooml soft peal-showers

Stars
Expanding with the starr'd nocturnal flowers

Text: Wilfred Owen (1893-1918)

18. The Runner

On a flat road runs the well-train'd runner;
He is lean and sinewy, with muscular legs;
He is thinly clothed—he leans forward as he runs,
With lightly closed fists, and arms partially rais'd.

Text: Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

19. The Last Invocation

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful, fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks—from the keep
of the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the locks
- with a whisper,
Set ope the doors, O Soul!

Tenderly! be not impatient!
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh!
Strong is your hold, O love)

Text: Walt Whitman

20. One's-Self I sing

One's-Self I sing, a simple separate person,
Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse.

Of physiology from top to toe I sing,
Not physiognomy alone nor brain alone is worthy
for the Muse,
I say the Form complete is worthier far,
The Female equally with the Male I sing.

Of Life immense in passion, pulse, and power,
Cheerful, for freest action form'd under the laws
divine,
The Modern Man I sing.

Text: Walt Whitman



Tenebrae

Described as “phenomenal” (The Times) and “devastatingly beautiful” (Gramophone Magazine), award-winning choir Tenebrae, under the direction of Nigel Short, is one of the world’s leading vocal ensembles renowned for its passion and precision.

In 2012 Tenebrae were the first-ever ensemble to be multi-nominated in the same category for the BBC Music Magazine Awards, securing the accolade of Best Choral Performance for their recording of Victoria’s *Requiem Mass, 1605*. The following year the choir’s recording of Fauré’s *Requiem* with the London Symphony Orchestra was nominated for the Gramophone Awards, having been described as “the very best Fauré *Requiem* on disc.” Tenebrae’s ever-increasing discography has brought about collaborations with Signum, Decca Classics, Deutsche Grammophon, EMI Classics, LSO Live, and Warner Classics. In 2014 the choir’s recording of Russian Orthodox music was launched on its own label, Bene Arte, receiving glowing reviews and reaching number 1 in the UK Specialist Classical Chart. In 2016 Tenebrae’s *Brahms* and *Bruckner Motets* recording, in benefit of Macmillan Cancer Support, gained the choir another BBC Music Magazine Choral Award.

Tenebrae is a dedicated advocate for contemporary composers, having worked with Judith Bingham, Alexander Levine, Paul Mealor, Joby Talbot, Hilary Tann, Sir John Tavener and Will Todd, in addition to recent releases featuring music by Ola Gjeilo and Alexander L’Estrange. The choir is renowned for its highly-acclaimed interpretations of choral music with repertoire ranging from hauntingly passionate works of the Renaissance through to contemporary choral masterpieces.

Tenebrae is regularly engaged with the world’s finest orchestras and has appeared at major national and international festivals and venues including the BBC Proms, City of London Festival, Edinburgh International Festival, Three Choirs Festival, Leipzig Gewandhaus (Germany) and Montreux Choral Festival (Switzerland). Its inspirational workshop method, ‘The Tenebrae Effect’, designed to challenge and advance every participant by instilling skills essential to a Tenebrae performance.

Tenebrae’s vision is to deliver dramatic programming, flawless performances and unforgettable experiences. Through Tenebrae’s core values of ‘Passion and Precision’, and continued dedication to performance of the highest quality, audiences around the world experience the power and intimacy of the human voice

Soprano

Zoë Brookshaw*
Natalie Clifton Griffith*
Grace Davidson*
Elizabeth Drury†
Joanna Forbes L’Estrange
Emilia Morton††
Bethany Partridge†
Josephine Stephenson**
Katie Trethewey***

Alto

David Allsopp*
Mark Chambers*
Hannah Cooke†
Susanna Fairbairn*
Harriet Hougham Slade†
Martha McLorinan
Eleanor Minney***

Tenor

Ben Alden†††
Jeremy Budd†††
Joshua Cooter***
David de Winter†
Ben Hymas*
Nicholas Madden†††
Tom Robson†

Bass

Geoff Clapham****
Gabriel Crouch*
Joseph Cullen*
Nicholas Garrett†††
William Gaunt*
Simon Grant*
Jimmy Holliday††
Stephen Kennedy
Andrew Mahon†
Adrian Peacock*
Gregory Skidmore††††
Simon Whiteley†††

* Elgar – *There is Sweet Music* and Vaughan Williams – *Three Shakespeare Songs* only.

** Stanford – *On Time* and Murrill – *O Mistress Mine* only.

*** Elgar – *Deep in my soul*, Elgar – *O Wild West Wing* and Elgar – *Owls* only.

**** All works except those denoted by three crosses.

† All works except those denoted by a single asterisk.

†† Chilcott – *The Modern Man I Sing (mymt.1)*, Bingham – *The Drowned Lovers*, Stanford – *The Bluebird* and works denoted by three crosses only.

††† Elgar – *Four Part Songs* and Vaughan Williams – *Three Shakespeare Songs* only.

†††† – All works except those denoted by three asterisks.

Nigel Short

Award-winning conductor Nigel Short has built up an enviable reputation for his recording and live performance work with leading orchestras and ensembles across the world.

A singer of great acclaim, Nigel was a member of the renowned vocal ensemble The King's Singers from 1994–2000. Upon leaving the group, he formed Tenebrae, a virtuosic choir that embraced his dedication for passion and precision. Under his direction, Tenebrae has collaborated with internationally acclaimed orchestras and instrumentalists and now enjoys a reputation as one of the world's finest vocal ensembles.

To date, Nigel has conducted the Aurora Orchestra, Chamber Orchestra of Europe, English Chamber Orchestra, English Concert, London Symphony Orchestra, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Scottish Ensemble and, for Baroque repertoire, The English Concert. He has directed the London Symphony Orchestra alongside Tenebrae in a live recording of Fauré's *Requiem*, which was nominated for the Gramophone Awards (2013) and since then, he has conducted the orchestra at St. Paul's Cathedral as part of the City of London Festival. Other orchestral recordings include Mozart's *Requiem* and



Ave Verum Corpus with the Chamber Orchestra of Europe and two discs of music by Will Todd with the English Chamber Orchestra.

Nigel has vast recording experience having conducted for many of the world's major record labels including Decca Classics, Deutsche Grammophon, EMI Classics, LSO Live, Signum and Warner Classics. As a Gramophone award-winning producer, Nigel works with many of the UK's leading professional choirs and vocal ensembles including Alamire, Ex Cathedra, Gallicantus and The King's Singers.

Tracks 6-9 recorded in All Hallows Church, Gospel Oak, London, on 5th November 2010.

Producer: Nicholas Parker

Sound Engineer: Mike Hatch

Tracks 10-11 recorded in All Hallows Church, Gospel Oak, London, on 15th July 2015.

Producer: Adrian Peacock

Sound Engineer: Andrew Mellor

Tracks 1-2, 12-13, 16 & 19-20 recorded in All Hallows Church, Gospel Oak, London, on 24th November 2015.

Producer: Adrian Peacock

Sound Engineer: Andrew Mellor

Tracks 3-5, 14-15 & 17-18 recorded in All Hallows Church, Gospel Oak, London, on 25th November 2015.

Producer: Nicholas Parker

Sound Engineer: Andrew Mellor

Edited: Claire Hay & Andrew Mellor

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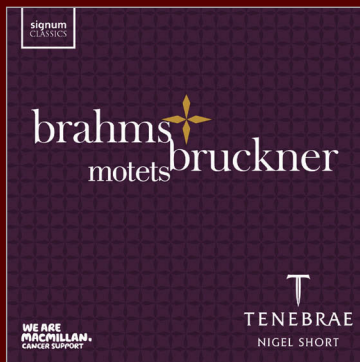
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Brahms & Bruckner: Motets

Tenebrae, Nigel Short

SIGCD430

"Tenebrae score on all counts. They submit with impressive stamina and unfailing intonation to Bruckner's instrumental scoring and phrasing"
Gramophone

BBC Music Magazine, Choral Award Winner 2016



A Very English Christmas

Tenebrae, Nigel Short

SIGCD902

"Sumptuous performances, and perfectly judged sound."
BBC Music Magazine