



# HOMeward BOUND

TREBLE - ANGUS BENTON  
PIANO - MALCOLM ARCHER

CONVIVUM  
RECORDS

## Angus Benton

Angus Benton, aged 12 at the time of this 2016 recording, is one of the sixteen Quiristers who form the treble line in the Chapel Choir of Winchester College. He has been singing since he was very young and was a member of the choir at St. Luke's church in Battersea and of the National Children's Choir of Great Britain before becoming a Quirister at the age of 9. Now in his final year he is joint Head Quirister. Angus won the BBC Radio 2 Young Choristers of the Year Competition in 2015 and has since appeared several times on BBC1's Songs of Praise. He has also performed regularly on radio in Radio 4's Daily Service and in Radio 2's devotional Easter programme At the Foot of the Cross.

Other engagements have included singing with counter-tenor Michael Chance in an evening of music for The Grange Festival in Hampshire, and a celebrity carol concert for the Imperial Cancer Research Fund at the Royal Hospital in Chelsea, as well as performing 'Walking in the Air' with the Fairey Brass Band for Sky Arts' Christmas Brass Band Wonderland.



1.	<b>Sweet Chance that led my steps</b> <i>Michael Head (1900-1976)</i>	02:08
2.	<b>Where'er you walk</b> <i>G.F. Handel (1685-1759)</i>	04:24
3.	<b>The Lark in the Clear Air</b> <i>Old Irish air arr. Phyllis Tate (1911-1987)</i>	02:00
4.	<b>The Skye Boat Song</b> <i>Trad. Scots song arr. Malcolm Archer (b.1952)</i>	03:19
5.	<b>Silent Worship</b> <i>G.F. Handel (1685-1759) arr. Arthur Somervell (1863-1937)</i>	02:22
6.	<b>The Ships of Arcady</b> <i>Michael Head (1900-1976)</i>	03:19
7.	<b>The Song of Wandering Aengus</b> <i>Malcolm Archer (b.1952)</i>	03:05
8.	<b>Linden Lea</b> <i>Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)</i>	02:51
9.	<b>Sleep my baby (Suo Gan)</b> <i>Trad. Welsh arr. Malcolm Archer (b.1952)</i>	03:17
10.	<b>The Coasts of High Barbary</b> <i>Trad. English arr. Malcolm Archer (b.1952)</i>	02:57
11.	<b>The Ash Grove</b> <i>Trad. Welsh arr. Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)</i>	02:46
12.	<b>Molly Malone</b> <i>Trad. Irish arr. Malcolm Archer (b.1952)</i>	02:56
13.	<b>The Sally Gardens</b> <i>Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)</i>	02:21
14.	<b>Amazing Grace</b> <i>arr. Malcolm Archer (b.1952)</i>	02:33
15.	<b>The Little Road to Bethlehem</b> <i>Margaret Rose (d.1958)</i>	02:49
16.	<b>Auld Lang Syne</b> <i>Trad. Scots tune arr. Malcolm Archer (b.1952)</i>	02:55
17.	<b>Homeward Bound</b> <i>Marta Keen (b.1953) arr. Jay Althouse</i>	03:15

## *Homeward Bound – A Journey in Song*

The idea behind this recording was essentially to capture Angus' voice while it was at its best, and the theme of a 'journey in song' seemed appropriate given that each treble has his own personal musical journey, from the initial training experience of the fledgling probationer to the musically and vocally developed stage of the voice being in full bloom just before it changes. This transitory nature of the treble voice is one of the glories of nature.

The programme broadly reflects the encounters and emotions of a journey, setting out in the early morning to the accompaniment of the first of the three Michael Head songs, *Sweet Chance that led my steps abroad*. Michael Head was a composer of English art songs which beautifully encapsulate the sense of his texts and so have become extremely popular. *Where'er you walk*, from Handel's opera *Semele*, continues the theme of the beauty of nature, celebrating both *Semele's* beauty and the gardens where she walks. This is followed by the Irish melody *The Lark in the Clear Air*, where both the singer's soul and the lark itself soar 'enchanted'.

The journey continues by sea with *The Skye Boat Song*, the first of the arrangements for chamber ensemble and voice by Malcolm Archer. The story of the escape of Bonnie Prince Charlie to Skye after his defeat at the Battle of Culloden in 1746 is well-known. Angus, the narrator, seems to stand at the bow of the boat. The howl of the wind and the cry of the seagulls can clearly be heard. Michael Head's *The Ships of Arcady* leaves the singer on the shore whilst the ships sail off into the mist's 'faintest filigree', delicately echoed in the ephemeral piano accompaniment.

Handel's *Non lo dirò col labbro* from his opera *Tolomeo* (Ptolemy) was arranged as an English concert aria in 1928 by Arthur Somervell and is best known as *Silent Worship*. It returns us to the garden where the lowly singer tells of his undying love for a lady who sings more beautifully than the birds and is more fair than the flowers around her.

*The Song of Wandering Aengus* is a new composition made especially for Angus by Malcolm Archer to a poem by W.B.Yeats. Very much in the art song tradition, this lovely fluid setting tells of a trout caught by Aengus which transforms itself into a glimmering girl whom he is destined to follow for ever. There is the faintest echo of another musical trout to be caught as well...

The journey continues with encounters along the way – the steadfast countryman, in Vaughan Williams' first published composition *Linden Lea*, and the mother and baby in the Christmas lullaby set to the Welsh tune *Suo Gan*. The turmoil and piracy of the high seas of the *Coasts of High Barbary* gives way to the first of two folk-song settings by Benjamin Britten, *The Ash Grove* and *The Sally Gardens*. Britten recorded and performed these songs superbly many times with Peter Pears. Perhaps he would have appreciated the poignancy of their interpretation by a treble.

After a detour to Dublin for the ghostly tale of sweet *Molly Malone*, we begin the homeward journey. In some songs, home describes the final resting place of the human soul (*Amazing Grace*) and the torment that losing a loved one can create. There is the little road that leads the lambs home to Bethlehem and the nostalgia for home and friends in the famous Scots' song *Auld Lang Syne*. Journey's end is reached in *Homeward Bound*, a beautiful contemporary song from the USA

## Sweet Chance that led my steps

Music: Michael Head (1900-1976)

Words: W.H.Davies (1871-1940)

Sweet Chance that led my steps abroad,  
Beyond the town, where wild flow'rs grow  
A rainbow and a cuckoo,  
Lord, how rich and great the times are now!  
How rich and great the times are now!  
Know, all ye sheep  
And cows, that keep on staring  
That I stand so long  
In grass that's wet from heavy rain.

A rainbow, and a cuckoo's song  
May never come together again,  
May never come this side the tomb.

A rainbow, and cuckoo's song  
May never come together again.

## Where'er you walk

Music: G.F. Handel (1685-1759)

Words: William Congreve (1670-1729)

Where'er you walk,  
Cool gales shall fan the glade;  
Trees, where you sit,  
Shall crowd into a shade;  
Trees, where you sit,  
Shall crowd into shade;

Where'er you tread,  
The blushing flowers shall rise,  
And all things flourish,  
And all things flourish,  
Where'er you turn your eyes,  
Where'er you turn your eyes  
Where'er you turn your eyes.

## The Lark in the Clear Air

Music: Old Irish air arr. Phyllis Tate (1911-1987)

Words: Sir Samuel Ferguson (1810-1886)

Dear thoughts are in my mind,  
And my soul soars enchanted  
As I hear the sweet lark sing  
In the clear air of the day.  
For a tender beaming smile  
To my hope has been granted,  
And tomorrow she shall hear  
All my fond heart would say.

I shall tell her all my love,  
All my soul's adoration,  
And I think she will hear  
And will not say me nay.  
It is this that gives my soul  
All its joyous elation,  
As I hear the sweet lark sing  
In the clear air of the day.



## The Skye Boat Song

Music: Trad. Scots song arr.  
Malcolm Archer (b.1952)  
Words: Trad. Scots

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,  
Onward! the sailors cry;  
Carry the lad that's born to be King  
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,  
Thunderclaps rend the air;  
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,  
Follow they will not dare.

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,  
Onward! the sailors cry;  
Carry the lad that's born to be King  
Over the sea to Skye.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,  
Ocean's a royal bed.  
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep  
Watch by your weary head.

## Silent Worship

Music: G.F. Handel (1685-1759)  
arr. Arthur Somervell (1863-1937)  
Words: arr. Arthur Somervell

Did you not hear my lady  
Go down the garden singing?  
Blackbird and thrush were silent  
To hear the alleys ringing.  
O saw you not my lady  
Out in the garden there?  
Shaming the rose and lily  
For she is twice as fair.

Though I am nothing to her,  
Though she must rarely look at me,  
And though I could never woo her,  
I love her till I die.

Surely you heard my lady  
Go down the garden singing,  
Silencing all the songbirds;  
And setting the alleys ringing,  
But surely you see my lady  
Out in the garden there.  
Riv'ling the glitt'ring sunshine,  
With a glory of golden hair.

## The Ships of Arcady

Music: Michael Head (1900-1976)  
Words: Francis Ledwidge (1887-1917)

Thro' the faintest filigree  
Over the dim waters go  
Little ships of Arcady  
When the morning moon is low.

I can hear the sailors' song  
From the blue edge of the sea,  
Passing like the lights along  
Thro' the dusky filigree.

Then where moon and waters meet  
Sail by sail they pass away,  
With little friendly winds replete  
Blowing from the breaking day.

And when the little ships have flown,  
Dreaming still of Arcady  
I look across the waves, alone  
In the misty filigree.

Thro' the faintest filigree  
Over the dim waters go  
Little ships of Arcady  
When the morning moon is low.

## The Song of Wandering Aengus

Music: Malcolm Archer (b.1952)  
Words: William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

I went out to the hazel wood,  
Because a fire was in my head,  
And cut and peeled a hazel wand  
And hooked a berry to a thread;  
And when white moths were on the wing  
And moth-like stars were flickering out,  
I dropped the berry in a stream  
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor  
I went to blow the fire aflame,  
But something rustled on the floor,  
And someone called me by my name;  
It had become a glimmering girl  
With apple blossom in her hair  
Who called me by my name and ran  
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering  
Through hollow lands and hilly lands.  
I will find out where she has gone,  
And kiss her lips and take her hands;  
And walk among long dappled grass,  
And pluck till time and times are done,  
The silver apples of the moon,  
The golden apples of the sun.

## Linden Lea

Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Words: William Barnes (1801-1886)

Within the woodlands, flow'ry gladed,  
By the oak trees' mossy moot,  
The shining grass blades, timber-shaded,  
Now do quiver underfoot;  
And birds do whistle overhead,  
And water's bubbling in its bed;  
And there for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves, that lately were a-springing,  
Now do fade within the copse,  
And painted birds do hush their singing,  
Up upon the timber tops;  
And brown-leaved fruit's a-turning red,  
In cloudless sunshine overhead,  
With fruit for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster  
In the air of dark-room'd towns;  
I don't dread a peevish master,  
Though no man may heed my frowns.  
I be free to go abroad,  
Or take again my homeward road,  
To where, for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

## Sleep my baby (Suo Gan)

Music: Trad. Welsh arr. Malcolm Archer (b.1952)

Words: (English) Malcolm Archer (b.1952)

Sleep, my baby, little Jesus,  
Warm and cosy, now you lie.  
Mary's arms are wrapped around you,  
She'll protect you, do not cry.  
Nothing will disturb your sleeping,  
You are safe from worldly harm.  
Sleep in peace, my dearest Saviour,  
Mary holds you on her arm.

Sleep, sweet baby, through the darkness,  
Sleep in peace, O dearest child.  
In your dreaming you are smiling,  
Pleasant dreams, serene and mild.  
Are the angels smiling with you,  
Happy smiles that bring you rest?  
They will guard you in your sleeping  
As you sleep on mother's breast.

Do not fear, O dearest baby,  
As a leaf falls by your head,  
Do not fear the gentle breezes  
As they rock your stable bed.  
There is nothing here to frighten,  
Nothing here to cause distress.  
Sleep, my baby, little Jesus,  
While the angels thee caress.

## The Coasts of High Barbary

Music: Trad. English arr. Malcolm Archer (b.1952)

Words: Trad. English

Look ahead, look astern, look the weather and the lee.  
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.  
I see a wreck to windward and a lofty ship to lee,  
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

“O are you a pirate or a man o’war?” cried we  
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.  
“O no! I’m not a pirate, but a man o’war.” cried he,  
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

“Then back up your topsails and heave your vessel to!”  
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.  
“For we have got some letters to be carried home by you.”  
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

“We’ll back up our topsails and heave our vessel to,”  
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.  
“But only in some harbour and along the side of you.”  
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

For broadside, for broadside, they fought all on the main;  
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.  
Until at last the frigate shot the pirate’s mast away.  
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

“For quarters! For quarters!” the saucy pirate cried,  
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.  
The quarters that we showed them was to sink them in the tide.  
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

With cutlass, and with gun, O we fought them hours three;  
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.  
The ship it was their coffin, and their grave it was the sea.  
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

But O! It was a cruel sight, and grieved us full sore,  
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.  
To see them all a-drowning as they tried to swim for shore.  
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

## The Ash Grove

Music: Trad. Welsh arr. Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Words: Trad.

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,  
When twilight is fading, I pensively rove,  
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander  
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash grove.  
’Twas there while the blackbird was cheerfully singing,  
I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart;  
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing.  
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

Still glows the bright sunshine o’er valley and mountain,  
Still warbles the blackbird his note from the tree;  
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,  
But what are the beauties of nature to me.  
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden  
All day I go mourning in search of my love.  
Ye echoes, oh, tell me, where is the sweet maiden?  
She sleeps ’neath the green turf down by the Ash grove.

## Molly Malone

Music: Trad. Irish arr. Malcolm Archer (b.1952)

Words: Trad. Irish

In Dublin's fair city,  
Where the girls are so pretty,  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,  
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,  
Through streets broad and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive O!"  
"Alive, alive O,  
Alive, alive O,"  
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O"

She was a fishmonger,  
But sure 'twas no wonder,  
For so were her father and mother before,  
And they each wheeled their barrow,  
Through the streets broad and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O!"  
"Alive, alive O,  
Alive, alive O"  
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O"

She died of a fever,  
And no one could save her,  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.  
But her ghost wheels her barrow,  
Through streets broad and narrow,

Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O"  
"Alive, alive, O,  
Alive, alive, O"  
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, O"

## The Sally Gardens

Music: Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Words: W.B. Yeats (1865-1939)

Down by the sally gardens my love and I did meet,  
She passed the sally gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,  
But I being young and foolish with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand;  
She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs,  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

## Amazing Grace

Music: Trad. arr. Malcolm Archer (b.1952)

Words: John Newton (1725-1807)

Amazing Grace! How sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me,  
I once was lost, but now I'm found  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved.  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.



## The Little Road to Bethlehem

Music: Margaret Rose (d.1958)

Words: Michael Head (1900-1976)

As I walked down the road at set of sun,  
The lambs were coming homewards one by one,  
I heard a sheepbell softly calling them  
Along the little road to Bethlehem.

Beside an open door, as I drew nigh,  
I heard sweet Mary sing a lullaby.  
She sang about the lambs at close of day  
And rocked her tiny King among the hay.

Across the air the silver sheepbell rang.  
"The lambs are coming home," sweet Mary sang,  
"Your star of gold, your star of gold is shining in the sky,  
So sleep, my little King, go lullaby."

As I walked down the road at set of sun,  
The lambs were coming homeward, one by one,  
I heard a sheepbell softly calling them  
Along the little road to Bethlehem.

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## Auld Lang Syne

Music: Trad. Scots tune arr. Malcolm Archer (b.1952)

Words: Robert Burns (1759-1796) (adapted)

Should old acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should old acquaintance be forgot,  
And auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

We two have run about the braes,  
And pulled the gowans fine;  
We've wander'd many a weary foot,  
Since auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty friend  
And gie's a hand of thine!  
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

## Homeward Bound

Words and Music: Marta Keen (b.1953)

arr. Jay Althouse

In the quiet misty morning  
When the moon has gone to bed,  
When the sparrows stop their singing  
And the sky is clear and red.  
When the summer's ceased its gleaming,  
When the corn is past its prime,  
When adventure's lost its meaning,  
I'll be homeward bound in time.

Bind me not to the pasture;  
Chain me not to the plow.  
Set me free to find my calling  
And I'll return to you somehow.

If you find it's me you're missing,  
If you're hoping I'll return.  
To your thoughts I'll soon be list'ning  
And in the road I'll stop and turn.

Then the wind will set me racing  
As my journey nears its end,  
And the path I'll be retracing  
When I'm homeward bound again.

Bind me not to the pasture;  
Chain me not to the plow.  
Set me free to find my calling  
And I'll return to you somehow.

In the quiet misty morning  
When the moon has gone to bed,  
When the sparrows stop their singing,  
I'll be homeward bound again.

HOMEWARD BOUND

Words and Music by MARTA KEEN THOMPSON

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## Fighting for childhood

Abuse robs children of their childhood. Without help, the scars of abuse can last a lifetime. And as devastating as it can be for the child, society pays a heavy price too. Abuse can derail a child's development - having lasting effects into adulthood. Together, we can change that. Child abuse is preventable - not inevitable. And it's up to each of us to do everything possible to keep childhood safe from abuse, so children can grow up healthy and thrive. That's why we're here and drives what we do. So as long as there's abuse - we will fight for every childhood.

Thank you for purchasing this album and joining our fight for every childhood.

# NSPCC



## Malcolm Archer

Malcolm Archer is one of the world's leading church musicians, and has enjoyed a distinguished career in cathedral music, which has taken him to posts at the cathedrals of Norwich, Bristol and Wells, and then Director of Music at St. Paul's Cathedral in London. He is now Director of Chapel Music at Winchester College, where he is responsible for the College's ancient choral foundation. During his time at St. Paul's Cathedral he directed the choir for several State services, including the Tsunami Memorial Service, the London Bombings Service and the 80th Birthday Service for HM The Queen, for which he was invited by Buckingham Palace to compose a special anthem. He has made many broadcasts and recordings from Wells and St. Paul's, and his choir at Winchester College has an enviable reputation through their many broadcasts, their international touring and a number of highly praised recordings.

Malcolm is much in demand as an organ recitalist, choir trainer and choral and orchestral conductor, and he has directed concerts, workshops, courses and summer schools in various parts of the world, as well as working with several leading orchestras. He is the Musical Director of the Jean Langlais Festival in France.

As a composer, Malcolm receives regular commissions from both sides of the Atlantic and has many published works which are widely performed. He has also edited two books for Oxford University Press: *Advent for Choirs* and *Epiphany to All and Saints for Choirs*.

He has been an adjudicator for the BBC Young Chorister of the year competition and for 4 years was a judge for the BBC Songs of Praise School Choirs competition. He has recently been a judge for the British Composer Awards.

Malcolm has served as a council member of both The Royal College of Organists and the Guild of Church Musicians. He has honorary Fellowships from both the Guild and the Royal School of Church Music for his services to church music.



## Julia Desbruslais (Cello)

At 16, Julia Desbruslais won an open scholarship to study the cello with Florence Hooton at the Royal Academy of Music. During this time she won many awards including the Suggia Award and the Leverhulme Chamber Music Scholarship.

Under the direction of Sydney Griller she was a founder member of the all-female Fairfield String Quartet. For the past 25 years she has been the Co-Principal Cello with the London Mozart Players.

Julia has a great passion for inspiring young people and is one of the leading lights in the vast education programme of the LMP. In January 2016 she was appointed as the Executive Director of the LMP in the new orchestra, now led and managed by its players.

## Gareth Hulse (Oboe)

After reading music at Cambridge, Gareth Hulse studied the oboe with Janet Craxton in London, and with Heinz Holliger in Germany. On his return to England he was appointed Principal Oboist with the Northern Sinfonia, a position he has since held with English National Opera and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. In addition, he is Principal Oboist with both the London Mozart Players and the London Sinfonietta.

He is also a founder member of London Winds, and has been a member of the Nash Ensemble for many years. Gareth teaches at the Royal College of Music.

## Karen Wills (Flute/Piccolo)

Karen studied flute at the Royal Academy of Music before basing herself in London and playing freelance with London orchestras and chamber ensembles.

She has now moved south and enjoys teaching in and around Winchester. She plays regularly with orchestras and chamber ensembles in the area.

Karen now passes on her love of orchestral playing by coaching on many courses for young people, including at the National Preparatory Schools Orchestra every summer.

Recorded in the Music School of Winchester College England

Treble  
Angus Benton

Producer  
Adrian Green

Piano  
Malcolm Archer

Sound Engineer  
Adaq Khan

Cello  
Julia Desbruslais

Photography  
Hester Marriott

Oboe  
Gareth Hulse

Executive Producer  
Adrian Green

Flute / Piccolo  
Karen Wills

Artwork  
William Lavender



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