

The background of the entire image is a photograph of a brick building. A prominent feature is a large, white, serif 'TELEPHONE' sign mounted on the brickwork. Above the sign is a decorative, carved stone element. In the foreground, there are out-of-focus branches with bright red leaves, likely from a tree or shrub. The sky is a clear, pale blue. The overall composition is a low-angle shot looking up at the building.

Gavin Roberts

Jennifer Witton

Elizabeth Lynch

Nick Allen

Piran Legg

VOICES OF LONDON

Songs of the Big Smoke

SONG
IN THE **CITY**

Song in the City is a registered charity that takes classical music out of its comfort zone. Through the seemingly traditional genre of song, we revolutionise the relationship between classical musicians and their audiences through imaginative concerts and social projects. We programme concerts around inventive and often challenging themes, bringing talented singers and pianists (many of whom come from the Guildhall School of Music & Drama, as well as other London music colleges) to the heart of the Square Mile, in the intimate and beautiful setting of the Hall at St-Botolph-without-Bishopsgate. We also seek to collaborate regularly with performers from other artistic disciplines, such as actors and dancers, and believe in commissioning new music from young composers – especially by them working with performers directly.

In 2012, we commissioned a new song cycle called *Voices of London* from four composers, who wrote directly for four Guildhall School singers. These new songs set poetry inspired by London. The process of creating this new work involved collectively sifting through many London-inspired poems until a collection emerged that hung together as a group. Each composer chose a shortlist of poems, which was then further reduced to two or three poems each. We decided to include poems that spoke of London's own 'voice': the noise that the city makes, the sounds of its people, or, as James

Lark and Simon Munnelly wonder in the final song, 'If London could speak'! Of course, a collection of songs that is composed by four different composers for four different voices and a pianist, with poetry ranging from the 12th century to the present day, is at the risk of being incohesive, let alone being able to claim a place in the genre of the song cycle. However, one has only to look at London to see the juxtaposition of old and new, of beautiful and ugly, of congruous and incongruous, to realise that this melange of different 'voices' is what makes London so uniquely attractive. It seemed to us that the best way of reflecting this unique vista in the special genre of song, was to create our own melting-pot with the voices of poets, composers and singers, reflecting the multifarious 'voices' of London. Our new cycle was premiered in Christchurch, Spitalfields, in October 2012. On this debut recording, **Song in the City** also includes many other London-themed music by composers who have wished, like us, to leave a legacy that celebrates the vibrancy of the 'Big Smoke' and the art it has inspired.

Gavin Roberts
Artistic Director, **Song in the City**

VOICES OF LONDON

1. **Praeludium** 1:25
RAYMOND YIU (b.1973)
Richard of Devizes (fl. late 12th century)
2. **London** 4:03
JAMES LARK (b.1979)
William Blake (1757–1827)
3. **Translating the English, 1989** 4:07
GRAHAM ROSS (b.1985)
Carol Ann Duffy (b.1955)
4. **The Telephone** 1:46
RAYMOND YIU (b.1973)
Hilaire Belloc (1870–1953)
5. **Covent Garden, Inside Outside** 3:00
JOSEPH ATKINS (b.1981)
Amy Clampitt (1920–94)
6. **Through Galleried Earth** 4:34
GRAHAM ROSS (b.1985) Seamus Heaney (1939–2013) from *District and Circle*
7. **This Moment of June** 1:40
RAYMOND YIU (b.1973)
Virginia Woolf (1882–1941) from *Mrs Dalloway*

8. **Shadwell Stair** 4:10
JOSEPH ATKINS (b.1981)
Wilfred Owen (1893–1918)

9. **If London Could Speak ...** 4:30
JAMES LARK (b.1979)
Simon Munnelly (b.1967)

10. **Rollicum-Rorum (from Earth and Air and Rain)** 1:55
GERALD FINZI (1901–56)
Thomas Hardy (1840–1928)

11. **On the Way to Kew (from Love Blows as the Wind Blows)** 3:38
GEORGE BUTTERWORTH (1885–1916)
William Ernest Henley (1849–1903)

12. **On the Brow of Richmond Hill (from Seven Songs)** 1:47
HENRY PURCELL (1659–95) arr. Benjamin Britten (1913–76)
Thomas d'Urfey (1653–1723)

13. **The Dream-City (from Twelve Songs)** 4:22
GUSTAV HOLST (1874–1934)
Humbert Wolfe (1885–1940)

FLOWERS OF CITIES
RONALD CORP (1951-)

14. **Glide gently** 2:43
William Wordsworth (1770–1850)

15. **London is a fine town** 1:22
Henry Carey (1687–1743)

A SONG FOR THE LORD MAYOR'S TABLE
WILLIAM WALTON (1902–83)

16. **Wapping Old Stairs** 2:26
William Blake (1757–1827)

17. **The Contrast** 2:52
Charles Morris (1745–1838)

18. **Rhyme** 2:07
Anon. 18th Century

19. **A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square** 4:41
MANNING SHERWIN (1902–1974)
Eric Maschwitz (1901–1969)

TOTAL: 57:14

Tracks 1, 2, 12, 17:
Nick Allen, Gavin Roberts

Tracks 3, 6, 13, 18:
Jennifer Witton, Gavin Roberts
Tracks 5, 7, 11, 16:
Elizabeth Lynch, Gavin Roberts

Tracks 4, 8, 10, 14, 15:
Piran Legg, Gavin Roberts

Tracks 9, 19:
Jennifer Witton, Elizabeth Lynch, Nick Allen,
Piran Legg, Gavin Roberts

VOICES OF LONDON

1. Praeludium

I do not at all like that city. All sort of men crowd together there from every country under the heavens. Each race brings its own vices and its own customs to the city. No one lives in it without falling into some sort of crimes. Every quarter of it abounds in great obscenities... Whatever evil or malicious thing that can be found in any part of the world, you will find in that one city. Therefore, if you do not want to dwell with evildoers, do not live in London.

2. London

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
And mark in each face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.
In every cry of Man,
In every Infants' cry of fear,

In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimneysweeper's cry
Every black'ning Church appalls;
And the hapless Soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born Infants' tear,
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

3. Translating the English, 1989

'...and much of the poetry, alas, is lost in translation...'
Welcome to my country! We have here
Edwina Currie and The Sun newspaper.
Much excitement.
Also the weather has been most improving
even in February. Daffodils. (Wordsworth. Up
North.) If you like
Shakespeare or even Opera we have too the
Black Market.
For two hundred quids we are talking Les
Miserables,
nods being as good as winks. Don't eat the eggs.
Wheel-clamp. Dogs. Vagrants. A tour of our
wonderful capital city is not to be missed.
The Fergie,
The Princess Di and the football hooligan, truly
you will
like it here, Squire. Also we can be talking

crack, smack
and Carling Black Label if we are so inclined. Don't
drink the H₂O. All very proud we now have
a green Prime Minister. What colour yours?
Binbags.
You will be knowing of Charles Dickens and
Terry Wogan
and Scotland. All this can be arranged for cash
no questions.
Ireland not on. Fish and chips and the Official
Secrets Act
second to none. Here we go. We are liking
a smashing good time like estate agents and
Neighbours,
also *Brookside* for we are allowed four Channels.
How many you have? Last night of Proms. Andrew
Lloyd-Webber. Jeffrey Archer. Plenty culture you
will be agreeing.
Also history and buildings. The Houses of Lords.
Docklands.
Many thrills and high interest rates for own
good. Muggers.
Much lead in petrol. Filth. Rule Britannia and
child abuse.
Electronic tagging, Boss, ten pints and plenty
rape. Queen Mum.
Channel Tunnel. You get here fast no problem
to my country my country my country welcome
welcome welcome
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author and Rogers, Coleridge and White Literary Agency.

4. The Telephone

To-night in million-voicèd London I
Was lonely as the million-pointed sky
Until your single voice. Ah! So the sun
Peoples all heaven, although he be but one.
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of Peters Fraser & Dunlop (www.petersfraserdunlop.com) on
behalf of the Estate of Hilaire Belloc.

5. Covent Garden, Inside Outside

The night we took the Underground
to Covent Garden, we found the foyer
at the opera a roofed-in waterfall
of crystal, the staircase we sat on
at the interval to eat our ices
carpet luscious (even to the shod
sole) as a bed of crimson mosses,
the rose-red lampshades erotic
a hothouse hibiscus. Floated
overhead, a firmament of gilt
and turquoise; as that goes dim,
beneath the royal monogram the bell jar
of illusion lifts, and yet again
we're inside-outside: Norina's
rooftop vista (the duenna
furiously knitting) of a hot-bright
Bay of Naples. In the obscurity
of our neck-craning balcony, we
snuggled undetected. Outside there waited
a shivering, rain-speckled exodus among
dark gardens of the inevitable
umbrellas going up.

© by Amy Clampitt from *London Inside and Outside*
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Foundation.

6. Through Galleried Earth

So deeper into it, crowd-swept, strap-hanging,
My lofted arm a-swivel like a flail,
My father's glazed face in my own waning
And craning...

Again the growl
Of shutting doors, the jolt and one-off treble
Of iron on iron, then a long centrifugal
Haulage of speed through every dragging socket.
And so by night and day to be transported
Through galleried earth with them, the only relict
Of all that I belonged to, hurtled forward,
Reflecting in a window mirror-backed
By blasted weeping rock-walls.
Flicker-lit

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7. This Moment of June

In people's eyes, in the swing, tramp and trudge;
in the bellow and the uproar; the carriages,
motor cars, omnibuses, vans, sandwich men
shuffling and swinging; brass bands; barrel organs;
in the triumph and the jingle and the strange high
singing of some aeroplane overhead was what she
loved; life; London; this moment of June.

8. Shadwell Stair

I am the ghost of Shadwell Stair.
Along the wharves by the water-house,
And through the cavernous slaughter-house,
I am the shadow that walks there.

Yet I have flesh both firm and cool,
And eyes tumultuous as the gems
Of moons and lamps in the full Thames
When dusk sails wavering down the pool.

Shuddering the purple street-arc burns
Where I watch always; from the banks
Dolorously the shipping clanks
And after me a strange tide turns.

I walk till the stars of London wane
And dawn creeps up the Shadwell Stair.
But when the crowing sirens blare
I with another ghost am lain.

9. If London Could Speak ...

Where am I from?
I'm from Ypres and the Somme
Passchendaele and Verdun
Saigon, Lebanon, Srebrenica on and on
Don't ask me where I'm blinking from
I am London

Come to kill yer come to bill yer
Come to take your eyes
I am the stones the bones the traffic cones
The aches and pains the pissed-up shagged-out
manky brains
I am what remains
In the morning sun
When you've had your fun
I am London
And I say Come to me, wherever you are

Come to me, and bring your car
And you'll come for two weeks
That'll turn into ten years
'Till your skin's falling off and you think
"I'd better get out of London now me skin's
falling off
Now it's too bloody late"
But where you gonna go? Out to the countryside
with your kids
Settle down in the countryside with your kids
thinking
"I'm out in the countryside with my kids: I got
away from London I got away from London"
But no you ain't. You got kids. Where they coming?
Back to London that's where

You got to run
just to stand still
Don't even think
about being ill
You can have a quickie, take a sickie
Do what you gotta do but don't take the mickey
Beggars can't be choosers you can't be picky
Get it? Got it? Good. Off you go now son
Off to those fields to breed or lie in that gutter
and bleed
I am London

Infinite city mighty pretty and mighty ugly too
Cos an infinite city is an infinite city
That means it's bigger than you
I'm going to crush your nuts
Rome, the eternal city

That's what they say in Rome
Bit presumptuous of them really,
time ain't quite finished yet
But if Rome can be the eternal city
Then London can be the infinite city
It takes two and a half hours to drive
across London
An hour and a quarter you can fly to Rome
That makes Rome a suburb.
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10. Rollicum-Rorum

When Lawyers strive to heal a breach,
And Parsons practise what they preach;
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,
And march his men on London town!
Rollicum-rorum, to-LoLorum,
Rollicum-rorum, to-LoLay!
When Justices hold equal scales,
And Rogues are only found in jails;
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,
And march his men on London town!
Rollicum-rorum etc.

When Rich Men find their wealth a curse,
And fill therewith the Poor Man's purse;
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,
And march his men on London town!
Rollicum-rorum etc.

When Husbands with their Wives agree,
And Maids won't wed from modesty;
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,
And march his men on London town!
Rollicum-rorum etc.

11. On the Way to Kew

On the way to Kew,
By the river old and grey,
Where in the Long Ago,
We laughed and loitered so,
I met a ghost to-day,
A ghost that told of you -
A ghost of old replies
And sweet, inscrutable eyes
Coming up from Richmond
As you used to do.

By the river old and grey,
The enchanted Long Ago
Murmured and smiled anew.
On the way to Kew,
March had the laugh of May,
The bare boughs looked aglow,
And old immortal words
Sang in my breast like birds,
Coming up from Richmond
As I used with you.

With the life of Long Ago
Lived my thought of you.
By the river old and grey
Flowing his appointed way

As I watched I knew
What is good to know -
Not in vain, not in vain,
Shall I look for you again
Coming up from Richmond
On the way to Kew.

12. On the Brow of Richmond Hill

On the brow of Richmond Hill,
Which Europe scarce can parallel,
Ev'ry eye such wonders fill
To view the prospect round;
Where the silver Thames does glide,
And stately courts are edified,
Meadows deck'd in summer's pride,
With verdant beauties crown'd;

Lovely Cynthia passing by,
With brighter glories blest my eye,
Ah, then in vain, in vain said I,
The fields and flow'rs do shine;
Nature in this charming place
Created pleasure in excess,
But all are poor to Cynthia's face,
Whose features are divine.

13. The Dream-City

On a dream-hill we'll build our city,
And we'll build gates that have two keys
Love to let in the vanquished, and pity
o close the locks that shelter these.

There will be quiet open spaces,

And shady towers sweet with bells,
And quiet folks with quiet faces,
Walking among these miracles.
There'll be a London Square in Maytime
With London lilacs, whose brave light
Startles with coloured lamps the daytime,
With sudden scented wings the night.

A silent Square could but a lonely
Thrush on the lilacs bear to cease
His song, and no sound else save only
The traffic of the heart at peace.

And we will have a river painted
With the dawn's wisful stratagems
Of dusted gold, and night acquainted
With the long purples of the Thames.

And we will have, oh yes! the gardens
Kensington, Richmond Hill and Kew,
And Hampton, where winter scolds, and
pardons
The first white crocus breaking through.

And where the great their greatness squander,
And while the wise their wisdom lose,
Squirrels will leap, and deer will wander,
Gracefully, down the avenues.

14. Glide gently

Glide gently, thus for ever glide,
O Thames! that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side

As now, fair river! come to me.
O glide, fair stream! for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

15. London is a fine town

London is a dainty place,
A great and gallant city,
or all the streets are paved with gold,
And all the folks are witty.
And there's your lords and ladies fine,
That ride in coach and six,
That nothing drink but claret wine,
And talk of politics.

And there's your dames, of dainty frames,
With skins as white as milk,
Dressed every day in garments gay
Of satin and of silk.

And if your mind be so inclined
To have them in your arm,
Pull out a handsome purse of gold,
They can't resist its charm.

16. Wapping Old Stairs

Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs,
When I swore that I still would continue the same,
And gave you the 'bacco box, marked with
your name.

When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks
with you,
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of the crew?
To be useful and kind, with my Thomas I stay'd,
For his trousers I wash'd, and his grog too I made.

Though you threaten'd, last Sunday,
to walk in the Mall
With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal,
In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom, with a tear.
Why should Sal, or should Susan, than me
be more priz'd?
For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er
be despis'd;
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,
Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog too
I'll make.

17. The Contrast

In London I never knew what I'd be at,
Enraptured with this, and enchanted by that,
I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan,
And life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the country, Lord help me!, sets all matters right,
So calm and composing from morning to night;
Oh! it settles the spirit when nothing is seen
But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.

Your magpies and stockdoves may flirt among trees,
And chatter their transports in groves, if they please:
But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,
And for groves, O! a good grove of chimneys

for me.

In the country, if Cupid should find a man out,
The poor tortured victim mopes hopeless about,
But in London, thank Heaven! our peace is secure,
Where for one eye to kill, there's a thousand to cure.
I know love's a devil, too subtle to spy,
That shoots through the soul, from the beam
of an eye;
But in London these devils so quick fly about,
That a new devil still drives an old devil out.

18. Rhyme

Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London Town.

Oranges and lemons Say the bells of St.Clement's.
Bull's eyes and targets, Say the bells of St.Margaret's.
Brickbats and tiles, Say the bells of St.Giles'.
Halfpence and farthings, Say the bells of St.Martin's.
Pancakes and fritter's, Say the bells of St.Peter's.
Two sticks and an apple, Say the bells of
Whitechapel.
Pokers and tongs, Say the bells of St. John's.
Kettles and pans, Say the bells of St. Anne's.
Old father baldpate, Say the slow bells of Aldgate.
You owe me ten shillings, Say the bells of St.Helen's.
When will you pay me? Say the bells of Old Bailey.
When I grow rich, Say the bells of Shoreditch.
Pray when will that be? Say the bells of Stepney.
I do not know, Says the great bell of Bow.

Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London Town.



Gavin Roberts

Gavin Roberts enjoys a varied career as a piano accompanist. He has partnered singers in recital at Wigmore Hall, the Barbican Hall and the Royal Festival Hall, and is Artistic Director of the recital series **Song in the City**. Engagements have included appearances at The Ludlow Weekend of English Song, The Cheltenham Festival, Dartington International Summer School, The Ryedale Festival (as a duo partner to the late clarinettist Alan Hacker), Brahms' *Liebesliedervaltzer* as a duet partner to Graham Johnson, The Young Songmakers' Almanac, and *A Soldier and a Maker* directed by Iain Burnside – a play about the life of Ivor Gurney staged in the Barbican Pit Theatre. Alongside soprano Lucy Hall, he was the winner of the 2012 Oxford Lieder Young Artist Platform.

He has played for The BBC Singers, The Joyful Company of Singers, The Hanover Band, Orpheus Britannicus, Tiffin Boys' Choir and The Guildford Chamber Choir, and as a répétiteur for Sir Roger Norrington and the late Richard Hickox. Gavin has appeared regularly on BBC Radio broadcasts as a soloist and accompanist, often giving premiere performances of new works. He has played on numerous recordings for the BBC, ASV, Guild and Priory Records. His most recent project is a recording of Gurney songs with baritone Philip Lancaster. Gavin studied Piano with Andrew West and Eugene Asti at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama, where he is now a Staff Accompanist and a Tutor of Academic Studies. He has also received tuition from Graham Johnson, Sarah Walker, Iain Burnside, Julius Drake, Malcolm Martineau and Martin Katz. He previously read Music at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, where he also held the organ scholarship. Following this, Gavin gained a Master's degree from King's College London. Gavin is Organist and Director of Music at St Marylebone Parish Church.
www.gavinroberts.org



Jennifer Witton, Soprano

Winner of the Guildhall School of Music & Drama's prestigious Gold Medal, British soprano Jennifer Witton studied as a member of the opera course under the tutelage of Sarah Pring. She has performed for the Royal Opera House, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Opera North, Wexford Festival Opera, Raymond Gubbay Ltd; she has performed at festivals such as Oxford Lieder Festival, London Song Festival, Chichester Festivities, and at venues including Barbican Hall, the Royal Albert Hall and Wigmore Hall. She is the recipient of a Miriam Licette Award at the Maggie Teyte Competition, the song prize at the Emmy Destinn Awards and has won the Rosenblatt Recital Prize. Jennifer has been performing with **Song in the City** since its beginnings and is proud to be a part of its debut CD release.

www.jenniferwitton.co.uk



Elizabeth Lynch, Mezzo Soprano

Mezzo Soprano, Elizabeth Lynch is currently studying with Susan Waters on the opera course at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama, where she holds the prestigious Silk Street Award for Opera and has been granted a fellowship of the School. Highlights in Beth's operatic career to date include: title role, *Phaedra* Hans Werner Henze; cover Pinocchio in *The Adventures of Pinocchio*; Edmondo in *Francesca di Foix*; cover mezzo actor in *A Night at the Chinese Opera* (British Youth Opera); Sandman and cover Hansel in *Hansel and Gretel* (Clonter Opera). Elizabeth was the voice of the Young Vixen in the BBC animation of *The Cunning Little Vixen* and made her debut at the Royal Opera House in the chorus for Xenakis's *Orestria*. She made her Barbican Hall debut singing the mezzo solo in Elgar's *Music Makers* with the GSO, was the alto soloist in Pärt's *Stabat Mater* (BBC Radio 3)

and sang *Frauenliebe und Leben* with Graham Johnson (Guildhall School). Notable concert experience includes a recital at Wigmore Hall after winning the Purcell soloist's prize, and the world premiere of Lorin Mazel's *The Empty Pot* (LSO). A keen recitalist, Elizabeth is extremely proud to be part of **Song in the City**'s debut CD release *Voices of London*.



Nick Allen, Tenor

Nick Allen graduated from the Guildhall School of Music & Drama in 2011. He made his operatic debut as Peter Quint in the Benjamin Britten opera *The Turn of the Screw* as part of the annual Banff Summer Arts Festival. Last summer Nick played the roles of Frederic in *The Pirates of Penzance* and Nanki-Poo in *The Mikado* in the inaugural UK tour of the Official Gilbert & Sullivan Opera Company. In 2013, he performed Britten's *Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings* as part of the centenary celebrations. At the Barbican Pit Theatre, he played the role of English composer Herbert Howells in *A Soldier and a Maker* – a play written and directed by Iain Burnside based on the life and music of Ivor Gurney. Nick was also part of the radio version of the play for BBC Radio 3.

www.nickallentenor.com



Piran Legg, Bass

Piran Legg is currently on the Artist Diploma course at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama. After a debut at the Wexford Festival in 2011 singing chorus and small roles, he has worked as a Garsington Young Artist, performing the roles of the Guide and Polish Father in Britten's *Death in Venice* and understudied the role of the Notary in Strauss's comic romance, *Intermezzo*. Recent highlights include a debut at the Cadogan Hall singing Schaunard in *La Bohème* as well taking a young artist position at Iford in Monteverdi's *The Return of Ulysses* with Christian Curnyn. In October 2015 Piran made a return to Cadogan Hall singing the role of Danieli in Wagner's *Das Liebesverbot* with Chelsea Opera Group. Piran was an International Opera Awards bursary winner 2014–2015 and is grateful for financial support from The Worshipful Company of Fishmongers, as well as from Serena Fenwick. www.piranlegg.com

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Audio editing: Ken Blair and Will Anderson
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Piano Technician: John-Paul Williams

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