



SIMON MOLD

PASSIONTIDE

HELEN BAILEY • STEPHEN COOPER
JEREMY LEAMAN • PHILIP LEECH

DAVID COWEN
THE KNIGHTON CONSORT
ROXANNE GULL

SIMON MOLD

PASSIONTIDE

A Lenten cantata
for soloists, choir and organ

Jesus.....**STEPHEN COOPER**
Baritone

Narrator.....**PHILIP LEECH**
Tenor

Soloist in The Reproaches

Voice of the Cross

Mary, Mother of Jesus**HELEN BAILEY**
Soprano

Pilate.....**JEREMY LEAMAN**
Bass-Baritone

THE KNIGHTON CONSORT conducted by **ROXANNE GULL**

Soprano

Francesca Burbela

Miranda Ostler

Alto

Lucy Bleazard

Thomas Good

Avalon Summerfield

Tenor

John Gull

Jonathan Jarvis

Bass

Nathan Bruce

David Warren

Organ **DAVID COWEN**

Recorded on 30th April and 18th June 2022 in Mountsorrel Methodist Church,
Leicestershire by kind permission

Recording Engineer **ALAN HAMES**

Additional recording on 22nd June 2002 by **JIM CLEMENTS**

Co-Producers **ROXANNE GULL** and **SIMON MOLD**

PASSIONTIDE

Scenes from the Gospels' account of the Passion of Christ, with reflective meditations

Our theme and scene are set immediately by the brief but very expressive unison antiphon 'Have mercy O Lord' which leads into the first hymn, 'God of Unexampled Grace': a sturdy and stately C minor tune, utterly traditional in its melodic and harmonic content, and intensely moving in its dignified tread. The shortest of organ interludes heralds the sentence 'Christ himself bore our sins' where the wonder is expressed through a mixture of unison and harmony writing for the choir which, although very chromatic, never loses its sense of direction or purpose.

The first section proper is The Last Supper, introduced by the tenor Narrator and the baritone soloist representing Jesus. The music has an arioso quality which allows full expression of the text, but within a compact time frame. Towards the end, the choir enters with the plainsong hymn Pange lingua (At the last great Supper lying), the tune of which has been anticipated in the organ a few bars earlier. The motet 'Hail True Body' is, like so much in the work, concise in length but carrying a dramatic weight and beauty disproportionate to its brevity. Homophonic in texture, but full of subtle harmonic interest, it is one of several sections which can be extracted for performance as a stand-alone anthem.

The scene now moves to Gethsemane, introduced by an extended, exceptionally beautiful narrative. The vocal writing is so gracious, and so grateful for the singers – the work of a true master of vocal composition. The choir enters at the end, with music of equal quality. The arrest of Jesus is described with urgent music for the Narrator and Jesus, and this is followed by the imposing chorus 'And thus the scriptures are accomplished', where the powerful block chords at the start give way to imitative writing and then a magnificent quick fugue, complete with strettos, 'Then the disciples left him all and fled'. Looking at so much contemporary choral music it is easy to fear that the art of writing effective counterpoint is in serious decline; this movement proves otherwise. This section ends with a moving setting of The Reproaches for soprano soloist and choir which can, again, be extracted for liturgical use.

The confrontation between Jesus and Pilate is marked by extreme vocal characterisations, contrasting the elegance of Jesus' lines with the more angular, quintuple-time mocking by Pilate, accompanied only at the unison by a pedal reed – an extraordinary and evocative texture. Like 'Then the disciples left him all and fled', the chorus 'If him thou lettest go' has its inspiration in Bach; more concise, for sure, but still full of power and venom. The hymn 'Weep not for him' is followed by a contemplative soprano solo representing the Voice of the Cross, a moment of repose and reflection.

The Crucifixion scene begins with narration, leading to Jesus' extended aria 'From Golgotha'. This is steeped in the English tradition, beginning with a Finzi-like legato accompaniment supporting the elegant melodic line. Later, at 'pain-wrack'd' the Britten of 'Saint Nicolas' is recalled. The majestic climax "Your faith, my friend, demands this sacrifice" leads effortlessly from B flat major to the serene G major ending "We two this day shall meet in Paradise". A portion of the prophetic Psalm 22 follows, set to a fine Anglican chant, and the succeeding hymn 'Forgive them, O my Father' displays an almost heroic quality. After another beautiful narrative, this section ends with the overtly Bachian duet between Mary and Jesus: this is in a lilting siciliano style so often used by Bach himself, and the melodic contours themselves recall the music of the earlier master. These days it takes courage to write what is almost pastiche, but here it works admirably, and indeed it is one of the loveliest sections of the work.

The mood darkens for the narrative introducing the final section, The Death of Jesus; the colours are sombre, the accompaniment austere, but respite is found in the lovely triple-time tenor aria 'O perfect life of love' which flows lyrically to its impressive climax. The next hymn 'Long did I toil' moves purposefully with its verbal assurance reflected in the strength of the music. The penultimate movement is a magnificent setting of Everest's words 'Take up thy cross, the Saviour said' – another section which can most effectively be performed separately. This is invigorating, heroic music, perfectly expressing the determination of the text. The final hymn 'It is finished' brings us full circle, with a musical style very similar to that of 'God of unexampled grace' at the start. Now, though, redemption has come, and the C minor of the first hymn is transformed into the E flat major of the last.

Drawing deeply on the traditions of baroque Passion settings as well as such works as Stainer's 'The Crucifixion' and Maunder's 'Olivet to Calvary', this work is a masterpiece which, if there is any justice in the world, will be widely sung and appreciated by choirs and audiences/congregations alike.

Christopher Barton

PASSIONTIDE

INTRODUCTION

1 Antiphon

Choir

Have mercy, O Lord, have mercy upon us,
For I have sinned against thee.

Adapted from Psalm 41 v 4

2 Hymn

Choir

God of unexampled grace,
Redeemer of mankind,
Matter of eternal praise
We in thy passion find:
Still our choicest strains we bring,
Still the joyful theme pursue,
Thee the Friend of Sinners sing,
Whose love is ever new.

Endless scenes of wonder rise
From that mysterious tree,
Crucified before our eyes,
Where we our Maker see:
Jesus, Lord, what hast thou done?
Publish we the death divine,
Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own
Was never love like thine!

Never love nor sorrow was
Like that my Saviour showed:
See Him stretched on yonder Cross,
And crushed beneath our load!
Now discern the Deity,
Now His heavenly birth declare!
Faith cries out: 'Tis He, 'tis He,
My God, that suffers there!

Charles Wesley 1707-88

3 Organ Interlude

4 Sentence

Choir

Christ himself bore our sins
in his body on the tree,
that we might die to sin
and live to righteousness.
By his wounds we have been healed.
For we were straying like sheep,
but have now returned to the Shepherd
and Guardian of our souls.

*1 Peter ii vv 24, 25 (RSV, adapted)**

THE LAST SUPPER

5 Gospel Narrative

Narrator

And when the time (at evening) came, the Lord
Sate down (with his Apostles) at the board,
Said he,
Jesus I have desired earnestly
With you to eat this Lamb before I die
For I shall never eat thereof again
Before that I (your Passover) am slain.

Narrator

Then blessing the preparatory cup
He drank to them, and bad them drink it up.
Then Jesus breaks and gives them bread and saith,
Jesus

This is henceforth my body: feed by faith,
I am your Passover: when this ye do,
Think of my being broken thus for you.

'Christologia' - see Composer's Note on page 14

Choir

At the last great Supper lying
Circled by his brethren's band
Meekly with the law complying,
First he finished its command,
Then immortal Food supplying,
Gave himself with his own hand.

*St Thomas Aquinas 12th cent., tr John Mason Neale 1818-66
and Edward Caswell 1814-78*

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
Dona nobis pacem.

Ordinary of the Mass

Narrator

The cup of blessing then he blest, and gave them
That symbole of the Bloud that was to save them.

'Christologia'

6 Motet

Choir

Hail, true body, born of Mary,
Spotless Virgin's virgin birth;
Thou who truly hangedst weary
On the Cross for sons of earth;
Thou whose sacred side was riven,
Whence the Water flowed and Blood,
O may'st thou, dear Lord, be given
At death's hour to be my food:
O most kind! O gracious One!
O sweetest Jesu, holy Mary's Son!

Ave verum Corpus, tr Henry Nutcombe Oxenham 1829-88

GETHESEMANE

7 Gospel Narrative

Narrator

By this he was to Kedron River come
(By which King David fled from Absolom)
And (with th' eleven) having past the same
To the Garden at Gethsemane they came.
Said he,

Jesus Pray here, and watch, that so ye may
Avoid temptation; yonder I must pray.

Narrator

Then went he further in, attended on
By Simon Peter and by James and John.
And (having left the other eight behind)
To these he shewed the anguish of his mind:

Jesus

A deadly horror fills my soul; mark ye,
You that beheld my glory, watch with me.

Narrator

And falling down he said,
Jesus Almighty God,
If it be possible, withhold thy rod:
But if it be thy pleasure, Father dear,
I came to do thy will, thus I am here.
Must I, O Father, drink this bitter cup?
Thy will be done, I'll freely drink it up.
Choir
Almighty God, &c.

[8]

Narrator

Behold, there came (while yet he spake these words)
A multitude with links and clubs and swords
By council-order and by Judas conducted,
And with his traitor's signal thus instructed.
Said Jesus, My friend, what's the end of this?
Dost thou betray me with a Joab kiss?
But why come ye with swords and staves, as if
Ye came to search for some notorious thief?
You let me teach in publick: but the pow'r
Of darkness reigneth now (in this your hour).

[9]

Choir

And thus the Scriptures are accomplished.
Then the Disciples left him all, and fled.

'Christologia'

Mat. Mar. Luk. Joh.				Judas betrayeth him.	Ch. 6.
				So that his sweat fell from him (as he stood In that great Agony) like drops of blood. Must I (said he) O Father, drink this Cup? Thy will be done, I'll freely drink it up. Again he found them fall; so heavy they With sorrow were, they knew not what to say. The third time then he went again, and pray'd Unto the same effect as hath been said. And finding them asleep, sleep on (said he) 'Tis now too late for you to succour me. Rise up however, rise, come, come away: He's just at hand, who doth my Soul betray. 20. Behold, there came (while yet he spake the words) A multitude with links and clubs and swords, By Council-order and by Judas conducted, And with his traitorous signal thus instructed, Take notice whom I kiss, for that's the man; Take, and as well secure him as ye can. Then stepping up to Jesus he presents Himself with matchless graceless impudence; Master (said he) all hail and happiness; And gave his Lord the usual sign of peace. My friend (said Jesus) what's the end of this? Dost thou betray me with a Joab kiss? 4 Then went he tow'rd the band that Judas brought, Demanding of them what or whom they sought. 5 And they made answer that they came to find Jesus of Nazareth, and him to bind. 6 I am the Man, said Jesus. At the sound They stagger'd back, and fell upon the ground. 7 They rally'd; and He asked them once more, Whom seek ye? And they answer'd as before. 8 Jesus reply'd, I told you, I am He: And I command you then let these go free. 9 (Thus had he said before, from God I have Received these, and these I mean to save) Then said th' Apostles to him (when they saw The Soldiers take him) Master, shall we draw? And straitway Peter laid about him so, That one's right ear was sever'd (at a blow) Clean from his head (and Malchus was his name, Who from his Master Cai'phas thither came.) 11 Simon (said Jesus) sheath thy sword again: All they that use it rashly, shall be slain.	
26	43	14	40	22	45
44					46
45				41	
46				42	
47				43	18
48				44	2
49				45	3
50				46	4
51				47	5
52				48	6
				49	7
				50	8
				51	9
				52	10
				53	11

Christologia: Gethsemane

10 The Reproaches

Choir

O my people, what have I done to you?
How have I turned you from my way? Say to me.

Soprano

O my dearest children, wayward and troubled,
To you I gave this holy Earth,
But where is the husbandry of Eden?
You sojourned in my Garden
With never a thought for the Tree of Knowledge,
But you have plucked forbidden fruit
And followed Satan's path,
And turned your face from me.

Choir

O my people, what have I done to you?
How have I turned you from my way? Say to me.

Soprano

What more could I have done for you?
Yea, I planted many a fertile vineyard,
But bitter harvests have yielded bitter wine.
I led you through the barren plains
And brought you into a land of milk and honey,
But you have forgotten your Maker,
And worshipped false idols.

Choir

O my people, what have I done to you?
How have I turned you from my way? Say to me.

Soprano

I gave you manna
When the pangs of hunger brought you pain,
From rocks I drew living waters,
But you have prepared gall for Me to eat.
Then as sacred prophecies had foretold
I sent you a Saviour,
The Lord of Lords and Prince of Peace,
But you have delivered him unto death.

Choir

Father God, Father almighty,
Father eternal, have mercy upon us.

Soprano

Jesus walked among you, preaching my word,
He touched the sick, the halt, the lame,
But you have arrested the healer of all your race.
I have offered you everlasting life,
And forgiveness of your sins,
And a share in my heavenly kingdom;
But you have bound in chains
My loving, incarnate Son.

Choir

O my people, what have I done to you?
How have I turned you from my way? Say to me.

Soprano

Have mercy upon me O God,
after thy great goodness;
according to the multitude of thy mercies,
do away mine offences.

Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness,

Choir

and cleanse me from my sin.
Father God, Father almighty,
Father eternal, have mercy upon us.

Micah vi 3 (RSV), Simon Mold and Psalm 51 vv 1, 2 (BCP)*

BEFORE PILATE

11 Gospel Narrative

Narrator

Then they arose, and led him unto Pilate.
Then Pilate took him in, and said,

Pilate

Art thou

That king to whom Judea ought to bow?
Art thou a King then?

14 Solo

Voice of the Cross

When I waxed fair, a living bough
Long years ago, I yet recall
How hewers met by forest bourn
To execute my heavy fall.

They bore me thence, and fashioned me
That I might bear a Prince's weight;
Upon a hill I came to rest,
Dumb witness to a Dear One's fate.

Then did the Lord of All come nigh
And hasten that He might be raised:
Firm did I stand on shaking earth,
Whilst all in wordless wonder gazed.

Unflinching then, He mounted high,
A hero mocked by Satan's brood;
Yet I, dry timber, bless that hour
When Christ clasped me, His humble rood.

*Simon Mold, freely adapted from portions
of 'The Dream of the Rood', anonymous
8th (?) century Old English poem*

THE CRUCIFIXION

15 Gospel Narrative

Narrator

Our Lord refused a grief-augmenting cup
So on the cursed tree they lift him up
Between those two that were to dy for theft,
One on the right, and th' other on the left.
Said he,
Jesus Father, forgive these things unto them,
Because (poor Souls) in ignorance they do them.

'Christologia'

16 Solo

Jesus

From Golgotha upon the world I gaze,
A world that lives and loves, that breathes and
sighs,
A world warmed daily with the gentlest rays,
A world of children's joys and wond'ring eyes.

A world I knew, before the looming clouds
Of ignorance, of jealousy, of spite;
Before the storms of slander – Satan's shrouds
That wrap each corpse of Truth in weeds of night.

Ah, where is vanished laughter, mirth of yore?
Pain-wracked, I sense it still within my heart;
And do these thieves their former sins deplore?
One taunts; and yet the other takes my part:

"Your faith, my friend, demands this sacrifice –
We two this day shall meet in Paradise."

Simon Mold

17 Psalm 22 (excerpt)

Choir

My God, my God, look upon me,
why hast thou forsaken me:
and art so far from my health
and from the words of my complaint?
O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou hearest
not:
and in the night-season also I take no rest.
And thou continuest holy:
O thou worship of Israel.
Our fathers hoped in thee:
they trusted in thee, and thou didst deliver them.
They called upon thee, and were holpen:
they put their trust in thee, and were not
confounded.

But as for me, I am a worm, and no man:
 a very scorn of men, and the outcast of the people.
 All they that see me laugh me to scorn:
 they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads,
 saying,
 He trusted in God that he would deliver him:
 let him deliver him, if he will have him.
 My strength is dried up like a potsherd,
 and my tongue cleaveth to my gums:
 and thou shalt bring me into the dust of death.
 For many dogs are come about me:
 and the council of the wicked layeth siege against me.
 They pierced my hands and my feet,
 I may tell all my bones:
 they stand staring and looking upon me:
 They part my garments among them:
 and cast lots upon my vesture.
 But be not thou far from me, O Lord:
 Thou art my succour, haste thee to help me.

Psalms 22, vv 1-8, 15-19 (BCP)

18 Hymn

Choir

‘Forgive them, O my Father,
 They know not what they do:’
 The Saviour spake in anguish,
 As piercing nails went through.
 No pained reproaches gave he
 To them that shed his Blood,
 But prayer and tenderest pity
 Large as the love of God.

For me was that compassion,
 For me that tender care,
 I need his wide forgiveness
 As much as any there.

It was my pride and hardness
 That hung him on the tree;
 Those cruel nails, O Saviour,
 Were driven in by me.

And often have I slighted
 Thy gentle voice that chid;
 Forgive me too, Lord Jesus;
 I knew not what I did.
 O depth of sweet compassion!
 O love divine and true!
 Save thou the souls that slight thee,
 And know not what they do.

Cecil Frances Alexander 1823-95 (slightly adapted)

19 Gospel Narrative

Narrator

Amongst those friends of his that durst appear
 His Mother (with some others) ventured near.
 And when he saw her mourn, he lookt on John
 And bad her look upon him as her son.

To John he said,

Jesus That Mother dear of mine,
 Let her henceforward be accounted thine.

‘Christologia’

20 Duet

Mary

Must my Son, my Treasure, die,
 And will my Dear One’s blood be shed?

Jesus

Yea, for thee I give my life,
 That thou to Heaven mayst be led.

Both

Farewell, my Life, until we meet
 Again at God the Father’s feet.

*Simon Mold: free translation of a poem by
 Barthold Heinrich Brockes 1680-1747*

THE DEATH OF JESUS

21 Gospel Narrative

Narrator

No sooner on the Cross was Jesus nailed,
But darkness over all the Land prevailed.
At length his hellish torments made him cry:

Jesus

Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani!†

Narrator

His life fulfilled, he said,

Jesus Now all is done:

Father, receive the Spirit of thy Son.

Narrator

So soon as ever he had spoke almost,
He bowed his head, and yielded up the ghost.

† My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

'Christologia'

22 Solo

Narrator

O perfect life of love!

All, all is finished now,

All that He left His throne above

To do for us below.

No work is left undone

Of all the Father willed;

His toils and sorrows, one by one,

The Scriptures have fulfilled.

No pain that we can share

But he has felt its smart;

All forms of human grief and care

Have pierced that tender heart.

And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on his sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole.

In every time of need,
Before the judgement throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As thou for me hast wrought;
And let my love the answer be,
To grace thy love has brought. Amen.

Henry Williams Baker 1821-77

23 Hymn

Choir

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in his sheltering breast,
Who opes his arms, and bids the weary come:
With him I found a home, a rest divine,
And since then I am his, and he is mine.

The good I have is from his stores supplied,
The ill is only what he deems the best:
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside,
And poor without him, though of all possessed:
Come chance, come change, I take, or I resign,
Content, while I am his, while he is mine.

Whate'er may change, in him no change is seen,
A glorious Sun that wanes not nor declines,
Above the clouds and storms he walks serene,
And on his people's inward darkness shines:
All may depart, I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while he is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half his love,
But half discern him, and but half adore;
But when I meet him in the realms above
I hope to love him better, praise him more,
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am his, and he is mine.

*John Quarles 1624-65 and Henry Francis
Lyte 1793-1847 (slightly adapted)*

24 Envoi

Choir

Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.

Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thy arm.

Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
They alone who bear the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

To thee, great Lord, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend;
O grant us in our Home to see
The heavenly life that knows no end. Amen.

Charles William Everest 1814-77 (slightly adapted)

25 Hymn

Choir

It is finished! Christ hath known
All the life of men wayfaring;
Human joys and sorrows sharing,
Making human needs his own.
Lord, in us thy life renewing,
Lead us where thy feet have trod,
Till, the way of truth pursuing,
Human souls find rest in God.

It is finished! Christ is slain,
On the altar of creation,
Offering for a world's salvation
Sacrifice of love and pain.
Lord, thy love through pain revealing,
Purge our passions, scourge our vice,
Till, upon the tree of healing,
Self is slain in sacrifice.

It is finished! Christ our King
Wins the victor's crown of glory,
Sun and stars recite his story,
Floods and fields his triumph sing.
Lord, whose praise the world is telling,
Lord, to whom all power is given,
By thy death, hell's armies quelling,
Bring thy saints to reign in heaven. Amen

Gabriel Gillett 1873-1948

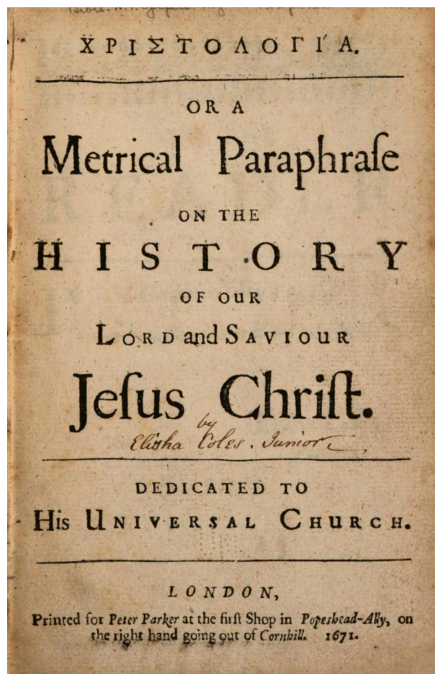
Composer's Note

Passiontide's libretto draws upon a variety of acknowledged sources and includes some material contributed by the composer especially for this work. The portions of Gospel Narrative are taken, with minor adaptations, from "Christologia, or a Metrical Paraphrase on the History of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" by Elisha Coles (1608-88): suitably enough, it tells the New Testament story in heroic couplets (and with occasionally idiosyncratic spelling), drawing on all four Gospels, and was "Printed for Peter Parker at the first shop in Popeshead-Ally, on the right hand going out of Cornhill" [London] in 1671, and dedicated "to His Universal Church".

Passiontide was first performed on Good Friday 2010 in St Mary's Church, Sutton Valence, Kent (UK) by Alexandra Brown (soprano), Tony Allen (tenor), David Freed (bass), Gover James (organ) and the augmented Choir of St Mary's Church, Sutton Valence conducted by Lionel Marchant, to whom the work is dedicated.

*

[* Revised Standard Version of the Bible, copyright © 1946, 1952, and 1971 National Council of the Churches of Christ in the United States of America. Used by permission. All rights reserved worldwide.]



STEPHEN COOPER

Stephen began his singing career as a choirboy and finished runner-up in the national UK Chorister of the Year Awards in 1978. He is presently an auxiliary lay clerk in Southwell Minster's cathedral choir. A versatile interpreter of song, his wide-ranging recitals have included lieder cycles by Schubert and Schumann, a recital to mark the centenary of the Great War Armistice, a programme of nautically themed songs entitled *Sea Fever*, and a specially commissioned setting of *A Village Romeo and Juliet* for soprano and baritone, with words by Radio 4's Nigel Forde and music by Suffolk composer Jack Hawes. In 2019 Stephen recorded two song cycles composed by Simon Mold for the Heritage label, available on HTGCD 178.



PHILIP LEECH

Philip Leech's singing life began in Chester Cathedral as a treble and a lay clerk. After winning a scholarship to the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in 1981, he studied singing with Ellis Keeler, Rudolph Piernay, Michael Pilkington, James Bowman and Paul Hamburger. Philip was awarded the Guildhall Masonic Chapter Prize in 1985. As a founding member of the professional chamber choir 'Western Wind', he collaborated with the Hilliard Ensemble, in performances of *Passio* and *Miserere* throughout Europe and Japan, including the Proms, and recordings for ECM and for Channel 4. He has performed in operas, *La Waly* and *Ariodante* in 1985, *Tancredi* and *Mignon* in 1986 at the Wexford Festival, and the Rossini Opera Festival in Pesaro, *Tancredi* and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*.

Philip is now principally active as a soloist in the East Midlands, where engagements have included performances of the major works of the oratorio repertoire, including Handel's *Messiah*, Mozart's *Requiem*, Haydn's *The Seasons* and *The Creation*, Monteverdi's *Vespers*, Beethoven's *Mass in C* and both Bach's *St Matthew Passion* and *Christmas Oratorio* (as Evangelist). Philip also sings with the Wolf Ensemble, and Leicester Cathedral Choir, with whom he sang for the reinterment of Richard III. Philip was a co-founder of Anthology of Song with Motje Wolf, which was established for the purpose of creating opportunities for the performance of lieder and art song in venues around Leicestershire, including a small song festival at Leicester Cathedral.



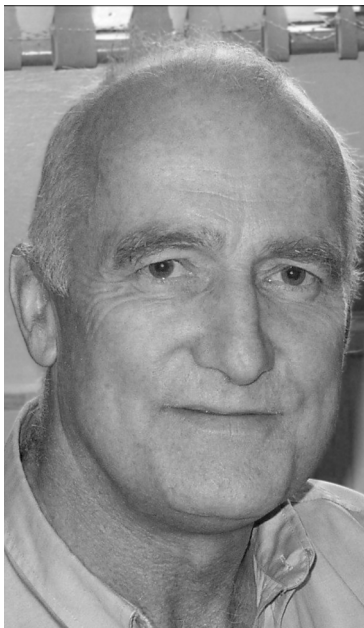
HELEN BAILEY

Helen Bailey was born in Middlesbrough, England and studied at postgraduate level at both the Royal Academy of Music and Trinity College of Music, initially graduating from Liverpool John Moores University with a First in English Literature and Cultural History. She performs regularly as a soloist for the Compton and Shawford, Dover, Ember, Folkestone, and Sutton Valence choral societies, Thanet Festival Choir, The Seventy Singers, Maidstone Wind Symphony, and Wrotham Music Festival. On the operatic stage, Helen has performed principal roles for Kent Chamber Opera, OperaUpClose, Kentish Opera, Ryedale Festival Opera, The Music Troupe, Pop-Up Opera, Bath Festival Opera, Blackheath Halls Opera, and Buxton International Festival. She lives in Kent with her composer/arranger/baritone husband Jim Clements and their two children. When not singing or teaching, Helen can be found jogging in the local park, practising piano, or with her head in a book.



JEREMY LEAMAN

Jeremy studied singing with Andrea Jackson, Richard Roddis, Rod Dawkins and Stephen Varcoe and, parallel to his university career, pursued a busy musical life as a soloist and ensemble singer. He is a long-standing member of the Sinfonia Chorale in Nottingham, England, and in 2007 helped form the 8-voice *a cappella* group, MOSAIC. As a soloist, he has appeared with many choirs in the north of England and the East Midlands. His outings have included many performances of the Brahms, Mozart and Fauré *Requiems* and Handel's *Messiah*, as well as Rossini's *Petite Messe Solennelle* and Vaughan Williams' *A Sea Symphony*.



ROXANNE GULL

Roxanne read Music at Cambridge University, UK, where she graduated with a first class degree and the Canon Greville Cooke prize. She was Organ Scholar at Christ's College, Cambridge, and at Lincoln Cathedral, where she was also Musical Director of the Lincoln Cathedral Chamber Choir. With Christ's College Chapel Choir, she directed and played for major tours to Europe, the USA and Australia and accompanied three recordings on the Regent label.

After graduating, she moved to Leicester, where she now works as a teacher, conductor and accompanist.

Since 2013, Roxanne has been Musical Director of Leicester University Chamber Choir, during which time the choir has recorded two CDs (with a third in the pipeline), and toured regularly in the UK and abroad. In addition to LUCC, she has worked with church choirs in Leicester and Leicestershire, and was closely involved with the foundation of a new chamber choir at De Montfort University, as well as conducting a number of Christmas concerts for English Heritage. She has also mentored student conductors, led choral conducting workshops, and has been a tutor in choral conducting on the Jennifer Bate Organ Academy.

Roxanne is Artistic Director and co-founder of Leicester MusicFest, a music education charity working to create musical opportunities for young people. As organ teacher at English Martyrs' Catholic School, she has worked on the development of an organ education scheme, widening access to the organ for young people of all backgrounds. She has overseen and advised on a number of organ scholarship schemes at Leicester churches, and also runs a busy private teaching practice. She is an Associate of the Royal College of Organists, and an occasional choral composer: her Preces & Responses for upper voices are in regular use at Lincoln Cathedral and Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford.



DAVID COWEN

David Cowen is the Organist of Leicester Cathedral, England and teaches organ and piano at Loughborough Schools Foundation, an All Steinway School. He was an Organ Scholar at St Peter's College, Oxford and Wells Cathedral. He continued with private studies in organ and improvisation in Paris with Sophie-Véronique Cauchefer-Choplin. A Fellow of the Royal College of Organists, he also obtained the *Certificat d'aptitude d'Artiste Musicien* of the Diocese of Paris and was a finalist in the 2008 Haarlem International Improvisation Competition. He has toured France, Germany and Japan, made several recordings, has broadcast on national radio with Leicester Cathedral Choir and toured Brazil with Wells Cathedral Choir. For over ten years David was also Organist and Director of the Choir at Holy Cross Priory Church, part of Leicester's Dominican Priory.



SIMON MOLD

Simon Mold was born in Buxton, England in 1957, and following success as a treble soloist in the North West became a Chorister at Peterborough Cathedral under the legendary Dr Stanley Vann. After reading English Language and Medieval Literature at Durham University, where he was a Cathedral Choral Scholar, Simon embarked upon a teaching career principally in the south of England, and sang in several cathedral choirs. Upon retirement from teaching he joined Leicester Cathedral Choir just in time to take part in the memorable Richard III Reinterment ceremonies in 2015. His interest in

composition began at Peterborough where he directed a performance of one of his own choral pieces in the cathedral whilst still a boy chorister, and subsequently Simon's music has been widely published, performed, recorded and broadcast: for instance his anthem *Come, praise the saints*, for choir, organ and 3 trumpets was conducted by John Scott in St Paul's Cathedral, London, and his well-known *Candlelight Carol* featured in Lesley Garrett's television series *Christmas Voices*. Recent recordings of Simon's music have included CDs of church music (*The Beatific Vision*, for Herald, alongside music by Charles Paterson), Christmas carols (*Hush, Little Child*, for Heritage), and song cycles (Heritage). Simon has also been a regular contributor to various musical and literary magazines, and has written widely on diverse aspects of music, language and literature. A verse collection, *Poetry of the Peak*, was published in 2019.





The Knighton Consort with David Cowen and Roxanne Gull (l) and Simon Mold (r) during the recording session

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Cover picture: Photo by Gianna Bonello on Unsplash

Photographs:

Stephen Cooper © Ginny Cooper

Philip Leech © Philip Leech

Helen Bailey © Jennie Scott

Jeremy Leaman © Jeremy Leaman

Roxanne Gull © Samuel Wareham

David Cowen © Neville Chadwick Photography

Simon Mold © Amanda Fitchett

Cover and booklet design: James Cardell-Oliver

Additional thanks to Simon Ainge

©/ © 2023 Divine Art Ltd (Diversions LLC in USA/Canada)

DIVINE ART RECORDINGS GROUP

UK: Divine Art Ltd. : email: uksales@divineartrecords.com

USA: Diversions LLC : email: sales@divineartrecords.com

www.divineartrecords.com

WARNING: Copyright subsists in all recordings issued under this label. Any unauthorised broadcasting, public performance, copying or re-recording thereof in any manner whatsoever will constitute an infringement of such copyright. In the United Kingdom, licences for the use of recordings for public performance may be obtained from Phonographic Performance Ltd, 1, Upper James Street, London, W1R 3HG.

SIMON MOLD

PASSIONTIDE

1 Antiphon: Have mercy O Lord	0:36	13 Hymn: Weep not for Him	3:43
2 Hymn: God of unexampled grace	2:41	14 Soprano Solo: When I waxed fair	3:15
3 Organ Interlude	0:42	15 Gospel Narrative: Our Lord refused a grief-augmenting cup	1:11
4 Sentence: Christ Himself bore our sins	3:58	16 Bass Solo: From Golgotha	5:07
5 Gospel Narrative: And when the time (at evening) came	3:40	17 Psalm 22 (excerpt)	3:48
6 Motet: Hail true body	2:05	18 Hymn: Forgive them O my Father	2:37
7 Gospel Narrative: By this He was to Kedron River come	5:06	19 Gospel Narrative: Amongst those friends	1:15
8 Gospel Narrative: Behold there came	1:23	20 Duet: Must my Son my treasure die	4:12
9 Chorus: And thus the scriptures are accomplished	1:44	21 Gospel Narrative: No sooner on the cross was Jesus nailed	2:52
10 The Reproaches	7:39	22 Tenor Solo: O perfect life of love	5:05
11 Gospel Narrative: Then they arose	2:18	23 Hymn: Long did I toil	4:09
12 Gospel Narrative: When Pilate saw he could effect no good	1:27	24 Envoi: Take up thy cross	3:11
		25 Hymn: It is finished	4:22

Total Time 77:58