



CHAMPS HILL  
RECORDS

## SONGS OF TRAVEL AND HOME



JULIEN VAN MELLAERTS *baritone*  
JAMES BAILLIEU *piano*

Bryony Gibson-Cornish *viola*  
Sofia Castillo *flute*  
Raphael Wallfisch *cello*

Roger Quilter ~ Frank Bridge ~ Gareth Farr ~ Maurice Ravel ~ Ralph Vaughan Williams

Deciding what to include on my very first song disc was no easy task! We went back and forth until we settled on this selection of British, French and New Zealand songs to show a quasi-autobiographical insight into my life and background.

With a name like mine, it is very easy to be confused about where I am from. Having grown up in rural New Zealand, it was something I too would regularly question. I was born and raised in New Zealand, and on my mother's side my family has been there since the early 1840s. My father, however, is half British/half French and immigrated to NZ in the 1970s. Through this CD, I wanted to honour my heritage, share where I feel connected to, and explore the idea of home and identity through song. I feel a connection to the protagonist in Vaughan Williams/R. L. Stevenson's *Songs of Travel* in that I am lucky to call so many beautiful places home, and ultimately, that's how we settled on ***Songs of Travel and Home***.

James and I met back in 2017 when I was a young artist at the Verbier Festival in Switzerland. He was teaching the song class and we got on incredibly well. We have given many recitals together since, not least of which was a tour around New Zealand with Chamber Music NZ. In 3 short weeks we gave 13 recitals up and down the country, covering more than 4000 km on the open road. It was for this tour that we commissioned *Ornithological Anecdotes* by Bill Manhire and Gareth Farr. I'm thrilled that James has partnered with me on this CD, it is always a huge pleasure to work with him.

On this disc, I was also eager to include some chamber music. Bryony Gibson-Cornish and I were friends from back home, and when she came to study at the RCM



we made sure we performed some songs for voice and viola. The obvious choices were the Brahms Op.91 and the Frank Bridge ***Three songs for medium voice, viola and piano***. It was this set of songs that we chose to perform together at the Royal College of Music for HRH Prince Charles, when we were both awarded the Tagore Gold Medals in 2017. James and I have framed this set with two short Quilter songs: ***Go lovely rose*** and ***Now sleeps the crimson petal***, two of my all-time favourite English songs.

When James and I were programming our tour to New Zealand, we were looking for some suitable NZ songs for our programmes. James then turned to me and said, 'Don't you have loads of weird birds in NZ?' Yes, Yes, we do. Then came ***Ornithological Anecdotes***. I reached out to New Zealand's first poet laureate, Bill Manhire, and he was very keen to help. Gareth Farr, one of our greatest composers, was immediately on board too. We then had to decide on the specific birds for the set. For the first outing we had a set of four – Dotterel, Takahē, Huia and Tūi. For a subsequent performance of the set at Wigmore Hall in January 2020, we commissioned a further song on perhaps our best-known bird – Kiwi.

New Zealand really is like no place on earth. Prior to human settlement, the only native mammals we had were several species of fruit bat and marine mammals. Thanks to the absence of mammalian predators, our birds developed in myriad of weird and wonderful ways. They are hugely prized in New Zealand, and needless to say we are very proud of them, hence our namesake – Kiwi. There are huge conservation efforts to keep these from extinction. Many are endangered and incredibly vulnerable.

The ***Dotterel*** (tūturiwhatu) is a small bird from the plover family, which nests in the sand dunes along seashores, estuaries and river beds. To protect their nests, the birds feign injury (such as a broken wing) and run up and down the beach to distract the predator from their eggs and chicks.

**Takahē** are big, flightless, bright blue birds, with red beaks and, slightly larger than hens. They were thought to be extinct for many years. One keen amateur bird watcher, George Orwell, had heard reports of potential sightings in an incredibly remote part of the South Island of NZ. He went hiking and eventually found the last remaining dozen or so of these birds in 1948. They are a conservation success story and have responded well to breeding programmes. Being flightless they are still very vulnerable so are largely only visible in the wild in predator-free islands off the coast of the main islands of New Zealand.

The **Huia** is the only extinct bird in the set. Early settlers to NZ once said that 'the sky was black with Huia'. Their name in Māori means 'Where are you?' and imitates the birds' distress call. Sadly, due to deforestation and rampant hunting, they were driven to extinction in the early part of the 20th century. They were hunted for their prized tail feathers (long, black and white-tipped), whilst also falling victim to the Victorian fascination for taxidermy. They were said to be the first birds to sing in the morning, yet now they are sadly silent. We don't even have a recording of their birdsong. The closest thing we have is a whistled recollection of their song from someone's childhood. Still today there are dozens of stuffed Huia in a corner of the Natural History Museum in London.

The **Kiwi** is perhaps our best known and most famous bird. They named a fruit after it, as well as a very well-known brand of boot polish. These big, brown birds are easily identified by their long thin beaks and their tiny, useless wings. As Bill points out, they really are 'a humble bird'!

The final song of the set is about the bullish **Tūī**. The English settlers dubbed it the parson bird because of the white tuft of feathers under its beak. These birds are an iridescent teal green, they mimic sounds, they get drunk on nectar of the flax bush, and are not afraid to scare away or attack other birds that stray into their territory.

Bill says that this poem was based on a breeding pair that live in their front garden and would get drunk on the nectar of the flax outside their kitchen window.

Bill and Gareth capture the individual personalities of these birds perfectly, creating a fun and lively account of these precious *taonga* (treasures).

When I was studying at the University of Otago in New Zealand, I wrote my honours dissertation on Ravel. I adore his music and wanted to include some of his songs. Being part French, I also wanted to honour my grandpère's side of the family with these two sets of songs. We settled on *Chansons Madécasses* and *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée*. It was a huge pleasure to be able to record the **Chansons Madécasses** with Sofia Castillo and Raphael Wallfisch. Sofia and I first met on an opera contract in Italy back in 2015, and we also studied together at the RCM. With the baritone and flute repertoire so minimal, it was a pleasure to be able to finally make music with my partner. Raphael and I worked together at the Royal Opera House in 2018 on a production with the Royal Ballet, so it was a huge pleasure to collaborate again on this particular project. In keeping with our theme of travel, these stunning chamber pieces seemed a perfect fit for the disc. *Don Quixote* is seen in so many different guises in art and his portrayal here by Morand and Ravel is fantastic. We get a real sense of the Spanish traveller, declaring his love for Dulcinée in *Chanson romanesque*, praying for protection in *Chanson épique*, or getting drunk in *Chanson à boire*.

To finish the whole programme with **Songs of Travel** by Vaughan Williams seemed appropriate. We can all relate to this character, I know I certainly can. It is a pillar of the repertoire and it has been a pleasure to explore it. I look forward to the development of this song cycle throughout my career. No doubt it will change and grow in the many performances and years to come.



Julien Van Mellaerts

I TRACK LISTING

1 ROGER QUILTER **GO, LOVELY ROSE** (Op.24, No.3) 02'45

FRANK BRIDGE **THREE SONGS FOR MEDIUM VOICE, VIOLA AND PIANO**

- 2 i Far, far from each other 03'36  
3 ii Where is it that our soul doth go? 03'26  
4 iii Music, when soft voices die 02'07

*Bryony Gibson-Cornish ~ viola*

5 ROGER QUILTER **NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL** (Op.3, No.2) 02'05

GARETH FARR **ORNITHOLOGICAL ANECDOTES**

- 6 i Dotterel 02'38  
7 ii Takahē 02'00  
8 iii Huia 02'13  
9 iv Kiwi 02'08  
10 v Tūī 02'46

MAURICE RAVEL **CHANSONS MADÉCASSES**

- 11 i Nahandove 05'32  
12 ii Aoua! 03'57  
13 iii Il est doux 04'28

*Sofia Castillo ~ flute Raphael Wallfisch ~ cello*

MAURICE RAVEL **DON QUICHOTTE À DULCINÉE**

- 14 i Chanson romanesque 01'51  
15 ii Chanson épique 02'46  
16 iii Chanson à boire 01'46

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS **SONGS OF TRAVEL**

- 17 i The vagabond 03'16  
18 ii Let beauty awake 01'45  
19 iii The roadside fire 02'27  
20 iv Youth and love 03'32  
21 v In dreams 02'38  
22 vi The infinite shining heavens 02'01  
23 vii Whither must I wander? 04'15  
24 viii Bright is the ring of words 02'03  
25 ix I have trod the upward and the downward slope 01'59

*Total playing time: 70'00*

Produced by Matthew Bennett

Engineered by Dave Rowell

Edited by Matthew Bennett

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**Go, lovely rose**, the third of Roger Quilter's *Five English Love Lyrics*, composed between 1922 and 1928, sets a much-anthologized poem by the Elizabethan poet, Edmund Waller, and is fraught with biographical significance. 'Tell her that wastes her time and me' runs the second line – a clear indication that the poem (taken from Waller's *Poems* of 1645) reflects the poet's unsuccessful wooing of Lady Dorothy Sidney. After the death of his first wife, Waller transferred his affections to the 18-year-old heiress, who rejected his advances and a few years later married Henry Spencer, the future Earl of Sunderland. This is one of the most beautiful songs in the repertoire, and Quilter's ability to capture the subtle inflections of the words is particularly noticeable in the second verse which, contrary to the *cantabile* first, has a *parlando* feel to it.

Frank Bridge's *Three songs for medium voice, viola and piano* were composed between November 1906 and January 1907 and not published as a group until 1982. Bridge himself was at the keyboard for the first performance in 1908, although he was also a fine viola player, as can be seen by the way he deploys the instrument in each of the songs: sharing the music with singer and piano in **Music, when soft voices die**, playing a *ritornello* in **Far, far from each other**, and duetting with the singer in **Where is it that our soul doth go?**. All three songs are flecked with melancholy, and the liveliest tempo is a mere *Andante moderato*. 'Far, far from each other' sets only three verses from Arnold's 'Parting', a long poem of ninety lines from his *Switzerland* sequence which deals with the breakdown of his relationship with 'Marguerite'. Shelley's 'Music, when soft voices die', titled 'To –' by the poet, is addressed to Emilia Viviani, a nineteen-year-old woman whom her parents had confined to a convent prior to an arranged marriage. Shelley met her in late 1820, his compassion for her predicament was immediate, and his indignation inspired the *Epipsychidion* ('Verses addressed to the noble and

unfortunate lady, Emilia V – now imprisoned in the convent of –'). 'Where is it that our soul doth go?' is a translation of a poem without title by Heinrich Heine that appears in the 'Clarisse' section of *Verschiedene*, first published in 1833 in the Berlin periodical 'Der Freimütige'. The typically lapidary nature of Heine's poem is romanticized by Kate Kroeger's translation and Bridge's wonderfully overwrought music.

Quilter's style matured early and two of the three songs from Opus 3, composed and published in 1904–5, remain as popular as any that were to come: 'Love's philosophy' and **Now sleeps the crimson petal**. Tennyson's poem comes from *The Princess*, a work that describes a Victorian country house party at which a succession of stories are told by the aristocratic guests. One story tells of an arranged marriage between a prince and a princess who have never met. She, a believer in women's rights and the importance of education, founds a university for women that is infiltrated illegally by the prince and his friends disguised as women. They are discovered, and in the ensuing mock-heroic battle the prince is injured. The princess nurses him back to health, falls in love with her victim – and they eventually marry. 'Now sleeps the crimson petal' is a poem that the princess discovered in 'a volume of the Poets of her land', which she reads at the bedside of the injured prince while he sleeps. Quilter omits Tennyson's three middle couplets and thus interferes with the ghazal form of the original poem, but the lovely melody and the descending lines of the piano accompaniment make this one of his most successful and popular songs. There are also settings by Holst and Rorem.

For a description of Gareth Farr's **Ornithological Anecdotes**, see Julien Van Mellaert's foreword.

Ravel's **Chansons madécasses** were commissioned by Mrs Elizabeth Coolidge, the American patron of the arts, in 1925. Ravel had already bought a set of the



Clockwise from top left:  
Little Spotted Kiwi by Kimberley Collins  
Banded Dotterel by Craig McKenzie  
Takahē by Judi Lapsley Miller

complete works of Evariste Parny, the eighteenth-century poet born on the Ile de la Réunion in the Indian Ocean. His talent for exotic description attracted Ravel, who immediately set about composing three of the twelve prose poems (nos, 12, 5 and 8) which Parny claimed were translations from original Madagascan verse that would give his readers an idea of Madagascan life and customs. Ravel set his three poems to an accompaniment of 'if possible' flute, cello and piano. The three instruments surround the voice which becomes, in effect, the fourth instrument of the quartet. Ravel later admitted his debt to Schoenberg, and in a biographical sketch (dictated in 1928 to Roland-Manuel and printed in a special Ravel number of 'La revue musicale' of 1938), saw in the work '[. . .] a new dramatic element – the erotic voice, which was introduced by the very subject of Parny's poems. The work is a sort of quartet with the voice in the role of principal instrument. Simplicity is the keynote.' The threatening cry of 'aoua' in the second song was added by Ravel himself, as his own copy of Parny's poems in the Bibliothèque Nationale reveals. Ravel considered his cycle to be among his most important vocal works, and was particularly proud of how a maximum of expression was achieved by such economy of means.

Ravel's final three songs, *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée*, were composed in 1932–3, in response to a commission to write a score for a film that Georg W. Pabst was making for Chaliapin. Ravel failed to deliver in time, which meant that Jacques Ibert was eventually the fortunate composer. Ravel was never paid for his pains, but the songs are a delight, and have held the recital stage ever since Martial Singher premiered them on 1 December 1934 in the composer's presence. Ravel was a great admirer of the Cervantes story, but it is unlikely that the great Russian bass would have taken to the simplicity of these songs, which never attempt to demonstrate any virtuoso vocal qualities. Ravel, with his Basque blood, used the

Spanish idiom liberally throughout. In *Chanson romanesque* we hear the alternating bars of 6/8 and 3/4 rhythm over a guitar-like accompaniment, which conjures up the *quajira* of Spanish folklore, and gives the song a deliciously lilting quality; *Chanson épique*, with its serious 5/4 metre, is reminiscent of the *zortzico* and, with its organ-like harmonies, has a whiff of Catholic incense about it; while *Chanson à boire* is in the spirit of the *jota*, its strong cross-rhythms conveying the tipsiness of Morand's text.

The opening song of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Songs of Travel*, 'The vagabond', bears the subtitle 'To an air of Schubert', and perhaps it was this mention of the greatest song composer of them all that drew Vaughan Williams to Stevenson's collection that had been published posthumously in 1896. He selected nine of Stevenson's poems (written 'principally in the South Seas', as the first edition tells us), and fashioned from them a loosely knit cycle that tells the story of a love affair.

The hero sets out in *The vagabond* with some glee, prepared to accept what fate might have in store and forgo wealth, health and love. *Let Beauty awake* tells us of the wanderer's hopes of experiencing love on his journey ('Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend'), and the buoyant, cantabile accompaniment captures perfectly the optimistic mood. In *The roadside fire* his love has actually become real in his imagination, as he shares with her his affection for the road, and showers her with gifts. The next song, *Youth and love*, however, abandons this shared imagined bliss, as the young man leaves her and sets out once more to discover what fate might have in store. The accompaniment, which alternates triplets with duplets, seems to speed him on his way, and we hear once more the 'vagabond' motif, as he travels on with a wave and 'a wayside word to her at the garden gate'. Despite his decision to leave the girl, we learn from the next song,

*In dreams*, that she 'wept awhile and then forgot', while 'he that left you with a smile forgets you not'. The chromaticism of the accompaniment is tinged with self-pity, and there is a most apt *morendo* at 'forgets you not', as the song limps to a close.

Having left the warmth of the roadside fire, he now continues his journey in *The infinite shining heavens*, with the stars glittering brightly in each of the arpeggiated chords. He suffers cold and hunger, and is only comforted when an imagined star comes down to his side. Stevenson's *Whither must I wander?* sails close to sentimentality as the poet continues to suffer starvation and cold and finds solace in the eternal promise of spring, but Vaughan Williams's accompaniment with its bare thirds treats the verse in an austere, folksong idiom reminiscent of 'Linden Lea', and there is no postlude that lingers on his loneliness. *Bright is the ring of words*, marked significantly *moderato risoluto*, tells of the wanderer's death without any mawkishness: though he is dead, his name will live on through his own poetry and the memories of others. *I have trod the upward and the downward slope*, though published half a century after the other songs, makes a fitting, epigrammatic close to the cycle. The accompaniment quotes themes from the 'The vagabond', 'Whither must I wander?' and 'Bright is the ring of words', thus bringing the cycle to a poignant close, as the hero looks back over his journey to a quasi-recitative vocal line. His acceptance of fate ('I have lived and loved, and closed the door') reminds us of the quotation from Captain Scott's letter that Vaughan Williams appended to the Epilogue of his *Sinfonia Antartica*: 'I do not regret this journey; we took risks, we knew we took them, things have come out against us, therefore we have no cause for complaint'.



Huia by J. G. Keulemans  
His Resplendence (Tūi) by Judi Lapsley Miller



## I SONG TEXTS / TRANSLATIONS

### 1 **Go, lovely rose** (*Edmund Waller*)

Go, lovely Rose,  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts, where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired;  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee:  
How small a part of time they share,  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

### 2 **Far, far from each other** (*Matthew Arnold*)

Far, far from each other  
Our spirits have grown.  
And what heart knows another?  
Ah! who knows his own?

Blow, ye winds! lift me with you!  
I come to the wild.  
Fold closely, O Nature!  
Thine arms round thy child.

Ah, calm me! restore me!  
And dry up my tears  
On thy high mountain platforms,  
Where Morn first appears.

### 3 **Where is it that our soul doth go** (*Heinrich Heine, trs. Kate Kroeker*)

One thing I'd know: when we have perished,  
Where is it that our soul doth go?  
Where is the fire that is extinguished?  
Where is the wind but now did blow?

### 4 **Music, when soft voices die** (*Percy Bysshe Shelley*)

Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory –  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

5 **Now sleeps the crimson petal**  
(Alfred, Lord Tennyson)

Now sleeps the crimson petal,  
now the white;  
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;  
Nor winks the gold fin in the  
porphyry font:  
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now folds the lily all her  
sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake:  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

**Ornithological Anecdotes** (Bill Manhire)

6 i **Dotterel**

Little whistle  
little dartaway  
I can hardly hear you  
What's that you say?

*follow me follow me*

Little pepperpot  
little run-a-lot  
all a-fluttering  
all a-scurrying

*just over here just over here  
this way please this way please  
oh look I'm hurting*

Little feathers  
little broken wing  
*over-here no over-here*  
leading and retreating

*follow me follow me  
oh no I have no family*

all salt and sand  
all salt and sand  
smaller than my clumsy hand

*follow me follow me*

7 ii **Takahē**

I'm takahe  
I eat all day  
don't bother me  
can't you see

*I'm feeding*

my big red beak  
my big strong legs  
I call a lot  
I plod a lot

*I'm heavy*

I'm takahē  
I'm bad ballet  
I love the sky  
I see birds fly

*above me*

I'm looking down  
I love the ground  
I'm here to stay  
I'm A-okay

*I'm standing*

I am not loud  
I eat pale cloud  
I eat blue sky  
I multiply

*but slowly*

oh I was lost  
to deer and frost  
the tussock sang  
around the man

*who found me*

found and saved  
and unafraid  
found and saved  
and unafraid

I eat all day  
I eat all day  
I'm takahē  
I'm takahē

*I'm feeding*

8 iii **Huia**

I was the first of birds to sing  
I sang to signal rain  
the one I loved was singing  
and singing once again

My wings were made of sunlight  
My tail was made of frost  
My song was now a warning  
and now a song of love

I sang upon a postage stamp  
I sang upon your coins  
but money courted beauty  
you could not see the joins

Where are you when you vanish?  
Where are you when you're found?  
I'm made of greed and anguish  
a feather on the ground

I lived among you once  
and now I can't be found  
I'm made of things that vanish  
a feather on the ground

I'm the bird you've got your eyes on  
 I'm the curve of the horizon  
 I'm the bird the land relies on  
 I am a humble bird

I am the monarch of the dark  
 a cousin of the tiger shark  
 My call's an exclamation mark  
 my word my word my word

I'm famous in the media  
 I'm fast and then I'm speedier  
 I'm a kiwiwikipedia  
 I am a humble bird

*I want to be quite honest as I'm really  
 very modest*

*When I wander in the forest I eat up  
 grubs as promised  
 and I know you're all astonished by  
 such a humble bird*

*My word my word my word my word*

I am the king of table fruits  
 I polish all your dirty boots  
 I have no time for nincompoops  
 I am a humble bird

I'm carved into an English hill  
 I'm big like Wordsworth's daffodils

my beak's a big electric drill  
 my word my word my word

Oh my world is made of wonder  
 My voice it sounds like thunder  
 I'm never going under  
 No, not this humble bird

*My word my word my word*

I'm the bird you've got your eyes on  
 I'm the curve of the horizon  
 I'm the bird the land relies on  
 I am a humble bird

*My word my word my word my word  
 I'm quite a bird*

I'm swaying on the flax  
 just rehearsing my syntax  
 and I'm thinking of the sounds of  
 stolen things

But I really need some honey  
 it makes me go all funny  
 so I'm never caring what tomorrow brings

Oh I'm a sound collector  
 and I'm really big on nectar  
 I scoff and scoff and scoff and scoff and scoff

Yes I'm a sound director  
 a really big reflector  
 I'm always turning cellphones on and off

I love old Benjie Britten  
 and all the stuff he's written  
 I love me all that tasteful masquerade

and I may be just a vandal  
 but I still love me some Handel  
 when all those trees they crowd into  
 a shade

I'm famous for my double throat  
 I quote and quote and quote and quote  
 my world is made of anecdote  
 [my world is made of anecdote]

And I'm famous as a preacher  
 but I'm just a crazy creature  
 that is always trying to reach ya  
 [yes I'm always trying to reach ya]

You see me in your garden  
 and you say I beg your pardon  
 'cause you see I'm busy doing my  
 own thing

I'm trying out new notes  
 with my helicopter throat  
 and I'm thinking that I maybe am a king

And sometimes I'm a squawker  
 and sometimes I'm a talker  
 but all the time I sings and sings and sings

Yes I'm swaying on the flax  
 just rehearsing my syntax  
 I'm thinking of the sounds of stolen things

**Chansons madécasses** (*Évariste Pamy*)

11 i **Nahandove**

Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove! L'oiseau nocturne a commencé ses cris, la pleine lune brille sur ma tête, et la rosée naissante humecte mes cheveux. Voici l'heure; qui peut t'arrêter, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Le lit de feuilles est préparé; je l'ai parsemé de fleurs et d'herbes odoriférantes; il est digne de tes charmes, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Elle vient. J'ai reconnu la respiration précipitée que donne une marche rapide; j'entends le froissement de la pagne qui l'enveloppe; c'est elle, c'est Nahandove, la belle Nahandove!

Reprends haleine, ma jeune amie; repose-toi sur mes genoux. Que ton regard est enchanteur! Que le mouvement de ton sein est vif et délicieux sous la main qui le presse! Tu souris, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Tes baisers pénètrent jusqu'à l'âme; tes caresses brûlent tous mes sens; arrête, ou je vais mourir. Meurt-on de volupté, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

**Madagascan songs**

i **Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove**

*Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove! The nocturnal bird has begun its cries, the full moon shines overhead, and the new-born dew moistens my hair. Now is the hour; who can be delaying you, Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!*

*The bed of leaves is prepared; I have strewn it with flowers and sweet-smelling herbs; it is worthy of your charms, Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!*

*She comes. I recognized her breathing, quickened by her rapid walk; I hear the rustle of the loin-cloth wrapped around her; it is she, it is Nahandove, lovely Nahandove!*

*Take breath, my little love; rest on my lap. How bewitching your gaze is! How quick and delightful is the motion of your breast beneath a caressing hand! You smile, Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!*

*Your kisses reach right into my soul; your caresses set all my senses ablaze: stop, or I shall die. Can one die of delight, Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove?*

Le plaisir passe comme un éclair. Ta douce haleine s'affaiblit, tes yeux humides se referment, ta tête se penche mollement, et tes transports s'éteignent dans la langueur. Jamais tu ne fus si belle, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Tu pars, et je vais languir dans les regrets et les désirs. Je languirai jusqu'au soir. Tu reviendras ce soir, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

12 ii **Aoua!**

Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs, habitans du rivage. Du tems de nos pères, des blancs descendirent dans cette île. On leur dit: Voilà des terres, que vos femmes les cultivent; soyez justes, soyez bons, et devenez nos frères.

Les blancs promirent, et cependant ils faisoient des retranchemens. Un fort menaçant s'éleva; le tonnerre fut renfermé dans des bouches d'airain; leurs prêtres voulurent nous donner un Dieu

Que nous ne connoissons pas; ils parlèrent enfin d'obéissance et d'esclavage. Plûtôt la mort! Le carnage fut long et terrible; mais malgré la foudre qu'ils vomissoient et qui écrasoit des armées entières, ils furent tous exterminés. Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs.

*Pleasure passes like lightning. Your sweet breath falters, your moist eyes close, your head falls gently forwards, and your ecstasy dies, giving way to languor. Never were you so lovely, Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!*

*You leave, and I shall languish in sorrow and desire. I shall languish until evening. You will return tonight, Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!*

ii **Aoua!**

*Aoua! Aoua! Beware of white men, dwellers of the shore. In our fathers' time, white men landed on this island; they were told: here are lands, let your women work them; be just, be kind and become our brothers.*

*The white men made promises, and yet they made entrenchments too. A menacing fort was built; thunder was stored in muzzles of cannon; their priests pressed on us a God*

*We did not know; they spoke finally of obedience and slavery. Sooner death! The carnage was long and terrible; but despite the thunder they spewed and which crushed whole armies, they were all wiped out. Aoua! Aoua! Beware of white men.*

Nous avons vu de nouveaux tyrans, plus forts et plus nombreux, planter leur pavillon sur le rivage. Le ciel a combattu pour nous. Il a fait tomber sur eux les pluies, les tempêtes et les vents empoisonnés. Ils ne sont plus, et nous vivons, et nous vivons libres. Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs, habitants du rivage.

13 iii **Il est doux**

Il est doux de se coucher, durant la chaleur, sous un arbre touffu, et d'attendre que le vent du soir amène la fraîcheur.

'Femmes, approchez. Tandis que je me repose ici sous un arbre touffu, occupez mon oreille par vos accens prolongés. Répétez la chanson de la jeune fille, lorsque ses doigts tressent la natte, ou lorsqu'assise auprès du riz, elle chasse les oiseaux avides.

Le chant plaît à mon âme. La danse est pour moi presque aussi douce qu'un baiser. Que vos pas soient lents; qu'ils imitent les attitudes du plaisir et l'abandon de la volupté.

Le vent du soir se lève; la lune commence à briller au travers des arbres de la montagne. Allez, et préparez le repas.'

*We have seen new tyrants, stronger and more numerous, setting their tents on the shore: heaven has fought on our behalf; has hurled rains upon them, storms and poisoned winds. They are no more, and we live, and live in freedom. Aoua! Beware of white men, dwellers of the shore.*

iii **It is sweet**

*It is sweet to lie in the heat beneath a leafy tree, and wait for the coolness of the evening wind.*

*'Women, draw near! While I rest here beneath a leafy tree, fill my ear with your long-drawn tones. Sing the song of the young girl who, when her fingers braid her plaits, or when she sits beside the rice, chases off the greedy birds.*

*Song pleases my soul; dance is for me almost as sweet as a kiss. Let your steps be slow; let them mime the gestures of pleasure and the abandon of passion.*

*The evening breeze begins to stir; the moon begins to gleam through trees on the mountainside. Go, prepare the feast.'*

**Don Quichotte à Dulcinée (Paul Morand)**

14 **Chanson romanesque**

Si vous me disiez que la terre  
A tant tourner vous offensa,  
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:  
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui  
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,  
Déchirant les divins cadastres,  
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace  
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,  
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing,  
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang  
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,  
Je blémirais dessous le blâme  
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

O Dulcinée.

15 **Chanson épique**

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir  
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,  
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir  
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,  
Bon Saint Michel, veuillez descendre  
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel  
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

**Don Quixote to Dulcinea  
Romantic song**

*Were you to tell me that the earth  
Offended you with so much turning,  
I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it:  
You'd see it still and silenced.*

*Were you to tell me that you are wearied  
By a sky too studded with stars –  
Tearing the divine order asunder,  
I'd scythe the night with a single blow.*

*Were you to tell me that space itself,  
Thus denuded was not to your taste –  
As a god-like knight, with lance in hand,  
I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.*

*But were you to tell me that my blood  
Is more mine, my Lady, than your own,  
I'd pale at the admonishment  
And, blessing you, would die.*

O Dulcinea.

**Epic song**

*Good Saint Michael who gives me leave  
To behold and hear my Lady,  
Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me  
To please her and defend her,  
Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray,  
With Saint George onto the altar  
Of the Madonna robed in blue.*

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame  
Et son égale en pureté  
Et son égale en piété  
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:  
Ma Dame.

(O grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)  
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,  
Ma douce Dame si pareille  
A Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!  
Amen.

16 **Chanson à boire**

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,  
Qui pour me perdre à vos yeux  
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux  
Mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme!

Je bois  
A la joie!  
La joie est le seul but  
Où je vais droit . . . lorsque j'ai . . . bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,  
Qui geind, qui pleure et fait serment  
D'être toujours ce pâle amant  
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

Je bois  
A la joie!  
La joie est le seul but  
Où je vais droit . . . lorsque j'ai . . . bu!

*With a heavenly beam bless my blade  
And its equal in purity  
And its equal in piety  
As in modesty and chastity:  
My Lady.*

*(O great Saint George and great Saint Michael)  
Bless the angel watching over my vigil,  
My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,  
O Madonna robed in blue!  
Amen.*

**Drinking song**

*A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,  
Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,  
Says that love and old wine  
Are saddening my heart and soul!*

*I drink  
To joy!  
Joy is the only goal  
To which I go straight . . . when I'm . . . drunk!*

*A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky mistress,  
Who whines and weeps and vows  
Always to be this lily-livered lover  
Who dilutes his drunkenness!*

*I drink  
To joy!  
Joy is the only goal  
To which I go straight . . . when I'm . . . drunk!*

**Songs of Travel (Robert Louis Stevenson)**

17 i **The vagabond**  
*(To an air of Schubert)*

Give to me the life I love,  
Let the lave go by me,  
Give the jolly heaven above  
And the byway nigh me.  
Bed in the bush with stars to see,  
Bread I dip in the river –  
There's the life for a man like me,  
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me;  
Give the face of earth around  
And the road before me.  
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me;  
All I ask, the heaven above  
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me  
Where afield I linger,  
Silencing the bird on tree,  
Biting the blue finger.  
White as meal the frosty field –  
Warm the fireside haven –  
Not to autumn will I yield,  
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me;  
Give the face of earth around  
And the road before me.  
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me;  
All I seek, the heaven above  
And the road below me.

18 ii **Let Beauty awake**

Let Beauty awake in the morn from  
beautiful dreams,  
Beauty awake from rest!  
Let Beauty awake  
For Beauty's sake  
In the hour when the birds awake in  
the brake  
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the  
slumber of day,  
Awake in the crimson eve!  
In the day's dusk end  
When the shades ascend,  
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend  
To render again and receive!

19 iii **The roadside fire**

I will make you brooches and toys for  
your delight

Of bird-song at morning and star-shine  
at night.

I will make a palace fit for you and me  
Of green days in forests and blue days  
at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall  
keep your room,

Where white flows the river and bright  
blows the broom,

And you shall wash your linen and keep  
your body white

In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one  
else is near,

The fine song for singing, the rare song  
to hear!

That only I remember, that only  
you admire,

Of the broad road that stretches and  
the roadside fire.

20 iv **Youth and love**

To the heart of youth the world is  
a highwayside.

Passing for ever, he fares; and on  
either hand,

Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,  
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on  
the level land

Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon  
is down,

Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate

Fares; and but waves a hand as he  
passes on,

Cries but a wayside word to her at the  
garden gate,

Sings but a boyish stave and his face  
is gone.

21 v **In dreams**

In dreams, unhappy, I behold you stand  
As heretofore:

The unremembered tokens in your hand  
Avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more  
the grace,

Enshrines, endears.

Cold beats the light of time upon your face  
And shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept  
a while

And then forgot.

Ah me! But he that left you with a smile  
Forgets you not.

22 vi **The infinite shining heavens**

The infinite shining heavens  
Rose and I saw in the night

Uncountable angel stars  
Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,  
Dumb and shining and dead,  
And the idle stars of the night  
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow  
The stars looked over the sea,  
Till lo! I looked in the dusk  
And a star had come down to me.

23 vii **Whither must I wander?**

Home no more home to me, whither must  
I wander?

Hunger my driver, I go where I must.  
Cold blows the winter wind over hill

and heather;  
Thick drives the rain, and my roof is  
in the dust.

Loved of wise men was the shade of my  
roof-tree.

The true word of welcome was spoken  
in the door –

Dear days of old, with the faces in  
the firelight,  
Kind folks of old, you come again  
no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of  
kindly faces,  
Home was home then, my dear, happy  
for the child.

Fire and the windows bright glittered on  
the moorland;  
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in  
the wild.

Now, when day dawns on the brow of  
the moorland,  
Lone stands the house, and the  
chimney-stone is cold.

Lone let it stand, now the friends are  
all departed,  
The kind hearts, the true hearts,  
that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling  
up the moorfowl,  
Spring shall bring the sun and rain,  
bring the bees and flowers;

Red shall the heather bloom over hill  
and valley,  
Soft flow the stream through the  
even-flowing hours;

Fair the day shine as it shone on  
my childhood –  
Fair shine the day on the house  
with open door;

Birds come and cry there and twitter in  
the chimney –

But I go for ever and come again  
no more.

24 viii **Bright is the ring of words**

Bright is the ring of words  
When the right man rings them,  
Fair the fall of songs  
When the singer sings them.  
Still they are carolled and said –  
On wings they are carried –  
After the singer is dead  
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies  
In the field of heather,  
Songs of his fashion bring  
The swains together.  
And when the west is red  
With the sunset embers,  
The lover lingers and sings  
And the maid remembers.

25 ix **I have trod the upward and the  
downward slope**

I have trod the upward and the  
downward slope;  
I have endured and done in days before;  
I have longed for all, and bid farewell  
to hope;  
And I have lived and loved, and closed  
the door.

*Translations by Richard Stokes © from  
A French Song Companion (OUP, 2000)*



## BIOGRAPHIES

### **Julien Van Mellaerts** *baritone*

Winner of the Maureen Forrester Prize and the German Lied Award at the 2018 Concours Musical International de Montréal, Winner of the 2017 Wigmore Hall / Kohn Foundation International Song Competition, the 2017 Kathleen Ferrier Awards, and the 2015 Maureen Lehane Vocal Arts Award, British / New Zealand baritone Julien Van Mellaerts graduated with the Tagore Gold Medal from the International Opera School of the Royal College of Music. His studies have been supported by the 2016 Kiwi Music Scholarship, a 2016 Countess of Munster Award, the Hunn Trust and the ongoing support of the Dame Kiri Te Kanawa Foundation. He graduated in Summer 2017, having been a Fishmongers Company Scholar, supported by a Toeman Weinberger Award. He is also a scholar and alumnus of the Verbier Festival Academy, the Heidelberger Frühling Lied Academy with Thomas Hampson, the Bayreuth Festspiele Stipendium, a Samling Artist and a lauréat of La Fondation Royaumont.

He has toured with James Baillieu for Chamber Music New Zealand, and given recitals with Julius Drake at the Wigmore Hall, the Pierre Boulez Saal, Berlin, the Enniskillen International Beckett Festival, for the Juan March Foundation, Madrid, and at Temple Song, London. Further recital engagements have included Schubert *Die schöne Müllerin* with Jocelyn Freeman at Blackheath Halls and with Daniel Gerzenberg at the Piano Salon Christophori, Berlin, Wolf *Italienisches Liederbuch* with Mary Bevan and Joseph Middleton for Leeds Lieder, *The Sexual Outsider* –



Photograph: Sofia Castillo

*Settings of Walt Whitman* for the 2019 London Song Festival, *A Heine Liederkreis* at Oxford Lieder, the Lied Festival Victoria de Los Angeles (LIFE Victoria), Barcelona, with Simon Lepper, and Northern Ireland Opera's Glenarm Festival of Voice. With the Royal Ballet, he appeared in *Elizabeth* with Zenaida Yanowsky at the Barbican Hall and with Sergey Rybin, he gave a Crush Room Recital at the Royal Opera House.

Singing under conductors including Alphonse Cemin, Valery Gergiev, Stanislav Kochanovsky, Fabio Mastrangelo, Mathieu Romano and Sir Andrés Schiff, recent engagements have included Argento's *A Waterbird Talk* and Poulenc's *Tel jour, telle nuit* for English Touring Opera, The Ferryman *Curlew River* for the Cross-Cultural Year of Russia and Great Britain at St Andrew's Anglican Church, Moscow, Oreste *Iphigénie en Tauride* at the Fondation Royaumont, Figaro *Le nozze di Figaro* at Salzburg Mozart Woche 2020, Papageno *Die Zauberflöte* at the 2019 Verbier Festival, an Opera Gala with the Sevastopol Symphony Orchestra, Beethoven *Cantata for the Death of Joseph the Second* with Sinfonia Varsovia, Brahms *German Requiem* with Ensemble Aedes and Les Siècles and Handel *Arias* with the Bellot Ensemble.

His 2021 engagements include Count Almaviva *Le nozze di Figaro* for Opera Holland Park, Sonora *La Fanciulla del West* at the Verbier Festival, Mahler *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* with Julius Drake at the 2021 Mahler Festival in Amsterdam's Concertgebouw, John Lubbock's orchestration of *Dichterliebe* with the Orchestra of St John's and a return to LIFE Victoria with Christiane Karg and Simon Lepper, as well as a *Momentum* recital with Louise Alder and Roger Vignoles at the Wigmore Hall.

Julien Van Mellaerts represented New Zealand at Cardiff Singer of the World 2019.

In response to the COVID-19 pandemic, which cost him debuts with the Israeli Opera as Silvio *Pagliacci* and the Teatro Nacional de São Carlos, Lisbon, for *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, a return to the Verbier Festival as Masetto *Don Giovanni* and Mangus *The Knot Garden* with English Touring Opera, Julien Van Mellaerts organized and curated *Whānau: Voices of Aotearoa, far from home*. Devised to highlight the plight of and raise funds for those New Zealand singers unable either to return home or work, the concert was recorded at London's Royal Albert Hall and broadcast on both YouTube and Radio New Zealand Concert.

In January 2021, Julien Van Mellaerts was invited to return to the Royal College of Music as a member of the staff to teach English Song.



## James Baillieu *piano*

Described by *The Daily Telegraph* as 'in a class of his own', James Baillieu is one of the leading song and chamber music pianists of his generation. He has given solo and chamber recitals throughout the world and collaborates with a wide range of singers and instrumentalists including Benjamin Appl, Jamie Barton, Ian Bostridge, Allan Clayton, Annette Dasch, Lise Davidsen, the Elias and Heath Quartets, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, Adam Walker, and Pretty Yende. As a soloist, he has appeared with the Ulster Orchestra, English Chamber Orchestra, and the Wiener Kammerorchester.



Photograph: Clive Baroda

James Baillieu is a frequent guest at many of the world's most distinguished music centers including Carnegie Hall, Wigmore Hall, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Vancouver Playhouse, Berlin Konzerthaus, Vienna Musikverein, Barbican Centre, Wiener Konzerthaus, Bozar Brussels, Pierre Boulez Saal, Cologne Philharmonie, and the Laeiszhalle Hamburg. Festivals include Aix-en-Provence, Verbier, Schleswig-Holstein, Festspillene i Bergen, Edinburgh, Spitalfields, Aldeburgh, Cheltenham, Bath, City of London and Brighton Festivals.

An innovative programmer, he has curated many song and chamber music festivals including series for the Brighton Festival, Wigmore Hall, BBC Radio 3, Verbier Festival, Bath International Festival, and Perth Concert Hall.

At the invitation of John Gilhooly, James Baillieu has presented his own series at the Wigmore Hall with Adam Walker, Jonathan McGovern, Ailish Tynan, Tara Erraught, Henk Neven, Iestyn Davies, Allan Clayton, and Mark Padmore amongst others. This series was shortlisted for the Royal Philharmonic Society's Chamber

Music and Song Award for an outstanding contribution to the performance of chamber music and song in the UK.

During the 2020–21 season James Baillieu has been engaged by the Metropolitan Opera, Wigmore Hall, Carnegie Hall, Park Avenue Armory in New York, Kennedy Center in Washington, DC, Cleveland Institute of Music, Hamarikyū Asahi Hall in Tokyo, Aldeburgh Festival for the Britten-Pears Young Artists Program, as well as by the Samling Foundation, Heidelberger Frühling, Festspielhaus Baden-Baden, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, and Konzerthaus Dortmund.

James Baillieu was prize winner of the Wigmore Hall Song Competition, Das Lied International Song Competition, the Kathleen Ferrier and Richard Tauber Competitions, and was selected for representation by Young Classical Artists Trust (YCAT) in 2010 and in 2012 received a Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship and a Geoffrey Parsons Memorial Trust Award. In 2016 he was shortlisted for the Royal Philharmonic Society Outstanding Young Artist Award.

Recording projects include 'Stunden, Tage, Ewigkeiten' (Champs Hill Records) and 'Heimat' (Sony Classical) with Benjamin Appl, the complete works of CPE Bach for violin and piano with Tamsin Waley-Cohen (Signum Records), and albums on the Chandos, Opus Arte, Champs Hill, Rubicon, and Delphian Record labels as part his critically acclaimed discography.

James Baillieu is a Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, a coach for the Jette Parker Young Artist Program at the Royal Opera House, a course leader for the Samling Foundation, and is head of the Song Program at the Atelier Lyrique of the Verbier Festival Academy. He also is International Tutor in Piano Accompaniment at the Royal Northern College of Music. Highly sought after for masterclasses worldwide, sessions of learning have brought him to the Aldeburgh Festival, Cleveland Institute of Music, Metropolitan Opera Lindemann Young Artist Development Program, Friends of Chamber Music, Portland, Oregon, Vancouver Academy of Music, Canada, and to the University of Waikato, New Zealand.

### **Bryony Gibson-Cornish** *viola*

New Zealand born violist Bryony Gibson-Cornish has established herself in London as a dynamic and committed chamber musician, orchestral musician and teacher. Various accolades include being awarded the Tagore Gold Medal upon graduating from the Royal College of Music and studying at The Juilliard School as a Fulbright Scholar. She is a member of the Marmen Quartet, winners of the Banff and Bordeaux International String Quartet Competitions. Having completed their first Beethoven Cycle in Sweden, they are looking forward to making debut performances at major concert halls across Europe and beyond. Bryony also loves spending time with the London Mozart Players, where she is No.2 Viola. As a teacher, she assists her former professor Andriy Viytovych at the Royal College of Music. She is also grateful to her previous teachers and mentors Heidi Castleman, Misha Amory, Stephen Larsen & Dame Malvina Major. Bryony's study abroad was made possible by the generous support of many donors and including Countess of Munster Musical Trust, Kathleen Trust, Inspire Foundation, Dame Malvina Major Foundation, Kiwi Music & Patricia Pratt Scholarships, and the Pettman Foundation. She keeps a close connection with home – recent visits have included performing and teaching at the International Akaroa Music Festival and recording New Zealand composer Philip Norman's *When Gravity Fails* with the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra. Bryony plays a 1932 Vincenzo Sannino Viola, Rome, Italy, and is grateful to the Loan Fund for Musical Instruments for their assistance.



Photograph: Marco Boggreve

### **Raphael Wallfisch** *cello*

Raphael Wallfisch is one of the most celebrated cellists performing on the international stage. He was born in London into a family of distinguished musicians, his mother the cellist Anita Lasker-Wallfisch and his father the pianist Peter Wallfisch.

At the age of twenty-four he won the Gaspar Cassadó International Cello Competition in Florence. Since then he has enjoyed a worldwide career playing with such orchestras as the London Symphony, London Philharmonic, Philharmonia, BBC Symphony, English Chamber Orchestra, Hallé, City of Birmingham Symphony, Leipzig Gewandhaus, Berlin Symphony, Westdeutscher Rundfunk, Los Angeles Philharmonic, Indianapolis Symphony, Warsaw Philharmonic, Czech Philharmonic and many others.

He is regularly invited to play at major festivals such as the BBC Proms, Edinburgh, Aldeburgh, Spoleto, Prades, Oslo and Schleswig-Holstein. He is also frequently invited to be a jury member of international competitions such as the Rostropovich International Competition in Paris, the Schoenfeld in China and the Enescu in Romania.

Teaching is one of Raphael's passions. He is in demand as a teacher all over the world and holds the position of professor of cello in Switzerland at the Zürich Hochschule der Kunst.

Britain's leading composers have worked closely with Raphael, many having written works especially for him. These include Sir Peter Maxwell Davies, Kenneth Leighton, James MacMillan, John Metcalf, Paul Patterson, Robert Simpson, Robert Saxton, Roger Smalley, Giles Swayne, John Tavener and Adrian Williams.

Raphael plays a 1760 Gennaro Gagliano, the 1733 Montagnana 'Ex-Romberg' and an exquisite modern cello built for him by Patrick Robin.



Photograph: Benjamin Ealovega

### Sofia Castillo *flute*

Sofia Castillo graduated from the Royal College of Music, London with a Masters of Performance, where she was a Doctor Knobel Fund Scholar, having studied with Sue Thomas, Celia Chambers and Stewart McIlwham. Sofia has won the 1st Prize in the 28th 'Gianluca Campochiaro' 2020 Chamber Music International Music Competition with pianist Marie Otaka, 1st prize in the RCM Solo Flute Prize Competition 2017, and was also awarded the Edward and Helen Hague Senior Woodwind Prize 2017.



Solo engagements have taken her to the USA, New Zealand, South America, Middle East, and many European countries. In 2017, she was selected as a Concordia Foundation Artist with whom she has regularly presented chamber and solo recitals across the UK. Sofia has performed at many of the major concert halls in London including Cadogan Hall, St John's Smith Square, St Martin-in-the-Fields and St James's Piccadilly; and with orchestras including the Philharmonia, Lebanese Philharmonic Orchestra, Sinfonia Cymru, Hastings Philharmonic, Orion Orchestra, YMSO, the National Youth Jazz Orchestra and International Opera Theatre Orchestra of Philadelphia, having worked with conductors such as Vladimir Jurowski, Thomas Zehetmair, Nicholas Collon, Martin Andre, and Garry Walker.

She has premiered and recorded works by many contemporary composers and has done various recordings for short films, video games and documentaries such as the BBC 'Horizon' programme, the audio production/software company 'Auddict' and the Musical Productions 'Rainfall'.

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