

Live at
Milton Court
Handel
Bach
Scarlatti

Gardiner

Monteverdi Choir

English Baroque Soloists

1 Domenico Scarlatti

Stabat Mater *a dieci voci*

2 Johann Sebastian Bach

Meine Herze schwimmt im Blut, BWV 199

Recitative: Meine Herze schwimmt im Blut

Aria and Recitative: Stumme Seufzer, stille Klagen

Recitative: Doch Gott muss mir genädig sein

Aria: Tief gebückt und voller Reue

Recitative: Auf diese Schmerzensreue

Chorale: Ich, dein betrübtes Kind

Recitative: Ich lege mich in diese Wunden

Aria: Wie freudig ist mein Herz

3 George Frideric Handel

Dixit Dominus, HWV 232

Dixit Dominus Domino meo

Virgam virtutis tuae

Tecum principium

Juravit Dominus

Tu es sacerdos

Dominus a dextris tuis

Judicabit in nationibus

De torrente

Gloria Patri

Monteverdi Choir

English Baroque Soloists

John Eliot Gardiner

Esther Brazil *mezzo-soprano*

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Introduction

John Eliot Gardiner

Three musicians of immense future distinction turned eighteen in 1703 – Domenico Scarlatti, Johann Sebastian Bach and the one we in England know as George Frideric Handel. This trio, together with three others born slightly earlier – the Frenchman Jean-Philippe Rameau and two other Germans (the most celebrated in their day), Johann Mattheson and Georg Philipp Telemann – formed what I have referred to as ‘The Class of ’85’¹. These young men saw themselves primarily as craftsmen and versatile, all-round musicians. They were also brilliant virtuoso performers, with Bach, Handel and Scarlatti on the verge of being recognised as the leading keyboard exponents of their day, even at this tender age. Tonight’s programme is designed to celebrate and compare the contrasting responses of these three young composers to the theatrically imbued church music of their day. What we might respond to as ‘dramatic’ in all three of their compositions has very little to do with the theatre. The drama is all in the mind – conjured up experimentally by musical techniques both new and old, which in Bach’s case vivify biblical incident and dogma and in Handel’s demonstrate the exercise of raw power bubbling just below the surface of the psalm text. Even at this stage there are pointers to the divergent future preoccupations of these three ’85-ers: fantasy, Latin passion tinged with mysticism (Scarlatti), love, fury, loyalty and power (Handel), life, death, God and eternity (Bach).

1. *Music in the Castle of Heaven*, Penguin, 2013

Scarlatti *Stabat Mater*

Domenico Scarlatti certainly had pedigree. Having trained and then worked alongside his father, the distinguished composer Alessandro, he was appointed organist and composer to the royal chapel in Naples before he had turned sixteen; at eighteen he had just returned to his post in Naples after four months in Florence and was busy composing his first two operas. But according to Alessandro, neither Naples nor Rome was good enough for his son. Soon he was dispatched to Venice, still the epicentre of opera production as it had been for a hundred years: ‘This son of mine’, he wrote, ‘is an eagle whose wings are grown; he must not remain idle in the nest, and I must not hinder his flight’. But interfere he did with the over-solicitous traits of a Sicilian patriarch, to the point at which Domenico finally resorted to the law to secure his independence. To escape this paternal suffocation he resigned his positions in Rome, forsook opera, fleeing first to Lisbon in 1717 and then to Madrid in 1728.

The break, while brutal, was cathartic: free now to experiment in what he modestly called ‘an ingenious jesting with art’, he set about creating that corpus of more than five hundred dazzling one-movement keyboard sonatas that has held its place in the repertory ever since. Standing well outside the contemporary Baroque concepts of sequential and consecutive expansion, the sonatas were also beyond the reach of parental criticism.

So, too, was his church music – or rather the little of it that has come down to us. Was it in his Neapolitan childhood that Scarlatti first experienced the scenic pageantry of Holy Week dramas that threatened to burgeon out of strict ecclesiastical

control? The *Planctus Mariae* (Mary's mourning) formed a popular quasi-theatrical set-piece in Naples' churches. Might this have lodged in his memory when he sat down to compose his *Stabat Mater* for ten-part choir, soloists and continuo? No amount of musicological sleuthing has so far come up with a firm date, a venue or an occasion for its coming into existence, yet it is by far the most imposing and extended of his works in this genre and one of the most deeply affecting musical settings there has ever been of the Latin hymn by Jacopone da Todi (1230-1306). Finding it hard to imagine the Domenico of the harpsichord sonatas could have produced this astonishing work during his time in Lisbon or at the Spanish court, several scholars plump instead for his Roman years when he worked first for the exiled Polish queen and then as *maestro di cappella* of the Basilica Giulia. To me, however, although it sits perfectly well with the Counter-Reformation fervour of Baroque Roman art, there is a detectable Iberian flavour to this work – partly to be heard in harmonies that delve back into the *siglo de oro* and the superb musical artists of that golden age – Morales, Vittoria, Guerrero and Alfonso Lobo – and partly in the dark brooding engagement Scarlatti shows for the grieving of the Madonna, the moment of death (*quando corpus morietur...*) and the beseeching, inflammatory music he is inspired to write. Just as Handel, crossing the Alps, was invigorated by the new sounds, sights and customs of Italy, so Domenico Scarlatti, responded to the novel cultural milieu of the Iberian courts where he served, allowing exotic new elements to percolate into his musical language. In the course of his *Stabat Mater* Domenico latches on to every opportunity for graphic

word-painting, scene-setting (the vertical alignment of 'Christ above in torment hangs/ she beneath beholds the pangs/ of her dying glorious Son' in the fourth stanza) and rhetorical outrage (stanzas 5 and 6). His music carries within it the intensity of a Bernini sculpture or the extreme naturalism of a Caravaggio altar tableau, all works of art designed to exhort the listener or viewer to share in Mary's grief:

<i>Fac me vere tecum flere</i>	Let me truly weep
<i>crucifixo condolere</i>	to lament the Crucifixion
<i>donec ego vixero.</i>	as long as I shall live.

At a time when we risk becoming inured to the terrible suffering and loss of innocent lives by the frequency with which graphic images are blazoned across our television screens, the challenge for the singer is not just to empathise with this harrowing emotional outpouring but to address full-on the horror of the most gut-wrenching sort and to project the searing passion of Scarlatti's ten-part counterpoint with total conviction.

Bach *Mein Herze schwimmt im Blut*

If truth be told the texts of Bach's two hundred or so surviving cantatas seldom rise above poetic doggerel, while the underlying theology is at times unappetising – mankind portrayed as wallowing in degradation and sinfulness, the world a hospital peopled by sick souls whose sins fester like suppurating boils and yellow excrement. What is one to make of a cantata such as this that opens with the words 'My heart swims in blood, for sin's brood turns me into a monster in God's eyes... my sins are my executioners, as Adam's seed robs me of sleep and

I must hide from Him, He from whom even the angels conceal their faces’?

What Bach gives us here is not so much a sermon as a portrayal of the complex psychological and emotional transformation of the conscience-struck individual. His overarching concern is to provide a lucid presentation of the text, or rather of the ideas that lie behind it. This he offers to the listener from several vantage points and in a highly individual style of his own devising. Not for him the mechanical patter of contemporary operatic recitative; instead, Bach develops a musical declamation flexible enough to burgeon into *arioso* at moments of heightened significance and always adjusted to the rise and fall of the verbal imagery. Each recitative acts as the springboard to the following aria and thus to each change and expression of mood. He weaves such an amazingly vivid atmospheric web for each aria that the words – even such over-the-top ones as those penned by the Darmstadt court librarian Georg Christian Lehms – are not really needed to convey the specific *Affekt* intended. You could almost remove them and remain confident that the inflections and emotional contours would still be understood as a result of Bach’s persuasive music.

Lehms based his underlying theological message on the parable of the Pharisee and the publican (*Luke 18:9-14*). A Christian consumed by self-horror and knowing that her sins have turned her ‘into a monster in God’s eyes’ is racked by grief (Bach’s opening accompanied recitative). Agony turns her dumb (‘A’ section of Bach’s first aria); tears testify to her remorse (‘B’ section); a momentary flash of self-observation (extremely unusual ‘C’ section interpolation in *secco* recitative) leads to a rhetorical

outburst and a return to ‘silent sighing’ (‘A’ repeated). More self-immolation follows (*accompagnato*), culminating with the repentant cry of the publican in the parable: ‘God have mercy upon me!’. Next, without a break, comes an aria of deep humility and contrition (‘A’), the confession of guilt (‘B’) culminating in a plea for patience (tempo slowed to *adagio*) prior to a renewed expression of repentance (‘A’ repeated). This is the turning-point (a two-bar recitative). Now the singer makes a further act of contrition, casting her sins into Christ’s wounds (chorale played by a solo viola). Henceforth this will be her resting place (*accompagnato*) whence she can sing an ode to joyful reconciliation (‘A’), blessing (‘B’) and renewed joy (‘A’ repeated).

Faced with a text for his first aria that postulates the limitations of verbal expression (‘my mouth is closed’), Bach shifts the expressive burden onto the instruments, so that the oboe expresses the turmoil of the sighing soul through its poignant *cantilena* as eloquently as the voice, arguably still more so. The emotional charge is then redoubled when the voice returns later to incorporate fresh material into the oboe ritornello, a technique known as *Vokaleinbau*. Again, Bach may have been subverting conventional operatic practice where the singer is the primary focus; the very fact that she is musically contextualised might have provoked religious criticism of such a secular convention. But if that was the case we hear nothing about it, and it turns out that Bach was sufficiently proud of the work that after its Weimar premiere (12 August 1714) he revived it in Cöthen and later in Leipzig. Similarly you do not need to know that the second aria begins ‘Bent low and full of remorse I lie’ when the melodic arch of the strings

of this spacious *sarabande* suggests prostration so graphically and the stretching of its phrases across the barline conveys the gestures of supplication. The success of this strategy depends a great deal, of course, on the oratorical skill and empathy of the individual singer – the ability to touch and literally ‘affect’ the listener, and not by vocal pyrotechnics alone. This particular cantata, one of several outstanding works for solo singer that Bach composed during his years at the Weimar Court (1708-17), exhibits enough operatic know-how and sensibility to suggest that he may have had a particular opera singer in mind, one of a kind unknown in Weimar (where only falsettists were employed) – perhaps a diva such as Christine Pauline Kellner, who regularly trod the operatic stage in nearby Weissenfels as well as in Hamburg and Wolfenbüttel.

Handel *Dixit Dominus*

For Handel, an adventurous traveller and a true European, the three and a half years that he spent in Italy in his early twenties had a decisive influence on his creative development. Indeed, so it was also for many of his northern compatriots – one thinks of Heinrich Schültz, the painter Albrecht Dürer, and later Goethe. Each of these German-born artists responded quite differently to this experience of Italy, but in every case it was her vitality and vivid colours, her landscape, art, music and architecture which made their mark. Colour is immediately striking in this Latin psalm setting, which was completed by Handel in Rome in April 1707. The score is laid out for five solo voices, a five-part chorus and a string orchestra also in five parts. In essence it is a grand concerto for all these forces, vocal and instrumental,

and Handel is pitiless in the demands he makes of his musicians in the course of the eight movements: he requires energy and breadth, phenomenal agility and precision, declamatory vigour and lyrical expressiveness. This gives the psalm setting its feelings of ebullience and breathless exhilaration, almost as though this young composer, newly arrived in the land of virtuoso singers and players, was daring his hosts to greater and greater feats of virtuosity. The work is masterful for all its bold, naive assumptions that voices function like violins, and violins like the manuals of the organ, and it must have made a material contribution to the astonishing success Handel gained in Italy.

Scholarly research has so far failed to establish beyond doubt what prompted this composition, nor where or when it was first performed. The use of a plainsong intonation – said to be for Easter – as a *cantus firmus* in both the opening and final choruses suggests that the first performances may have been given in Rome on Easter Day in 1707, possibly at St John Lateran or in Cardinal Ottoboni’s palace. Others maintain that it was commissioned by Cardinal Colonna for performance at Vespers (together with other concerted psalm settings, antiphons and solo motets) on the feast of the Madonna del Carmine, which fell on 16 July. If there is any truth in this the service must have been quite a marathon, lasting ‘three whole hours at the least’, as Thomas Coryate discovered exactly a hundred years earlier when he attended Vespers at San Rocco in Venice. Handel’s psalm setting opens with a spacious orchestra introduction in G minor, with downward arpeggios in the first violins more characteristic of organ figuration than of string writing. The chorus enters weightily

to underline the gravity of the Lord's utterance. The soloists break out of the tutti with the injunction 'Sede a dextris meis' (sit thou at my right hand). Here we can see at work the *concerto grosso* principle which Handel was quick to learn from Corelli, then the leading exponent of instrumental music in Italy. Out of this simple but effective exchange of solo and tutti, and still more from the insistent rhetorical repetitions of chorus and orchestra, Handel constructs a movement of imposing grandeur. By reserving the big *cantus firmus* tune for the solemn pronouncement of the fate of the enemy, he compels us to sense the full weight and wrath of the Old Testament God.

Two solo arias follow, one with continuo, the other with orchestral accompaniment. The first, for mezzo-soprano, evokes the way the God of the Old Testament works furtively behind enemy lines through his secret agents. The second, for soprano, is a more florid and genial piece that reveals the influence of Alessandro Scarlatti, master of the solo cantata, in its elaboration and use of decorative coloratura. Blood and thunder return in the choral recitative 'Juravit Dominus', which breaks into an allegro movement with the choral shouts of 'Non! Non!' before sinking to a soft close. Then the double pattern of harsh, chromatic harmonies and swift-moving fugato is repeated with ever-increasing power, before the music finally dies away in a succession of bars marked *piano, piano piano, più piano, pianiss., pianississ...*

For the almost unshakable sentence 'Tu es sacerdos in aeternum secundum ordinem Melchisedech' (Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedech) Handel displays his easy mastery of counterpoint, a technique fully acquired

before he set foot in Italy. It must surely have made a deep impression upon his Roman friends. Here was the 'learned' style of a northern composer, the 'Saxon' acknowledged for his superiority as an organist, allied to a wonderfully opulent and natural musicality. The sixth movement ('Dominus a dextris tuis') is the most boldly experimental, revealing Handel's excited response to the rich possibilities offered by virtuoso singing (and playing) in several parts for building a choral drama. At the movement's culmination – it is in three distinct segments – he gives drastic, pictorial expression to the destruction alluded to in the text by staccato reiterations of the word 'con-quas-sa-a-a-bit'. Whether conscious or not, this is a throwback to *stile concitato* invented a century before by Monteverdi for conveying excitement, anguish and martial vigour. Managing to sound both naive and extravagant, it vividly conjures up the Lord's legions moving into battle with the enemy. Handel was quick to absorb the current (and past) styles and to identify with local idioms without ever ceasing to sound exactly like himself. It is passages such as this, and similar ones in the contemporary works – psalms, cantatas and above all in *Agrippina*, the opera he wrote for Venice in 1709 – that reveal the colossal impact of Italian music upon him in his early twenties: not just the music of the composers he encountered at first hand (Corelli, Pasquini, the Scarlattis), but that of more distant figures like Stradella, Legrenzi, Carissimi and even Monteverdi. The penultimate movement ('De torrente') is gentle and soothing, Vivaldi-like in its use of grinding harmony clashes, while the two soprano soloists appear to hover effortlessly above the quietly chanting men's choir. The final Gloria is a *tour de*

force, as large as anything in Bach's B minor mass. It begins as a loosely constructed fugue on three subjects, one of which is the Easter plainsong theme heard in the first movement. The final section, 'Et in saecula', is built on a single theme with repeated notes and a conventional sequence, which eventually stretches the compass of the outer voices to almost two octaves: unrelenting, and not exactly vocal, but utterly brilliant. Despite the glorious music he would go on to compose in England it is baffling – and much to be regretted – that Handel never pursued this particular vein: nothing subsequently measures up in terms of choral daring and sheerchutzpah.

John Eliot Gardiner, 2014

'When he came first into Italy, [Handel]... also became known to Domenico Scarlatti, now [1760] living in Spain, and author of the celebrated lessons [i.e. sonatas]. As he was an exquisite player on the harpsichord, the Cardinal [Ottoboni] was resolved to bring [Scarlatti] and Handel together for a trial of skill. The issue of the trial on the harpsichord hath been differently reported. It has been said that some gave the preference to Scarlatti. However, when they came to the Organ there was not the least pretence for doubting to which of them it belonged. Scarlatti himself declared the superiority of his antagonist, and owned ingenuously, that till he had heard him upon this instrument, he had no conception of its powers. So greatly was he struck with his peculiar method of playing, that he followed him all over Italy, and was never so happy as when he was with him... Though no two persons ever arrived at such perfection on their respective instruments, yet it is remarkable that there was a total difference in their manner. The characteristic excellence of Scarlatti seems to have consisted in a certain elegance and delicacy of expression. Handel had an uncommon brilliancy and command of finger: but what distinguished him from all other players who possessed these same qualities, was that amazing fullness, force, and energy, which he joined with them. And this observation may be applied with as much justness to his compositions, as to his playing.'

from John Mainwaring, *Memoirs of the Life of the Late George Frederic Handel*, 1760, pp.51-2.

Stabat Mater

Stabat Mater dolorosa
juxta crucem lacrimosa,
dum pendebat filius.

Cujus animam gementem,
contristatam et dolentem,
pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
fuit illa benedicta
mater unigeniti!

Quae maerebat, et dolebat,
pia Mater, dum videbat
nati poenas inclyti.

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Christi matrem si videret
in tanto supplicio?

Quis non posset contristari,
Christi matrem contemplari
dolentem cum filio?

Pro peccatis suae gentis
vidit Jesum in tormentis,
et flagellis subditum.

Vidit suum dulcem natum
moriendo desolatum,
dum emisit spiritum.

At the cross her station keeping,
stood the mournful mother weeping,
close to Jesus to the last.

Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
all his bitter anguish bearing,
now at length the sword had passed.

Oh, how sad and sore distressed
was that mother highly blest
of the sole-begotten one!

Christ above in torment hangs,
she beneath beholds the pangs
of her dying glorious son.

Is there one who would not weep,
whelmed in miseries so deep
Christ's dear mother to behold?

Can the human heart refrain
from partaking in her pain,
in that mother's pain untold?

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
she beheld her tender child,
all with bloody scourges rent.

For the sins of his own nation
saw him hang in desolation,
till his spirit forth he sent.

Eja Mater, fons amoris,
me sentire vim doloris
fac ut tecum lugeam.

Fac ut ardeat cor meum
in amando Christum Deum,
ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
crucifixi fige plagas
cordi meo valide.

Tui nati vulnerati,
tam dignati pro me pati,
poenas mecum divide.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
crucifixo condolere,
donec ego vixero.

Juxta crucem tecum stare,
et me tibi sociare
in planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum praeclara,
mihi jam non sis amara:
fac me tecum plangere.

Fac, ut portem Christi mortem
passionis fac consortem,
et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari
crucem nac inebriari,
ob amorem Filii.

O thou mother, fount of love,
touch my spirit from above,
make my heart with thine accord.

Make me feel as thou hast felt,
make my soul to glow and melt
with the love of Christ our Lord.

Holy mother, pierce me through,
in my heart each wound renew
of my saviour crucified.

Let me share with thee his pain,
who for all my sins was slain,
who for me in torments died.

Let me mingle tears with thee,
mourning him who mourned for me,
all the days that I may live.

By the cross with thee to stay,
there with thee to weep and pray,
is all I ask of thee to give.

Virgin of all virgins best,
listen to my fond request:
let me share thy grief divine.

Let me, to my latest breath,
in my body bear the death
of that dying son of thine.

Wounded with his every wound,
steep my soul till it hath swooned
in his very blood away.

Inflammatum et accensus
per te, Virgo, sum defensus
in die iudicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri
morte Christi praemuniri
confoveri gratia.

Quando corpus morietur,
fac, ut animae donetur
paradisi gloria.

Amen

Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
lest in flames I burn and die
in his awful judgment day.

Christ, when thou shalt call me hence,
be thy mother my defence,
be thy cross my victory.

While my body here decays,
may my soul thy goodness praise,
safe in paradise with thee.

Amen

Mein Herze schwimmt im Blut

Recitative

Mein Herze schwimmt im Blut,
weil mich der Sünden Brut
in Gottes heil'gen Augen
zum Ungeheuer macht.
Und mein Gewissen fühlet Pein,
weil mir die Sünden nichts
als Höllenhenker sein.
Verhasste Lasternacht!
Du, du allein
hast mich in solche Not gebracht;
und du, du böser Adamssamen,
raubst meiner Seele alle Ruh
und schließest ihr den Himmel zu!
Ach! unerhörter Schmerz!
Mein ausgedorrtes Herz

My heart is bathed in blood,
for the multitude of my sins
has made in God's holy eyes
a monster of me.
And my conscience feels the pain,
because my sins are naught
but hell's own hangmen.
O hated night of sin!
You, you alone
have caused me such distress;
and you, you wicked seed of Adam,
rob my soul of all its peace
and shut it off from heaven!
Ah! Unheard-of anguish!
No comfort shall henceforth

will ferner mehr kein Trost befeuchten,
und ich muss mich vor dem verstecken,
vor dem die Engel selbst ihr Angesicht verdecken.

Aria and Recitative

Stumme Seufzer, stille Klagen,
ihr mögt meine Schmerzen sagen,
weil der Mund geschlossen ist.
Und ihr nassen Tränenquellen
könnt ein sichres Zeugnis stellen,
wie mein sündlich Herz gebüßt.
Mein Herz ist itzt ein Tränenbrunn,
die Augen heiße Quellen.
Ach Gott! wer wird dich doch zufriedenstellen?

Recitative

Doch Gott muss mir genädig sein,
weil ich das Haupt mit Asche,
das Angesicht mit Tränen wasche,
mein Herz in Reu und Leid zerschlage
und voller Wehmut sage:
Gott sei mir Sünder gnädig!
Ach ja! sein Herze bricht,
und meine Seele spricht:

Aria

Tief gebückt und voller Reue
lieg ich, liebster Gott, vor dir.
Ich bekenne meine Schuld,
aber habe doch Geduld,
habe doch Geduld mit mir!

Recitative

Auf diese Schmerzensreu
fällt mir alsdenn dies Trostwort bei:

moisten my withered heart,
and I must hide myself before Him,
before whom the very angels hide their faces.

Silent sighs, quiet lamenting,
you may speak of my agony,
for my mouth is closed.
And you wet flood of tears
can provide certain witness
of my sinful heart's remorse.
My heart is now a well of tears,
my eyes are boiling springs.
Ah God! Who can ever content Thee?

But God must be merciful to me,
for I bathe my head with ashes
and my countenance with tears;
I beat my heart in remorse and pain,
and full of sadness, say:
God, have mercy on my sins!
Ah yes! His heart shall break
and my soul shall say:

Deeply bowed and filled with remorse
I lie, dearest God, before Thee.
I acknowledge my guilt,
but have patience,
have patience I beg, with me!

After this painful remorse
come to me these words of comfort:

Chorale

Ich, dein betrübtes Kind,
werf alle meine Sünd,
so viel ihr in mir stecken
und mich so heftig schrecken,
in deine tiefen Wunden,
da ich stets Heil gefunden.

I, Thy afflicted child,
cast all my sins,
as many as there are in me
and which terrify me so,
into Thy deep wounds,
where I have always found salvation.

Recitative

Ich lege mich in diese Wunden
als in den rechten Felsenstein;
die sollen meine Ruhstatt sein.
In diese will ich mich im Glauben schwingen
und drauf vergnügt und fröhlich singen

I lay myself down in these wounds,
as though upon a very crag;
they shall be my resting place.
In them shall I soar in faith,
and then, content and happy, sing:

Aria

Wie freudig ist mein Herz,
da Gott versöhnet ist
und mir auf Reu und Leid
nicht mehr die Seligkeit
noch auch sein Herz verschließt.

How joyful is my heart,
for God is reconciled with me,
and for my remorse and pain
no longer denies me His blessing
nor indeed His heart.

Dixit Dominus

Miriam Allan
Esther Brazil
Gareth Treseder

Dixit Dominus Domino meo:
sede a dextris meis
donec ponam inimicos tuos
scabellum pedum tuorum.

The Lord said unto my Lord:
sit thou on my right hand,
until I make thine enemies
thy footstool.

Esther Brazil

Virgam virtutis tuae
emittet Dominus ex Sion:
dominare in medio inimicorum tuorum.

The Lord shall send the rod of thy power
out of Sion: be thou ruler,
even in the midst of thine enemies.

Emma Walshe

Tecum principium in die virtutis tuae
in splendoribus sanctorum:
ex utero ante luciferum genui te.

In the day of thy power shall people offer thee
free-will offerings with an holy worship: the dew
of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.

Juravit Dominus, et non poenitebit eum:
tu es sacerdos in aeternum
secundum ordinem Melchisedech.

The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent:
thou art a priest for ever
after the order of Melchizedech.

Laura Oldfield
Charlotte Ashley
Peter Harris
Gareth Treseder
Alex Ashworth

Dominus a dextris tuis
confregit in die irae suae reges.
Judicabit in nationibus,
implebit ruinas,
conquassabit capita in terra multorum.

The Lord upon thy right hand:
shall wound even kings in the day of his wrath.
He shall judge among the heathen,
he shall fill the places with the dead bodies,
and smite in sunder the heads over divers countries.

Emma Walshe
Esther Brazil

De torrente in via bibet:
propterea exaltabit caput.

He shall drink from the brook in the way:
therefore shall he lift up his head.

Gloria Patri, et Filio,
et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio,
et nunc, et semper,
et in saecula saeculorum.
Amen.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning,
and is now, and ever shall be,
world without end.
Amen.

Monteverdi Choir

Sopranos

Miriam Allan
Emily Armour
Charlotte Ashley
Esther Brazil
Zoe Brown
Alison Hill
Angela Kazimierczuk
Gwendolen Martin
Eleanor Meynell
Laura Oldfield
Katie Thomas
Emma Walshe

Altos

Heather Cairncross
Rory McCleery
Eleanor Minney
Richard Wyn Roberts
Kate Symonds Joy
Matthew Venner

Tenors

Ben Alden
Andrew Busher
Peter Harris
Nicholas Keay
Nicolas Robertson
Gareth Treseder

Basses

Alex Ashworth
Christopher Borrett
Robert Davies
Rupert Reid
David Shipley
Lawrence Wallington

English Baroque Soloists

Violins

Kati Debretzeni
Iona Davies
Rodolfo Richter
Madeleine Easton
Roy Mowatt
Davina Clarke

Anne Schumann
Oliver Webber
Håkan Wikström
Henrietta Wayne
Hilburg Williams
James Toll

Violas

Fanny Paccoud
Annette Isserlis
Lisa Cochrane
Aliye Cornish
Malgorzata Ziemkiewicz
María Ramirez Rodriguez

Cellos

Robin Michael
Catherine Rimer
Ruth Alford
Kinga Gáborjáni

Basses

Valerie Botwright
Cecelia Bruggemeyer

Keyboards

James Johnstone
Howard Moody

Lute

Evangelina Mascardi

Oboe

Michael Niesemann

Bassoon

Philip Turbett

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