

If music were matter, each song, once sung, would softly settle in a sonorous layer of sound – and with the passing of time we'd build up a beautiful bedrock of music. Britain, with its longstanding choral tradition, would truly be an isle of song, the sediment of its constituent scores clear to be seen in the white cliffs of Dover...

...and it's such a cross-section of compositions, representing half a millennium of Your ears will be drawn to the choral ore of two golden ages as we

the warmly-glowing wealth of works written in the first half of

the 20th century.

Join us on a journey through time made song and let its melodies softly settle on your soul...

Gibbons: O clap your hands

Stanford: Three Motets

Vaughan Williams:

Clarke: Weep you no more,

sad fountains

