## Green groweth the holly

Green groweth the holly, So doth the ivy. Though winter blasts blow never so high, Green groweth the holly.

As the holly groweth green And never changeth hue, So I am, ever hath been, Unto my lady true.

As the holly groweth green With ivy all alone When flowers cannot be seen And greenwood leaves be gone,

Now unto my lady
Promise to her I make, From all other only To her I me betake.

King Henry VIII
(1491-1547)

I was asked by the Friends of Winchester Cathedral to write a new carol for the cathedral choir to celebrate Queen Elizabeth's 90th birthday. I chose a text that would make a double royal connection, Green Grows the Holly by King Henry VIII; hence my subtitle, 'The Royal Carol'. Although Henry was intending a secular poem, his use of imagery familiar to all carol singers permits a sacred interpretation of the words, as has often been the practice over centuries, especially with this particular Christian festival. Several of my commissions immediately prior to this had been war commemorations, full of anguish, pain and loss and, at the time of composition, I was engaged as a soloist in a staged production of Britten's intensely powerful War Requiem for English National Opera. I was desperate to write something for my own self as an antidote, celebrating love, beauty and the positivity of life. I wanted the choir to enjoy singing it, to revel in some rich harmonies and in the sonority of ensemble singing.

Commissioned by The Friends of Winchester Cathedral to commemorate the 90th birtbday of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II.

First performed by Winchester Cathedral Choir on the 14th December 2018, conducted by Andrew Lumsden.

For my Mother on ber own round-numbered birthday and also for my older brother with admiration and love

## Queen Elizabeth's Winchester Carol

King Henry VIII
Founder of the Church of England

Gently flowing, very tender $\boldsymbol{d}=92$



