

SOSPIRI · CHRISTOPHER WATSON

SUSANNA FAIRBAIRN · FOURNIER TRIO

# A MULTITUDE OF VOICES

WWI CENTENARY IN CHORAL SONG



CONVIVIVUM  
RECORDS

# A MULTITUDE OF VOICES

This project was conceived in 2011, shortly after we finished recording our CD of Lamentations. We had already touched on the World War I theme in our *Requiem* disc of 2009, which included my settings of World War I texts by well-known English poets, Wilfred Owen, Siegfried Sassoon, Isaac Rosenberg and Ivor Gurney.

We decided to build on this, and our aim for the new project was twofold. First, we wanted to add substantially to the choral repertoire for remembrance. Second, we wanted to mark the centenary of the outbreak of war with a collection that offered a broader view of the war, reaching beyond the dichotomy of *war is noble/war is hell*.

For this reason we asked the composers to look outside the poetical canon and consider texts by women, neglected poets and writers in languages other than English. In conceiving the scope of this disc, the Imperial War Museum's *Forgotten Voices* series was a valuable resource. It contains thousands of oral accounts from all theatres of war, full of humour, guilt, horror and

wisdom. For my own work, I found Tim Cross' *The Lost Voices of World War I*, which uncovers a broad cross-section of writers from most of the participant nations, to be an excellent resource. What we have arrived at is a collection of personal responses to texts that the composers picked themselves.

Most of the male poets featured here died on the Western Front, although Apollinaire perished in Paris in the influenza epidemic, and Stramm was killed on the Eastern Front. We get an insight into the extraordinary courage of the nurse, Edith Cavell, and a view of the Home Front from Charlotte Mew.

We live in a different age now. Interestingly, four of the new pieces use texts by Edward Thomas, highlighting the regard in which he is now held. Perhaps, more than any other, he gives us a glimpse into another world.

Cities, countryside, clothing, technology and social institutions may have changed beyond recognition, but what links us still are stories, music, language and memory.

John Duggan, August 2014

## Three Songs of Remembrance

David Bednall

- 1 *1914 IV: The Dead* (Rupert Brooke)
- 2 *Lights Out* (Edward Thomas)
- 3 *May, 1915* (Charlotte Mew)

- 4 Standing as I do before God (Seán Street)

Cecilia McDowall

## Trois Chansons de Guerre (Guillaume Apollinaire)

Frank Ferko

- 5 *La Grace Exilée*
- 6 *Les Feux du Bivouac*
- 7 *L'Adieu du Cavalier*

- 8 The Empty Page (Wilfred Owen & John Duggan)

John Duggan

- 9 If I Live (Tom Kettle)

Colin Mawby

- 10 As It Was (Edward & Helen Thomas)

John Duggan

- 11 Pain (Ivor Gurney)

Richard Allain

- 12 Urtod (August Stramm)

John Duggan

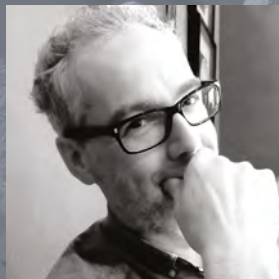
- 13 Rain (Edward Thomas)

Alexander L'Estrange

- 14 Sentinel (Edward Thomas/Isaac Rosenberg)

Francis Pott





### 1-3 THREE SONGS OF REMEMBRANCE DAVID BEDNALL

I selected these three texts from a shortlist of poems I had drawn up, all of which had made an immediate impact on first reading; I was unable to select only one, and so picked this trio which seemed naturally to complement one another. They share some common themes: death (naturally), and the natural world as a symbol of hope and renewal, or continuing indifference. Most importantly, the poems had a natural eloquence and beauty, and I have tried to be as simple as possible in my musical settings; the words in each are the paramount consideration.

of the 'unfathomable deep Forest'. It is the one poem of the set which seems not to travel anywhere from its opening, and the obsessive returning to A minor reflects this.

Charlotte Mew's poem is unusual, both in being by a woman, and also for its ultimately hopeful, if hard-won theme. It was only in this poem that I made any real alteration to textual structure: the opening phrase 'Let us remember Spring will come again' is repeated throughout, as a hopeful promise, yet one which needs constant stressing in dark times. This also enabled the musical climax to be more powerful: the climax is earlier in the text than would be satisfactory in a musical setting. The return of the opening phrase seemed to fit this idea of the phrase as a mantra.

The glowing radiance of Rupert Brooke's 'The Dead' taken from his set of sonnets 1914 demanded a simple, almost entirely homophonic setting, with gentle, luminous dissonance highlighting the many beautiful images of this text. The coda in particular has a transcendent glow and the key of D major (one which I associate with great luminosity) seemed to provide the necessary warmth.

Throughout (and as always) I have tried to respond emotionally, immediately, and with sincerity, in the hope that the listener might be moved by these beautiful words which seem as appropriate today as they ever were.

Edward Thomas's 'Lights Out' suited a kind of extended strophic form, with more intricate part-writing to give the impression

David Bednall, August 2014

#### *Composers, clockwise from top left:*

- Alexander L'Estrange (sptphotography.com)
- Richard Allain (Richard Allain)
- Francis Pott (Ginny Pott)
- Colin Mawby (Eugene Langan)
- Frank Ferko (William Beermann)
- Cecilia McDowall (Christie Dickason)
- John Duggan (Keith Barnes)
- David Bednall (Iain MacLeod-Jones)



## I 1914 IV: THE DEAD (RUPERT BROOKE)

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,  
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.  
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,  
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.  
These had seen movement, and heard music; known  
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;  
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;  
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter  
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,  
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance  
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white  
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,  
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

## II LIGHTS OUT (EDWARD THOMAS)

I have come to the borders of sleep,  
The unfathomable deep  
Forest where all must lose  
Their way, however straight,  
Or winding, soon or late;  
They cannot choose.

Many a road and track  
That, since the dawn's first crack,  
Up to the forest brink,  
Deceived the travellers,  
Suddenly now blurs,  
And in they sink.

Here love ends,  
Despair, ambition ends;  
All pleasure and all trouble,

Although most sweet or bitter,  
Here ends in sleep that is sweeter  
Than tasks most noble.

There is not any book  
Or face of dearest look  
That I would not turn from now  
To go into the unknown  
I must enter, and leave, alone,  
I know not how.

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.

## III MAY 1915 (CHARLOTTE MEW)

Let us remember Spring will come again  
To the scorched, blackened woods, where the wounded trees  
Wait with their old wise patience for the heavenly rain,  
Sure of the sky: sure of the sea to send its healing breeze,  
Sure of the sun, and even as to these  
Surely the Spring, when God shall please,  
Will come again like a divine surprise  
To those who sit today with their great Dead, hands in their hands  
Eyes in their eyes  
At one with Love, at one with Grief: blind to the scattered things  
And changing skies.



'I have seen death so often that it is not strange or fearful to me.  
Standing as I do in view of God and eternity,  
I realize patriotism is not enough.  
I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone.' \*\*

And when the time was close,  
for once her eyes filled, (with tears)  
then she quietly rose,  
walked silently through the stilled  
prison, the grey dawn light,  
passed gas flame, tired flowers,  
out beyond her final night,  
a flame alight in hours  
before infinity,  
in the presence of death  
leaving all enmity:  
we are air after breath.\*

\*\* Edith Cavell, 1915 | \* © Seán Street, 2013

Written for Susanna Fairbairn, soprano solo, Sospiri,  
and conductor, Christopher Watson, July 2013

## 4 STANDING AS I DO BEFORE GOD CECILIA MCDOWALL A REFLECTION ON THE EXECUTION OF EDITH CAVELL, OCTOBER 12, 1915 (EDITH CAVELL & SEÁN STREET)

In November 1914, after the German occupation of Brussels, nurse Edith Cavell began sheltering wounded soldiers, helping these Allies to escape into neutral Holland and beyond. In 1915 she was arrested for treason and after much diplomatic representation she was executed on 12 October. Her last words were recorded by the Anglican chaplain, the Reverend Stirling Gahan.

The poet, Seán Street, has taken Cavell's words and fashioned a poetical reflection around them. This inspired me to create a work which could be in some way both contemplative and intense to mark the life and work of this remarkable, selfless woman.

'Standing as I do before God' is written specifically to the strengths of Sospiri and the beautiful voice of the young soprano, Susanna Fairbairn.

Edith Cavell's death encouraged many more young men to enlist and may have influenced American public opinion to support the United States entering the war. The statue of Edith Cavell stands near Trafalgar Square in London and engraved below it are the words, 'Patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone.'

Cecilia McDowall, August 2014

## I LA GRÂCE EXILÉE/EXILED GRACE

Va-t'en va-t'en mon arc-en-ciel  
Allez-vous-en couleurs charmantes  
Cet exil t'est essentiel  
Infante aux écharpes changeantes  
Et l'arc-en-ciel est exilé  
Puisqu'on exile qui l'irise  
Mais un drapeau s'est envolé  
Prendre ta place au vent du bise

Go out go away my rainbow  
Move out in charming colors  
This exile is necessary for you  
Infanta of the changeable scarves  
And the rainbow is exiled  
For the exiling one is iridescent  
But a flag has flown out  
To take your place in the north wind

## II LES FEUX DU BIVOUAC/CAMPFIRES

Les feux mouvants du bivouac  
Éclairent des formes de rêve  
Et le songe dans l'entrelacs  
Des branches lentement s'élève  
Voici les dédains du regret  
Tout écorché comme une fraise  
Le souvenir et le secret  
Dont il ne reste que la braise

The flickering bivouac campfires  
Illuminate the forms of dream  
And the dream through the interweaving  
Of branches slowly rises  
Here the disdain of regret  
All peeled bare like a strawberry  
The remembrance and the secret  
Which have become nothing but embers

## III L'ADIEU DU CAVALIER/FAREWELL OF THE CAVALIER

Ah Dieu! que la guerre est jolie  
Avec ses chants ses longs loisirs  
Cette bague je l'ai polie  
Le vent se mêle à vos soupirs  
Adieu! voici le boute-selle  
Il disparut dans un tournant  
Et mourut là-bas tandis qu'elle  
Riait au destin surprenant

Oh God! what a lovely war  
With its songs its slow leisure activities  
I have polished [and polished] this ring  
The wind is mingled into your sighs  
Farewell! here the trumpet call sounds  
He disappeared down the winding road  
And died over there while she  
Laughed at unpredictable destiny

## 5-7 TROIS CHANSONS DE GUERRE FRANK FERKO (GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE)

The texts of *Trois Chansons de Guerre* were written in 1915 for Marie Laurencin by Guillaume Apollinaire and published in 1916. Having experienced the war first-hand, the poet used simple imagery to express his own observations of change, transformation, and disillusionment.

The music in these miniature settings was modeled after the choral chansons of Maurice Ravel (composed in 1914). The ambiguous nature of the modal harmonies allows for shifts in the mood of the music as similar shifts occur in the texts. The lightness of the first piece depicts the cavalier attitude about the war that many people shared when it began.

The quietly reflective mood of the second piece suggests the evening campfire while the poet observes that the way of life, known at that time, was going up in smoke. The third poem is structured around a play on the words *Ah Dieu* (O God) and *Adieu* (Farewell). The first stanza comments frivolously on 'what a lovely war' it is, while the second stanza speaks of a soldier who goes off to fight in that war and is killed in battle while the young woman he left behind goes on laughing.

Frank Ferko  
August 2014

(Translations by the composer)



Consoling myself with words; consoling myself  
consoling myself with words.

*(Letters from another world)*

I write to you...

*(I come into this new year a poet's poet)*

And the words come tumbling out:

*(my nerves are in perfect order...)*

*War's end is near, the fighting sheer*

*I lost all my earthly faculties and fought like an angel)*

Consoling ourselves with words; consoling ourselves  
consoling ourselves with words.

*(the final letter marks the spot)*

and afterwards, the empty page...

If I live, I mean to spend the rest of my life  
working for perpetual peace.

I have seen war and faced modern artillery  
and know what an outrage it is  
against simple men.

*Blessed are the peacemakers,  
for they shall be called  
the Sons of God*

## 8 THE EMPTY PAGE (WILFRED OWEN & JOHN DUGGAN)

The idea of the 'empty page' came from a Peter Gabriel song, 'I Grieve' (*The news that truly shocks is the empty, empty page*). Wilfred Owen was a prolific letter writer, and by far the greatest number of letters were written to his beloved mother, Susan. Many of these are still preserved, whilst almost all correspondence from mother to beloved son has been lost.

In this first, imagined, conversation between the poet and his mother, I have taken extracts from Owen's letters. I was struck by his delighted realisation at the dawn of 1918, that he was finally being accepted

by his fellow poets. Then, about a month before his death, he was involved in a military skirmish in which he led his men in the capture of a German machine-gun post. I wonder if he not only lost his earthly faculties but his belief that he would outlive the war.

His death, just a week before the armistice, was a cruel blow and cut for ever the supply of tender, funny, loving letters that described the transformation of a boy into a man, a poet, and a soldier.

John Duggan, August 2014

## 9 IF I LIVE (TOM KETTLE)

In this evocative poem the Irish poet, Tom Kettle, killed on the Somme, vividly describes the horrors of war but at the same time expresses his desire, if he survives, to spend his life working for 'perpetual peace'. The composition ends with the Beatitude: 'Blessed are the peacemakers...' He describes the 'outrage' of modern artillery and its devastating effect on flesh and blood. I understand this because, as a boy, I lived through the heavy

bombing of Portsmouth and can still recall the destruction and terror it caused.

I have tried in my composition to express the contrasts of the poem and ensure that its conclusion is a fervent prayer for peace. War should never be allowed to happen; it is the duty of the poet and musician to make people aware of its obscenity and stupidity.

Colin Mawby, August 2014

JOHN DUGGAN

COLIN MAWBY

As it was in the beginning  
is now and ever shall be  
world without end.

*When I am alone, I hardly know what to do.  
I can't write now and still less can I read.  
I have burnt my rhymes and feel proud of it.*

Pain, pain continual; pain unending;  
Hard even to the roughest, but to those  
Hungry for beauty ... Not the wisest knows,  
Nor most pitiful-hearted, what the wending  
Of one hour's way meant. Grey monotony lending  
Weight to the grey skies, grey mud where goes  
An army of grey bedrenched scarecrows in rows  
Careless at last of cruellest Fate-sending.  
Seeing the pitiful eyes of men foredone,  
Or horses shot, too tired merely to stir,  
Dying in shell-holes both, slain by the mud.  
Men broken, shrieking even to hear a gun.—  
Till pain grinds down, or lethargy numbs her,  
The amazed heart cries angrily out on God.

## 10 AS IT WAS (HELEN & EDWARD THOMAS)

When I read *Under Storm's Wing* – Helen Thomas' memoir of her life with Edward Thomas – I found it to be a beautifully told, achingly romantic and heartbreakingly tragic tale. The book was originally published in two separate volumes: *As It Was* and *World Without End*.

In this second, imagined, conversation between the poet and his wife, I have given these words back to Helen and she delivers them as if reciting a prayer (indeed, these very words form the doxology – an expression of praise – frequently recited at the end of psalms and other prayers).

## 11 PAIN (IVOR GURNEY)

'Pain' is the second of five sonnets from Gurney's *Sonnets 1917 (To the Memory of Rupert Brooke)*. The sequence appeared in his first collection, *Severn & Somme*, published the same year.

This setting interpolates the names of the five hundred and fifty one men and boys in the UK's armed forces killed in a single day of fighting on 23 April 1915. That was the day that fellow poet, Rupert Brooke, the dedicatee of Gurney's poem, died on the island of Skyros.

## JOHN DUGGAN

Edward, meanwhile, morbidly convinced of his own impending death, speaks lines from a letter which he wrote to Robert Frost on his final New Year's Eve. Unlike Owen's hope-filled words to his mother (written exactly a year later) they tell of Thomas' calm, resigned acceptance of his approaching end.

As 1916 drew to a close, the couple spent their final Christmas together, and Edward left early in January. As he walked away into the mist, they called to each other until neither could hear the other anymore... 'cooeel'

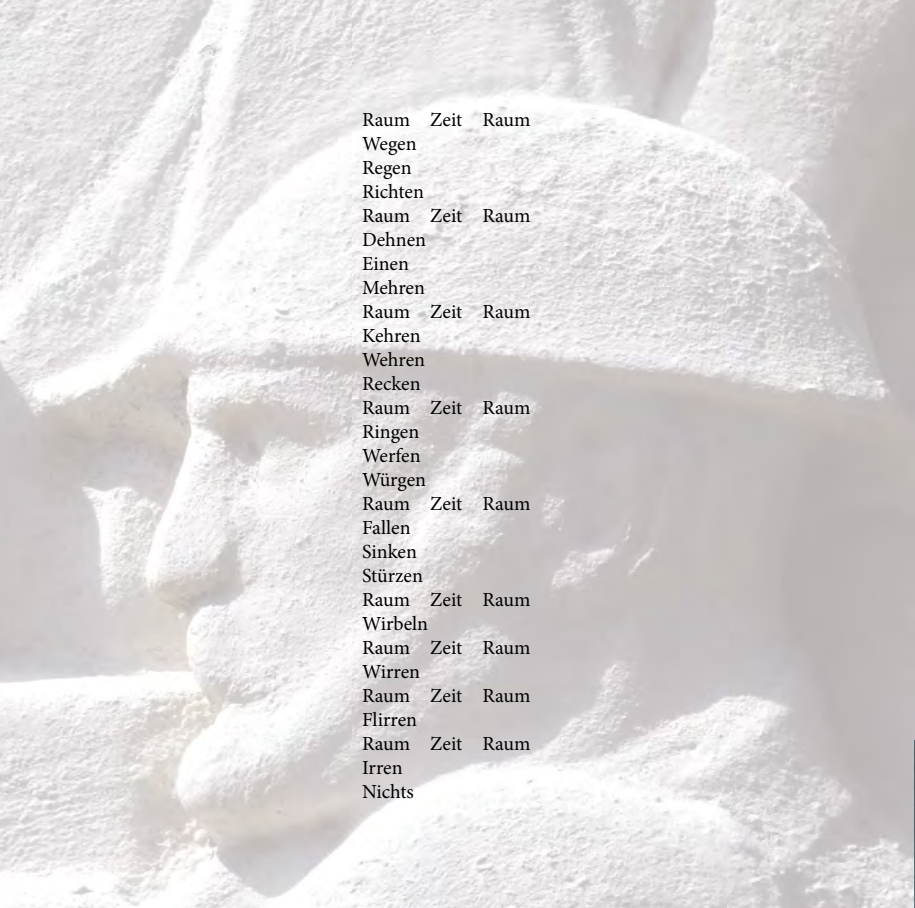
John Duggan, August 2014

## RICHARD ALLAIN

The names, drawn from the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, are listed in order – from those listed without their age, through those whose ages are recorded, beginning with the oldest and ending with the youngest: Joseph Parsons, *Boy 1st Class* in the Royal Navy, was just 16 years old. The music, which also draws on some of the musical devices used in Gurney's haunting song 'Sleep', is dedicated to their memory.

Richard Allain, July 2013





Raum Zeit Raum  
Wegen  
Regen  
Richten  
Raum Zeit Raum  
Dehnen  
Einen  
Mehren  
Raum Zeit Raum  
Kehren  
Wehren  
Recken  
Raum Zeit Raum  
Ringern  
Werfen  
Würgen  
Raum Zeit Raum  
Fallen  
Sinken  
Stürzen  
Raum Zeit Raum  
Wirbeln  
Raum Zeit Raum  
Wirren  
Raum Zeit Raum  
Flirren  
Raum Zeit Raum  
Irren  
Nichts

## 12 URTOD (AUGUST STRAMM)

August Stramm was a post office administrator, a poet and a playwright who also painted, and played the cello. I was drawn to this poem for the exhilaration and challenge of setting a text unlike anything I had previously worked with before; and because he is largely unknown, even in his own country.

In his writing, Stramm treats language as a physical material, fashioning new words from old in an abstraction that is powerfully rhythmic, textually spare and layered with meaning. In 'Urtod', he lists a series of verbal actions, suggesting the act of going over the top and towards enemy lines. An increasingly agitated upward arc of meaning: Rising—Swarming—Wrestling

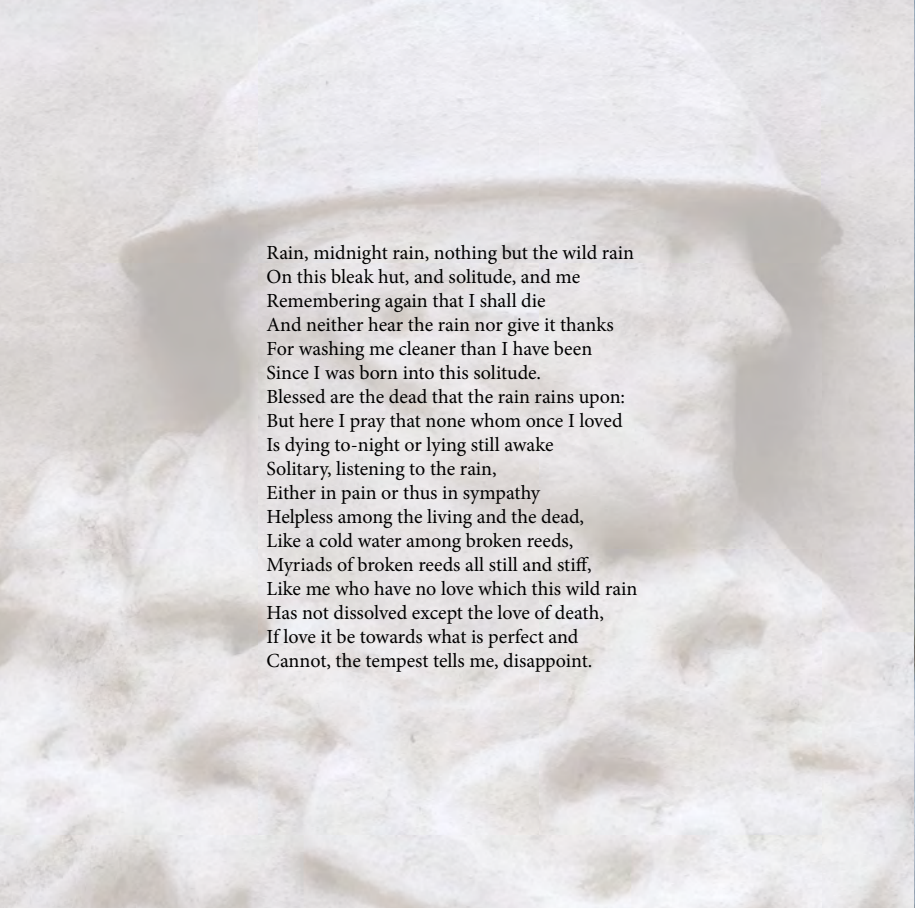
## JOHN DUGGAN

(*Regen/Mehren/Ringen*) founders on the word 'Throttling' (*Würgen*), before falling in slow motion: Plunging—Whirling—Erring (*Stürzen/Wirbeln/Irren*) toward the ground and nothing (*Nichts*).

A three-word trope: Space—Time—Space (*Raum/Zeit/Raum*) punctuates the action, at once boxing it in and releasing it, to reverberate with the multiple meanings hovering around each word.

I'm most grateful to my fellow tenor, Jonathan Stöckl, for helping me explore the rich possibilities of the text. Note that the poem is normally displayed as a list of single words, changed here only for reasons of space.

John Duggan, August 2014



Rain, midnight rain, nothing but the wild rain  
On this bleak hut, and solitude, and me  
Remembering again that I shall die  
And neither hear the rain nor give it thanks  
For washing me cleaner than I have been  
Since I was born into this solitude.  
Blessed are the dead that the rain rains upon:  
But here I pray that none whom once I loved  
Is dying to-night or lying still awake  
Solitary, listening to the rain,  
Either in pain or thus in sympathy  
Helpless among the living and the dead,  
Like a cold water among broken reeds,  
Myriads of broken reeds all still and stiff,  
Like me who have no love which this wild rain  
Has not dissolved except the love of death,  
If love it be towards what is perfect and  
Cannot, the tempest tells me, disappoint.



## 13 RAIN (EDWARD THOMAS)

I was turned on to the poetry of Edward Thomas by an old friend of mine, Andrew Speedy (who also assembled the text of my 'On Eagles' Wings' choral anthem). Born in 1878, Thomas was an accomplished literary critic and biographer who turned to poetry in 1914, enlisted in 1915 and was killed in the Battle of Arras in 1917. 'Rain' is a melancholic monologue dating from 1916, as the poet lies awake at night, listening to the rain falling onto the roof of the hut that he rests within. The rain and the solitude prompt thoughts of those soldiers who are exposed to danger and death in the world outside and also

## ALEXANDER L'ESTRANGE

heightened awareness of his own mortality. I chose to use a baritone soloist for the more personal sections and the *a cappella* choir for the 'rain' refrains, as if drumming persistently overhead. The full choir twice sings a strong, hymn-like melody, first for *Blessed are the dead that the rain rains upon* and then again, after the climactic *myriads of broken reeds* (dead soldiers), for the final existential reflection on death as being perfect, and something which *cannot, the tempest tells me, disappoint*.

Alexander L'Estrange, August 2014



The rain has been and will be for ever over the earth.  
The heavy black rain falling straight through the air  
that once was a sea of life.

God's blood is shed.  
He mourns from His lone place  
His children dead.

Wan, fragile faces of joy,  
To you I stretch my hands.  
You yearn to me, lure and sadden  
My heart with futile bounds.

I am alone in the dark still night,  
and my ear listens to the rain ...roaring  
softly in the trees of the world.

The summer is gone, and never can it return.  
Memory, the last chord of the lute, is broken.

The desolate land of France.  
There they lie huddled,  
Man born of man, and born of woman.  
Earth has waited for them,  
All the time of their growth  
Fretting for their decay.  
None saw their spirits' shadow shake the grass.

Now there is neither life nor death.  
The rain has been and will be for ever over the earth.

## 14 SENTINEL

(ISAAC ROSENBERG & EDWARD THOMAS)

*Sentinel* merges text by the poets Edward Thomas (killed at Arras in 1917) and Isaac Rosenberg (slain exactly a year later, a few miles to the north-east). This conflation embraces various tensions. First, the Thomas lines are prose, while Rosenberg's come from three separate poems. Secondly, those by Thomas date from 1913 and owe their premonitory intensity partly to an innate existential anguish from which he suffered (unending night rain is a recurrent metaphorical reflection of this in both his prose and his verse), whereas Rosenberg's agony springs from the ghastly immediacy of the trenches, his sanity imperilled by a constant circumstantial denial of the sanctity of individual life.

Text collated from

[i] Edward Thomas:

'Rain' [prose picture from *The Icknield Way*, written in 1911 and published in 1913];  
and

[ii] Isaac Rosenberg:

'On Receiving News of the War' [extract],  
'Home Thoughts from France' [extracts],  
'Dead Man's Dump' [extracts].

## FRANCIS POTT

Like Chopin, composing his 'raindrop' Prelude in the wintry Mallorcan monastery at Valdemossa, I imagined rain as a sombre continuum, spread here among divided choral parts and implicitly present beneath more agitated music, always re-emerging with stealthy persistence. At the end, where this seems to pass beyond hearing rather than fall truly silent, I was responding to a line about rain in *November*, a poem by John Burnside, which I had recently set: *It won't stop until you listen*. This aptly reflected also the death wish of Thomas, for whom only his extinction could ever bring peace.

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Christopher Watson is an Oxford-based singer and conductor. He is a member of the Tallis Scholars, with whom he has performed over 400 times, Theatre of Voices, with whom he won a Grammy in 2010 and Gallicantus. He also sings regularly with

**CHRISTOPHER WATSON**

Tenebrae and Concerto Palatino. He has worked as a soloist for Trevor Pinnock, Paul Hillier, Paul McCreesh, Philippe Herreweghe and Joshua Rifkin and regularly performs the Evangelist role in the Bach Passions. He has made over 100 recordings including Lassus *Motets and Psalms* with Philippe Herreweghe, Bach *Motets* with Peter Kooij, Lassus *Lagrime di San Pietro* with Gallicantus and Berio's *A Ronne* with Theatre of Voices. He founded Sospiri with John Duggan in 2006 and this is the sixth recording he has made with them. In 2012 he was appointed Director of Music at St Edmund Hall, Oxford, where he directs the Chapel Choir and organises a series of concerts and other musical events for the undergraduates.

Susanna Fairbairn is a founder member of Sospiri. She studied at Magdalen College, Oxford, Trinity College of Music and the Wales International Academy of Voice, and is forging a successful career in opera and on the concert platform.

Susanna has won numerous prizes including the Selma D and Leon Fishbach Memorial Prize at the 2014 Handel Singing Competition. She was a 2013 Park Lane Group Young Artist.



**SUSANNA FAIRBAIRN**



**FOURNIER TRIO**

## SOSPIRI

Sospiri is an Oxford-based amateur choir, formed in 2006 by composer John Duggan and singer Christopher Watson. They met singing in Magdala, David Skinner's mixed voice choir at Magdalen College, and quickly discovered a shared passion for Gregorian Chant which had been kindled during their time in Westminster Cathedral Choir – John was a boy chorister there under Colin Mawby, and Christopher a lay clerk more recently under James O'Donnell and Martin Baker. The original members of the choir all came from within the ranks of Magdala. Some, like Susanna Fairbairn, have gone on to sing professionally, and the membership has gradually increased so that now people travel to Oxford from Birmingham,

Edinburgh, London and Kent to take part in Sospiri projects.

This is the choir's sixth CD. Previous discs include a collection of Lamentations on the Naxos label and *Requiem*, a disc containing among other things John Duggan's original set of six WWI pieces, which is available on The Gift of Music label. Sospiri has a particular focus on juxtaposing old pieces with newly written ones, with the unifying thread of texts connecting them. The choir performs concerts regularly in Oxford, has toured France and Italy, and for several years has sung a termly Latin Vespers in the chapel of Merton College, their service from January 2014 being broadcast worldwide by the European Broadcasting Union.







**CONDUCTOR**

Christopher Watson

**PRODUCER**

Libby Burgess  
Sebastian Thomson

**ENGINEER**

Andrew Mellor

**MASTERING**

Adaq Khan



**SOPRANOS**

Sophie Biddell, Jenny  
Forsyth, Miranda  
Laurence, Lucy Matheson,  
Katie McKeogh, Lorna  
Richerby, Emily Tann,  
May Turner,  
Heather Wild

**SOPRANO**

Susanna Fairbairn

**FOURNIER TRIO**

Chiao-Ying Chang,  
Sulki Yu & Pei-Jee Ng

**COVER IMAGE**

Geoff J Harris

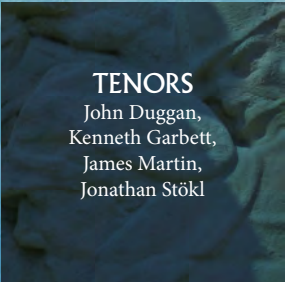
**BOOKLET PHOTOS**

John Duggan



**ALTOS**

Emma Ashby, Jenny Davis,  
Lilly Haines-Gadd,  
Caroline George,  
Griselda Sherlaw-Johnson,  
Camilla Stack



**TENORS**

John Duggan,  
Kenneth Garbett,  
James Martin,  
Jonathan Stökl



**BASSES**

Dominic Bevan,  
Michael Geary,  
Pegram Harrison,  
David Le Provost, Martyn  
Matthews, Ed Rowntree,  
Greg Skidmore, Peter Steer



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