

signum
CLASSICS

BBC Concert Orchestra
Julia Doyle soprano
David Temple conductor

H E R T F
O R D S H
I R E • C
H O R U S

JAMES McCARTHY

C O D E
B R E A K E R

WILL TODD

ODE TO A

N I G H T I N G A L E

CD 1

CODEBREAKER
JAMES McCARTHY

1	Opening	[0.56]
2	Wondrous Light	[3.00]
3	Gordon Brown's Apology	[3.56]
4	Song of Songs	[3.47]
5	Deep is the Night	[3.17]
6	Enough	[2.49]
7	I shall meet him again	[3.40]
8	Outbreak of War	[2.41]
9	At Sea	[8.09]
10	De Profundis	[9.28]
11	A Mother's Lament	[3.41]
12	If Death is Kind	[6.44]
Total timings:		[52.12]

JULIA DOYLE SOPRANO
HERTFORDSHIRE CHORUS
BBC CONCERT ORCHESTRA
DAVID TEMPLE CONDUCTOR

www.signumrecords.com

CD 2

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE
CHORAL SYMPHONY NO.4
WILL TODD

1	Introduction	[3.09]
2	My heart aches	[2.57]
3	O for a draught of vintage	[2.01]
4	Fade far away	[4.20]
5	Away! away!	[2.30]
6	I cannot see	[3.24]
7	Darkling I listen	[4.13]
8	Thou wast not born for death	[2.07]
9	Forlorn!	[6.38]
Total timings:		[31.22]

HERTFORDSHIRE CHORUS
BBC CONCERT ORCHESTRA
DAVID TEMPLE CONDUCTOR

www.signumrecords.com

CODEBREAKER

James McCarthy

Codebreaker was commissioned by Hertfordshire Chorus following discussions between David Temple and James McCarthy. The idea of writing about Alan Turing came from Janet Cameron and it was her generous support that provided the funding. The work is dedicated to her parents Tom and Elsie Cameron. It was first performed on 26th April 2014 at the Barbican Hall, London

Composer's introduction

Writing a music drama about Alan Turing was a far more complex and dizzying undertaking than I had first imagined it would be. In a way, the story of Turing's life is a composer's gift: an eventful and ultimately tragic existence that had vast repercussions, the reverberations of which we are still feeling today. And yet it was a life shrouded in mystery. Turing left behind surprisingly few clues regarding what he felt about, well, anything at all. He was a private man dedicated to his passion for scientific and mathematical enquiry. But he was also a national hero whose genius saved millions of lives during the Second World War

and who died as a result – at least in part – of persecution from the country he was instrumental in saving from oblivion. His is the clearest claim to the title 'inventor of the computer', thereby allowing me to type this on a train as it wheezes its way through the Surrey countryside (a landscape, incidentally, that Turing would have known well in his pastime as a distance runner of near-Olympic standing). There can have been few people in history who achieved so much of profound consequence for humanity in so little time.

Codebreaker isn't a biography, complete with copious footnotes, or an exhaustive encyclopaedia entry. There are many aspects of Turing's life that I would dearly have loved to include, but too broad a narrative arc, too meandering a musical journey, would have lessened the dramatic impact of the whole. From the outset, I wanted *Codebreaker* to be a portrait of a living, breathing human being and not the musical equivalent of a marble monument to a Great Hero. So I had to find the man behind the myth-making. And I found him in two ways. Firstly, through his mother's biography (which, remarkably, Sara Turing wrote in spite of the fact that she had no knowledge of her son's contribution to the war effort), and

secondly, through the letters that Turing composed to the mother of Christopher Morcom. Indeed, Morcom was key to everything.

Turing met Morcom at school and fell deeply in love with him. It is doubtful that Morcom was aware of Turing's true feelings; their relationship was based on a passion for science and nature; they would map the stars together. Morcom was a precociously gifted young man and showed much more potential for further academic success than Turing did at the time. Sadly, Morcom died very suddenly of bovine tuberculosis at the age of 18. And we would probably know nothing of the deep pain and inspiration that Turing took from this tragedy were it not for the letters of condolence that he wrote to Morcom's mother ('*I shall miss his face so, and the way he used to smile at me sideways.*') Falling in love with Morcom changed Turing's life. It would be an over-simplification to say that Turing owed everything to that single event, but I believe that the desire to fulfil Morcom's potential for him and the later investigations into whether machines could think flow from this pivotal moment.

In *Codebreaker* I have focused on three key moments in Turing's life, namely: falling in love with Morcom, the war, and his final hours. The piece begins with a prologue. The very first words ('*We shall be happy*') come from the final line of the piece, making *Codebreaker* circular. There follow a couple of lines that Turing scrawled on a postcard that I think demonstrate that he had a poetic soul: '*Hyperboloids of wondrous light / Rolling for aye through space and time*'. The prologue concludes with Gordon Brown's apology on behalf of the British Government from 2009 (predating the more recent Royal Pardon). Brown's heartfelt apology gives a neat overview of Turing's life and delineates the narrative arc of the piece to follow.

Introductions over, the chronological narrative of the piece proper begins as Sara Turing leads us into the feelings of rapture and elation that Turing would have felt falling in love for the first time, and how that is all unravelled by Morcom's sudden and tragic death. We then leap forwards in time by a decade or so to the outbreak of the Second World War. Although the war was a deeply disturbing time for Turing, as it was for everyone, it is also true that at Bletchley Park he was respected, revered and

accepted in a way which was quite exceptional in his life. The social life at Bletchley was vibrant and colourful, though the shadow of war hung over everything, so this music is shot through with the spirit of brilliant young minds working together to one end.

At Bletchley, Turing was given responsibility for cracking the naval Enigma codes, famously the most difficult Enigma codes to decrypt at the time, and he did so by inventing a machine called the Bombe which greatly speeded up the process of decryption. It was one of the great intellectual feats of the 20th century. Every day brought a new code to crack which would unlock all of the German communications for the following 24 hours, so every morning there was feverish work to be done decrypting that day's code, all the while everyone was aware that with every minute that passed thousands of sailors' lives were at risk from U-boat attacks. At the time, war must have seemed unstoppable, the marching of jackboots irresistible. Yet at the same time Turing would have known this: that the natural world, the world of science, couldn't care less about our wars, our conflicts. Nature will carry on as it always has long after we have all left this world in peace.

We then jump forward in time to 1952, the year in which Turing was arrested for having an affair with a young man. Turing, as a known homosexual who had at one time been privilege to the highest level of security information, was, at least to the British secret services, a security risk. He was, to them, an individual who could potentially be blackmailed by Britain's Cold War enemies. And so he was hounded, his movements tracked, his friends followed. The sadness is that none of this should come as a particular surprise to us today. Edward Snowden has revealed how the US and UK governments are currently monitoring every aspect of our online lives. And it is a startling irony that our computers, Turing's invention, are allowing them to do this. So, in 1952, when Turing was the victim of a minor robbery he reported it to the police. During the investigation it came to light that Turing had been having an affair with a young man, then illegal, and so after a brief trial he was offered a choice of a prison sentence or chemical castration, Turing chose the latter. It is still shocking to realise how recently in British history this all happened.

In the 1930s, Turing had been captivated by Disney's groundbreaking animation *Snow White* and he often repeated the following line: '*Dip the*

apple in the brew, let the sleeping death seep through.' In 1954, two years after his arrest and chemical castration, Turing dipped an apple in cyanide and took a bite. He was just 41 when he died. The final moments of Turing's torment find their voice in Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis* (written to Lord Alfred Douglas while Wilde was imprisoned in Reading Gaol). Having bitten the apple, Turing slips into unconsciousness. Approaching death feels very much like falling asleep, or entering a forest from which he will never be able to escape. Later, reeling from her son's death, Sara Turing sings Robert Burns's *A Mother's Lament for the Death of her Son*.

And that is where the story ends. Or, at least, that is where it should end. But I just couldn't bring myself to leave Turing in the dark, frightening and lonely place he truly ended up. He deserved so much better. So here it is: I imagine that, in his final moments, he would have wished to be reunited with Morcom, as he had wished throughout his adult life. Perhaps the last image that flooded Turing's consciousness was that of Christopher Morcom's smiling face. So that is where we leave him, standing side-by-side with Morcom under the wide starlight for all eternity. '*We shall be happy, for the dead are free.*'

James McCarthy

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

Choral Symphony No. 4

Will Todd

Ode to a Nightingale was commissioned by Hertfordshire Chorus, with generous support from Rod Jones, a patron of the choir for many years. It was first performed on 11 May 2011 at the Barbican Hall, London.

'Dedicated to Hertfordshire Chorus, to my wife, Rachel, a chorister for 50 years in 2011, and to all who appreciate wonderful choral music and the very best of English poetry.' Rod Jones

Composer's introduction

This setting of *Ode to Nightingale* is the subject of my 4th choral symphony. These symphonic works have been spaced throughout my writing career and are linked by the motivic/thematic way in which they are constructed. *Midwinter* (1992) is characterised by a single 12 note cell which permeates the entire structure of the work, and in *The Burning Road* (1996) a similar approach is used, where the chromatic motif of the opening movement becomes the allargando melody of the passionate final 'song of the march' (movement 4). *In Gala and*

Gloria (2004) there is, again a series of motifs which underpin the complete structure, and in the final soundscape we hear a collision of these themes from different performing groups placed around the space (including Cathedral bells!). There is a 5th choral symphony, which is a setting of Dylan Thomas's *Rage Against the Dying of the Light*, commissioned by Crouch End Festival Chorus in 2014. It is interesting to note that David Temple has commissioned 3 of these choral symphonies (Nos 2, 4 and 5) and that he was initially interested in my music when he first heard no 1. I am truly grateful for his part in developing my expressive language in this series of works.

For an artist, receiving a commission is the most exciting and uplifting thing. It's an endorsement of one's craft and it never stops being an honour to be asked to create new music for people. On this occasion it was the wonderful Hertfordshire Chorus asking me to set Keats' *Ode to a Nightingale* (as suggested by Rod Jones, a Hertfordshire Chorus Patron) – suddenly the happy commissioning glow feels slightly less warm... *Ode to a Nightingale?* One of the most famous and well known poems in English? The one that everyone studied

at school? The one that everyone loves and cherishes? I'm humbled before I even put a single scribble on my manuscript book (yes paper, from which I'll later construct a computer-notated version)! This is a poem which pulsates with romantic imagery and emotion – death, fantasy, love, hope and despair all embraced in rich and beautiful language. Keats' short but emotion-filled life pours off the page in these eight stanzas, and the effect of reading the poem leaves you with a sense of being on an amazing and emotive journey through fantastical places and ideas, coming finally to rest on the realisation of mortality. It's like a symphony in words.

Immediately one notices challenges in terms of integrating music. The poem is in some ways quite repetitive - not in the individual language but in the repetition of sentiment - and the danger is that if you make the music move at the emotional pace of the language we will end up with a rather frenetic canvas that doesn't suit the *overall mood* of the poem. So I opt for a symphonic approach in the music, using themes that build organically and can be repeated and returned to. The final result is a single movement 'choral symphony' which I hope in some way reflects the incredible outpouring of Keats' poem.

Like the poem the music has different moods. There are soft harmonies and more urgent ones. Quiet reflective moments and massive climactic gestures. The solo violin weaves in and out of the choral textures like a muse, leading the music forward towards what feels

like the central moment of the poem '*now more than ever seems it rich to die*'. There are big orchestral colours and very thin and eerie ones. Like the poem I have sought to use a rich harmonic and textural language.

© Will Todd

CODEBREAKER

Choir

We shall be happy...

(Postcard from AT to Robin Gandy, in the Turing Archive):

Hyperboloids of wondrous light

Rolling for aye through space and time...

(Gordon Brown's apology)

Alan Turing was a quite brilliant mathematician.

The father of computer science.

At Bletchley Park his genius turned the tide of war.

He was treated inhumanely.

In 1952, he was convicted of "gross indecency"

His sentence was chemical castration.

Two years later he took his own life.

On behalf of the British government

I am very proud to say: we're sorry.

You deserved so much better.

Sara Turing

At boarding school, Alan met a boy:

Christopher Morcom

Christopher had a beautiful mind

They shared a passion for science

and would map the universe together.

Choir

Song of Songs

Wilfred Owen

Sing me at morn but only with your laugh;

Even as Spring that laugheth into leaf;

Even as Love that laugheth after Life.

Sing me but only with your speech all day,

As voluble leaflets do; let violets die;

The least word of your lips is melody!

Sing me at eve but only with your sigh!
Like lifting seas it solaceth; breathe so,
Slowly and low, the sense that no songs say.

Sing me at midnight with your murmurous heart!
Let youth's immortal-moaning chord be heard
Throbbing through you, and sobbing, unsubdued.

Deep in the Night

Sara Teasdale - (from *Rivers to the Sea*)

Deep in the night the cry of a swallow,
Under the stars he flew,
Keen as pain was his call to follow
Over the world to you.

Love in my heart is a cry forever
Lost as the swallow's flight,
Seeking for you and never, never
Stilled by the stars at night.

Enough

Sara Teasdale - (from *Love Songs*)

It is enough for me by day
To walk the same bright earth with him;
Enough that over us by night
The same great roof of stars is dim.
I do not hope to bind the wind

Or set a fetter on the sea –
It is enough to feel his love
Blow by like music over me.

Sara Turing

Christopher Morcom died very suddenly
of tuberculosis.

He was just 18.

Alan was devastated. Bereft.

He said...

'I feel I shall meet him again somewhere
And that there will be some work for us to
do together

As I believed there was for us to do here.

Now that I am left to do it alone

I must not let him down.

I shall miss his face so,
and the way he used to smile at me sideways.'

Choir

I propose to consider the question,
'Can machines think?'

The Bombe/War

Orchestral Interlude
(Including Neville Chamberlain's declaration
of war radio broadcast over PA)

Choir

Turing worked tirelessly on decrypting the naval
Enigma codes. The Atlantic convoys, hunted by
packs of U-boats, were in a perilous position.

At Sea

Sara Teasdale - (from *Flame and Shadow*)

In the pull of the wind I stand, lonely,
On the deck of a ship, rising, falling,
Wild night around me, wild water under me,
Whipped by the storm, screaming and calling.
Earth is hostile and the sea hostile,
Why do I look for a place to rest?
I must fight always and die fighting
With fear an unhealing wound in my breast.

There will come soft rains

Sara Teasdale - (from *Flame and Shadow*)

There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;
And frogs in the pool singing at night,
And wild plum trees in tremulous white;
Robins will wear their feathery fire,
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;
And not one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done.
Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,

If mankind perished utterly;
And Spring herself when she woke at dawn
Would scarcely know that we were gone.

Sara Turing

My son was arrested in 1952.

For an affair with a young man.

The magistrate offered a choice of sentence:
Prison or chemical castration.
Alan chose the latter.

Choir

De Profundis

Oscar Wilde, adapted

I am advised to try to forget it all.
That would be fatal.
I would be haunted by a sense of disgrace;
the beauty of the sun and moon,
the pageant of the seasons,
the music of daybreak,
the silence of great nights,
the rain falling through the leaves,
the dew creeping over the grass,
would all be tainted for me.
To regret one's own experiences
is to arrest one's own development.
To deny one's own experiences
is to put a lie into the lips of one's own life.

Suffering is one very long moment.
We cannot divide it by seasons.
We can only record its moods,
and chronicle their return.
With us time itself does not progress.
It revolves.
It seems to circle round one centre of pain.

'Dip the apple in the brew, let the sleeping death
seep through'
(from *Snow White*)

Lights Out

Edward Thomas, adapted

The tall forest towers;
Its cloudy foliage lowers
Ahead, shelf above shelf;
Its silence I hear and obey
That I may lose my way
And myself.

Sara Turing

A Mother's Lament for the Death of her Son

Robert Burns

Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart;
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.

By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid;
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.

Death, oft I've feared thy fatal blow.
Now, fond, I bare my breast;
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest.

Choir

If Death is Kind

Sara Teasdale - (from *Flame and Shadow*)

Perhaps if Death is kind, and there can be returning,
We will come back to earth some fragrant night,
And take these lanes to find the sea, and bending
Breathe the same honeysuckle, low and white.
We will come down at night to these resounding
beaches
And the long gentle thunder of the sea,
Here for a single hour in the wide starlight
We shall be happy, for the dead are free.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

John Keats

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South!
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain -
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

JAMES McCARTHY

James McCarthy writes music for choirs, orchestras, film-makers and opera groups. His most high-profile choral works include *17 Days*, *Codebreaker* and *Malala*.

17 Days is a 35-minute work for choir, brass ensemble, piano and percussion that was commissioned and premiered by Crouch End

Festival Chorus and conductor David Temple, and was inspired by the Chilean mining accident of 2010. First performed at the Barbican, London, in February 2012 (and again in 2013), the piece received a standing ovation and has since been heard around the world, including at Sage, Gateshead (by Hertfordshire Chorus), and the Michael Fowler Centre in Wellington, New Zealand (by the Orpheus Choir of Wellington). *Codebreaker* was



commissioned and premiered by Hertfordshire Chorus and David Temple at the Barbican in London in April 2014. It received its second performance, also at the Barbican, in May 2015, and in April 2017 received its US premiere performances in Nashville, Tennessee, by the combined choirs of Nashville in Harmony, One Voice Chorus, and the Intersection Ensemble, conducted by Kelly Corcoran.

Malala is a dramatic work for choir, girls' choir, tenor soloist and orchestra, commissioned by Crouch End Festival Chorus, with a text

by Karachi-based novelist and journalist Bina Shah and was given its world premiere at the Barbican, London, in October 2014.

James studied composition at Royal Holloway, University of London with Simon Holt, and has received commissions from numerous ensembles, including Crouch End Festival Chorus, Hertfordshire Chorus, Scottish Opera and Canty. His music has been broadcast on BBC Radio 3, BBC Radio 4, BBC London 94.9, Radio New Zealand and RTÉ Lyric FM. A critically-acclaimed recording of James's vocal work *The Stars in their Courses* is available on Linn Records.

WILL TODD

Will Todd grew up in the city of Durham in North East England, where his grandfather worked as a coal miner. His music is sung and loved all over the world. A composer of great fluency, his work encompasses choral works large and small, opera, musical theatre and orchestral pieces, as well as jazz compositions and chamber works. His 2003 mass setting *Mass in Blue*, an earlier Hertfordshire Chorus commission, has been performed extensively worldwide; many times with the Will Todd Trio



Will Todd's music is valued for its melodic intensity and harmonic skill, often incorporating jazz colours, and his choral music is much in demand from amateur as well as professional performers. He has worked extensively with community choirs, children's choirs, youth choirs and church choirs, writing a large body of approachable liturgical music and directing regular workshops in the UK and internationally.

Notable works include the operas *The Blackened Man* (2001), *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (2013), *Sweetness and Badness* (2006), the oratorios *Saint Cuthbert* (1995), *Ode to a Nightingale* (2011), *Rage Against the Dying of the Light* (2014), *The City Garden* (2013), *The Burning Road* (1996), the musical *The Screams of Kitty Genovese* (2010), choral works *Mass in Blue* (2003), *Requiem* (2009), *Te Deum* (2008), *Jazz Missa Brevis* (2015), *My Lord Has Come* (2012), *The Call of Wisdom* (2012), and orchestral pieces *Concerto for Emma* (clarinet concerto 2015), *Suite from Isambard Kingdom Brunel* (1994) and *Violin Concerto* (1996). In 2016 he collaborated with the former children's laureate Michael Rosen to create *Lights, Stories, Noise, Dreams, Love and Noodles*.

and Will at the piano. He has collaborated with award winning choirs The Sixteen and Tenebrae, as well as with the BBC Singers, BBC Concert Orchestra, The Halle Orchestra, the English Chamber Orchestra, Opera Holland Park, Welsh National Opera, The Bach Choir and The Genesis Foundation. His discography includes best-selling choral discs *Lux Et Veritas* and *The Call of Wisdom* (Tenebrae; Nigel Short), *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (Opera Holland Park) and *Mass in Blue*, all on the Signum Classic label. His music is regularly broadcast on Classic FM, as well as on BBC Radio 3.

JULIA DOYLE

Born and educated in Lancaster, Julia read Social and Political Sciences alongside a Choral Scholarship at Cambridge. She made her professional débuts singing *Messiah* with The King's Consort at the Cadogan Hall and with the Britten Sinfonia / Polyphony at St John's Smith Square and continues strong relationships with both. Since then she has performed all over the world and become established as a specialist soprano in Baroque repertoire.

She has worked with conductors including Frieder Bernius, Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Matthew Halls, Philippe Herreweghe, Richard Tognetti, Alfredo Bernadini, Györgi Vashegyi, Robert King, Nicholas Kraemer, Juanjo Mena, Sir Roger Norrington, Arslys Bourgogne, Gianandrea Noseda and Trevor Pinnock.

Highlights include performances with the BBC Philharmonic, Britten Sinfonia, Royal Philharmonic, RTE Symphony, Scottish Chamber Orchestra, London Handel Orchestra, The English Concert, The King's Consort, City of London Choir, London Bach Society, Retrospect Ensemble, OAE, The Sixteen, Collegium Vocale, Netherlands Bach Society, Le Concert Lorrain,



Bayerische Rundfunk, Kammerchor Stuttgart, Australian Chamber Orchestra, Seville Baroque Orchestra, B'Rock, J.S. Bach Stiftung, Tafelmusik, Music of the Baroque and at the Wigmore Hall, London and Concertgebouw, Amsterdam.

Recent and future engagements include Mozart *Mass in C Minor* in Toronto, Vivaldi *Juditha Triumphans* at the Concertgebouw, Palace of Versailles and Theater an der Wien, Handel *Aci, Galatea e Polifemo* at Halle Handel Festival and recordings of Bach *St John Passion* with J.S. Bach Stiftung and Handel *Occasional Oratorio* with Bayerische Rundfunk.

HERTFORDSHIRE CHORUS

Known for commissioning new music, high-quality and passionate singing, tackling difficult and rarely performed music as well as much-loved and well-known pieces, Hertfordshire Chorus is one of the UK's finest symphonic choirs. The choir performs regularly in the UK's major concert halls, appears frequently with the BBC Concert Orchestra and with the Royal Philharmonic Concert Orchestra, has worked with Daniele Gatti and José Carreras and has made numerous recordings. Its members sing regularly in other concerts, including the BBC Proms. David Temple, one of the leading choral conductors in the country, has been its Musical Director since 2000.

The Chorus has a special fund to commission new music and under David Temple's direction its drive to encourage young British composers has produced some of the most outstanding and successful new choral music of recent times, including Will Todd's *Mass in Blue*, with pieces being performed by choirs around the world. The Chorus is particularly proud of the work it does with children and young people to help encourage the next generation of choral singers and music enthusiasts.

Ode to a Nightingale (Will Todd) and *Codebreaker* (James McCarthy) were both commissioned by the Chorus, with generous help from individual sponsors. The works were premiered in London's Barbican Hall and were acclaimed by audiences and critics alike, drawn into them by the emotional power and beauty of the music and words. Their universal themes of love, science, loneliness and social injustice resonate with audiences as they are strikingly relevant to the times in which we live today. *Codebreaker* received its US premiere in April 2017.

H E R T F
O R D S H
I R E • C
H O R U S

Sopranos

Alison Adams
Rachel Airey
Janice Allen
Tanya Bancroft
Julie Barnes
Gill Barrett
Michele Bennett
Sarah Birkett
Lesley Blankfield
Marie Brewer
Janet Cameron
Emma Carroll
Catherine Carver-Hill
Beth Chappell
Helen Collier
Hazel Davies
Kirsty Dickenson
Hilary Doherty
Jessica Dormer
Jenni Dudley
Charlotte Ferin
Alice Gardner
Liz Green
Helen Griffiths
Sian Hackett
Helen Harden
Sarah Harvey
Jenny Huckstep
Ann Hurley
Rosemary Jenner
Sally Kay

Anne-Françoise Laussu
Pauline Maile
Sarah Mapplebeck
Natasha Marriott
Madeline McFadzean
Helen Newby
Janie Nicholas
Christine Olver
Susan Pope
Amabel Richardson
Alison Schroeder
Rachel Seaman
Diana Sellar
Pamela Vernon
Louise Viner
Sue Woods

Altos

Janet Airey
Mandy Aknai
Suzy Bishop
Rhona Blyth
Rebecca Bostock
Jill Brinkworth
Evelyn Chapman
Laura Clark
Nina Collins
Faith Comminos
Kath Cooper
Linda De Mizio
Helen Duffy
Jenny Evans

Louise Gordon Hulme
Deborah Graves
Jules Hammond
Amy Hills
Jo Hobbs
Jemma Jackson
Rachel Jones
Anne Kilvert
Annette Leishman
Adèle Leveton
Hilary MacKenzie
Nuala Marron
Sharon Neyjahr
Leena Rana
Helen Roberts
Christine Roberts
Jennifer Sofianou
Janet Spicer
Carole Teacher
Sheila Tucker

Tenors

Joshua Azizollah
Jonathan Battarbee
Detlef Bockenbauer
Ken Bradbury
Neil Brinkworth
Robert Carlin
Mike Conroy
Steve Cooper
Philip Evans
Neil Hatton

Iain McLaughlin
Edd Shaw
Simon Stock
Richard Syme
Tony Thomson
John Vernon
Roger Weston
Anthony Zerillo

Basses

Edwin Aird
Paul Baker
Colin Blankfield
Ray Borella
Julian Edwards
Paul Feltham
Brian Fitzjohn
Guy Hale
Paul Harden
Ed Hulme
Peter Martin
Brian Martin
Nigel McNaught
Robin Morgan
Tim Nelson
Robin Seaman
Phil Searle Barnes
David Smith
Stephen Smith
Steve Williams
Andrew Woode

DAVID TEMPLE

David Temple, one of the country's foremost choral directors, founded and continues to conduct Crouch End Festival Chorus. Musical Director of Hertfordshire Chorus since 2000, he has been instrumental in building the choir to a very high standard of performance.

Concert highlights with Hertfordshire Chorus include critically acclaimed performances of Elgar's *The Kingdom* and *The Apostles* in St Albans Cathedral, frequent visits to Sage Gateshead, and the many commissions of the choir, including *Codebreaker* and *Ode to a Nightingale*. David is passionate about supporting the development of new music.

David has worked with many eminent conductors including Valery Gergiev, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Semyon Bychkov and Edward Gardner, preparing choirs for major performances. With Crouch End Festival Chorus he has completed a recording of Bach's *St John Passion* for Chandos Records.

Not only involved with traditional classical music, David has collaborated closely for many years with Ray Davies, Oasis – and more recently, Noel Gallagher – as well as



Goldfrapp, Travis, Bombay Bicycle Club and Basement Jaxx.

Recording work includes Bach's *St John Passion*, music for the BBC's *Doctor Who* at Air Studios and soundtracks such as *Journey to the Center of the Earth*, *Prince Caspian* and *The Awakening*. David is the regular UK chorumaster for Ennio Morricone and Andrea Bocelli.

BBC Concert ORCHESTRA

The BBC Concert Orchestra is one of the UK's most versatile ensembles. It is an Associate Orchestra at Southbank Centre and has been the house orchestra for BBC Radio 2's *Friday Night is Music Night* since 1952. It gives frequent broadcasts on BBC Radio 3 and is heard on a host of BBC TV soundtracks, including *The Paradise* and *Jonathan Strange & Mr. Norrell*.

The orchestra appears at the BBC Proms every summer, both in the Royal Albert Hall and

at Hyde Park for Proms in the Park, and enjoys residencies at Watford Colosseum and Chichester Festival Theatre. Overseas tours have included Japan, China, Abu Dhabi, Sweden and coast to coast in the USA.

The orchestra plays a central role in key BBC Music initiatives including the *Ten Pieces* project that introduces children and teenagers to classical music, the BBC Music Awards on national television and its appearance as the "impossible orchestra" alongside 27 star performers in the film and CD release of *God Only Knows*.



1ST VIOLINS

John Mills (leader)
 Rebecca Turner
 Peter Bussereau
 Chereene Allen
 Gavin Davies
 Lucy Hartley
 Cormac Browne
 Juan Gonzalez
 Tim Birchall
 Hazel Mulligan
 Kate Cole

2ND VIOLINS

Matthew Elston
 Marcus Broome
 Daniel Mullin
 Rustom Pomeroy
 Anna Ritchie
 Marianne Haynes
 Caroline Simms
 Ikuko Sunamura

VIOLAS

Timothy Welch
 Nigel Goodwin
 Helen Knief
 Laurie Anderson
 Mike Briggs
 Clive Howard

CELLOS

Benjamin Hughes
 Katharine O'Kane
 Matthew Lee
 Josephine Abbott
 Ben Rogerson
 Emma Black

DOUBLE BASSES

Dominic Worsley
 Oliver Simpson
 Stacey-Ann Miller
 Andrew Wood

FLUTES

Ileana Ruhemann
 Sophie Johnson

OBOES

Gareth Hulse
 Victoria Walpole

CLARINETS

Derek Hannigan
 Katie Lockhart

BASSOONS

John McDougall
 Rachel Simms

HORNS

Mark Johnson
 Tom Rumsby
 Andy Littlemore
 David Wythe
 Lindsay Kemplay

TRUMPETS

Catherine Moore
 David McCallum
 John Blackshaw

TROMBONES

Matt Lewis
 Mike Lloyd
 Ed Hilton

TUBA

Sasha Koushk-Jalali

TIMPANI

Mark McDonald

PERCUSSION

Alasdair Malloy
 Stephen Whibley
 Tim Gunnell

HARP

Deian Rowlands

PIANO

Charles Andrews

Hertfordshire Chorus would like to acknowledge, with thanks, the following:-

Rod Jones, for his lead sponsorship of the commissioning of *Ode to a Nightingale*, which he dedicated 'to Hertfordshire Chorus, to my wife, Rachel, a chorister for 50 years in 2011, and to all who appreciate wonderful choral music and the very best of English poetry.'

Janet Cameron, for her sponsorship of the commissioning of *Codebreaker*, which she dedicated 'to Tom and Elsie Cameron'

For their sponsorship of the recording:-

Catherine Carver-Hill, dedicated 'to Michael Beech, my very special brother'
 the Hurley family
 John and Christine Roberts

For their financial support of the recording:-

Edwin Aird
 Jill Brinkworth
 Colin McCarthy
 Phil Searle Barnes

and all those who supported the various fundraising activities in so many different ways.

Recorded at Watford Colosseum 26th – 28th June 2016

Producer – Nigel Short

Recording Engineers – Mike Hatch & Robin Hawkins

Recording Assistant – George Collins

Editor – Robin Hawkins

Cover Image – © David Carroll & Co www.davidcarrollandco.com

Design and Artwork – Woven Design www.wovendesign.co.uk

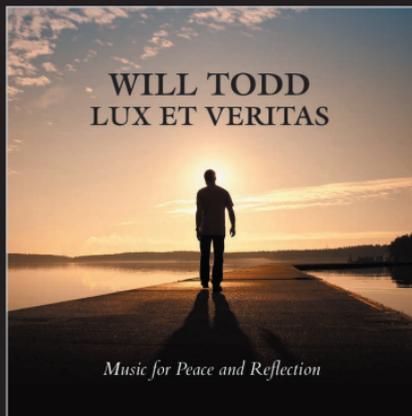
© 2017 The copyright in this sound recording is owned by Signum Records Ltd

© 2017 The copyright in this CD booklet, notes and design is owned by Signum Records Ltd

Any unauthorised broadcasting, public performance, copying or re-recording of Signum Compact Discs constitutes an infringement of copyright and will render the infringer liable to an action by law. Licences for public performances or broadcasting may be obtained from Phonographic Performance Ltd. All rights reserved. No part of this booklet may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior permission from Signum Records Ltd.

SignumClassics, Signum Records Ltd., Suite 14, 21 Wadsworth Road, Perivale, Middx UB6 7JD, UK. +44 (0) 20 8997 4000 E-mail: info@signumrecords.com
www.signumrecords.com

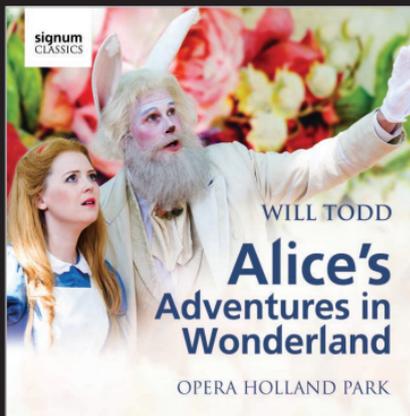
ALSO AVAILABLE ON SIGNUMCLASSICS



Todd: Lux et Veritas
Tenebrae, English Chamber Orchestra
Nigel Short
SIGCD394

"Throughout, the excellent Tenebrae under Nigel Short's sensitive direction deliver the sequence of 14 short pieces with commitment and great beauty of tone."

Choir and Organ



Todd: Alice's Adventure's in Wonderland
Opera Holland Park
SIGCD420

"The label "opera" gives the wrong impression. Although it is sung the whole way through, the score's idioms range from bluesy jazz and big band swing to West End musical...Flur Wyn makes a delightfully pert Alice, and the rest of the cast presents vivid characterisations of the familiar caricatures."

The Telegraph