

Joseph Phibbs

The Canticle of the Rose

Helen-Jane Howells *soprano* • Navarra String Quartet • Alissa Firsova *piano*
Joanna Shaw *flute* • Michael Chance *countertenor* • James Boyd *guitar*
Ben Alden *tenor* • Andrew Plant *piano*

Joseph Phibbs

1 Flex 13'48

Alissa Firsova *piano*
Joanna Shaw *flute*
Marije Ploemacher *violin*
Brian O'Kane *cello*

Two Songs from *Shades of Night* 8'01

2 Sleep, my body, sleep, my ghost 5'35

3 Hush-a-ba, birdie 2'26

Ben Alden *tenor*
Andrew Plant *piano*

The Canticle of the Rose 26'53

4 Prelude 4'30

5 We are the darkness 5'47

6 Through gilded trellises 2'26

7 A Song at Morning 2'02

8 Interlude 2'06

9 Gold Coast Customs 2'41

10 The Canticle of the Rose 3'11

11 Madam Mouse Trots 4'10

Helen-Jane Howells *soprano*
Navarra String Quartet

From Shore to Shore 16'53

12 Prelude – Sea Longing 3'13

13 Ship 2'10

14 The River: Part I 2'22

15 Stonefish 1'12

16 Interlude 1'58

**17 I dreamed that we were
plagued by glassy Seas 2'37**

18 The River: Part II 0'54

19 For the Leavers 2'27

Michael Chance *countertenor*
James Boyd *guitar*

20 Agea 3'52

Navarra String Quartet

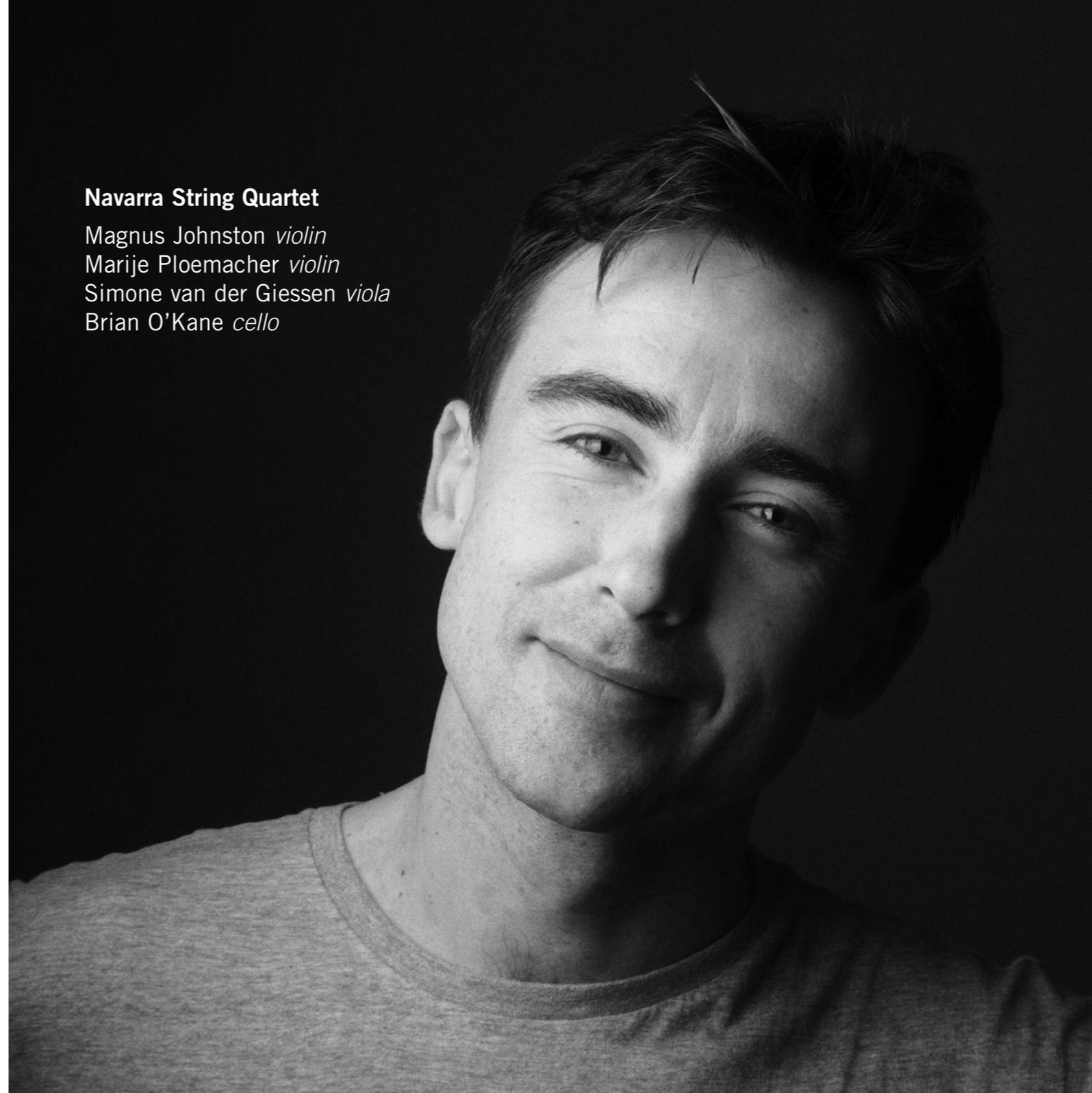
21 The Moon's Funeral 3'38

Michael Chance *countertenor*
Andrew Plant *piano*

Total timing **73'46**

Navarra String Quartet

Magnus Johnston *violin*
Marije Ploemacher *violin*
Simone van der Giessen *viola*
Brian O'Kane *cello*



Flex

for violin, cello, flute and piano

Commissioned jointly in 2007 by the BBC and City of London Festival, *Flex* draws its inspiration from physical movement, and to that extent could be regarded as a miniature chamber ballet, its repeated rhythmic patterns and abrupt changes of character reflecting an underlying sequence of dances – some energetic and pulse-driven (as in the opening section), and others more lyrical and introspective. The instrumentation was specified as part of the brief, and for some time I grappled with the combination of flute, violin, cello, and piano, since texturally it seemed to suggest few possibilities. I eventually decided to compose a series of trios, each using a different instrumental combination: piano, violin, and cello in the opening section; flute, cello, and piano in the second section, and so forth. Only at key points in the work do the four instruments come together, before a new combination takes over.

Flex is dedicated with affection to the photographer and musician Malcolm Crowthers.

Two Songs from *Shades of Night*

for tenor and piano

These two short songs were commissioned by tenor Ben Alden, who gave their premiere with the pianist Andrew Plant at the 2012 Penkhull Festival. The text for *Hush-a-ba, birdie* is a traditional Scottish lullaby, and is set here accordingly rather like an imaginary folk song, the abrupt changes of texture and harmony in the accompaniment colouring the pastoral depictions of ‘silver woods’ and galloping ‘wild deer’. *Sleep, my body, Sleep my ghost* inhabits an altogether different world, the words drawn from the closing section of Louis MacNeice’s *Autumn Journal*, completed shortly before the outbreak of World War Two. A slow, lilting tenor line

serves to articulate the repeated use of the word ‘sleep’, whose hypnotic effect is offset as the song unfolds by changes of pacing and harmony in the accompaniment. These mirror the poem’s almost cinematic shifts in imagery, which range from wistful depictions of the Irish countryside to the neon-lit icons of 1930’s popular culture (‘Cagney, Lombard, Bing and Garbo,/ Sleep in your world of celluloid’). The song closes as it began, fading eventually into nothingness.

The Cantic of the Rose

for soprano and string quartet

The Cantic of the Rose (Goodison Quartet No.3) was commissioned by Nicholas and Judith Goodison in 2005 and comprises six settings of Edith Sitwell, three of which draw upon the image of the rose as a poetic metaphor. The opening *Prelude*, scored for string quartet alone, presents a fast, disjointed fugue which breaks off at various points to reveal slower underlying material, only to pick up again with full force. The last of these layers forms a soft bed of strands over which the soprano finally emerges in *We are the Darkness*. The poem’s heavy, claustrophobic imagery is mirrored in the static harmony, lifted only during the first reference to the rose (‘Beauty’s daughter / The heart of the Rose’) before the energy of the opening fugue returns suddenly at the end (‘That sun and its false light scorning’).

Through gilded trellises contrasts dramatically with the previous song, although its poetic world is no less surreal. The theme of time – in particular its elusive, fleeting qualities – is articulated through Sitwell’s irregular rhythms, delivered at speed by the soprano. *A Song at Morning* returns to the image of the rose, whose ‘secret love’ suggests danger and vulnerability (parallels perhaps with Blake’s *The Sick Rose*), before an *Interlude*, for string quartet alone, provides a mid-point of stasis.

Gold Coast Customs is a long and striking poem, horrific in its graphic depictions of human slaughter. Sitwell writes: 'In Ashantee, a hundred years ago, the death of any rich or important person was followed by several days of national ceremonies, during which the utmost licence prevailed, and slaves and poor persons were killed that the bones of the deceased might be washed with human blood. These ceremonies were called Customs.' This setting uses a passage towards the end of the poem.

The Canticle of the Rose presents the third and final image of the rose. Like the opening song, it inhabits a world imbued with darkness, this forming one of three poems Sitwell wrote in response to the dropping of the first atomic bomb in 1945. Presented almost as an afterthought or coda, *Madam Mouse Trots* closes the cycle. The narrative of the poem has been interpreted freely: the cat, with his razor-sharp vision, finally spots the ill-fated grey mouse in the 'black night'. The quotation from Verlaine, originally placed at the top the poem, is sung here at the end: 'Dame Souris trotte gris dans le noir'.

The Canticle of the Rose was first performed at the Wigmore Hall in December 2005 by Lisa Milne and the Belcea Quartet, and is dedicated to Linda Lee.

From Shore to Shore for countertenor and guitar

In 2007 a friend of mine, the actor Brian Ralph, gave me as a present a copy of *The Silence at the Song's End*, an anthology of poems, sea logs, diaries and other writings by Nicholas Heiney, compiled shortly after his death by his mother, the writer and broadcaster Libby Purves. I was immediately struck by the lyrical, timeless quality of the writing, much of which was inspired by Heiney's intensely personal relationship with the sea. Having hunted in vain for a suitable text for a work for string quartet and

soprano commissioned by the Burnham Market Festival (which eventually took *The Silence at the Song's End* as its title) I quickly set about seeking permission to use eight of the poems, and was delighted when I received a quick and encouraging 'yes' from Libby Purves.

My original shortlist of poems numbered over twenty; so when in 2011 the guitarist and sailor James Boyd commissioned, with funding from Arts Council England's National Lottery scheme, a song cycle for himself and Michael Chance with the sea as its theme, I devised a second cycle of Heiney songs, interweaving two settings of the American poet Sara Teasdale (1884-1933), whose work I had recently discovered. Like Heiney some ninety years later, Teasdale found great solace in the sea (the anthology from which the two poems are taken is entitled *Rivers to the Sea*), and I was keen to bring these two unique voices together – bridging, as it were, divides of culture, gender, and historical era.

Agea for string quartet

This miniature was commissioned for the 2007 Presteigne Festival to celebrate George Vass's 50th birthday. The musical vowels of the dedicatee's name (GEorge vAss) are used as the building blocks for the piece, appearing at the opening in a shimmering texture at the extreme of the violins' upper register, before forming the basis of a short fugue. The first violin emerges with an impassioned solo over soft repeated gestures in the remaining strings, before the piece concludes as it began, flickering out rather like the fading of an apparition.

Notes by Joseph Phibbs ©2013

The Moon's Funeral

for countertenor and piano

The Moon's Funeral was commissioned in 2008 for the award-winning recording *The NMC Songbook*, and premiered by James Bowman and Andrew Plant. Belloc, so steeped in the beauties of his native West Sussex, here mourns Nature herself, a sentiment amplified memorably in the despairing cry towards the end of the song. Phibbs alludes gently to Debussy's *Clair de lune* but, with the moon in perpetual eclipse, the composer's filigree accompaniment (marked *meccanico*) might also reflect an observer numbed with shock at the hallucination: Pierrot *sans* Lunaire.

Note by Andrew Plant ©2013

Two Songs from *Shades of Night*

2 *Sleep, my body, sleep, my ghost*

Sleep, my body, sleep, my ghost,
Sleep, my parents and grand-parents,
And all those I have loved most:
One man's coffin is another's cradle.
Sleep, my past and all my sins,
In distant snow or dried roses
Under the moon for night's cocoon will open
When day begins.
Sleep, my fathers, in your graves
On upland bogland under heather;
What the wind scatters the wind saves...
Sleep quietly, Marx and Freud,
The figure-heads of our transition.
Cagney, Lombard, Bing and Garbo,
Sleep in your world of celluloid.
Sleep now also, monk and satyr,
Cease your wrangling for a night.
Sleep, my brain, and sleep, my senses,
Sleep, my hunger and my spite.
(Sleep, my body, sleep, my ghost.)

Louis MacNeice
From *Autumn Journal*

3 *Hush-a-ba, birdie*

Hush-a-ba, birdie, croon, croon
The sheep are gane to the siller wood,
An the cows are gane to the broom, broom,
An it's braw milking the kye, kye,
The birds are singing, the bells are ringing
An the wild deer go galloping by.
The gaits are gane to the mountain hie
An they'll no be hame till noon.

Anon.
Traditional Scottish lullaby

(*siller* silver; *braw* fine; *kye* cattle; *gaits* goats)

Extract from *Autumn Journal* taken from *Louise MacNeice: Collected Poems*, published by Faber & Faber, © Estate of Louis MacNeice. Reprinted by permission

The Canticle of the Rose

5 *We are the darkness...*

Edith Sitwell

We are the darkness in the heat of the day,
The rootless flowers in the air, the coolness:
we are the water
Lying upon the leaves before Death, our sun,
And its vast heat has drunken us... Beauty's
daughter
The heart of the rose and we are one.

We are the summer's children, the breath of
evening, the days
When all may be hoped for, – we are the
unreturning
Smile of the lost one, seen through the
summer leaves –
That sun and its false light scorning.

6 *Through gilded trellises* (from *The Sleeping Beauty*)

'Through gilded trellises
Of the heat, Dolores,
Inez, Manuccia,
Isabel, Lucia,
Mock Time that flies.
'Lovely bird, will you stay and sing,
Flirting your sheened wing, –
Peck with your beak, and cling
To our balconies?'

They flirt their fans, flaunting –
 ‘O silence, enchanting
 As music!’ then slanting
 Their eyes,
 Like gilded or emerald grapes,
 They take mantillas, capes,
 Hiding their simian shapes.
 Sighs
 Each lady, ‘Our spadille
 Is done... Dance the quadrille
 From Hell’s towers to Seville;
 Surprise
 Their siesta,’ Dolores
 Said. Through gilded trellises
 Of the heat, spangles
 Pelt down through the tangles
 Of bell-flowers; each dangles
 Her castanets, shutters
 Fall while the heat mutters,
 With sounds like a mandoline
 Or tinkled tambourine...
 Ladies, Time dies!’

7 A Song at Morning

The weeping rose in her dark night of leaves
 Sighed ‘Dark is my heart, and dark my secret love –
 Show not the fire within your heart, its light –
 For to behold a rainbow in the night
 Shall be the presage of your overthrow.’

9 Gold Coast Customs

The drunkard burning,
 The skin drums galloping,
 In their long march still parched for the sky,
 The Rotten Alleys where beggars groan
 And the beggar and his dog share a bone;
 The rich man Cain that hides within
 His slumbering palaces where Sin
 Through the eyeless holes of Day peers in,
 The murdered heart that all night turns
 From small machine to shapeless Worm
 With hate, and like Gomorrah burns –
 These put the eyes of Heaven out,
 These raise all Hell’s throats to a shout,
 These break my heart’s walls toppling in,
 And like a universal sea
 The nations of the Dead crowd in.

Bahunda, Banbangala, Barumbe, Bonge,
 And London fall...

10 The Canticle of the Rose
 (from *Three Poems of the Atomic Bomb*)

The Rose upon the wall
 Cries – ‘I am the voice of Fire:
 And in me grows
 The pomegranate splendour of Death, the
 ruby, garnet, almandine
 Dew: Christ’s Wounds in me shine.’

11 Madam Mouse Trots
 (from *Façade*)

Madam Mouse trots,
 Grey in the black night!
 Madam Mouse trots:
 Furred is the light.
 The Elephant-trunks
 Trumpet from the sea ...
 Grey in the black night
 The mouse trots free.
 Hoarse as a dog’s bark
 The heavy leaves are furled ...
 The cat’s in his cradle,
 All’s well with the world!

Dame Souris trotte gris dans le noir.

Poems from *Edith Sitwell: Collected Poems by Edith Sitwell* reprinted by permission of Peters Fraser & Dunlop (www.petersfraserdunlop.com) on behalf of the Estate of Edith Sitwell.

From Shore to Shore

12 Prelude (Solo guitar)
From Sea Longing (Sara Teasdale)

A thousand miles beyond this sun-steeped wall
 Somewhere the waves creep cool along the sand,
 The ebbing tide forsakes the listless land.

13 Ship (Nicholas Heiney)

We two, like horses on the waves
 Ran through the canyons blue.
 And all that lonesome sailors crave
 Was running round with you.

You were a Lucy, O my love
 And I, a troubled soul
 We saw cloud hills move on above,
 And chose our course to roll.

14 From The River: Part I (Teasdale)

I came from the sunny valleys
 And sought for the open sea,
 For I thought in its gray expanses
 My peace would come to me.

I came at last to the ocean
 And found it wild and black,
 And I cried to the windless valleys,
 ‘Be kind and take me back!’

15 *Stonefish* (Heiney)

The sea thickens
In the coral dell
As the divers descend
Where the stonefish dwell

The light splits, in shafts
As the darkness swells
And creatures desert
The fatal well

Death eats colour
In a diving hell
dark since the time
that Man first fell

The stonefish are still
We are all alone
The stonefish are flesh
With heart of stone

17 *From I dreamed that we were plagued by glassy Seas* (Heiney)

I dreamed we were plagued by glassy Seas
And that the ship was rotting from a sun-induced disease
The timbers tore away my crewmates' flesh
And gaping rusty holes were edged with blood.
As days wore on, the crew began to feel resentment towards me,
For they did think that I, alone unhurt
Was the sole cause of all the torment which they had to face.
So in the dead of night, whispers began
To form deep shadows of conspiracy
And whispers reached my ears...

The sea began to boil –
And then, at last,
A hurricane began to take the ship
Along a path beyond all our control.

18 *From The River: Part II* (Teasdale)

But the thirsty tide ran inland,
And the salt waves drank of me,
And I who was fresh as the rainfall
Am bitter as the sea.

19 *From For the Leavers* (Heiney)

When autumn's quiet and weary days are
through
and I have travelled far and wide
embraced the world, cast fear aside,
Seen hell amongst the city skies
and heaven in the morning dew
So count myself now blest and wise
Dear heart, I will return to you.

The Moon's Funeral

21 *From The Moon's Funeral*

by Hilaire Belloc

The Moon is dead.
I saw her die.
She in a drifting cloud was drest,
She lay a-long th'uncertain west.,
A dream to see.
And very low she spake to me:
'I go where none may understand,
I fade into the nameless land
And there must lie perpetually.'
And therefore I,
And therefore loudly, loudly I,
And high
And very piteously make cry:
'The Moon is dead. I saw her die.'

Poems by Nicholas Heiney are from *The Silence at the Song's End* (Songsend Books, 2007) and are used by kind permission of Libby Purves and Paul Heiney.
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Excerpt from Hilaire Belloc: *The Moon's Funeral*
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Hilaire Belloc.

Joseph Phibbs

Joseph Phibbs was born in London and studied at The Purcell School with the support of a Suffolk County Council scholarship, before continuing his education at King's College London (First Class Honours) and Cornell University. His teachers have included Param Vir, Sir Harrison Birtwistle and Steven Stucky.

Phibbs's works have been championed by leading conductors, including Esa-Pekka Salonen and Leonard Slatkin, and have received performances throughout Europe and beyond. *Rivers to the Sea*, his largest orchestral work to date, was premiered to widespread critical acclaim in 2012 by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Esa-Pekka Salonen (broadcast live on BBC Radio 3 from the Royal Festival Hall). It has since been performed extensively both in the UK and abroad. Other major orchestras to have performed his work include the London

Symphony Orchestra, National Symphony Orchestra (Washington), National Youth Wind Ensemble (conducted by Phillip Scott) and the BBC Symphony Orchestra, for whom he has written several works to date, including *In Camera* and *Lumina* (commissioned for the 2003 BBC Last Night of the Proms).

His instrumental music has been premiered by the London Sinfonietta, Chroma, the Belcea Quartet and the Britten Sinfonia, and has featured at the Aldeburgh, Bath, City of London, Spitalfields, Bonn Beethovenfest and Cheltenham festivals, as well as Presteigne, where he was Featured Composer in 2011. He has also composed concertos for Dame Evelyn Glennie (*Bar Veloce*), Sarah Williamson, and Nicholas Daniel (*Towards Purcell*, for oboe, horn, harp and orchestra, written for the Purcell School's 50th Anniversary). Large-



Joseph Phibbs with James Boyd at Menuhin Hall

scale choral works include *Tenebrae* for choir and orchestra, *Choral Songs of Homage* (commissioned by Aldeburgh Music Club for the Britten centenary), and *Shadows of Sleep* (premiered by school choirs from Suffolk in 2010 at Snape Maltings).

Future projects include a harp concerto for David Watkins, a work for the Navarra Quartet, and an orchestral piece for the Evian Festival.

He is a director of the Britten Estate Ltd, and teaches composition part-time at The Purcell School and King's College London.

www.josephphibbs.com

Information about the artists on this disc can be found on our website:
www.nmcrec.co.uk

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Cover artwork created by Ross Aitken, a student from the BA (Hons) Graphic Design course at Central Saint Martins College of Arts and Design.

I am a 23 year old freelance graphic designer and a graduate of the BA graphic design course at Central St Martins, University of the arts London. I currently live in Hackney, East London. More of my work can be found on my website: ross-tb-aitken.com

The theme of this project is layers, and the process of layering in the construction of musical arrangements, which I have attempted to replicate visually.

I chose to work in the medium of collage (itself a technique for visual layering) and began working with images of rocks, crystals and other natural materials, specifically objects which are created by an elaborate natural layering process, and which contain many layers within themselves.

This theme was inspired by one NMC composer's explanation of their working method – a process of determining how the various instruments in a musical arrangement related to and fit with one another. I replicated this process through combining and contrasting the images in my collages.

The choice to incorporate natural imagery in my work was partially influenced by one composer's description of his music as an

attempt to re-create nature in a controlled environment. This seemed a perfect metaphor for contemporary classical music, which to my mind is a sort of dialogue between age-old traditions and modern concepts; the natural juxtaposed with the man-made. I took this contrast further with my use of photo manipulation to introduce more unnatural shapes, colours and textures (such as acrylic paints) to the collages.



Photo: Ella Davison

Central Saint Martins students were briefed to create cover artwork for the series and winning students selected to have their work used in NMC's Debut Discs series; the judging panel included NMC's Executive Producer Colin Matthews, designer Vaughan Oliver and journalist and broadcaster Tom Service.

NMC's Debut Discs Series includes releases by Huw Watkins, Sam Hayden and Dai Fujikura. For more information visit our website at www.nmcrec.co.uk/debut-discs

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The Canticle of the Rose, Flex and Agea were recorded at the Menuhin Hall, Yehudi Menuhin School, Surrey on 7-8 January 2013. Two Songs from *Shades of Night, The Moon's Funeral* and *From Shore to Shore* were recorded at the same venue on 9 February 2013.

DAVID LEFEBER *Recording Engineer/Producer*
DAVID LEFEBER *Digital Editing/Mastering*
COLIN MATTHEWS *Executive Producer for NMC*

ROSS AITKEN *Cover image*
FRANCOIS HALL *Graphic design*
MALCOLM CROWTHERS *Photos on pages 3 and 15*

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