



mór

SULLIVAN PART SONGS

THE LONG DAY CLOSES

KANTOS CHAMBER CHOIR | ELLIE SLORACH - CONDUCTOR

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KANTOS CHAMBER CHOIR
ELLIE SLORACH - CONDUCTOR

Venue: The Parish Church of
St. Paul, Heaton Moor, Stockport.
Dates: 17/18 July 2019.

Producer and Editor: Mike Purton.

Recording Engineer: David Coyle.

Recorded at 24/96 resolution

Design: Hannah Whale,
www.fruition-creative.co.uk.

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Foster, courtesy of Bridgeman Images

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to take place.

REFLECTIONS ON ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S PART SONGS by Florian Csizmadia

The part song was a genre which enjoyed great popularity in England in the nineteenth century. They were often sung at Glee Club evenings, at secular choral concerts and increasingly as test pieces in choir competitions. The need for shorter, moderately difficult, *a capella* works led to the emergence of an abundance of music. In England the number of compositions ran into the thousands: the well-loved anthology *Novello's Part Song Book* (18 volumes, 1857-1885) alone contained more than 500, including six by Sullivan. Part songs were regularly published as supplements to the monthly magazine *The Musical Times*: Sullivan was represented by two examples.

There can hardly be an English composer in the entire nineteenth century who did not write part songs of some sort. Between about 1857 and 1868, Sullivan wrote thirteen secular numbers which can be described as part songs:

Fair Daffodils (1857, published 1903)

Seaside Thoughts (1857, published 1904)

The Last Night of the Year (1863)

When Love and Beauty (1863, from the lost opera)

The Sapphire Necklace, published 1898)

O Hush Thee, my Babie (1867)

The Rainy Day (1867)
Seven Part Songs (1868):

- Evening
- Joy to the Victors
- Parting Gleams
- Echoes
- I Sing the Birth
- The Long Day Closes
- The Beleaguered

Then followed five pieces which cross into sacred territory without actually being church music:

Five Sacred Part Songs (1871):

- It Came Upon the Midnight Clear
- Lead, Kindly Light
- Through Sorrow's Path
- Say, Watchman, What of the Night?
- The Way is Long and Dreary

All This Night Bright Angels Sing (1870) and *Upon the Snow-clad Earth* (1876), described as "traditional carols", are perhaps not really part songs at all, while *Wreaths for our Graves* was written for the anniversary of the death of Prince Albert, and was later heard on the operatic stage. In 1898 Sullivan's sacred music drama *The Martyr of Antioch* (1880) was adapted as an opera and toured by the Carl Rosa company. Sullivan made a number



of changes, including substituting *Wreaths for our Graves* for the famous unaccompanied chorus in the original, *Brother, Thou Art Gone Before Us*.

Part songs are a minor part of Sullivan's output. Famous contemporaries such as Parry, Stanford and Elgar wrote far more. In addition there were composers such as Robert Lucas Pearsall (1795-1856) and John Liptrot Hatton (1809-1886) who made a speciality of the genre - minor masters largely forgotten today, but who were known in their day for their many part songs.

Contrary to later practice of classifying all forms of secular *a capella* music as part songs, the part song in its original form was clearly defined: the melody lies in the top line, with the others providing the accompaniment. The result is reminiscent of a solo song with accompaniment, especially because of the predominantly strophic structure with unchanging music.

The origin of this type of music-making lies in the German practice of arranging folk songs in four-part harmony and, leading on from this, composing art songs with folk song characteristics. Moreover, the English part song was heavily influenced by Mendelssohn, whose choral songs were very well known in England, including the famous *Lieder im Freien zu Singen* (opp. 41, 48 and 59, 1834-1843), which were published in English translation as *Partsongs for Singing in the Open Air*. The subject matter (nature, times of day, seasons, love) and moods (picturesque, idyllic, pastoral, amorous) also mould a lot of English part song production, not just in the immediate aftermath of Mendelssohn, but also for later generations (for example, Delius' *Two Songs to be Sung of a Summer Night on the Water*).

Two further forms need to be distinguished. The madrigal (sixteenth and seventeenth centuries) is a contrapuntally more relaxed form. It enjoyed a revival in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries - and not just as an old style; also as a Romantic adaptation of old techniques (see especially the works of Pearsall in this genre, which are among the most successful a *capella* works of that period). An early piece by Sullivan can be described as a madrigal, though the term is not completely accurate. "When love and beauty" (*The Sapphire Necklace*) was, perhaps, an attempt by the young Sullivan to contribute to the madrigal revival, though technically speaking, it is clearly much nearer to a glee.

In a glee (eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries) the melodic interest is to be found not only in the top line, but phrases also appear in the other voices. Moreover, glees were originally given as solos rather than as choral pieces. Later, the techniques of the three genres (part song, madrigal, glee) became intermingled, so that the term "part song" came to be a collective label for all a *capella* material, and was sometimes even dispensed with altogether. So Elgar called some of his later part songs "choral songs" (opp. 71-73) and even created - admittedly in fun - the term "partigal".

Translated and adapted by Stephen Turnbull from *Betrachtungen zu Arthur Sullivans Part Songs* by Florian Csizmadia, contained in *SullivanPerspektiven III – Arthur Sullivans Musiktheater, Kammermusik, Chor- und Orchesterwerke*. Edited by Antje Tumat, Meinhard Saremba and Benedict Taylor. Published by Oldib-Verlag, Essen 2017: ISBN 978-3-939556-58-9.

SULLIVAN PART SONGS

JOY TO THE VICTORS

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Joy to the victors! The sons of old Aspen!
Joy to the race of the battle and scar!
Glory's proud garlands triumphantly grasping;
Gen'rous in peace and victorious in war.
Honour acquiring,
Valour inspiring,
Burning, resistless, thro' foe-men they go:
War-axes wielding,
Broken ranks yielding,
Till from the battle proud Rod'ric retiring,
Yields in wild rout the fair palm to his foe.

Now to our home, the proud mansion of Aspen,
Bend we gay victors triumphant away;
There each fond damsel her gallant youth clasping,
Shall wipe from his forehead the stains of the fray.
List'ning the prancing
Of horses advancing,
E'en now on the turrets our maidens appear;
Love our hearts warming,
Songs the night charming,
Round goes the grape in the goblet gay dancing.
Love, wine and song our blithe evening shall cheer.

THE BELEAGUERED

H.F. CHORLEY

Fling wide the gate! come out!
Dauntless and true.
Brothers, of heart be stout,
We are but few.
Bring from the battlements our flag again.
Tho' by the leaguer rent,
It hath no stain.

Mothers and wives to pray'r,
From morn till eve.
The Lord of Hosts will care
For all we leave.
Plead that we sought not fight, nor chose the field.
But ev'ry free heart's right
We dare not yield.

Who needs the trumpet blown
To make him bold?
Who speaks in undertone of ransom gold?
Let such his counsel hide
In vault or cave,
We have no time to chide
A willing slave.

Mothers and wives to prayer,
Relief is nigh,
For you each arm will dare,
Deeds not to die,
For sure as fire doth blaze,
Or foams the sea,
You shall tonight upraise
Songs of the Free!

ECHOES

THOMAS MOORE

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, rous'd by lute or horn, she wakes,
And, far away o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes ans'ring light!

Yet love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh in youth sincere,
And only then,
The sigh that breath'd for one to hear
Is by that one, that only Dear,
Breath'd back again.



LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

Lead, Kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom;
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene,
One step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I lov'd to choose and see my path, but now,
Lead Thou me on.
I lov'd the garish day; and, spite of fears
Pride rul'd my will, remember not past years.

So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it till
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, still
The night is gone;
And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which I have lov'd long since,
And lost a-while.
Amen.

*Sullivan in the uniform of
a Chapel Royal chorister*



SAY, WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

ISAIAH 21:1

Say, watchman, what of the night?
Do the dews of the morning fall?
Have the orient skies a border of light,
Like the fringe of a fun'ral pall?

The night is fast waning on high,
And soon shall the darkness flee;
And the morn shall spread o'er the blushing sky,
And bright shall its glories be.

But watchman, what of the night,
When sorrow and pain are mine,
And the pleasures of life, so sweet and bright,
No longer around me shine?

That night of sorrow thy soul
May surely prepare to meet,
But away shall the clouds of thy heaviness roll
And the morning of joy be sweet.

But watchman, what of the night,
When the arrow of death is sped,
And the grave, which no glimm'ring star can light.
Shall be my sleeping bed!

That night is near, and the cheerless tomb
Shall keep thy body in store
Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom,
And night shall be no more.

THROUGH SORROW'S PATH

H. KIRKE WHITE

Thro' sorrow's path and danger's road,
Amid the deep'ning gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb;
There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our pow'rs decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.
Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie,
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.
These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.
There love's soft dew o'er ev'ry eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

THE WAY IS LONG AND DREARY

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

The way is long and dreary,
The path is bleak and bare;
Our feet are worn and weary,
But we will not despair;
More heavy was Thy burden,
More desolate Thy way,
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy upon us.

The snows lie thick around us,
In the dark and gloomy night;
And the tempest wails above us,
And the stars have hid their light;
But blacker was the darkness
Round Calvary's Cross that day,
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy upon us.

Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and sad to bear;
For we dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair;
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And Thou wilt bid it cease;
O Lamb of God, who takest away
the sin of the world,
Give us Thy peace.

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

E.H. SEARS

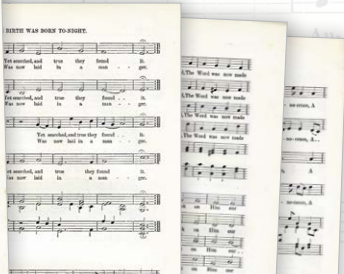
It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
From heav'n's all gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still thro' the cloven sky they come
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heav'nly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffer'd long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men,
Hear not the love-song which they bring;
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
From heav'n's all gracious King



I SING THE BIRTH

BEN JONSON

I sing the birth was born tonight,
The Author both of life and light;
The angels so did sound it.
And like the ravish'd shepherds said
Who saw the light and were afraid,
Yet searched, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th'eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger.
He, whom the whole world could not take,
The Word which heav'n and earth did make,
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom will'd it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made flesh indeed,
And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,
Who made Himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory?
To see this Babe all innocence,
A martyr born in our defence,
Can man forget this story?

ALL THIS NIGHT BRIGHT ANGELS SING

W. AUSTIN

All this night bright angels sing,
Never was such carolling;
Hark! a voice which loudly cries,
"Mortals, mortals, wake and rise.
Lo! to gladness
Turns your sadness;
From the earth is ris'n a Sun,
Shines all night, though day be done."

Wake, O earth, wake everything,
Wake and hear the joy I bring:
Wake and joy for all this night,
Heav'n and every twinkling light,
All amazing,
Still stand gazing;
Angels, Powers, and all that be,
Wake, and joy this Sun to see!

Hail! O Sun, O blessed Light,
Sent into this world by night;
Let Thy rays and heav'nly pow'rs
Shine in these dark souls of ours.
For, most duly,
Thou art truly
God and man, we do confess;
Hail, O Sun of Righteousness!

UPON THE SNOW-CLAD EARTH

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT

Upon the snow-clad earth without,
The stars are shining bright,
As Heav'n had hung out all her lamps
To hail the festal night;
For on this night long years ago
The Blessed babe was born,
The saints of old were wont to keep
Their vigil until morn.

'Twas in the days when far and wide
Men owned the Caesar's sway,
That his decree went forth, that all
A certain tax should pay.
Then from their home in Nazareth's vale,
Obedient to the same,
With Mary his espoused wife,
The saintly Joseph came.

A stable and a manger, where
The oxen lowed around
Was all the shelter Bethlehem gave,
The welcome that they found!
Yet blessed among women was
That holy mother maid
Who on that night her first-born Son
There in the manger laid.

The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
E'en from His very birth,
Had not a place to lay His head,
An outcast in the earth:
And yet we know that little Babe
Was tender to the touch,
And weak as other infants are;
He felt the cold as much!

In swaddling bands she wrapped Him round,
And smoothed His couch of straw,
While unseen Angels watched beside,
In mute, adoring awe.
How softly did they fold their wings
Beneath that star-lit shed,
While eastern sages from afar
The new-born radiance led!

And thus it is, from age to age,
That as this night comes round,
So sweetly, underneath the moon,
The Christmas carols sound.
Because to us a Child is born,
Our Brother and our King,
Angels in Heaven, and we on earth,
Our joyful anthems sing.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR

H.F. CHORLEY

The good old year's a-waning;
He brought us care and woe,
But we'll forgive the wrong he wrought,
Before we let him go.
We will not look around us
For those who once were here,
But count the good that's left us still,
On the last night of the year.

He carried off their riches
From some in springtime proud,
But summer's heavy hearted ones
He made to laugh aloud;
And though his months went over
With many a sigh and tear,
We will not stay to tell them now,
On the last night of the year.

He broke full many a friendship
And many a lover's vow!
But he hath let us meet again,
So we'll not blame him now,
Nor look behind nor forward
In sorrow or with fear.
But send the cup of hope about
On the last night of the year.

FAIR DAFFODILS

ROBERT HERRICK

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon,
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon;
Stay, stay until the hast'ning day has run,
But to the evening song;
And having prayed together,
We will go with you along.



SEASIDE THOUGHTS

BERNARD BARTRAM

Beautiful, sublime and glorious,
Wild, majestic, foaming free,
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity.
Sun and moon and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow;
Yet, attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless deaths below.

Whether morning's splendours steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempests rouse or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.
Earth, her valleys and her mountains,
Mortal man's behests obey,
The unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search and scorn his sway,

Such art thou, stupendous ocean!
But if overwhelm'd by thee,
Can we think without emotion,
What must thy Creator be!

O HUSH THEE, MY BABIE

SIR WALTER SCOTT

O hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both gentle and bright;
The woods and the glens from the tow'rs which
we see,
They are all belonging, dear babie, to thee.
O hush thee, my babie.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows;
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose.
Their bows would be bended, their blades would
be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
O hush thee, my babie.

O hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and
drum.
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while
you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking
with day.
O hush thee, my babie!

THE RAINY DAY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The day is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mould'ring wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains and the wind is never weary
My thoughts still cling to the mould'ring past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still sad heart! And cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

WHEN LOVE AND BEAUTY

H.F. CHORLEY

When Love and Beauty to be married go,
Phoebus, without a cloud, smiles on the pair:
Though rosebuds pant and blow,
The birds they sing aloud,
Tumultuous Boreas, who the cedars bowed,
Tamed, like wane of gentle song doth flow,
Saying, till Echo doth repeat the sound,
"May all who wed in truth, with happiness be crown'd."

It is not wealth and state that smooth the way,
Nor bid the desert bloom;
The ploughman at his furrow can be gay,
The weaver at his loom.
Where Honour's lord content his wife hath room,
And hearts keep light, if even heads are grey.
Singing, till Echo doth repeat the sound,
"May all who wed in truth, with happiness be crown'd."



Sullivan (seated cross-legged, with cuckoo) with other distinguished musicians for a charity performance of Bernhard Romberg's Toy Symphony at St. James's Hall in May 1880.

WREATHS FOR OUR GRAVES

L.F. MASSEY

Wreaths for our graves the Lord hath given,
The tomb with crowns is hung,
And blest with music learnt in Heav'n
Our song of praise is sung.
The gulf of death, now dark with fears,
Is bridged by hope and love;
The mem'ries we have sown in tears
Bloom fair in light above.
Oh, who are these who join with us,
Who set the note of praise;
Whose gleaming vestures touch us thus,
Whose hearts our hearts upraise?
These dwelt with us awhile below,
The loved, the gone before,
And these the garments white as snow,
They wear on yonder shore.

They fought as we are fighting now;
And still in blood and flame,
To Christ the Lord they held their vow,
By Christ they overcame
And still with us they have their part;
How should we faint or fail,
Who know what fellowship of heart
Is ours beyond the veil?
Ours the communion of all saints,
The Church's faithful dead,
To cheer us when our spirit faints,
And hope and strength are fled.
But little have we sight to see,
But faint the tones we hear,
Yet drawn by light and melody
We press one step more near.

PARTING GLEAMS

AUBREY DE VERE

The lights on yonder snowy range
Shine yet intense and tender;
Or, slowly passing, only change
From splendour on to splendour.

Before the dying hour of day
Immortal visions wander;
Dreams prescient of a purer ray,
And morns spread still beyond her.

Lo! Heavenward now those gleams aspire
In heavenly melancholy;
The barrier mountains, peak and spire,
Relinquishing them slowly.

Thus shine, O God, our mortal pow'rs,
While grief and snow refine them,
And when in death they fade, be ours
Thus gently to resign them.

EVENING

GOETHE TRANS. LORD HOUGHTON

Peace breathes along the shades
Of ev'ry hill,
The tree tops of the glades
Are hush'd and still;
All woodland murmurs cease;
The birds to rest within the brake are gone.
Be patient, weary heart,
Anon Thou, too, shalt be at peace.



THE LONG DAY CLOSES

H.F. CHORLEY

No star is o'er the lake,
Its pale watch keeping;
The moon is half awake,
Through grey mist creeping.
The last red leaves fall round the porch of roses;
The clock hath ceased to sound,
The long day closes.

Sit by the silent hearth
In calm endeavour
To count the sounds of mirth,
Now dumb for ever.
Heed not how hope believes,
And fate disposes.
Shadow is round the eaves.
The long day closes.

The lighted windows dim
Are fading slowly.
The fire that was so trim
Now quivers lowly.
Go to the dreamless bed
Where grief reposes.
Thy book of toil is read:
The long day closes.

*Sullivan September 1864 at the
Birmingham Festival for Kenilworth*

ARTHUR SULLIVAN



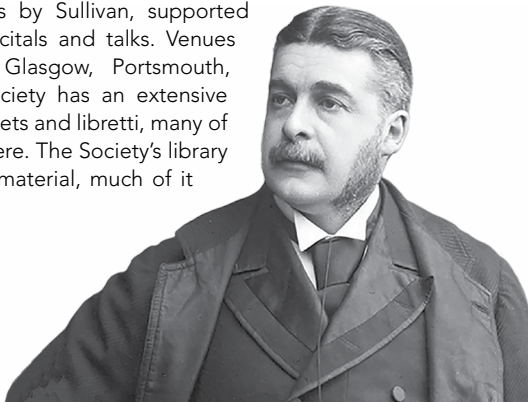
Arthur Sullivan, aged 18 at Leipzig

Born in London in 1842, Arthur Sullivan trained at the Chapel Royal, the Royal Academy of Music and the Leipzig Conservatoire. His incidental music to Shakespeare's *The Tempest* made him an overnight celebrity when it was performed at the Crystal Palace in 1862. He went on to compose in practically every musical genre: oratorio, cantata, symphony, concerto, ceremonial works, incidental music for the stage, ballet, piano and chamber works, songs, partsongs, hymns and anthems. His celebrated collaboration with W. S. Gilbert produced fourteen operas, including *H.M.S. Pinafore*, *The Pirates of Penzance* and *The Mikado*, between 1871 and 1896. There were also ten operas

with other librettists. He was also a conductor of the highest reputation and a tireless champion of British music and musicians. Incomparably the greatest British musician of the nineteenth century, Sullivan held honorary doctorates from both Oxford and Cambridge, was knighted in 1883 and died in London in 1900.

The Sir Arthur Sullivan Society is a registered charity (no. 274022) which aims to inform the public about, and promote the performance of, the music of Sullivan and other contemporaneous British composers, by means of publications, recordings, lectures, concerts and other activities. The Society has sponsored numerous CDs of Sullivan's works and encouraged many performances. Membership is open to all who are in sympathy with our aims. Benefits include a fully illustrated magazine three times a year and regular newsletters giving details of forthcoming performances and recordings. An annual residential weekend Festival is centred around a performance of major works by Sullivan, supported by an extensive range of recitals and talks. Venues have included Edinburgh, Glasgow, Portsmouth, Cirencester and Ely. The Society has an extensive sales catalogue of CDs, booklets and libretti, many of which are unavailable elsewhere. The Society's library contains unique performing material, much of it available for hire.

www.sullivansociety.org.uk





ELLIE SLORACH is a conductor based in the North West. She graduated from the Royal Northern College of Music with a masters degree with distinction in conducting in 2018 after studying music at the University of Manchester.

Ellie is the Musical Director of the Hallé Youth Orchestra, Radius Opera, Chester Festival Chorus and Stafford Choral Society and the Associate Conductor of Manchester Chamber Choir and Huddersfield Choral Society. In 2015 she founded Kantos Chamber Choir. With Kantos, Ellie has been the director and chorus master for numerous recordings and performances including with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra and the BBC Philharmonic on labels including Decca Classics. Ellie regularly directs for the BBC Radio 4 Daily Service and Sunday Worship broadcasts and directed Kantos in Rome and Assisi for broadcasts last summer.

In 2018, Ellie was on the Britten-Pears Young Artist Programme studying conducting with Marin Alsop and the Women's Conductors course run by the Royal Opera House and the National Opera Studio. She was recently selected to work with the BBC Philharmonic in a masterclass and studio concert and in June 2018 she was a prize-winner in Romania at the Gheorghe Dima International Choir Conducting Competition.

For 2019, Ellie is the Young Associate Conductor for New Adventures, which sees her touring major UK theatres with Matthew Bourne's new production of Prokofiev's Romeo and Juliet. She also gives her debut concert performances with the Hallé Orchestra, Manchester Chamber Choir, the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Choir, and on tour with a première production by Radius Opera.

www.ellieslorach.co.uk

KANTOS CHAMBER CHOIR was founded in 2015 by Musical Director, Ellie Slorach. The choir has since grown to be at the forefront of the choral scene in the North West, performing original and innovative chamber choir concerts. The choir has also performed and recorded with ensembles including the BBC Philharmonic, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra and Northern Ballet Sinfonia on record labels including Decca Classics. Kantos regularly sing for the BBC Radio 4 Daily Service and Sunday Worship broadcasts and went on tour to Rome and Assisi with the BBC to broadcast a Choral Evensong service for Radio 3 among other special editions of the programme.

www.kantoschamberchoir.com

Soprano: Sarah Keirle, Eleanor Hobbs, Helen Southernwood, Amy Ma, Megan Rickard **Alto:** Lucy Vallis, Claire Shercliff, David McGregor, Anna Disley-Simpson **Tenor:** Benoît André, Timothy Peters, Ed Roberts, Hugh Beckwith **Bass:** Billy Kyle, Gary Allen, Dominic Skingle

KANTOS
CHAMBER CHOIR



*Arthur Sullivan,
near the end of his life*

