



MUSICK TO HEARE

Olivia Hunt soprano • John Hosking harpsichord, organ & piano



HENRY PURCELL (1659-1695)	
1. If music be the food of love, Z379A ⁺⁺	2:33
2. Dido's Lament (Dido & Aeneas) ^{*§}	4:46
ISABELLA LEONARDA (1620-1704) arr. JOHN HOSKING (b. 1976)	
3. Quam dulcis es, quam cara, Op.13	11:12
WILLIAM BYRD (1543-1623)	
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ANONYMOUS (16th century English)	
7. The Willow Song ^{*†}	2:21
JOHN DOWNLAND (1563-1626)	
8. Come again, sweet love doth now invite ⁺⁺	1:46
FRAY ANTONIO MARTIN Y COLL (c.1660-1735)	
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ROGER QUILTER (1877-1953)	
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JOHN HOSKING (b. 1976)	
13. Music to hear ^{*‡}	4:17
RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872-1958)	
14. The infinite shining heavens (Songs of Travel) ⁺⁺	2:32
ROGER QUILTER (1877-1953)	
15. Weep you no more ^{*‡}	2:35
JOCELYN POOK (b. 1960)	
16. Bridal Ballad (The Merchant of Venice) ^{*‡}	4:46

Olivia Hunt soprano* • John Hosking harpsichord[†], organ[§] & piano[‡] • Mark Hartt-Palmer violin[¶]

In **Henry Purcell's** short life (1659-1695) changes in taste at the English court saw him seek more work away from the Chapel Royal and resulted in his return to composing for the theatre and his only true opera, *Dido and Aeneas*. Probably composed in the mid-1680's it is often considered the first example of English opera. *When I am laid in earth* (often referred to as *Dido's Lament*) is the dramatic pinnacle of the work. Purcell employs a 'ground bass', constructing the aria on a descending chromatic figure in the continuo that repeats. The harmony is highly inventive and effects a sighing feeling to which Dido's bittersweet melody is tethered. Purcell was also a prolific song-writer, he set *If music be the food of love* twice. Whilst the first line comes from Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, the poem itself is by Colonel Henry Heveningham and is an ode to music. The version sung here includes the second verse which appeared with the music's publication in the *Gentleman's Journal* in June 1692. Purcell's use of musical material is rather economic and although the voice directly echoes its melody, greater movement and harmonic tension build up in the continuo part evoking the growing fervour with each iteration.

Isabella Leonarda (1620-1704) came from a prominent family in the Province of Novara and was entered into the Collegio di Sant'Orsola as a novice at the age of 16, becoming its superior by 1686. Her musical style owes more to Claudio Monteverdi than some of her composing contemporaries yet far from being outdated or pastiche, her music is original and stylistically assured. Leonarda also produced a significant body of instrumental as well as vocal music, which was not usual amongst female composers of the time. The motets, which are written for one or a number of voices, all have instrumental accompaniment and Leonarda's melodic skill is easily demonstrated in the interplay of the instruments and voices as well as the sinfonias that punctuate sections. *Quam Dulcis es, quam cara* was written in 1687 and bears a dedication not only to the Blessed Virgin Mary but also the Basilica at Loreto - a method Leonarda had of obtaining financial support from wealthy patrons. *Quam Dulcis* forms an expansive and emotive supplication to Mary the Mother of God, particularly in the short *recitativo* sections. As is common in many of Leonarda's compositions, the work is a highly embellished *rondo* where principal themes return and neatly frame forays in different tempi and meters. Matched with her natural melodies and lively rhythms, these reprises mark most of her work as charismatic and memorable.

It was only due to the early death of Robert Parsons in 1572 that **William Byrd** (1543-1623) became a member of the Chapel Royal and was able to study with the already established composer, Thomas Tallis (1505-1585). Teacher and pupil were granted a monopoly in 1575 by Elizabeth I for printed music, in spite of the fact both of them were unreformed Roman Catholics. With Tallis' death in 1585, Byrd conveyed the loss of his mentor and colleague in this single stanza elegy, *Ye sacred Muses*. Originally written for four viols and alto solo, the music is entirely drawn from the opening phrase and

produces an unrelenting push and pull of harmonic tension. The form clearly pays tribute to Tallis' standing as a master of polyphony, nonetheless Byrd was not a prolific writer of songs, nor was he a major proponent of the madrigal school. Despite its formal conception, Byrd shows his own skill with contrapuntal techniques and the final repetitions of 'Tallis is dead' are particularly impassioned.

Tarquino Merula (1595-1665) is often seen as having developed the forms of cantata and aria and (like Purcell) the ground bass, *Hor ch'è tempo dormire* being one such as example. Unusually, the ground bass that Merula gives himself is made up of only two notes a semitone apart. This motif forces the harmony to wrap around it, creating a mesmerising anchor for the soloist's lullaby, which occurs no less than 161 times before it succumbs and eventually unwinds in a coda to a restful cadence. As the name suggests, the *Capriccio cromatico* also takes the semitone as its impetus – this time a full ascending chromatic scale. Even more so than in *Hor ch'è tempo dormire*, Merula pushes the harmonic boundaries to accommodate this theme in three voices. At the mid-point, the scale is reversed with syncopated rhythms decorating the new descending theme.

The Willow Song is an anonymous Elizabethan folksong that is often associated with Shakespeare's *Othello*, as it is used in Act IV – given to a fearful Desdemona. The first sources appear in the 1580s however, predating the play by 20 years. Typical of songs of the era, it has a strong modal quality particularly in its long descending refrains of 'Willow, willow, willow'.

John Dowland (1563-1626) could be considered the father of English song and he enjoyed great popularity in his lifetime but was denied a position in the English court, unlike Byrd or Tallis, due to his Roman Catholicism. Rumours of espionage and treason perpetuated throughout his life, although it appears he was a loyal subject to Elizabeth I. His songs are often remembered for the melancholy that pervades most of his music. His famous fantasia for viols *Semper Dowland, semper dolens* (Always Dowland, always doleful) is telling in this regard. *Come again, sweet love*, from his *First Booke of Songs or Ayres* published in 1597, is one example of his more joyful disposition, even if the text is bittersweet. The piece's structure and particularly the dotted rhythms at the end of the stanza suggest Purcell modelled his *If music be the food of love* on this particular song, which shows his standing amongst his fellow musicians.

The title *Batalla del 5. Tono* certainly puts one in mind of the powerful horizontal trumpet stops that adorned the organs of **Antonio Martin y Coll's** (d. c1735) native Spain. Little is known of Coll's life other than that he became a Franciscan friar and that he copied many popular keyboard works of the time including some collections of his own compositions. The simple harmonic progressions and held drone-like bass part of *Batalla* are inevitably meant to evoke the bugle calls and the bombards of the

battlefield. The unabashed bombast of C major of the first section is subsequently treated to a little more decoration as each section becomes more developed - the last being a triumphant fanfare.

Johann Christoph Pepusch (1667-1752), like his near contemporary George Frederick Handel, was born in Germany but spent his career in London. Pepusch and Handel were both in the employ of the Duke of Chandos between 1717 and 1718 and it was to the Duke of Chandos that Pepusch dedicated six cantatas for solo voice when they were published, including *When love's soft passion*. The first two movements of this cantata are presented on this recording, namely a brief recitative and an aria. Pepusch sets the aria as a gently lilting *siciliana* and, as was usual at the time, giving near-equal prominence to a solo instrument as well as the voice - in this case a flute.

After the death of Purcell, Britain suffered a dearth of native composers who could gain international recognition. This changed towards the end of the 19th Century with figures such as Arthur Sullivan and Edward Elgar, but particularly Hubert Parry – one of the leading lights of the so-called English musical renaissance. In addition to his posts at Oxford University and the Royal College of Music, Parry's personal project was to improve the standard of English song writing. His own success was equalled by the enthusiasm of many younger composers. **Roger Quilter** (1877-1953) was one of the most prolific song writers in the early part of the 20th Century, composing well over 100. Both *Now sleeps the crimson petal* and *Weep you no more, sad fountains* are comparatively early works but, nonetheless, are full of harmonic richness. Quilter studied at the Hock Conservatory in Frankfurt, however his music shows awareness of the French Impressionists such as Claude Debussy as well as the German Lieder tradition. His settings of the texts in these works is broadly syllabic and the solo lines are uncomplicated and tuneful, bedded in amongst the broad harmonies of the piano accompaniment. The influence of French music is much more apparent in the work of Parry's pupil, **Ralph Vaughan Williams** (1872-1958) who studied with Ravel for a period. *The infinite shining heavens* from his *Songs of Travel* is characterised by its extended diatonic harmonies and parallel movement in the accompaniment.

George Gershwin's (1898-1937) *Porgy and Bess*, now perhaps the best known American opera, was not a success when it was first performed 1935. It follows Gershwin's time in Paris during which he was refused by Nadia Boulanger and Maurice Ravel as a pupil. Gershwin described *Porgy and Bess* as a folk-opera, composing his own music in a folk-style. The aria *Summertime* achieved its own popularity, and has been recorded by numerous singers ever since. Gershwin's jazz-infused style and heavily syncopated rhythms portray the oppressive heat.

Written in 2014, **John Hosking** (b.1976) set Shakespeare's eighth sonnet *Music to hear* for soprano

Olivia Hunt. The rippling accompaniment and strong harmonic shifts (which perhaps belie Hosking's appreciation of the French symphonic organ tradition) underpin a seemingly unfussy vocal line which in fact spans more than two octaves. The solo works to bind the unsettled harmony and ambivalent moods portrayed in the poetry, ultimately placating it and leading to a gentle, less stormy reprise of the main theme.

Jocelyn Pook (b. 1960) has composed scores for numerous stage productions as well as film, winning several awards. The *Bridal Ballad* comes from her score for the 2004 film of Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*. Pook effects the sound world of the Elizabethan era, adopting a modal melody and a sparse accompaniment. The solo violin also evokes an additional folksong feel and introduces a haunting archaic ornamentation to the music.

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THE ORGAN, PRICHARD-JONES HALL, BANGOR UNIVERSITY

PEDAL		GREAT		SWELL	
Principal	16	Principal	8	Bourdon	8
Sub Bass	16	Rohr Flute	8	Viole da Gamba	8
Octave	8	Octave	4	Flute a Fuseau	4
Bass Flute	8	Koppel Flute	4	Prestant	2
Choral Bass	4	Spitz Flute	4	Larigot	1 1/3
Mixture 22.26.29	III	Sesquialtera 12.17	2	Cymbale 22.26.29.36	IV
Posaune	16	Fourniture 19.22.26.29	II	Bassoon	16
Zink	4	Trompeta Real	IV	Trompette	8
		Cymbelstern	8		

1973 - Hill Norman & Beard, using some pipework and soundboards from the Willis organ in the Tabernacle Chapel, Bangor. Organ designed by William Mathias and George Guest.

2010 - David Wells, cleaned, overhauled, new direct electric action.

We are very grateful for the generous support of the following sponsors, who made this recording possible:

David Flanagan FGMS FSCO (Organist at St. Mary's Parish Church Flint. 1963-2013)



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The School of Music and Media, Bangor University

1. If music be the food of love

If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mein, your tongue declare
That you are music everywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
so fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are,
Though yet the treat is only sound.
Sure I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.

Henry Heveningham

3. Quam dulcis es, quam cara

Quam dulcis es, quam cara meo cordis amanti
O Mater pia.
Si a te, O Maria, sum protecta defensa,
In isto mundo sto cum corde iocundo.

Cara genetrix alma, per te stat cor in calma;
Tu dona spes.
Te genetrice in una tota
Stat mea cara fortunata.
Si protegis me
In terra ignota,
In valle remota,
Secura sperare io possum per te.
Defendis si me
In via fallaci,
In mare mendaci,
Io possum restare secura cum spe.
Ergo, si mihi spirat tuae gratiae dilectae Favora-

2. Dido's Lament

Thy hand, Belinda;
Darkness shades me,
On thy bosom let me rest;
More I would, but Death invades me;
Death is now a welcome guest.

When I am laid in earth, may my wrongs create
No trouble in thy breast.
Remember me, but ah
Forget my fate.

Nabun Tate

How sweet, how dear you are to my loving
heart, O Pious Mother!
If I am protected, defended by you, O Mary,
In this world, I stand with joyful heart.

Dear, nourishing begetter, through you
My heart stands in calm, you grant me hope.
My entire dear fortunate being
Stands in total union with you, O begetter.
If you protect me
In an unknown land,
In a remote valley,
I am able to hope securely through you.
If you defend me
On the path of falsehood,
In the sea of lies,
I am able to remain secure with hope.
Therefore, if the breath of your beloved Grace

bilis aura,
O Mater pia,
Si per te, O Maria,
Sum in risu festivo
In hac misera terra
Et faelix vivo.
Tu mei laboris es unica meta.
Sum laeta quieta, mercedem amoris
Pro praetio sudoris
Si mihi tu das.
Si quod venit ad me a te Virgo mittitur
Quod a me exit ad te
Cara, cara dirigitur.
Si canto, si sono sunt cantus per te
Cum musicae dono tu recipie me.
Canori accentus formantur a me
Ut mei concentus magnificent te.
Ergo mea harmonia tota tua semper est,
Virgo Maria. Amen.

4. Ye sacred Muses

Ye sacred Muses, race of Jove,
whom Music's lore delighteth,
Come down from crystal heav'ns above
to earth where sorrow dwelleth,
In mourning weeds, with tears in eyes:
Tallis is dead, and Music dies.

*(In memory of Thomas Tallis, who died on 23
November 1585)*

Breathes favorably upon me,
O pious Mother,
If through you, O Mary,
I am among this festive laughter,
Even in this wretched land,
I will live happily.
You are the only measure of my toil.
I am quietly rejoicing
If you give me the reward of love
In exchange for my sweat.
If what comes to me is sent by you, Virgin,
That which I give is directed to you,
Dear, dear one.
If I sing, if there are songs through you,
You receive me with the gift of song.
The song's intonations are formed by me,
So that my harmonies may magnify you.
Therefore, my harmony is always totally yours,
O Virgin Mary. Amen.

5. Hor ch'è tempo di dormire

Hor ch'è tempo di dormire
dormi figlio e non vagire
perche tempo ancor verrà
che vagir bisognerà.
Deh ben mio deh cor mio fà
fa la nina nina na

Chiudi quei lumi divini
come fan gl'altri bambini
perche tosto oscuro velo
priverà di lume il cielo.
Deh ben mio...

Over prendi questo latte
dalle mie mamelle intatte
perche ministro crudele
ti prepara acceto e fiele.
Deh ben mio...

Amor mio sia questo petto
hor per te morbido letto
pria che rendi ad alta voce
l'alma al Padre sù la croce
Deh ben mio...

Posa hor queste membra belle
vezzosette e tenerelle
perchè puoi ferì e catene
gli daran acerbe pene.
Deh ben mio...

Queste mani e questi piedi
ch'hor con gusto e gaudio vedi
ahime com'in varii modi
passeran acuti chiodi!

Now that it's time to sleep,
sleep, son, and don't cry;
for the time will come soon enough
when crying is needed.
O my dearest, my heart:
lullaby and sleep now.

Close those divine eyes
as other babies do;
for soon a dark veil
will deprive the sky of light
O my dearest, my heart . . .

Or take this milk
from my immaculate breasts;
for a cruel magistrate
is preparing vinegar and gall for you.
O my dearest, my heart . . .

My love, let this breast
be now a soft bed for you,
before, with a loud voice, you give
your soul to the Father, on the cross.
O my dearest...

Rest now your beautiful small limbs,
so charming and delicate;
for later, irons and chains
will cause them bitter pains.
O my dearest, my heart . . .

These hands and feet,
which now you behold with zest and joy—
alas, in how many ways
will sharp nails pierce them!

Questa faccia gratiosa
rubiconda hor più che rosa
sputi e schiaffi sporcheranno
con tormento e grand'affanno.

Ah con quanto tuo dolore
sola speme del mio core
questo capo e questi crini
passeran acuti spini.

Ah ch'in questo divin petto
amor mio dolce e diletto
vi farà piaga mortale
empia lancia e disleale.

Dormi dunque figlio mio,
dormi pur Redentor mio,
perchè poi con lieto viso
si vedrem in Paradiso.

Hor che dormi la mia vita
del mio cor gioia compita
tacia ogn'un con puro zelo
tacian sin la terra e'l Cielo.

E fra tanto io che farò?
Il mio ben contemplerò
ne starò col capo chino
sin che dorme il mio Bambino.

This graceful face,
ruddier than a rose—
spitting and slaps will defile it
with torture and great suffering.

Ah, with how much pain for you,
O only hope of my heart,
this head and this brow
will be pierced by sharp thorns.

For in this divine breast,
O my sweet and delightful love,
an impious traitorous spear
will make a mortal wound.

Sleep, therefore, my son,
sleep then, my Saviour;
for later with joyful faces
we'll see each other in Paradise.

Now that you are sleeping, O my life,
O complete joy of my heart,
let all be quiet with pure zeal,
even the earth and the heavens.

Meanwhile, what shall I do?
I will watch my dear,
not letting my head bow
as long as my baby sleeps.

7. The Willow Song

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
(Sing all a green willow, willow willow willow,)
With his hand in his bosom and his head upon
his knee.
(Oh willow, willow, willow
Shall by my garland.)

He sighed in his singing and made a great
moan...
I am dead to all pleasure, my true love she is
gone.

William Shakespeare

8. Come again, sweet love doth now invite

Come again, sweet love doth now invite
Thy graces, that refrain
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

Come again, that I may cease to mourn
Through thy unkind disdain.
For now left and forlorn
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die
In deadly pain and endless misery.

Anonymous

10. When love's soft passion

When love's soft passion had usurp'd my breast,
And Caelia's haughty scorn destroyed my rest;
To silent groves and murmur'ing streams I fled,
To sooth my pain and thus complaining said.

O Love thou know'st my anguish,
come ease of my pain.
No longer let me languish,
no longer sigh in vain.

James Blackley

11. Now sleeps the crimson petal

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.
Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

12. Summertime

Summertime, and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high
Oh, your daddy's rich and your ma is good-lookin'
So hush, little baby, don't you cry.

One of these mornings you're gonna rise up singing
And you'll spread your wings and you'll take to
the sky
But till that morning, there ain't nothin' can harm
you
With daddy and mammy standin' by

DuBose Heyward / Ira Gershwin

13. Music to hear

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy:
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not
gladly,

Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song being many, seeming
one,
Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none.'

William Shakespeare

14. The infinite shining heavens

The infinite shining heavens
Rose, and I saw in the night
Uncountable angel stars
Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,
Dumb and shining and dead,
And the idle stars of the night
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow
The stars looked over the sea,
Till lo! I looked in the dusk
And a star had come down to me.

Robert Louis Stevenson

15. Weep you no more

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my Sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

Anonymous

16. Bridal Ballad

The ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow;
Satin and jewels grand
Are all at my command,
And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well;
But, when first he breathed his vow,
I felt my bosom swell -
For the words rang as a knell,
And the voice seemed his who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to re-assure me,
And he kissed my pallid brow,
While a reverie came o'er me,
And to the church-yard bore me,
And I sighed to him before me,
Thinking him dead D'Elormie,
"Oh, I am happy now!"

And thus the words were spoken,
And this the plighted vow,
And, though my faith be broken,
And, though my heart be broken,
Here is a ring, as token
That I am happy now! *

Would God I could awaken!
For I dream I know not how!
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken, -
Lest the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now.

Edgar Allan Poe



Photo: Francis Hills

Olivia Hunt and **John Hosking** have worked together in various guises since 2013. They co-founded early music group, Ensemble 1677 in 2016 with the objective of bringing early music to a wider audience. Since then they have performed numerous early music concerts as a duo or with the Ensemble, staged Purcell's opera *Dido and Aeneas* with professional soloists and a community chorus and undertook a successful tour of the South West of England.

Olivia Hunt began singing as a Chorister of Chester Cathedral, culminating her time there as Head Chorister.

As a member of the Cathedral Choir, she took part in numerous television and radio broadcasts, both as a soloist (notably the televised Christmas Day Eucharist from the Cathedral in 2009) and as part of the choir. In 2009, Olivia was a finalist at BBC Radio 2's *Young Chorister of the Year* competition, singing at St Paul's Cathedral to a capacity audience. Studying with Edward Hartwell-Jones, she achieved Grade Eight singing with distinction and passed the Advanced Certificate in performance. She now studies with Damian O'Keeffe and has also had a consultation lesson with Dame Emma Kirkby.

In 2013 she made her solo debut in the North Wales International Music Festival, returning in 2015 as soloist in the Mozart *Requiem*, and 2016 to sing a variety of works on the Festival's opening night. She opened the 2017 Conwy Festival with Ensemble 1677, took the part of Dido in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, sang the soprano solo parts in Haydn's "Nelson Mass" and the Handel "Messiah" and gave a solo recital in the 2018 Beaumaris Festival. She has also performed solo recitals in Truro and Bristol Cathedrals.

Her interest in combining music with acting led to her partaking in a workshop with Welsh National Opera, after which she was invited to take part in their series of flashmob operas performed in Wrexham, later published on YouTube.

Olivia appears as the soloist in John Hosking's *Requiem* on *All Angels Cry Aloud* (Regent Records) with the Choir of Selwyn College, Cambridge. She has been broadcast several times on the BBC's *Introducing* scheme and interviewed live on the Radio Wales' *Arts Show*.

Olivia is the recipient of the 2018 Worshipful Livery Company of Wales *Sickle Foundation Award* for services to Welsh music, recently performing a commissioned work at the Cardiff Senedd in a concert to mark the Diamond Jubilee of the Company.

John Hosking is a freelance organist, composer and conductor based in North Wales.

A student at the Royal College of Music, John became Organ Scholar of Westminster Abbey in 1996 and is the only person to ever hold this post for a period of three years. During this time, John played the organ for many Royal and State occasions, broadcast for the BBC and played numerous solo recitals in the Abbey. He was Assistant Director of Music at St Asaph Cathedral from 2004 – 2018.

In much demand as a recitalist and accompanist, John appears on several CDs, his most recent, *Variation*, is recorded at St. Asaph Cathedral for Regent Records. He will release a further disc for Willowhayne Records from St Asaph Cathedral in 2019 with a programme of works for organ, soprano, violin and harp. He made his recital debut at Notre-Dame Cathedral, Paris in 2015.

Increasingly active as a composer, John has completed commissions for Bangor, Chester and Peel Cathedrals, St Martin-in-the-Fields and the Conwy Music Festival. His *Requiem* was premiered in the 2013 North Wales International Music Festival and his large-scale work, *The Seven Trumpets* premiered in December 2013. John's new setting of the *Requiem*, "*Missa pro defunctis*" was premiered on opening night of the 2016 North Wales International Music Festival.

The Choir of Selwyn College Cambridge together with the Ely Cathedral Girls' Choir released a complete disc of his choral works for Regent Records to critical acclaim. John's largest work for organ, *The 14 Stations of the Cross* (commissioned as part of Sebastian Thomson's *Angels of Creation* series) has been released on the Convivium label; this recording was *Editor's Choice* in *Organists' Review* magazine. His new *Toccata* for organ is published by Banks Music, with the remainder of his compositions published by Chichester Music Press.

Several of John's compositions have been broadcast as part of the BBC's *Introducing* scheme.

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WHR055

Recorded in 24-bit 96KHz

Recording: Prichard-Jones Hall, Bangor University, Wales, UK (Tracks 1-10) on 7th-8th June 2018,
Turner Sims Concert Hall, University of Southampton, UK (Tracks 11-16) on 22nd September 2018

Design: Hannah Whale, Fruition Creative Concepts & Willowhayne Records

Recording Engineers: Mark Hartt-Palmer & John Balsdon

Recording Production: John Balsdon & Mark Hartt-Palmer

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Manufactured by Golding Replications, UK.

TOTAL TIME: 71:11