



T.H.E K I N G ' S S I N G E R S

G O L D

ARTWORK

The original artwork used in this packaging was created by The King's Singers. With the support of designer and artists Mike Abrahams and Brian Deighton they created multiple pieces of art – each one with a contribution from all six members of the group – which have been used to create the logo for GOLD and all the artwork. To see some of this process in action, visit www.signumrecords.com/KS-Gold-Artwork

RECORDING

St Michael's Church, Highgate, London, UK
from 11th to 13th October, 1st to 3rd November 2016 and 1st to 3rd February 2017

St Michael & All Angels Church, Summertown, Oxford, UK
27th to 28th February 2017

Producer: NIGEL SHORT

Recording Engineer: MIKE HATCH

Recording Assistant: MICHAEL GERRARD

Editors: JENNIFER HOWELLS, CLAIRE HAY AND ANDREW MELLOR

King's Singers General Management: MUSIC PRODUCTIONS LTD

www.kingssingers.com

www.signumrecords.com

www.musicprods.com

GOLD

CD 1 CLOSE HARMONY

CD 2 SPIRITUAL

CD 3 SECULAR

The current incarnation of King's Singers approached this 50th Anniversary release with great excitement – albeit with some trepidation!

How could we possibly create an album
(or, as it turned out, three albums!)
that would reflect all the group's work
over five decades, honouring its history and
the achievements of our predecessors?
In the end, we decided to go back to basics.

We spent months trawling through programmes and recordings to finalise this selection of music: **OLD FAVOURITES** that the group has performed for decades jostle for position with more **RECENT ADDITIONS** (both classical and pop), and compete with **BRAND NEW WORKS** commissioned especially for this project. A long-list of well over a hundred pieces has been whittled down to a final track-list of 60 that, we feel, represents all the styles and musical epochs that The King's Singers have championed across **FIVE DECADES OF PERFORMANCE** and recording.

Regarding recording style and technique, we again looked to our archives. By modern standards, the technology the original six King's Singers used when they made their first album in 1971 was pretty basic. Huddled around three microphones in a small studio, they had very little of the control and barely any of the special effects we expect from most commercial recordings today. Fifty years ago, recording capabilities extended to little more than adding reverberation and some basic

editing. Most tracks had to be put down in a few long takes, unlike today's modern computerised recording process where hundred of short bursts may be spliced together to create a track.

Yet, despite the original group's primitive tools, they produced **SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY**: an album bursting with energy and executed with laser-like precision. Listening today, we literally hear the **EXCITEMENT IN THEIR VOICES**, and perhaps even the realisation that what they were doing hadn't really been done before (although of course they can have had no idea what was to become of the group)! That Debut Album has been the benchmark for each and every recording The King's Singers have made since.

Trying to put our finger on what exactly made this album so special, we concluded that it could be summed up by one word: honesty. Those six singers wanted nothing other than to send their craft into the world, simply and elegantly. And so, **HONESTY BECAME OUR WATCHWORD**.

We want to honour the formidable skill of those original six King's Singers – indeed, every singer who has been a member of the group throughout its history – by releasing a **50TH ANNIVERSARY RECORDING** that's as honest as that very first album. The result is that when you listen to **GOLD**, you hear exactly what you'd experience at a live King's Singers performance. We sang every piece exactly as if there was an audience in front of us (which, in some sessions, there was), **RELYING HEAVILY ON THE ACOUSTICS** rather than individual, close-set microphones – and of course there's no auto-tuning or multi-tracking! We knew we had to channel the raw purity of our six individual voices if we hoped to **RECAPTURE THE JOY** the very first King's Singers album still brings to us. And so, here it is: a set of three **GOLD** albums that aims to **LET ALL THE MUSIC WE'VE CHOSEN SHINE AS BRIGHTLY AS POSSIBLE**. We hope you enjoy listening to **GOLD** as much as we've enjoyed making it, and that you also find it represents the very best of The King's Singers. Onwards and upwards: **HERE'S TO THE NEXT 50 YEARS!**



The King's Singers left to right
Timothy Wayne-Wright COUNTERTENOR
Jonathan Howard BASS
Patrick Dunachie COUNTERTENOR
Julian Gregory TENOR
Christopher Bruerton BARITONE
Christopher Gabbittas BARITONE

An abstract artistic composition featuring various splatters and textures of gold, orange, and brown pigments on a white background. The splatters are irregular and organic in shape, with some showing fine, radiating lines. The colors range from bright, shimmering gold to deep, earthy browns and oranges. The overall effect is one of dynamic movement and rich texture.

GOLD

CD 1 CLOSE HARMONY

CD 1

1	We are*	
2	And I love her	
3	Don't worry about me*	
4	Kelele*	
5	And so it goes	
6	Down with love	
7	All of me*	
8	Shenandoah*	
9	Lamorna	
10	Some folks' lives roll easy	
11	See you again*	
12	Alice in Wonderland	
13	Black horse and the cherry tree*	
14	Danny Boy	
15	I'll follow the sun	
16	Bobby Shaftoe	
17	Love is here to stay	
18	Scarborough Fair	
19	That lonesome road	
20	Loch Lomond	
21	Down by the riverside	
22	MLK	

CLOSE HARMONY

<i>Bob Chilcott</i>	2.52
<i>John Lennon, Paul McCartney</i> , arr. BOB CHILCOTT	3.06
<i>Frances</i> , arr. CHRISTOPHER BRIURTON	3.40
<i>Angélique Kidjo</i> , arr. TOBY YOUNG	3.10
<i>Billy Joel</i> , arr. BOB CHILCOTT	3.46
<i>Harold Arlen, Yip Harburg</i> , arr. GORDON LANGFORD	2.56
<i>John Legend</i> , arr. ALEXANDER L'ESTRANGE	5.44
<i>Traditional</i> , arr. BOB CHILCOTT	3.13
<i>Traditional</i> , arr. GOFF RICHARDS	1.52
<i>Paul Simon</i> , arr. ANDREW JACKMAN	3.27
<i>Wiz Khalifa, Charlie Puth, Justin Franks</i> , arr. CHRISTOPHER GABBITAS	2.41
<i>Spike Milligan, Alan Clare</i> , arr. GORDON LANGFORD	2.41
<i>KT Tunstall</i> , arr. ALEXANDER L'ESTRANGE	3.26
<i>Traditional</i> , PETER KNIGHT	3.13
<i>John Lennon, Paul McCartney</i> , arr. BILL IVES	2.29
<i>Traditional</i> , arr. GORDON LANGFORD	1.13
<i>George Gershwin, Ira Gershwin</i> , arr. RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT	2.38
<i>Traditional</i> , arr. CHRISTOPHER GABBITAS	3.17
<i>James Taylor</i> , arr. SIMON CARRINGTON	2.48
<i>Traditional</i> , arr. DAVID OVERTON	3.06
<i>Traditional</i> , arr. ROBERT RICE	3.59
<i>U2</i> , arr. BOB CHILCOTT	2.19

CD 1 *Total* 67.37

WE ARE

Bob Chilcott Text: *The Human Family* MAYA ANGELOU

<p>I note the obvious differences In the human family. Some of us are serious, Some thrive on comedy.</p> <p>Some declare their lives are lived As true profundity, And others claim they really live The real reality.</p> <p>The variety of our skin tones Can confuse, bemuse, delight, Brown and pink and beige and purple, Tan and blue and white.</p> <p>I've sailed upon the seven seas And stopped in every land, I've seen the wonders of the world, Not yet one common man.</p> <p>I know ten thousand women Called Jane and Mary Jane, But I've not seen any two Who really were the same.</p>	<p>Mirror twins are different Although their features jibe, And lovers think quite different thoughts While lying side by side.</p> <p>We love and lose in China, We weep on England's moors, And laugh and moan in Guinea, And thrive on Spanish shores.</p> <p>We seek success in Finland, Are born and die in Maine, In minor ways we differ, In major we're the same.</p> <p>I note the obvious differences Between each sort and type, But we are more alike, my friends, Than we are unlike.</p> <p>We are more alike, my friends, Than we are unlike.</p> <p>We are more alike, my friends, Than we are unlike.</p>
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AND I LOVE HER

John Lennon and Paul McCartney art. BOB CHILCOTT

<p>I give her all my love That's all I do And if you saw my love You'd love her too I love her</p> <p>She gives me everything And tenderly The kiss my lover brings She brings to me And I love her</p> <p>A love like ours Could never die As long as I Have you near me</p>	<p>Bright are the stars that shine Dark is the sky I know this love of mine Will never die And I love her</p> <p>A love like ours Could never die As long as I Have you near me</p> <p>Bright are the stars that shine Dark is the sky I know this love of mine Will never die And I love her</p>
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DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME*Frances* arr. CHRISTOPHER BRUERTON

I'll feel the fear for you,
 I'll cry your tears for you
 I'll do anything I can to make you comfortable
 Even if I fall down when you're not around
 Don't worry about me, don't worry about me

'Cause if I fall, you'll fall
 And if I rise, we'll rise together
 When I smile, you'll smile
 And don't worry about me,
 don't worry about me

I'll feel the fear for you,
 I'll cry your tears for you
 I'll do anything I can to make you comfortable
 Even if I fall down when you're not around
 Don't worry about me, don't worry about me

I'll climb the hills you face,
 I'll do this in your place
 I'd do anything to go through it instead of you
 But even if I fall down when you're not around
 Don't worry about me, don't worry about me

So if I fall, you'll fall
 And if I rise, we'll rise together
 When I smile, you'll smile
 And don't worry about me,
 don't worry about me

So if I fall, you'll fall
 And if I rise, we'll rise together
 When I smile, you'll smile
 And don't worry about me,
 don't worry about me

So if I fall, you'll fall
 And if I rise, we'll rise together
 When I smile, you'll smile
 And don't worry about me,
 don't worry about me

KELELE*Angélique Kidjo* arr. TOBY YOUNG

Kelele is an original song by Angélique Kidjo that celebrates the joy to be found singing, making music, and generally making noise. Before a performance of Kelele in London in 2010, Kidjo explained that she often takes her music and language from many parts of Africa – including Nigeria, Ghana, Congo and Senegal – and puts them in her own, internal shaker to make a musical “smoothie”. Rather than translate the African text into English that doesn't fully capture the richness of Kidjo's unique language, therefore, we've decided not to include any text for her song at all – to allow us all to appreciate her totally idiosyncratic and linguistically original work on its own terms.

AND SO IT GOES*Billy Joel* art. BOB CHILCOTT

In every heart there is a room	And this is why my eyes are closed
A sanctuary safe and strong	It's just as well for all I've seen
To heal the wounds from lovers past	And so it goes, and so it goes
Until a new one comes along	And you're the only one who knows
I spoke to you in cautious tones	So I would choose to be with you
You answered me with no pretence	That's if the choice were mine to make
And still I feel I said too much	But you can make decisions too
My silence is my self-defence	And you can have this heart to break
And every time I've held a rose	And so it goes, and so it goes
It seems I only felt the thorns	And you're the only one who knows
And so it goes, and so it goes	
And so will you soon I suppose	
But if my silence made you leave	
Then that would be my worst mistake	
So I will share this room with you	
And you can have this heart to break	

DOWN WITH LOVE*Harold Arlen* art. GORDON LANGFORD

You sons of Adam, you daughters of Eve	Give it back to the birds and the bees and the Viennese
The time has come to take your love-lorn	(And they're welcome to it)
hearts off your sleeve	
Look about you, what do you see?	Down with eyes romantic and stupid
Love-sick, love-lorn, love-wrecked,	Down with sighs, down with Cupid
love-worn boo-hoo-manity	Brother let's stuff that dove
 	Down with Love
There'll be no peace on earth until this curse	
Is wiped off from this love-mad universe	I say down with love, let's liquidate all its friends
Are we mice or men? Can't you see the light	(and neighbours)
Come, you fellow victims, let's unite	Moon and June and roses and rainbows' ends
 	Down with songs that moan about night and day
Down with love, the flowers, the rice and shoes	Down with love, yes, take it away, away
Down with love, the root of all midnight blues	(And we mean it!)
Down with things that give you that	Away (down with loving)
well-known pain	Take it away (and lovey-dove-doving)
Take that moon and wrap it in cellophane	Better give it back to the birds and the bees
 	and the Viennese
Down with love, let's liquidate all its friends	But maybe they don't want it!
Moon and June and roses and rainbows' ends	
Down with songs that moan about night and day	Down with eyes romantic and stupid
Down with love, yes, take it away, away	Down with sighs, down with Cupid
 	Brother let's stuff that dove
Away, away, take it away	Down with love
(You heard me take it away)	(We don't need it, take it away, yay!)

ALL OF ME

John Legend ART. ALEXANDER L'ESTRANGE

What would I do without your smart mouth? Drawing me in, and you kicking me out You've got my head spinning, no kidding I can't pin you down	How many times do I have to tell you Even when you're crying you're beautiful too The world is beating you down I'm around through every mood
What's going on in that beautiful mind I'm on your magical mystery ride And I'm so dizzy, don't know what hit me But I'll be alright	You're my downfall, you're my muse My worst distraction, my rhythm and blues I can't stop singing It's ringing in my head for you
My head's underwater But I'm breathing fine You're crazy and I'm out of my mind	My head's underwater But I'm breathing fine You're crazy and I'm out of my mind
'Cause all of me Loves all of you Love your curves and all your edges All your perfect imperfections Give your all to me I'll give my all to you You're my end and my beginning Even when I lose, I'm winning 'Cause I give you all of me And you give me all of you	'Cause all of me Loves all of you Love your curves and all your edges All your perfect imperfections Give your all to me I'll give my all to you You're my end and my beginning Even when I lose, I'm winning 'Cause I give you all of me And you give me all of you

Give me all of you
Cards on the table, we're both showing hearts
Risking it all, though it's hard
'Cause all of me
Loves all of you
Love your curves and all your edges
All your perfect imperfections
Give your all to me

I'll give my all to you
You're my end and my beginning
Even when I lose, I'm winning
'Cause I give you all of me
And you give me all of you
I give you all of me
And you give me all of you

SHENANDOAH

Traditional ART. BOB CHILCOTT

Oh Shenandoah
I long to see you
Away, you rolling river
Oh Shenandoah
I long to see you
Away, we're bound away
Across the wide Missouri
'Tis seven long years since last I've seen you
Away, you rolling river
'Tis seven long years since last I've seen you
Away, we're bound away
Across the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah
I long to hear you
Away, you rolling river
Oh Shenandoah
I long to hear you
Away, we're bound away
Across the wide Missouri

LAMORNA*Traditional* art. GOFF RICHARDS

Way down to Lamorna	As she got in the cab
Take her down to Lamorna	I asked her for her name
Take her down	(Now what's your name?)
I'll sing to you a song	And when she gave it me
It's about a lady fair	Well, mine it was the same
I met the other evening	So I lifted up her veil
At the corner of the square	Her face was covered over
She'd a dark and roving eye	To my surprise, it was my wife
She was a charming rover	I took down to Lamorna!
We rolled all night in the pale moonlight	'Twas down in Albert Square
Way down to Lamorna	I never shall forget
'Twas down in Albert Square	Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I never shall forget	And the evening it was wet
Her eyes they shone like diamonds	Her hair hung down in curls
And the evening it was wet	She was a charming rover
Her hair hung down in curls	We rolled all night in the pale moonlight
She was a charming rover	Way down to Lamorna
We rolled all night in the pale moonlight	Down to Lamorna
Way down to Lamorna	Take her down to Lamorna
	Take her down

She said "I know you now,
I knew you all along.
I knew you in the dark,
But I did it for a lark.
Now for that lark you'll pay,
for the taking of your Donnah,
(You'll have to pay!)
You'll pay the fare for riding there,
Way down to Lamorna!"

'Twas down in Albert Square
I never shall forget
Her eyes they shone like diamonds
And the evening it was wet
Her hair hung down in curls
She was a charming rover
We rolled all night in the pale moonlight
Way down to Lamorna

We rolled all night in the pale moonlight
Way down to Lamorna

SOME FOLKS' LIVES ROLL EASY*Paul Simon* art. ANDREW JACKMAN

Some folks' lives roll easy as a breeze	And here I am, Lord
Drifting through a summer night	I'm knocking at your place of business
Heading for a sunny day	I know I ain't got no business here
But most folks' lives, they stumble	But you said, if I ever got so low I was busted, You could be trusted
Lord, they fall	Some folks' lives roll easy
Through no fault of their own	Some folks' lives never roll at all
Most folks never catch their stars	They just fall, they just fall
	Some folks' lives

SEE YOU AGAIN

Wiz Khalifa, Charlie Puth, Justin Franks ART. CHRISTOPHER GABBITAS

It's been a long time Without you, my friend And I'll tell you all about it When I see you again	We've come a long way From where we began Oh I'll tell you all about it When I see you again, when I see you again
We've come a long way From where we began Oh I'll tell you all about it When I see you again, when I see you again	How can we not talk about family When it's all that we got And everything I went through You were standing by my side
I think of the plans we've made So much to be done Those dreams that we used to dream But now it feels they're gone	Let the light guide your way Hold every memory as you go And every road you take Will always lead you home
Just trust that I'll fight for you Believe in me I'm not gonna let you down My family's all I need	It's been a long time Without you, my friend And I'll tell you all about it When I see you again
It's been a long time Without you, my friend And I'll tell you all about it When I see you again	We've come a long way From where we began Oh I'll tell you all about it When I see you again, when I see you again When I see you again

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Spike Milligan, Alan Clare ART. GORDON LANGFORD

Alice in Wonderland would understand A little Queen of Hearts like you. But in my book it said: Off with his head! And that's exactly what you'd do.	We let the silent sand run through our hands, The setting sun became a glow, I recall, down the long years between. Where did my Queen of Hearts go?
Indeed, I lost my head completely when, On the river one Summer's day, All in the golden afternoon, We glided far away.	Alice in Wonderland, Where are you now, my love?
Oh, Alice, how I love you.	
The fairy cakes you made, the lemonade, The funny stories that I told: How Tweedle-Dum and Dee could not agree, And Father William – who was very old, Mad Hatter on a spree, Dormouse dunked in the tea. All of that day to me was gold.	

BLACK HORSE AND THE CHERRY TREE*KT Tunstall* art. ALEXANDER L'ESTRANGE

Well my heart knows me better that I know myself,
 So I'm going to let it do all the talking.
 I came across a place in the middle of nowhere
 With a big black horse and a cherry tree.

I fell in fear upon my back, I said,
 "Don't look back, just keep on walking,"
 When the big black horse that looked this way said,
 "Hey there, will you marry me?"

But I said, "No, no, no, no, no, no,"
 I said, "No, no, you're not the one for me.
 No, no, no, no, no, no,"
 I said, "No, no, you're not the one for me."

Well, my heart had a problem in the early hours,
 So I stopped it dead for a beat or two.
 But I cut some cord, and I shouldn't have done it,
 And it won't forgive me after all these years.

So I sent it to a place in the middle of nowhere
 With a big black horse and a cherry tree.
 Now it won't come back, 'cause it's oh-so-happy,
 And now I've got a hole for the world to see.

And it said, "No, no, no, no, no, no,"
 It said, "No, no, you're not the one for me.
 No, no, no, no, no, no,"
 And it said, "No, no, you're not the one for me."

"No, no, no, no, no, no,
 No, no, you're not the one for me.
 No, no, no, no, no, no,
 No, no, you're not the one for me."

Big black horse and a cherry tree –
 I can't quite get there 'cause my heart's
 forsaken me.

Big black horse and a cherry tree –
 I can't quite get there 'cause my heart's forsaken me.

Big black horse and a cherry tree –
 I can't quite get there 'cause my heart's forsaken me.

Big black horse and a cherry tree –
 I can't quite get there 'cause my heart's forsaken me.

DANNY BOY*Traditional* art. PETER KNIGHT

Oh Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
 From glen to glen and down the mountain side.
 The Summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
 'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when Summer's in the meadow,
 Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
 'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
 Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

But when you come and all the flowers are dying,
 If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
 You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
 And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.

And I shall hear, though soft, your tread above me,
 And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
 For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
 And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

I'LL FOLLOW THE SUN*John Lennon and Paul McCartney* arr. BILL IVES

One day, you'll look to see I've gone
 For tomorrow may rain, so I'll follow the sun
 Some day, you'll know I was the one
 But tomorrow may rain, so I'll follow the sun

And now the time has come
 And so my love, I must go
 And though I lose a friend
 In the end you will know

One day, you'll find that I have gone
 But tomorrow may rain, so I'll follow the sun

And now the time has come
 And so my love, I must go
 And though I lose a friend
 In the end you will know

One day you'll find that I have gone
 But tomorrow may rain, so I'll follow the sun
 I'll follow the sun

BOBBY SHAFTOE*Traditional* arr. GORDON LANGFORD

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea
 Silver buckles on his knee
 He'll come back and marry me
 Bonny Bobby Shaftoe

Bobby Shaftoe's bright and fair
 Combing down his yellow hair
 He's my ain for ever mair
 Bonny Bobby Shaftoe

Bobby Shaftoe's tall and slim
 He's always dressed so neat and trim
 The lasses they all wink at him
 Bonny Bobby Shaftoe

Bobby Shaftoe's bright and fair
 Combing down his yellow hair
 He's my ain for ever mair
 Bonny Bobby Shaftoe

Bobby Shaftoe's gettin' a bairn
 For to dangle in his arm
 In his arm and on his knee
 Bonny Bobby Shaftoe

Bobby Shaftoe's bright and fair
 Combing down his yellow hair
 He's my ain for ever mair
 Bonny Bobby Shaftoe

Bobby Shaftoe's been to sea
 Silver buckles on his knee
 He's come back and married me
 Bonny Bobby Shaftoe

LOVE IS HERE TO STAY

George Gershwin arr. RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT

It's very clear
 Our love is here to stay
 Not for a year
 But ever and a day

The radio and the telephone
 And the people that we know
 May just be passing fancies
 And in time may go

But oh my dear
 Our love is here to stay
 Together we're
 Going a long, long way

And though the Rockies may crumble
 Gibraltar may tumble
 They're only made of clay
 But our love is here to stay

SCARBOROUGH FAIR

Traditional arr. CHRISTOPHER GABBITAS

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 Remember me to one who lives there
 She once was a true love of mine

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt
 (On the side of the hill in the deep
 forest-green)

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 (Tracing of sparrow on snow-crested ground)
 Without no seems nor needlework
 (Blankets and bedclothes, a child of
 the mountain)

Then she'll be a true love of mine
 (Sleeps unaware of the clarion call)

Tell her to find me an acre of land
 (On the side of a hill, a sprinkling of leaves)
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 (Washes the grave with silvery tears)
 Between the salt water and the sea strands
 Then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather
 (War bellows blazing in scarlet battalions)
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 (Generals order their soldiers to kill)
 And to gather it all in a bunch of heather
 (And to fight for a cause that's long
 ago forgotten)

Then she'll be a true love of mine

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 Remember me to one who lives there
 She once was a true love of mine

THAT LONESOME ROAD*James Taylor* arr. SIMON CARRINGTON

Walk down that lonesome road all by yourself
Don't turn your head back over your shoulder
And only stop to rest yourself when the silver moon is shining high above the trees

If I had stopped to listen once or twice
If I had closed mouth and opened my eyes
If I had cooled my head and warmed my heart
I'd not be on this road tonight

Carry on, never run feeling sorry for yourself
It doesn't save you from your troubled mind

Walk down that lonesome road all by yourself
Don't turn your head back over your shoulder
And only stop to rest yourself when the silver moon is shining high above the trees

LOCH LOMOND*Traditional* arr. DAVID OVERTON

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond

Oh ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond

I mind when we parted in yon shady glen
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond
Where in purple hue the Highland hills we view
And the moon looks out from the gloamin'

Oh ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE*Traditional* ART. ROBERT RICE

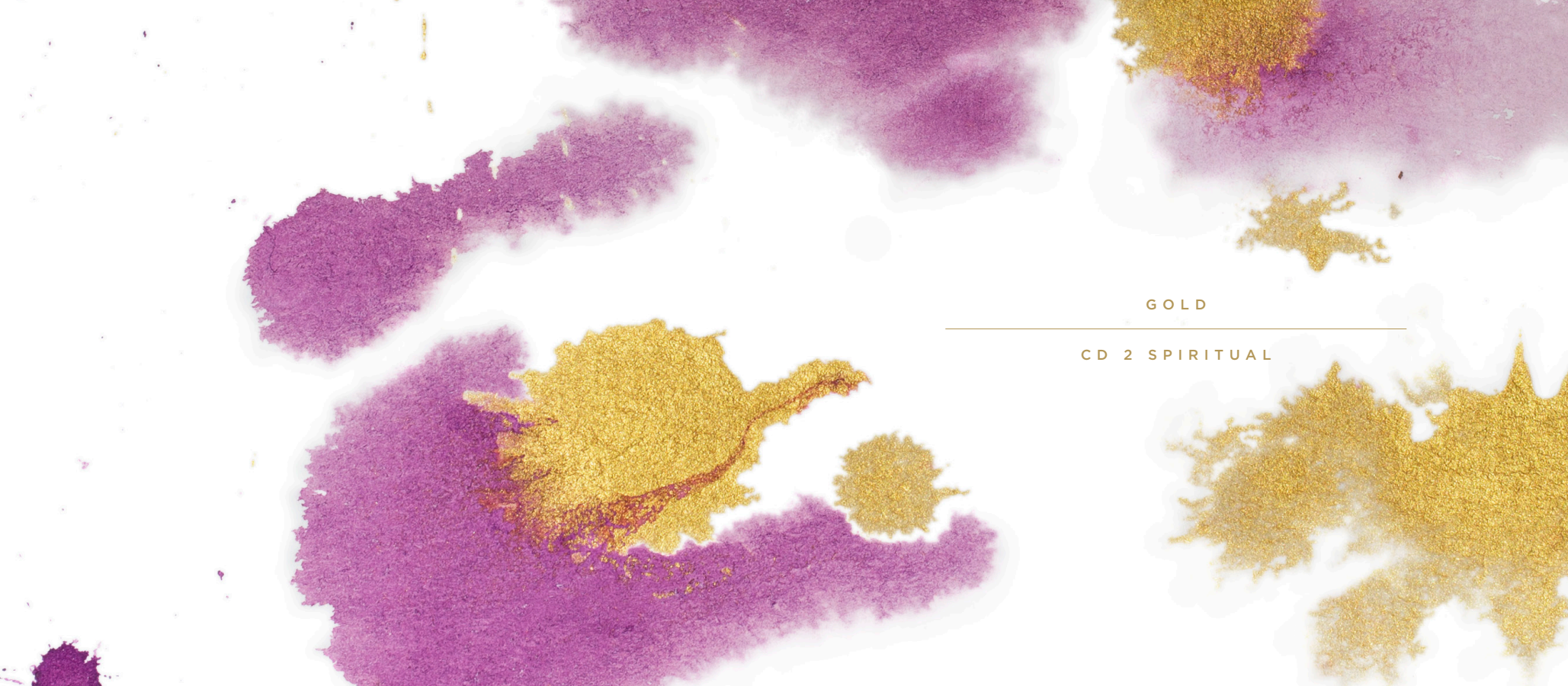
Lay that burden down	Ain't gonna study war no more,
Lay that burden down	study war no more
Lay that burden right down, right down	Ain't gonna study way no more
I'm gonna lay down my burden down	Ain't gonna study war no more,
by the riverside	study war no more
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside	Ain't gonna study way no more
I'm gonna lay down my burden down	Lay that burden down
by the riverside	Lay that burden down
And study war no more	Lay that burden right down, right down
Ain't gonna study war no more,	I'm gonna walk with the Prince of Peace
study war no more	down by the riverside
Ain't gonna study way no more	Down by the riverside, down by the riverside
Ain't gonna study war no more,	I'm gonna walk with the Prince of Peace
study war no more	down by the riverside
Ain't gonna study way no more	And study war no more
I'm gonna put on my long white robe down	Ain't gonna study war no more,
by the riverside	study war no more
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside	Ain't gonna study way no more
I'm gonna put on my long white robe down	Ain't gonna study war no more,
by the riverside	study war no more
And study war no more	Ain't gonna study way no more

I'm gonna lay down my burden down by the riverside
 Down by the riverside, way on down by the riverside
 I'm gonna lay down my burden down by the riverside
 And study war no more

Lay that burden down
 Lay that burden down
 Lay that burden right down, right down

MLK*U2* ART. BOB CHILCOTT

Sleep	Sleep
Sleep tonight	Sleep tonight
And may your dreams be realised	And may your dreams be realised
If the thundercloud	If the thundercloud
Passes rain	Passes rain
So let it rain on him	So let it rain
So let it be	Let it rain
So let it be	Rain on him



GOLD

CD 2 SPIRITUAL

CD 2 SPIRITUAL

1	The Prayer of King Henry VI	<i>Henry Ley</i>	1.51
	2 Sing joyfully	<i>William Byrd</i>	2.26
3	Thou, my love, art fair	<i>Bob Chilcott</i>	3.39
	4 Sicut cervus	<i>Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina</i>	2.55
	5 In manus tuas	<i>Thomas Tallis</i>	2.04
	6 Master of Music*	<i>Toby Hession</i>	5.53
	7 Musica Dei donum	<i>Orlandus Lassus</i>	4.14
	8 Abendlied	<i>Josef Rheinberger</i>	2.54
	9 The Bell Doth Toll (from Sermons and Devotions)	<i>Richard Rodney Bennett</i>	3.13
10	Quatre petites prières de Saint François d'Assise	<i>Francis Poulenc</i>	6.26
11	Das ist je gewißlich wahr	<i>Heinrich Schütz</i>	4.35
	12 Morgengesang	<i>Max Reger</i>	2.23
	13 This marriage	<i>Eric Whitacre</i>	2.23
14	Shir hamma'alot leDavid (Psalm 124)	<i>Salamone Rossi Hebreo</i>	2.33
	15 Versa est in luctum	<i>Alonso Lobo</i>	4.28
	16 Rest	<i>Ralph Vaughan Williams</i>	3.28
17	Tutivillus (from Wymondham Chants)	<i>Geoffrey Poole</i>	2.08
	18 The bluebird	<i>Charles Villiers Stanford</i>	3.40

CD 2 Total 61.15

THE PRAYER OF KING HENRY VI*Henry Ley* Text: *The Founder's Prayer* KING HENRY VI (1421 – 1471)

Domine, Jesu Christe,	<i>O Lord Jesus Christ,</i>
Qui me creasti, redemisti,	<i>Who hast created and redeemed me</i>
Et preordinasti ad hoc quod sum;	<i>And hast foreordained me unto that which now I am;</i>
Tu scis quid de me facere vis;	<i>Thou knowest what thou wouldst do with me;</i>
Fac de me secundum voluntatem tuam	<i>Do with me according to thy will, in thy mercy,</i>
cum misericordia,	
Amen.	<i>Amen.</i>

SING JOYFULLY*William Byrd* Text: *Based on Psalm 81*

Sing joyfully unto God our strength, sing loud unto the God of Jacob.
 Take the song, and bring forth the timbrel, the pleasant harp and the viol.
 Blow the trumpet in the new moon, even in the time appointed, and at our feast day.
 For this is a statute for Israel, and a law of the God of Jacob.

THOU, MY LOVE, ART FAIR*Bob Chilcott* Text: *Christ to his spouse* WILLIAM BALDWIN (c.1515 – c.1563)

Lo, thou, my love, art fair;	For fair, because thine eyes
Myself hath made thee so:	Are like the culvers white,
Yea, thou art fair indeed,	Whose simpleness in deed
Wherefore thou shalt not need	All others do exceed:
In beauty to despair;	Thy judgement wholly lies
For I accept thee so,	In true sense of sprite
For fair.	Most wise.

SICUT CERVUS*Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina* Text: *Psalm 42, verse 1*

Sicut cervus desiderat ad fontes aquarum,	<i>Just as a hart longs for flowing streams,</i>
Ita desiderat anima mea ad te, Deus.	<i>So my soul longs for you, O God.</i>

IN MANUS TUAS*Thomas Tallis* Text: *Responsory for Compline*

In manus tuas, Domine,	<i>Into your hands, O Lord,</i>
Commendo spiritum meum.	<i>I commend my spirit.</i>
Redemisti me, Domine,	<i>You have redeemed me, O Lord,</i>
Deus veritatis.	<i>God of truth.</i>

MASTER OF MUSIC*Toby Hession* Text: *Master of Music* HENRY VAN DYKE (1852 – 1933)

Glory of architect, glory of painter, and sculptor, and bard,
 Living forever in temple and picture and statue and song,
 Look how the world with the lights that they lit is illumined and starred,
 Brief was the flame of their life, but the lamps of their art burn long!

Where is the Master of Music, and how has he vanished away?
 Where is the work that he wrought with his wonderful art in the air?
 Gone, it is gone like the glow on the cloud at the close of the day!
 The Master has finished his work, and the glory of music is where?

Once, at the wave of his wand, all the billows of musical sound
 Followed his will, as the sea was ruled by the prophet of old:
 Now that his hand is relaxed, and his rod has dropped to the ground,
 Silent and dark are the shores where the marvellous harmonies rolled!

Nay, but not silent the hearts that were filled by that life-giving sea;
 Deeper and purer forever the tides of their being will roll,
 Grateful and joyful, O Master, because they have listened to thee,
 The glory of music endures in the depths of the human soul.

MUSICA DEI DONUM*Orlandus Lassus* Text: *Anonymous*

Musica Dei donum optimi
 Trahit homines, trahit deos:
 Musica truces mollit animos
 Tristesque mentes erigit.
 Musica vel ipsas arbores
 Et horridas movet feras.

*Music, the gift of our supreme God,
 Draws men, draws gods;
 Music makes savage souls gentle
 And uplifts sad minds;
 Music moves the trees themselves
 And wild beasts.*

ABENDLIED*Josef Rheinberger* Text: *Luke 24, verse 29 (Lutheran Bible)*

Bleib bei uns,
 Denn es will Abend werden,
 Und der Tag hat sich geneiget.

*Stay with us,
 For it is becoming evening,
 And the day is fading.*

THE BELL DOTH TOLL (FROM SERMONS AND DEVOTIONS)

*Richard Rodney Bennett*Text taken from: *Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions, Meditation XVII:**Nunc Lento Sonitu Dicunt, Morieris* JOHN DONNE (1572 – 1631)

The bell doth toll for him, that thinks it doth; and though it intermit again, yet from that minute, that that occasion wrought upon him, he is united to God. Who casts not up his eye to the sun when it rises? But who take off his eye from a comet, when that breaks out? Who bends not his ear to any bell, which upon any occasion rings? But who can remove it from that bell, which is passing a piece of himself out of this world?

No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friend's or of thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind, and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.

QUATRE PETITES PRIÈRES DE SAINT FRANÇOIS D'ASSISE

Francis Poulenc TEXT: FRANCIS OF ASSISI (1181/2 – 1226)

I. SALUT, DAME SAINTE

Salut, Dame Sainte,
 Reine très sainte, Mère de Dieu,
 O Marie qui êtes vierge perpétuellement,
 Éluë par le très saint Père du Ciel,
 Consacrée par Lui avec son très saint Fils
 Et l'Esprit Paraclet, vous en qui fut
 Et demeure toute plénitude de grâce
 et tout bien!
 Salut, palais; salut, tabernacle;
 Salut, maison; salut, vêtement;
 Salut, servante; salut, mère de Dieu!
 Et salut à vous toutes, saintes vertus,
 Qui par la grâce et l'illumination
 du Saint Esprit,
 Êtes versées dans les coeurs des fidèles et,
 D'infidèles que nous sommes,
 Nous rendez fidèles à Dieu.

*Hail, holy Lady,
 Queen most holy, Mother of God,
 O Mary, you who are ever a virgin,
 Chosen by the most holy Lord of Heaven,
 Consecrated by him with his most holy Son
 And the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete: you in whom was
 And remains all fullness of grace and all goodness!
 and all goodness!
 Hail, palace; hail, shrine;
 Hail, house; hail, clothing;
 Hail, serving woman; hail, mother of God!
 And hail to all of you, holy virtues,
 Which by the grace and light of
 the Holy Ghost
 Are poured into the hearts of the faithful and,
 From being unfaithful as we are,
 Turn us to be faithful to God.*

II. TOUT PUISSANT, TRÈS SAINT

Tout puissant, très saint,
Très haut et souverain Dieu;
Souverain bien, bien universel, bien total;
Toi qui seul est bon;
Pussions nous te rendre toute louange,
Toute gloire, toute reconnaissance,
Tout honneur, toute bénédiction;
Pussions nous rapporter toujours à toi
Tous les biens.
Amen.

*Almighty, most holy,
Most high and sovereign God,
Sovereign, universal and completely good;
You who alone are good,
Allow us to offer You all praise,
All glory, all gratitude,
All honour, and all blessing;
May we always bring You
Everything that is good.
Amen.*

III. SEIGNEUR, JE VOUS EN PRIE

Seigneur, je vous en prie,
Que la force brûlante et douce de votre amour
Absorbe mon âme et la retire
De tout ce qui est sous le ciel,
Afin que je meure par amour de votre amour
Puisque vous avez daigné mourir par amour
De mon amour.

*Lord, I beg You,
Let the burning and gentle force of Your love
Pervade my soul and remove from it
Anything that is less than heavenly,
So that I might die out of love of Your love,
Just as You chose to die out of love
For my love.*

IV. O MES TRÈS CHERS FRÈRES

O mes très chers frères
Et mes enfants bénis pour toute l'éternité,
Écoutez-moi, écoutez la voix de votre Père:
Nous avons promis de grandes choses,
On nous en a promis de plus grandes;
Gardons les unes et soupirons après les autres.
Le plaisir est court, la peine éternelle.
La souffrance est légère, la gloire infinie.
Beaucoup sont appelés, peu sont élus.
Tous recevront ce qu'ils auront mérité.
Ainsi soit-il. Ainsi soit-il.

*O my very dear brothers
And my children that are blessed for all eternity,
Listen to me, listen to the voice of your Father:
We have promised great things,
We have been promised things that are even greater:
Let's stay true to the former, and long for the latter.
The pleasure is great, but the punishment is everlasting.
The suffering is light, but the glory is infinite.
Many are called, but only a few are chosen.
Everyone will receive what they deserve.
So be it. So be it.*

DAS IST JE GEWIBLICH WAHR*Heinrich Schütz* Text: 1 Timothy 1, verses 15-17

Das ist je gewißlich wahr,	<i>This is a certain truth,</i>
Und ein teuer wert Wort,	<i>And a statement of high value,</i>
Daß Christus Jesus kommen ist in die Welt,	<i>That Jesus Christ came into the world</i>
Die Sünder selig zu Machen,	<i>To make sinners holy,</i>
Unter welchen ich der fürnehmste bin.	<i>Among which I am the foremost.</i>
Aber darum ist mir Barmherzigkeit widerfahren,	<i>But on this count I received mercy,</i>
Auf daß an mir fürnehmlich Jesus Christus	<i>That in me first Jesus Christ proved</i>
erzeigete alle Geduld,	<i> all his patience,</i>
Zum Exempel denen,	<i>To be an example to those</i>
Die an ihn glauben sollen,	<i>Who should choose to believe in him,</i>
Zum ewigen Leben.	<i>That they should have everlasting life.</i>
Gott, dem ewigen Könige,	<i>Unto God, the eternal King,</i>
Dem Unvergänglichlichen und Unsichtbaren	<i>The immortal and invisible</i>
und allein Weisen,	<i> who is alone in his wisdom,</i>
Sei Ehre und Preis in Ewigkeit,	<i>Let there be honour and glory for ever and ever,</i>
Amen.	<i>Amen.</i>

MORGENGESANG*Max Reger* Text: JOHANNES ZWICK (1496 – 1542)

Du höchstes Licht, ewiger Schein,	<i>You highest light, eternal shine,</i>
Du Gott und treuer Herre mein,	<i>You God and my most faithful Lord,</i>
Von dir der Gnaden Glanz ausgaht	<i>From you the light of day goes forth</i>
Und leuchtet schön, gleich früh und spat.	<i>And radiates beautifully through day and night.</i>
Das ist der Herre Jesus Christ,	<i>This is the Lord Jesus Christ,</i>
Der ja die göttlich Wahrheit ist,	<i>Who is God's own truth indeed,</i>
Der mit sein'r Lehr Hell scheint und leucht,	<i>And who through his gospel shines brightly and glows,</i>
Bis er die Herzen zu ihm zeucht.	<i>Until he draws all hearts to him.</i>
Er ist der ganzen Welte Licht,	<i>He is the light of the whole world,</i>
Dabei ein jeder klarlich sicht	<i>Through whom anyone can clearly see</i>
Den hellen, schönen, lichten Tag,	<i>The bright and beautiful light of day,</i>
An dem er selig werden mag.	<i>Which can make them holy.</i>

THIS MARRIAGE

Eric Whitacre Text: *This marriage* JALAL AD-DIN MUHAMMAD RUMI (1207 – 1273)

May these vows and this marriage be blessed.
 May it be sweet milk, like wine and halvah.
 May this marriage offer fruit and shade like the date palm.
 May this marriage be full of laughter, our everyday a day in paradise.
 May this marriage be a sign of compassion, a seal of happiness, here and hereafter.
 May this marriage have a fair face and a good name, an omen as welcomes the moon
 in a clear blue sky.
 I am out of words to describe how spirit mingles in this marriage.

SHIR HAMMA'ALOT LEDAVID

Salamone Rossi Hebreo Text: *Psalm 124*

- i. Shir hamma'alot leDavid
A Song of Degrees. Of David.
 lulêy Adonay shehâyâhlânu yo'mar-nâ yisrâ'ël
If it had not been Jehovah who was for us - oh let Israel say -
- ii. lulêy Adonay shehâyâh lânu bequm âlêynu 'âdhâm
If it had not been Jehovah who was for us, when men rose up against us,
- iii. azay chayyim belâ unu bacharoth appâm bânu
Then they had swallowed us up alive, when their anger was kindled against us;
- iv. azay hammayim shethâphunu nachlâh âbhar al-naphshênu
Then the waters had overwhelmed us, a torrent had gone over our soul;
- v. azay âbhar al-naphshênu hammayim hazzêydhoniym
Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.
- vi. bârukh Adonay shello nethânânu thereph leshinnêyhem
Blessed be Jehovah, who gave us not up
- vii. naphshênu ketsippor nimlethâh mippachyoqeshiym
Our soul is escaped like a bird out of the snare of the fowlers:
 happach nishbâr va'anachnu nimlâthenu
the snare is broken, and we have escaped.
- viii. ezrênu beshêm Adonay osêh shâmayim vâ ârets
Our help is in the name of Jehovah, the maker of heavens and earth.

VERSA EST IN LUCTUM*Alonso Lobo* Text: *Job 30, verse 31 and Job 7, verse 16*

Versa est in luctum cithara mea	<i>My harp is turned to grieving,</i>
Et organum meum in vocem flentium.	<i>And my mouth is turned to the voice of them who weep.</i>
Parce mihi, Domine,	<i>Spare me, O Lord,</i>
Nihil enim sunt dies mei.	<i>For my days are worth nothing.</i>

REST*Ralph Vaughan Williams* Text: *Rest* CHRISTINA ROSSETTI (1830 – 1894)

O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes;	With stillness that is almost Paradise.
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth;	Darkness more clear than noon-day holdeth her,
Lie close around her; leave no room for mirth	Silence more musical than any song;
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.	Even her very heart hath ceased to stir:
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,	Until the morning of Eternity
Hushed in and curtained with a blessed dearth	Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be;
Of all that irked her from the hour of birth;	And when she wakes she will not think it long.

TUTIVILLUS (FROM WYMONDHAM CHANTS)*Geoffrey Poole* Text: *Traditional Medieval*

Tutivillus, the devil of hell,	But they be still he will them quell
He writeth ar names sothe to tell,	With kene crookes draw them to hell,
Ad missam garulantes.	Ad puteum autem flentes.
Better wer be at home for ay	For his love that you der bought,
Than her to serve the Devil to pay,	Hold you still and jangle nought,
Sic vana famulantes.	Sed prece deponentes.
Thes women that sitteth the church about,	The bliss of Heaven than may ye win,
They be all of the Devil's rowte,	God bring us all to his in,
Divina impediendes.	Amen, Amen, dicentes.

THE BLUEBIRD*Charles Villiers Stanford* Text: *The bluebird* MARY COLERIDGE (1861 – 1907)

The lake lay blue below the hill,	The sky above was blue at last,
O'er it, as I looked, there flew	The sky beneath me blue in blue,
Across the waters, cold and still,	A moment, ere the bird had passed,
A bird whose wings were palest blue.	It caught his image as he flew.

The background is an abstract composition of textures and colors. It features large, irregular splatters of gold and yellow, some with a fine, shimmering texture. There are also darker, more muted tones of brown and orange. A prominent vertical streak of dark, almost black, color runs down the left side. The overall effect is one of organic, fluid movement and rich, warm tones.

GOLD

CD 3 SECULAR

CD 3 SECULAR

1	Be not afeard*	<i>John Rutter</i>	2.49
2	Le papillon et la fleur	<i>Gabriel Fauré</i> , arr. GOFF RICHARDS	2.47
3	Dessus le marché d'Arras	<i>Orlandus Lassus</i>	1.31
4	Though Amaryllis dance in green	<i>William Byrd</i>	1.11
5	Lagrimas de mi consuelo	<i>Juan Vásquez</i>	4.09
6	Handmade Proverbs	<i>Toru Takemitsu</i>	5.29
7	Les Marins de Kermor	<i>Camille Saint-Saëns</i>	7.51
8	Con amores, la mi madre	<i>Juan de Anchieta</i> , arr. BOB CHILCOTT	2.46
9	All meine Herzgedanken	<i>Johannes Brahms</i>	2.54
10	Die Nacht	<i>Franz Schubert</i>	2.49
11	Revecy venir du Printans	<i>Claude Le Jeune</i>	2.47
12	Romance du soir	<i>Camille Saint-Saëns</i>	2.43
13	Horizons	<i>Peter Louis van Dijk</i>	7.04
14	Plaisir d'amour	<i>Jean-Paul-Égide Martini</i> , arr. GOFF RICHARDS	2.58
15	Come, blessed bird	<i>Edward Johnson</i>	2.27
16	The little green lane	<i>Traditional</i> , arr. SAMUEL ERNEST LOVATT	2.19
17	Das G'läut zu Speyer	<i>Ludwig Senfl</i>	1.05
18	Basiez moi!	<i>Josquin des Prez</i>	2.04
19	Gentil señora mia	<i>Juan Vásquez</i>	4.17
20	Quand tu dors près de moi	<i>Georges Auric</i> , arr. GORDON LANGFORD	3.34

CD 3 Total 65.37

BE NOT AFEARD

John Rutter Text taken from: *Act III, Scene II of The Tempest* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564 – 1616)

Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
 Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
 Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
 That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
 The clouds methought would open and show riches
 Ready to drop upon me that, when I waked,
 I cried to dream again.

LE PAPILLON ET LA FLEUR

Gabriel Fauré arr. GOFF RICHARDS

Text: *No. 27a* from *Les Chants du Crépuscule* VICTOR MARIE HUGO (1802 – 1885)

La pauvre fleur disait au papillon céleste:	<i>The poor flower kept saying to the airborne butterfly:</i>
Ne fuis pas!	<i>“Don’t fly away!</i>
Vois comme nos destins différents. Je reste,	<i>Look how our destinies are different: I stay here,</i>
Tu t’en vas!	<i>You fly off!</i>

Pourtant nous nous aimons,
 nous vivons sans les hommes
 Et loin d’eux,
 Et nous nous ressemblons,
 et l’on dit que nous sommes
 Fleurs tous deux!

Mais, hélas! L’air t’emporte et
 la terre m’enchaîne.
 Sort cruel!
 Je voudrais embaumer ton vol de mon haleine
 Dans le ciel!

Mais non, tu vas trop loin!
 Parmi des fleurs sans nombre
 Vous fuyez,
 Et moi je reste seule à voir tourner mon ombre
 A mes pieds.

Tuis fuis, puis tu reviens; puis tu t’en vas encore
 Luire ailleurs.
 Aussi me trouves-tu toujours à chaque aurore
 Toute en pleurs!

Oh! Pour que notre amour coule des jours fidèles,
 Ô mon roi,
 Prends comme moi racine, ou donne-moi des ailes
 Comme à toi!

*Yet we love each other,
 we live without humans,
 Far away from them,
 And we resemble one another –
 some people say that
 Both of us are flowers.*

*But alas! The breeze carries you away and
 the ground ties me down -
 What a cruel fate!
 I want my breath to sweeten your flight
 In the sky!*

*But no, you’re going too far away!
 Through countless flowers
 You fly away,
 While I stay here alone, watching my shadow circle
 At my feet.*

*You go, then you come back, then you fly off again
 To shine elsewhere.
 So every morning you find me
 Covered in tears!*

*Oh please, so that our love can glide along faithfully,
 O my king,
 Take root like me – or else give me wings,
 Like you!”*

DESSUS LE MARCHÉ D'ARRAS*Orlandus Lassus* Text: *Anonymous*

Dessus le marché d'Arras	<i>By the marketplace in Arras,</i>
Mire li, mire la bon bas	<i>Mire li, mire la bon bas</i>
Je trouvais un espagnard.	<i>I met a Spaniard.</i>
Sentin, senta, sur la bon bas	<i>Sentin, senta, sur la bon bas</i>
Mire li, mire la bon bille	<i>Mire li, mire la bon bille</i>
Mire li, mire la bon bas	<i>Mire li, mire la bon bille</i>
Il m'a dit: "Fille écoute,"	<i>He said to me, "Listen, maid,</i>
Mire li, mire la bon bas	<i>Mire li, mire la bon bas</i>
"De l'argent on vous don'ra."	<i>I will give you money."</i>
Sentin, senta, sur la bon bas	<i>Sentin, senta, sur la bon bas</i>
Mire li, mire la bon bille	<i>Mire li, mire la bon bille</i>
Mire li, mire la bon bas	<i>Mire li, mire la bon bas</i>

THOUGH AMARYLLIS DANCE IN GREEN*William Byrd* Text: *Anonymous*

Though Amaryllis dance in green	Corinna can, with smiling cheer.
Like fairy queen;	Yet since their eyes make heart so sore,
And sing full clear	Heigh ho, chill love no more.

LAGRIMAS DE MI CONSUELO*Juan Vásquez* Text: GARCÍ SÁNCHEZ DE BADAJOZ (1460 – 1526)

Lágrimas de mi consuelo	<i>Tears of my consolation,</i>
Que aveys hecho maravillas,	<i>What wonders you have done</i>
Y hazeys,	<i>And still do,</i>
Salid, salid sin recelo	<i>Flow, flow without fear</i>
Y regad estas mexillas	<i>And moisten these cheeks,</i>
Que soleys.	<i>As is your custom.</i>

HANDMADE PROVERBS*Toru Takemitsu* Text taken from: *Handmade Proverbs* SHUZO TAKIGUCHI (1903 – 1979)

- | | |
|---|--|
| i. Your eyes
Your eyes, your hands, your breasts...
you are twins in yourself. | iii. Cinderella's misfortune
Listen to a little girl singing in the ant lion's pit:
The echo distorts some phrases –
Cinderella's misfortune. |
| ii. Three bonzes
Three bonzes, three years facing with a wall
and living on air.
Three beggars asked them for their leftovers. | iv. A farewell gift
A farewell gift, a drop of dew fallen in
the palm of your hand:
The hour is a second. |

LES MARINS DE KERMOR

Camille Saint-Saëns Text: THÉOBALD SAINT-FÉLIX

Les premières lueurs de l'aurore naissante Ont à peine blanchi la cime frémissante, Des grands bois ténébreux,	<i>The first glimmers at the birth of dawn Have scarcely whitened the trembling tops Of the tall, darkened woods,</i>
Que nous, hardis marins, de l'onde amants fidèles, Nous quittons notre toit pour gagner nos nacelles Que bercent les flots bleus,	<i>As we, bold sailors, faithful lovers of the sea, Leave our homes to reach our barques, Which are cradled by the blue waves,</i>
Nous aimons nos esquifs aux légères voilures, Nous aimons la tempête et les flots mugissants, De la mer en repos nous aimons les murmures, Céleste mélodie aux accords si puissants.	<i>We love our boats with their light sails, We love the storm and the roaring waves, We love the murmurs of the sea at rest, A heavenly melody with such powerful chords.</i>
Emportés par le vent loin de nos beaux rivages, Nous voguons sans souci des dangers, des orages, Chantant des airs joyeux!	<i>Carried away by the wind, far from our beautiful shores, We sail along, unworried by the dangers, the storms, Singing joyful tunes!</i>
Oh! Nous aimons alors voir se lever l'étoile Boussole du bon Dieu que la nuit au long voile Allume dans les cieux.	<i>Oh! We then love to see the rising of the good Lord's Guiding star that the night with her long veil Is lighting up in the heavens.</i>
Nous aimons nos esquifs aux légères voilures, Nous aimons la tempête et les flots mugissants, Mais nous aimons surtout la voix bénie et pure D'une femme de coeur, mère de nos enfants.	<i>We love our boats with their light sails, We love the storm and the roaring waves, But we especially love the blessed and pure voice Of a kind-hearted woman, the mother of our children.</i>

CON AMORES, LA MI MADRE

Juan de Anchieta arr. BOB CHILCOTT Text: Anonymous

Con amores, la mi madre, Con amores m'a dormí; Así dormida soñaba Lo qu'el corazón velaba, Qu'el amor me consolaba Con más bien que merecí.	<i>With love, my mother, With love I fell asleep; And sleeping then, I dreamt about What my heart was hiding: That love was comforting me More than I deserved.</i>
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ALL MEINE HERZGEDANKEN

Johannes Brahms Text taken from: *Der Jungbrunnen: Neue Märchen von einem fahrenden Schüler*

PAUL HEYSE (1830 – 1914)

All meine Herzgedanken Sind immerdar bei dir; Das ist das stille Kranken, Das innen zehrt an mir. Da du mich einst umfangen hast, Ist mir gewichen Ruh und Rast. All meine Herzgedanken Sind immerdar bei dir.	<i>All my heart's thoughts Are always with you; This is the silent affliction That eats me up on the inside. Since you embraced me that one time, I have had no peace or rest. All my heart's thoughts Are always with you.</i>
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Der Maßlieb und der Rosen
Begehr' ich fürder nicht.
Wie kann ich Lust erlosen,
Wenn Liebe mir gebricht!
Seit du von mir geschieden bist,
Hab ich gelacht zu keiner Frist;
Der Maßlieb und der Rosen
Begehr' ich fürder nicht.

Gott wolle Die vereinen,
Die für einander sind!
Von Grämen und von Weinen
Wird sonst das Auge blind.
Treuliebe steht in Himmelshut;
Es wird noch Alles, Alles gut.
Gott wolle die vereinen,
Die für einander sind!

*For speedwell and for roses
I no longer yearn.
How can I gain joy
When I am lacking in love?
Since you parted from me,
I haven't laughed for a single moment.
For speedwell and for roses
I no longer yearn.*

*Let God unite them
That are meant for one another!
Through sorrowing and weeping
Their eyes will otherwise become blind.
True love is in Heaven's care;
Everything, everything will still turn out right.
Let God unite them
That are meant for one another!*

DIE NACHT

Franz Schubert Text taken from: *Die Stille* FRIEDRICH WILHELM KRUMMACHER (1796 – 1868)

Wie schön bist du, freundliche Stille,
himmlische Ruh'!
Sehet, wie die klaren Sterne
Wandeln in des Himmels Auen
Und auf uns hernieder schauen,
Schweigend aus der blauen Ferne.

Wie schön bist du, freundliche Stille,
himmlische Ruh'!
Schweigend naht des Lenzes Milde
Sich der Erde weichem Schoss,
Kränzt den Silberquell mit Moos,
Und mit Blumen die Gefilde.

*How beautiful you are, friendly silence,
heavenly rest!
Look at how the clear stars
Stroll into the meadows of Heaven
And look down on us,
Silent in the blue distance.*

*How beautiful you are, friendly silence,
heavenly rest!
The mildness of Spring quietly approaches
The soft lap of the Earth,
Draping the silver spring with moss
And the fields with flowers.*

REVECY VENIR DU PRINTANS

Claude Le Jeune Text: JEAN-ANTOINE DE BAÏF (1532 – 1589)

Revey venir du Printans, L'amoureux' et belle saison.	<i>Here again comes the Spring, The amorous and beautiful season.</i>
Le courant des eaus recherchant Le canal d'été s'éclaircît; Et la mer calme de ces flots Amolit le triste courrous: Le canard s'egaye plonjant Et se lave coint dedans l'eau; Et la grû' qui fourche son flight Retraverse l'air et s'en va.	<i>The currents of water searching for Summer's canal are becoming clearer; And the calm sea soothes The sad anger of the waves. The joyful duck dives And quietly washes itself in the water. And the crane that sets off in flight Recrosses the air and jets on its way.</i>
Revey venir du Printans, L'amoureux' et belle saison.	<i>Here again comes the Spring, The amorous and beautiful season.</i>
Le soleil éclaire luizant D'une plus séreine clairté: Du nuage l'ombre s'enfuit, Qui se ioû' et court et noircît. Et foretz et champs et coutaus Le labour humain reverdît, Et la prê' découvre ses fleurs.	<i>The sun shines brightly With a calmer light. The cloud's shadow vanishes, That plays and runs and darkens. And the forests and fields and slopes Are made green again through human labour, And the prairie reveals its flowers.</i>

Revey venir du Printans,
L'amoureux' et belle saison.

*Here again comes the Spring,
The amorous and beautiful season.*

De Venus le filz Cupidon
L'univers semant de ses traits
De sa flamme va réchaufér,
Animaus, qui volet en l'air,
Animaus, qui rampet au chams,
Animaus, qui naget auz eaus.
Ce qui mesmement ne sent pas
Amoureux se fond de plaizir.

*Cupid, the son of Venus,
Plants seeds in the universe with his arrows,
And with his fire will rekindle
Animals that fly in the air,
Animals that crawl in the fields,
And animals that swim in the seas.
Even those things that don't feel amorous
Melt in pleasure.*

Revey venir du Printans,
L'amoureux' et belle saison.

*Here again comes the Spring,
The amorous and beautiful season.*

Rion aussi nous: et cherchon
Les ébas et jeux du Printans:
Toute chose rit de plaizir:
Sélebron la gaye saizon.

*Let us also be gay, and seek
The sports and games of Spring:
Everything smiles with pleasure;
Let us celebrate the merry season.*

Revey venir du Printans,
L'amoureux' et belle saison.

*Here again comes the Spring,
The amorous and beautiful season.*

ROMANCE DU SOIR

Camille Saint-Saëns Text: JEAN-LOUIS CROZE (1865 – 1955)

La romance du soir dans les airs s'évapore, Mille voix à la nuit qui déjà nous atteint Doucement vont la dire encore Jusqu'au matin. Aux lèvres des amants les baisers ont fleuri; De ce bruit divin l'ombre est pleine; La rose en s'effeuillant exhale son haleine, Les enfants en dormant à leur mère ont souri. Au bord de l'étang la lune se penche Par dessus le front des saules d'argent; Le poète rêve et croit voir, songeant Devant son miroir, quelque dame blanche.	<i>The evening romance disappears in their air, And in the fresh night a thousand voices Take up its refrain again Until the morning. Kisses have blossomed on the lips of lovers, And the shadows are full of this heavenly sound. The rose with its falling petals sighs out its breath, And happy, sleeping children make their mother smile. The moon peers over the edge of the pool And silvery willows adorn its fringes. The poet dreams and, staring into his mirror, Thinks he sees an unknown white lady.</i>
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HORIZONS

Peter Louis van Dijk

Hnn, hnn, Sleep, my springbok baby, Sleep for me, my springbok child, When morning comes I'll go out hunting, for you are	Hungry and thirsty (Hai!) Thirsty and hungry (Hishe!) Small moon, Hai! Young moon, When the sun rises
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You must speak to the Rain,
Charm her with herbs and honeycomb,
O speak to her, that I may drink,
This little thing, that I may drink...
She will come across the dark sky:
Mighty Rain-cow, sing your song for me
That I may find you on the far horizon,
Far horizon.

Hnn, hnn,
Sleep (A-hn), my springbok baby,
Sleep for me, my springbok child,
When morning comes we'll come out
hunting, for you are
Hungry and thirsty (Hai!)
Thirsty and hungry (Hishe!)
O star,

Hai! Hunting Star.
When the sun rises
You must blind with your light
The Eland's eyes,
O blind his eyes, that I may eat,
This little thing, that I may eat...
He will come across the red sands:
Mighty Eland, dance your dance for me
That I may find you on the far horizon,
Far horizon.

Sleep, my springbok baby,
Sleep for me, my springbok child,
When morning comes they'll come
a-hunting, for they are
Hungry and thirsty,
Thirsty and hungry...
They will come across the waters:
Mighty saviours in their sailing ships,
And they will show us new and
far horizons,
Far horizons...
And they came, came across the waters:
Gods in galleons, bearing bows of steel,
Then they killed us on the far horizon,
Horizon, horizon...
Hnn, hnn, hnn...

CD 3: TRACK 14

2.58

PLAISIR D'AMOUR

Jean-Paul-Égide Martini arr. GOFF RICHARDS

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment	<i>The pleasure of love lasts just a moment</i>
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie	<i>The pain of love lasts a lifetime</i>
J'ai tout quitté pour la belle Sylvie	<i>I left everything for Sylvia</i>
Elle me quitte pout un autre amant	<i>She's leaving me for another lover</i>
Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment	<i>The pleasure of love lasts just a moment</i>
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie	<i>The pain of love lasts a lifetime</i>
Tant que cette eau coulera doucement	<i>"As long as this water trickles gently</i>
Vers ce ruisseau qui borde la prairie	<i>Towards this brook that borders the prairie,</i>
Je t'aimerai, me répétait Sylvie	<i>I will love you," Sylvia told me repeatedly</i>
L'eau coule encore, elle a changé pourtant	<i>The water still flows, but she has changed</i>
Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment	<i>The pleasure of love lasts just a moment</i>
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie	<i>The pain of love lasts a lifetime</i>

CD 3: TRACK 15

2.27

COME, BLESSED BIRD

Edward Johnson Text: Anonymous

Come, blessed bird,	For Bonnyboots,
And with thy sugared relish	That so aloft would fetch it,
Help our declining choir now to embellish,	Oh! He is dead, and none of us can reach it.

Then tune to us, sweet bird, thy shrill recorder, Begin, and we will follow thee in order.
And Elpin, and I, and Dorus, Then sang the woodborn minstrel of Diana:
For fault of better, Long live fair Oriana.
Will serve in the chorus:

CD 3: TRACK 16

2.19

THE LITTLE GREEN LANE

Text: Anonymous arr. SYDNEY LOVATT

O little green lane,	You little green lane,
You're rough and you're plain,	So rugged and plain,
No beauty in you I'd be finding,	When Molly trips o'er you so lightly,
But in the moon's light	Your carpet of green
You're silvern and bright,	More brilliant is seen,
'Tis royal you are in your winding:	The soul from her eyes looks so brightly.
For Molly my queen,	My queen and my star,
Tho' in cabin so mean,	I worship afar,
Reigns there in her own simple splendour,	And ne'er shall she hear my deep sighing;
But she'll never learn	Sure she shall not grieve,
That for her I yearn,	Or ever believe
I'll ne'er grieve that pure heart so tender.	That for her my poor heart's a-dying.

DAS G'LÄUT ZU SPEYER

Ludwig Senfl Text: Anonymous

“Nun kumbt hieher all	<i>“Now, come here, all of you,</i>
Und helft mir einmal in diesem Saal,	<i>And help me once in this room!</i>
Wem’s Läuten g’fall’,	<i>Whoever likes ringing,</i>
Und ziecht an bald,	<i>And soon starts pulling,</i>
Triebt wenig G’schall.”	<i>Gets a little chiming.”</i>
“Kumbt her all,	<i>“Come here, all of you,</i>
Kumbt her und helft mir, Meßner.	<i>Come here and help me, celebrants.</i>
Ziecht an, ziecht an,	<i>Start pulling, start pulling!</i>
Wer mag und kann,	<i>Whoever wants to and can,</i>
Zue dem Fest tue das Best’.	<i>Do your best for the Feast!</i>
Drumb ich bitt’, spart euch nit.	<i>That’s why I’m asking, don’t spare yourselves!</i>
Jedermann soll her gon.	<i>Everyone should have a go!</i>
Laßt aufgahn, nicht klagt’ an,	<i>Let yourself go up, don’t complain,</i>
Noch nicht fliecht, ziecht an, ziecht,	<i>Don’t curse, start pulling, pull,</i>
Streckt die Arm’, macht euch warm.”	<i>Stretch your arms, make yourselves warm!”</i>
“Nun kumbt, ihr Knaben al	<i>“Now, come on, you boys, all of you,</i>
Greift an und läut’t einmal,	<i>Attack it and just start ringing,</i>
Daß Glock’ schall’.”	<i>So that the bell starts chiming.”</i>
“Ziecht an, lieben Gesellen,	<i>“Start pulling, dear journeymen,</i>
Die mit mir läuten wollen.”	<i>You, who want to ring with me!”</i>
“Laßt mehr angeh’n,	<i>“Let more start!</i>

Da müßt ihr zue mir her stehn.”	<i>I need your support in this.”</i>
“Nu zue diesem Fest tuet allsambt das Best’,	<i>“Now, all of you, do your best, for this Feast!</i>
Nehmt hin Strick’ und Seil’,	<i>Take cord and rope,</i>
Ziecht an resch mit Eil’.”	<i>Start pulling quickly, in a hurry!”</i>
“Ich mag nicht läuten lang.”	<i>“I don’t like ringing for a long time.”</i>
“Streck’ an, streck’ an,	<i>“Start stretching, start stretching!</i>
Was ein Jeder mit der Macht kann.”	<i>Whatever each one can do with his strength!”</i>
“Bitt’ ich, mir sag’,	<i>“Please, tell me,</i>
Was ist für Tag,	<i>What day is this?</i>
Was hab’ wir heut’,	<i>What’s the day today,</i>
Daß man so läut’.”	<i>That people are ringing like this?”</i>
“So tuet zammsteh’n,	<i>“Let’s stand together like this,</i>
Last’s wohl auf geh’n,	<i>Let’s certainly get it going,</i>
Daß so viel zwen?”	<i>Why so much compulsion?”</i>
“Mit unsern Glocken	<i>“With our bells,</i>
Laßt zammen lokken,	<i>Let’s draw people together!</i>
Ziecht unerschrocken.”	<i>Pull courageously!”</i>
“So Hans und Paul,	<i>“Like this, Hans and Paul,</i>
Ziecht, seid nit faul.	<i>Pull, don’t be lazy!</i>
Wie schnauft ihr mit dem Maul?”	<i>Why are you panting through your mouth?”</i>
“Jans, auch anfang’s.	<i>“Jans, start it as well!</i>
Jetzt klingt’s wohl und geht ganz recht.	<i>Now it’s sounding good and it’s going quite well.</i>
So, so, mein Knecht.”	<i>Like this, like this, my boy.”</i>
“Seht zue mit und klenkt mit.”	<i>“Watch together and ring together.”</i>
“Wiewohl zwar Andacht bloß,	<i>“Although it’s only Prayers,</i>

Gott's-dienst ist groß,
Geht über's G'läut' am Kirchtag heut'."
"Solch's G'läut macht mich betör'n,
Ich mag mich selbst nit horn.
Schau eben auf,
Zeuch gleich mit auf."
"Nit ziecht so schnell,
So klingt's baß hell.
So fein greift drein."
"Hui, nun läut't zusamm in Gottes Nam' .
Wer kumbt, der kumbt.
Hans, tue dich munter umb,
Daß Glock' entbrumm und schau' mit zue,
Daß's Seil nit brechen tue."
"So läut't guet Ding,
Daß's tapfer kling',
Maus, her an Ring,
Das Opfer bring',
Weil man das Amt singt."
"Nun läut't zam in Gottes Nam.
Wer kommen will,
Darf G'läuts nit viel,
Mag her treten ungebeten zue den Metten."
"Die Schüler kommen schon,
Glocken brummen,

*The Service is big,
At the Church Festival today it's drowning out the ringing."
"Such ringing is bewitching me,
I can't hear myself!
Just look up,
Just point straight up with me."
"Don't pull so quickly!
Like that it sounds uncommonly bright.
Get marvellously stuck in!"
"Whoosh, now ring together in God's Name!
Whoever comes, comes.
Hans, be cheerful about it!
See to it that the bells boom out,
That the rope doesn't break!"
"Ring out, you good thing, like this,
So that it sounds bold!
Mouse, here on the ring,
Bring the sacrifice,
Because they're singing the Office!"
"Now, ring together, in God's Name!
Whoever wants to come,
The ringing mustn't be too much.
May come here unasked to Matins."
"The pupils are coming already,
Bells are booming out.*

Habt viel Singens,
Gilt Anbringens,
So Pfarrer aufsteht,
Gen Opfer geht."
"Nun läut't zammen in Gott's Namen.
Wer will kommen,
Hat's vernummen.
An dem Fest heut' hab' wir lang gel'äut't."

*Sing a lot!
What you bring is important,
The priest stands up like this.
Goes towards the Sacrifice."
"Now ring together, in God's Name,
Whoever wants to come,
Has heard it.
We've rung for a long time at the Feast today!"*

CD 3: TRACK 18

2.04

BASIEZ MOI!

Josquin des Prez Text: Anonymous

"Basiez-moi, ma douce amie,
Par amour, je vous en prie."
"Non feray!"
"Et pourquoi?"
"Si je faisais la folle,
Ma mère en seroit morrie.
Velà de quoy!"

*"Kiss me, my sweetheart,
As my true love, I beg you."
"I won't!"
"And why?"
"If I did this foolish thing,
My mother would die.
That's why!"*

GENTIL SEÑORA MIA

Juan Vázquez Text: JUAN BOSCÀN ALMOGÀVER (1490 – 1542)

Gentil señora mia,	<i>My gentle lady,</i>
Yo hallo en el mover de vuestros ojos	<i>I find in the movement of your eyes</i>
Un no sé qué, no sé cómo nombrallo,	<i>An undefinable je ne sais quoi,</i>
Que todos mis enojos	<i>That drives all my woes</i>
Descarga de mi triste fantasía.	<i>Away from my sad fantasy.</i>
Busco la soledad por contemplallo,	<i>I seek out solitude to contemplate them,</i>
Y en ello tantos gustos de bien hallo,	<i>And in this I find feel so good</i>
Que moriría, si el pensar durase.	<i>That I would die, if these thoughts endured.</i>
Mas, este pensamiento es tan delgado,	<i>But this thinking is so slight</i>
Que presto es acabado	<i>That it soon fades away</i>
Y conviene qu'en otras cosas pase.	<i>And it would be better to think of other things.</i>
Porfio en más pensar,	<i>I try to think of them more,</i>
Y estoy diciendo:	<i>And say to myself:</i>
Si esto no acabase!	<i>If only this would never end!</i>
Mas, después veo que tanto gozar	<i>But then I realise that such delight</i>
No es de las cosas que pueden durar.	<i>Is not one of the things that can last.</i>

QUAND TU DORS PRÈS DE MOI

Georges Auric arr. GORDON LANGFORD Text: FRANÇOISE SAGAN (1935 – 2004)

Quand tu dors près de moi	<i>When you sleep close by me</i>
Tu murmures parfois	<i>You sometimes murmur</i>
Le nom mal oublié	<i>The name (that's not toally forgotten)</i>
De cet homme que tu aimais	<i>Of that man you used to love</i>
Et tout seul près de toi	<i>And all alone, close by you</i>
Je me souviens tout bas	<i>I remember very quietly</i>
Toutes ces choses que je crois	<i>All those things that I believe</i>
Mais que toi, ma chérie, tu ne crois pas	<i>But which you, my darling, don't believe</i>
Les gestes étourdisants	<i>The stunning gestures</i>
Etourdis de la nuit	<i>That stunned in the night</i>
Les mots émerveillés	<i>The amazed, wonderful words</i>
Merveilleux de notre amour	<i>Of our love</i>
Si cet air te rejoint	<i>If this tune comes back to you</i>
Si tu l'entends soudain	<i>If you come to hear it suddenly</i>
Je t'en prie, comme moi	<i>I ask you, like me,</i>
Ne dis rien, mais rappelle-toi, chérie	<i>Not to say anything, but to remember, darling</i>

THE KING'S SINGERS were officially born on May 1st 1968, formed by six recently-graduated choral scholars from King's College, Cambridge. Their vocal line-up was (by chance) two countertenors, a tenor, two baritones and a bass, and the group has never wavered from this formation since.

What really distinguished the group in its early years was its **MUSICAL DIVERSITY**. The King's Singers were a weekly fixture on prime-time television, celebrating popular music never usually touched by choral ensembles, and their **UNIQUE BRITISH CHARM**, combined with their musical craft, captured audiences' hearts the world over. The group has consistently been welcomed on the world's great stages throughout its history – from London's Royal Albert Hall to the Opera House in Sydney or New York's Carnegie Hall – as well as being ambassadors for musical excellence at numerous significant global events. Two Grammy® Awards, an Emmy® Award, and a place in Gramophone magazine's inaugural Hall of Fame sit among the numerous accolades bestowed upon the group.

This love of diversity has always fuelled The King's Singers' commitment to creating new music. A panoply of commissioned works by many of the supreme composers of our times – including Sir John Tavener, György Ligeti, Toru Takemitsu, John Rutter, Luciano Berio, Nico Muhly and Eric Whitacre – sits alongside countless bespoke arrangements in the group's extensive repertoire. The group is determined to **SPREAD THE JOY** of ensemble singing, and leads workshops and residential courses all over the world each season.

The world may have changed a lot in the 50 years since the original King's Singers came together, but today's group is still charged by the same lifeblood – one that wants to radiate the joy singing brings every day, and to give life to audiences with their virtuosity and vision for an **EXCITING MUSICAL FUTURE**.

WITH THANKS *This project was a huge undertaking. First and foremost, The King's Singers would like to thank Signum Records and Music Productions for their invaluable assistance in making the recording possible. Principally, Steve Long and Mike Hatch at Signum, and Claire Long at Music Productions supplied unwavering support throughout. Nigel Short was a constant source of advice and encouragement as our producer, and constantly pushed us to a higher level. Mike Abrahams was inspirational in his design concept and the results are simply stunning!*

We should also like to acknowledge the support of the Minnesota Commissioning Club, who generously gifted Toby Hession's new work to the group in memory of one of their own, our friend and champion Jerry Fischer.

Finally in this, the group's 50th Anniversary Year, we feel an especially strong debt of gratitude to all former members of The King's Singers and all who have been instrumental in our career thus far. Last, and by no means least, to our families and loved ones, without whom we would be lost.

Heartfelt thanks to you all.



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It doesn't matter where it's from, who it's by, or when it was written. As we celebrate our 50th birthday, we'd like to take you on a new musical journey – one that pays tribute to our heritage, but at the same time showcases the diversity of music in our world today and harnesses the maverick spirit that guided the original **KING'S SINGERS**. It also renews our commitment to be dynamic players both now and in the future of music. Unleashing all the joy we find in song and crowning half a century of dedication to music, the result is **GOLD**.

CD1 67.37 CD2 61.15 CD3 65.37

