



The Sixteen by Candlelight

5 February 2024 7.30pm, Sam Wanamaker Playhouse

Programme:

Campion Tune thy music to thy heart
Palestrina Quam pulchri sunt gressus tui
Pinsuti Good night, good night beloved
Palestrina Duo ubera tua
Christina Rossetti Winter Rain
William Shakespeare When icicles hang by the wall from *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 5 Scene 2)
Percy Shelley Invocation
Stanford Four Poems by Mary E. Coleridge Op. 119
John Keats Ode to a Nightingale
White Christe qui lux IV

INTERVAL

Campion Never weather-beaten sail
Finzi Four poems by Robert Bridges
William Wordsworth To the Skylark
William Shakespeare Blow, blow, thou winter wind from *As you like it*, Act 2 Scene 7
William Wordsworth Daffodils
Palestrina Vineam meam non custodivi
Parry Never weather-beaten sail
Palestrina Pulchrae sunt genae tuae
Christina Rossetti Twilight Calm
Sheppard Libera nos I and II

Performers:

Harry Christophers **conductor**
Noel Byrne & Antonia Christophers **narrators**

The Sixteen

| Soprano | Alto | Tenor | Bass |
|-----------------|------------|-------------|---------------|
| Julie Cooper | Nancy Cole | Jeremy Budd | Ben Davies |
| Katy Hill | Kim Porter | Mark Dobell | Eamonn Dougan |
| Charlotte Mobbs | | | |
| Emilia Morton | | | |

Harry Christophers

Founder & Conductor

Harry Christophers stands among today's great champions of choral music. In partnership with The Sixteen, he has set benchmark standards for the performance of everything from late medieval polyphony to important new works by contemporary composers.

Under his leadership The Sixteen has established its hugely successful annual Choral Pilgrimage, created the *Sacred Music* series for BBC television, and developed an acclaimed period-instrument orchestra. Highlights of their recent work include an Artist Residency at Wigmore Hall, a large-scale tour of Monteverdi's *Vespers of 1610*, the world premiere of James MacMillan's *Fifth Symphony* at the 2019 Edinburgh International Festival and a live-streamed performance of MacMillan's *Stabat mater* from the Sistine Chapel. Their future projects, meanwhile, comprise a new series devoted to Purcell and an ongoing survey of Handel's dramatic oratorios.

Harry Christophers served as Artistic Director of the Handel and Haydn Society from 2008 to 2022 and is now their Conductor Laureate. He has worked as guest conductor with, among others, the London Symphony Orchestra, the BBC Philharmonic, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and the Deutsches Kammerphilharmonie. Christophers' extensive commitment to opera has embraced productions for English National Opera and Lisbon Opera and work with the Granada, Buxton and Grange festivals.

He recently collaborated with BBC Radio 3 presenter Sara Mohr-Pietsch to produce a book entitled *A New Heaven: Choral Conversations* in celebration of the group's 40th anniversary.

Harry Christophers was awarded a CBE in the Queen's 2012 Birthday Honours list. He is an Honorary Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, as well as the Royal Welsh College of Music and Drama, and has Honorary Doctorates in Music from the Universities of Leicester, Northumbria, Canterbury Christ Church and Kent.

The Sixteen

Whether performing a simple medieval hymn or expressing the complex musical and emotional language of a contemporary choral composition, The Sixteen does so with qualities common to all great ensembles. Tonal warmth, rhythmic precision and immaculate intonation are clearly essential to the mix. But it is the courage and intensity with which The Sixteen makes music that speak above all to so many people.

Celebrating its 40th anniversary in 2019 The Sixteen gave its first concert in 1979 under the direction of Founder and Conductor Harry Christophers CBE. Their pioneering work since has made a profound impact on the performance of choral music and attracted a large new audience, not least as 'The Voices of Classic FM' and through BBC television's *Sacred Music* series.

The voices and period-instrument players of The Sixteen are at home in over five centuries of music, a breadth reflected in their annual *Choral Pilgrimage* to Britain's great cathedrals and sacred spaces, regular appearances at the world's leading concert halls, and award-winning recordings for The Sixteen's CORO and other labels.

Recent highlights include the world premiere of James MacMillan's *Stabat mater* (at the Barbican in 2016 and live streamed from the Sistine Chapel in 2018), and his Fifth Symphony 'Le grand inconnu' (2019 Edinburgh International Festival and the Lincoln Centre, New York), both commissioned for Harry Christophers and The Sixteen by the Genesis Foundation, an ambitious ongoing series of Handel oratorios, a debut tour of China, and a new, specially-commissioned series of programmes presented by Sir Simon Russell Beale entitled *A Choral Odyssey*.

Texts and Translations

Thomas Campion: Tune thy music to thy heart

Tune thy music to thy heart,
Sing thy joy with thanks, and so thy sorrow:
Though devotion needs not art,
Sometimes of the poor the rich may borrow.

Strive not yet for curious ways:
Concord pleaseth more, the less 'tis strained;
Zeal affects not outward praise,
Only strives to show a love unfained.

Love can wondrous things effect,
Sweetest sacrifice, all wrath appeasing;
Love the highest doth respect;
Love alone to him is ever pleasing.

G.P da Palestrina: Quam pulchri sunt gressus tui

(No. 25 from *Song of Songs*)

Quam pulchri sunt gressus tui in calceamentis,
filia principis.
Iuncturae femorum tuorum sicut monilia
quae fabricata sunt manu artificis.
Umbilicus tuus crater tornatilis,
numquam indigens poculis.
Venter tuus sicut acervus tritici
vallatus liliis.

*How beautiful are thy sandalled feet,
O daughter of princes.
The joints of thy thighs are like jewels
made by the hand of craftsmen.
Thy navel is like a rounded bowl
never without cups.
Thy belly is like a heap of wheat
set about with lilies.*

Ciro Pinsuti: Good night, good night beloved

Good night, good night, beloved!
I come to watch o'er thee!
To be near thee, alone is peace for me.
Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flow'rs.
Good night, good night, beloved!
While I count the weary hours.

Words by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

G.P da Palestrina: Duo ubera tua
(No. 26 from *Song of Songs*)

Duo ubera tua sicut duo hinnuli
gemelli capreae.
Collum tuum sicut turris eburnea.
Oculi tui sicut piscinae in Hesebon,
quae sunt in porta

filiae multitudinis.
Nasus tuus sicut turris Libani,
quae respicit contra Damascus.
Caput tuum ut Carmelus:
et comae capitis tui sicut purpura regis
iuncta canalibus.

*Thy breasts are like two fawns,
roes that are twins.
Thy neck is as a tower of ivory.
Thine eyes are like the pools in Hesebon,
which are at the Gate of the*

*Daughter of the Multitude.
Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon
that looks towards Damascus.
Thy head is like Carmel,
and the hair of thy head as royal purple
braided in strands.*

Christina Rossetti: Winter Rain

Every valley drinks,
Every dell and hollow;
Where the kind rain sinks and sinks,
Green of Spring will follow.

Yet a lapse of weeks
Buds will burst their edges,
Strip their wool—coats, glue—coats, streaks,
In the woods and hedges;

Weave a bower of love
For birds to meet each other,
Weave a canopy above
Nest and egg and mother.

But for fattening rain
We should have no flowers,
Never a bud or leaf again
But for soaking showers;

Never a mated bird
In the rocking tree—tops,
Never indeed a flock or herd
To graze upon the lea—crops.

Lambs so woolly white,
Sheep the sun—bright leas on,
They could have no grass to bite
But for rain in season.

We should find no moss
In the shadiest places,

Find no waving meadow grass
Pied with broad-eyed daisies:

But miles of barren sand,
With never a son or daughter,
Not a lily on the land,
Or lily on the water.

William Shakespeare: When icicles hang by the wall

From 'Love's Labor 's Lost,' Act V. Sc. 2.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whoo;

To-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whoo;

To-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Percy Bysshe Shelley: Invocation

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure;
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure; -
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good: -
Between thee and me
What diff'rence? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love -though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee -
Thou art love and life! O come!
Make once more my heart thy home!

Charles Villiers Stanford: Four Poems by Mary E. Coleridge Op. 119

I. The Witch

I have walk'd a great while over the snow,
And I am not tall nor strong.
My clothes are wet, and my teeth are set,
And the way was hard and long.

I have wander'd over the fruitful earth,
But I never came here before.
Oh, lift me over the threshold, and let me in at the door!
The cutting wind is a cruel foe.
I dare not stand in the blast.
My hands are stone, and my voice a groan,
And the worst of death is past.
I am but a little maiden still,
My little white feet are sore.
Oh, lift me over the threshold, and let me in at the door!
Her voice was the voice that women have,
Who plead for their heart's desire.
She came – she came – and the quivering flame
Sunk and died in the fire.
It never was lit again on my hearth
Since I hurried across the floor,
To lift her over the threshold, and let her in at the door.

II. Farewell, my joy

Farewell, my joy! For other hearts the Spring,
For other eyes the roses; but for me
The iron gate, the shadowy cypress-tree,
The solemn dirge that cloistered voices sing.
Farewell, my joy! Alas, I loved thee well!
For no light matter had I let thee go.
I cherished thee in rain, and wind, and snow.
I bound thee to my breast with many a spell.
Hail and farewell, my joy! If I might give
To one sweet friend the rapture that I miss,
Read in her eyes that ecstasy of bliss,
Tho' death were in my own, I yet should live.

III. 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.

IV. The Train

A green eye, and a red, in the dark.
Thunder, smoke, and a spark.
It is there, it is here, flashed by.
Whither will the wild thing fly?
It is rushing, tearing thro' the night,
Rending her gloom in its flight.
It shatters her silence with shrieks.
What is it the wild thing seeks?
Alas! for it hurries away

Them that are fain to stay.
Hurrah! for it carries home
Lovers and friends that roam.
Where are you, Time and Space?
The world is a little place,
Your reign is over and done,
You are one.

John Keats: Ode to a Nightingale

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-winged 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-delved 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-stained 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 gray 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 embalmed 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 mused 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 oft-times 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 fam'd 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?

Robert White: Christe qui lux IV

Christe qui lux es et dies,
noctis tenebras detegis,
lucisque lumen crederis,
lumen beatum praedicans.
Precamur, Sancte Domine,
defende nos in hac nocte,
sit nobis in te requies,
quietam noctem tribue.
Ne gravis somnus irruat,
nec hostis nos surripiat,
nec caro illi consentiens,
nos tibi reos statuatur.
Oculi somnum capiant,
cor ad te semper vigilet,
dextera tua protegat
famulos qui te diligunt.
Defensor noster aspice,
insidiantes reprime,
guberna tuos famulos,
quos sanguine mercatus es.
Memento nostri, Domine,
in gravi isto corpore,
qui es defensor animae,
adesto nobis Domine.
Deo Patri sit gloria,
eiusque soli Filio,
cum Spiritu Paraclito,
et nunc et in perpetuum. Amen.

*O Christ who are light and day,
you disperse the shadows of the night,
and we believe in you as light from light
who speak to us of the heavenly light.
We pray you, Holy Lord,
defend us this night,
let our rest be in you
and grant to us a quiet night.
Let no burdensome dream invade us,
nor let the enemy surprise us
lest our flesh in yielding to him
should render us guilty in your sight.
Let our eyes win sleep,
but let our hearts always watch for you,
and let your right hand protect
the servants who love you.
Look on us, our defender,
repulse all who lie in wait for us,
and direct us, your servants,
whom you have redeemed by your blood.
Remember us, Lord,
burdened by this body,
and as defender of our souls
be present to us Lord.
To God the Father be glory
and to his only Son,
with the Spirit, the Comforter,
both now and for ever. Amen.*

Thomas Campion: Never weather-beaten sail

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more
Than my weary sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast:
Oh come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.
Ever blooming are the joys of heav'n's high paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapour dims our eyes;
Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the blessed only see:
Oh come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee.

Gerald Finzi: Four poems by Robert Bridges

I. praise the tender flower
I praise the tender flower,
That on a mournful day
Bloomed in my garden bower

And made the winter gay.
Its loveliness contented
My heart tormented.
I praise the gentle maid
Whose happy voice and smile
To confidence betrayed
My doleful heart awhile:
And gave my spirit deploring
Fresh wings for soaring.
The maid for very fear
Of love I durst not tell:
The rose could never hear,
Though I bespake her well:
So in my song I bind them
For all to find them.

IV. Clear and gentle stream

Clear and gentle stream!
Known and loved so long,
That hast heard the song
And the idle dream
Of my boyish day;
While I once again
Down thy margin stray,
In the selfsame strain
Still my voice is spent,
With my old lament
And my idle dream,
Clear and gentle stream!

Where my old seat was
Here again I sit,
Where the long boughs knit
Over stream and grass
A translucent eaves:
Where back eddies play
Shipwreck with the leaves,
And the proud swans stray,
Sailing one by one
Out of stream and sun,
And the fish lie cool
In their chosen pool.

Many an afternoon
Of the summer day
Dreaming here I lay;
And I know how soon,
Idly at its hour,
First the deep bell hums
From the minster tower,
And then evening comes,
Creeping up the glade,

With her lengthening shade,
And the tardy boon,
Of her brightening moon.

Clear and gentle stream!
Ere again I go
Where thou dost not flow,
Well does it beseem
Thee to hear again
Once my youthful song,
That familiar strain
Silent now so long:
Be as I content
With my old lament
And my idle dream,
Clear and gentle stream.

V. Nightingales

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom
Ye learn your song:
Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air
Bloom the year long!

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams:
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,
A throe of the heart,
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret; and then,
As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May,
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
Welcome the dawn.

III. My spirit sang all day

My spirit sang all day
O my joy.
Nothing my tongue could say,
Only my joy!
My heart an echo caught
O my joy
And spake,
Tell me thy thought,
Hide not thy joy.
My eyes gan peer around,
O my joy
What beauty hast thou found?

Shew us thy joy.
My jealous ears grew whist;
O my joy
Music from heaven is't,
Sent for our joy?
She also came and heard;
O my joy,
What, said she, is this word?
What is thy joy?
And I replied,
O see, O my joy,
'Tis thee, I cried, 'tis thee:
Thou art my joy.

Robert Bridges (1844-1913)

William Wordsworth: To the Skylark

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

William Shakespeare: Blow, blow, thou winter wind from *As you like it*, Act 2 Sc 7

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly...

William Wordsworth: I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

G.P da Palestrina: Vineam meam non custodivi (No. 4 from *Song of Songs*)

Vineam meam non custodivi.
Indica mihi, quem diligit anima mea,
ubi pascas,
ubi cubes in meridie,
ne vagari incipiam
post greges sodalium tuorum.

*Mine own vineyard have I not kept well.
Show me, thou my soul doth love,
where dost thou feed [thy flock],
where rest ye in midday,
lest I stray
after the flocks of thy companions.*

Hubert Parry: Never weather-beaten sail

(from *Songs of Farewell*)

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more
Than my weary sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast:
Oh come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.
Ever blooming are the joys of heav'n's high paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapour dims our eyes;
Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the blessed only see:
Oh come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee.

Words by Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

G.P da Palestrina: Pulchrae sunt genae tuae
(No. 6 from *Song of Songs*)

Pulchrae sunt genae tuae, sicut turturis:
collum tuum sicut monilia.
Murenulas aureas faciemus tibi,
vermiculatas argento.
Dum esset rex in accubitu suo,
nardus mea dedit odorem suavitatis.

*Thy cheeks are beautiful as doves,
thy neck like jewels.
We will make thee chains of gold,
inlaid with silver.
While the king was at his rest,
my spikenard gave forth sweet perfume.*

Christina Rossetti: Twilight Calm

Oh, pleasant eventide!
Clouds on the western side
Grow grey and greyer hiding the warm sun:
The bees and birds, their happy labours done,
Seek their close nests and bide.

Screened in the leafy wood
The stock-doves sit and brood:
The very squirrel leaps from bough to bough
But lazily; pauses; and settles now
Where once he stored his food.

One by one the flowers close,
Lily and dewy rose
Shutting their tender petals from the moon:
The grasshoppers are still; but not so soon
Are still the noisy crows.

The dormouse squats and eats
Choice little dainty bits
Beneath the spreading roots of a broad lime;
Nibbling his fill he stops from time to time
And listens where he sits.

From far the lowings come
Of cattle driven home:
From farther still the wind brings fitfully
The vast continual murmur of the sea,
Now loud, now almost dumb.

The gnats whirl in the air,
The evening gnats; and there
The owl opes broad his eyes and wings to sail
For prey; the bat wakes; and the shell-less snail
Comes forth, clammy and bare.

Hark! that's the nightingale,
Telling the selfsame tale
Her song told when this ancient earth was young:
So echoes answered when her song was sung
In the first wooded vale.

We call it love and pain
The passion of her strain;
And yet we little understand or know:
Why should it not be rather joy that so
Throbs in each throbbing vein?

In separate herds the deer
Lie; here the bucks, and here
The does, and by its mother sleeps the fawn:
Through all the hours of night until the dawn
They sleep, forgetting fear.

The hare sleeps where it lies,
With wary half-closed eyes;
The cock has ceased to crow, the hen to cluck:
Only the fox is out, some heedless duck
Or chicken to surprise.

Remote, each single star
Comes out, till there they are
All shining brightly: how the dews fall damp!
While close at hand the glow-worm lights her lamp
Or twinkles from afar.

But evening now is done
As much as if the sun
Day-giving had arisen in the East:
For night has come; and the great calm has ceased,
The quiet sands have run.

John Sheppard: Libera nos I and II

Libera nos, salva nos,
justifica nos, O beata Trinitas.

*Set us free, save us,
be our defence, O blessed Trinity.*

Benedicamus Patrem et Filium
cum Sancto Spiritu,
et laudabilis et gloriosus
et superexaltatus in saecula.

*Let us bless the Father and the Son
with the Holy Spirit,
so worthy of praise, so glorious
and so high above all for ever.*

Benedictus es Domine
in firmamento caeli,
et laudabilis et gloriosus
et superexaltatus in saecula.

*Blessed are you, Lord
in the firmament of heaven,
so worthy of praise, so glorious
and so high above all for ever.*

Benedicat et custodiat nos
omnipotens et misericors Dominus.
Amen.

*May He bless and keep us,
the almighty and merciful Lord.
Amen.*

Libera nos, salva nos,
justifica nos, O beata Trinitas.

*Set us free, save us,
be our defence, O blessed Trinity.*



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