



# THIS PLACE

SELECTED CHORAL WORKS



IMPERIAL COLLEGE CHAMBER CHOIR & PATRICK ALLIES

## Tracklist

1	The Dog That Sat <i>Peter Tranchell</i> . . . . .	2.50
2	TāReKiṬa <i>Reena Esmail</i> . . . . .	2.03
3	Shenandoah <i>arr. James Erb</i> . . . . .	3.42
4	Locus iste <i>Derri Lewis</i> . . . . .	3.58
5	The Road Home <i>arr. Stephen Paulus</i> . . . . .	3.39
6	The 23rd Psalm (Dedicated To My Mother) <i>Bobby McFerrin</i> . . . . .	3.20
7	Star of the County Down <i>arr. Ben Parry</i> . . . . .	3.23
8	Hark, I Hear The Harps Eternal <i>arr. Alice Parker</i> . . . . .	2.07
9	Love Bade Me Welcome <i>David Hurd</i> . . . . .	2.54
10	Let My Love Be Heard <i>Jake Runestad</i> . . . . .	4.41
11	In paradisum <i>Galina Grigorjeva</i> . . . . .	3.03
12	Here Is The Little Door <i>Herbert Howells</i> . . . . .	3.27
13	Kvöldvers <i>Tryggvi M. Baldvinsson</i> . . . . .	3.35
14	We Shall Walk Through The Valley <i>arr. Undine Smith Moore</i> . . . . .	2.44
15	Lux aeterna <i>Pallav Bagchi</i> . . . . .	2.52
16	Be Still, My Soul <i>Jean Sibelius arr. Patrick Allies</i> . . . . .	4.44
	Total running time . . . . .	53.06

## Programme Note

### This Place

The impetus for this recording came from Derri Lewis' sparkling *Locus iste*. Lewis uses just these two Latin words and their English equivalents to create a sense of excitement about a particular place. The rest of the recital is likewise connected to ideas of place and belonging, whether in terms of the home, the embrace of a lover, or a place of spiritual respite and peace. While the theme relates principally to the repertoire, it also acknowledges the chamber choir's own position within Imperial College London, and the musical home that its members find in the choir.

James Erb's arrangement of *Shenandoah* is more explicit in its celebration of one geographical place: the Shenandoah Valley. The song's origins are obscure, but James Erb's arrangement is clear-sighted, adding nothing to the melody

of the first two verses before using rich, deep harmonies to underpin the third verse. The first verse then returns as a three-part canon between the upper voices. A more unsettling sense of place is presented in Peter Tranchell's *The Dog That Sat*. Tranchell's witty, poignant part-song sets a newspaper clipping about a dog abandoned by a Suffolk roadside.

### Home

Frances Chesterton's poem, *Here Is The Little Door*, is written from the perspective of the Magi as they encounter the infant Jesus in a Bethlehem house. Herbert Howells' music illuminates the kings' gifts with powerful chordal writing, and his sparing use of dissonance creates a sense of wonder at the words 'and oh such tiny feet'.

Alongside this are two more recent additions to the repertoire that relate to

## Programme Note

themes of homelessness. Reena Esmail wrote *TāReKiṬa* in 2016 for a choir called Urban Voices Project, formed of singers who are currently experiencing homelessness, or have recently done so. The piece uses onomatopoeic syllables inspired by the Indian tabla drum.

*Kvöldvers*, by Tryggvi M. Baldvinsson, takes the form of a melancholy Christian hymn, reflecting on the gathering darkness and the long road that must be taken to reach home. Imperial College Chamber Choir learnt this piece as part of a collaboration with the Iceland Philharmonic Choir who visited South Kensington in 2025.

### Love

Finding your place beside someone is also a recurring theme of the disc. This takes the form of youthful infatuation, as in Ben Parry's spectacular, jazz-infused arrangement of *The Star of the County Down*. The song, which the choir learnt ahead of recent performances in Northern Ireland, has nineteenth-century

origins. Stephen Paulus also takes a traditional tune from the same era in *The Road Home*, adding simple but satisfying lines for the lower voices, and a soaring soprano solo.

David Hurd's *Love Bade Me Welcome* takes famous words by the poet and priest George Herbert. This is an exploration not of romantic attachment, but of God's love. Hurd's setting is entirely homophonic, drawing on a rich set of harmonies to express the complex dialogue between humanity and the divine. Likewise, Bobby McFerrin's *The 23rd Psalm (Dedicated To My Mother)* is a reflection on unconditional love, in this case channeled through motherhood. McFerrin sets an altered version of the biblical text using a simple, repetitive musical pattern, allowing the nuanced meaning of the words to come to the fore.

### Paradise

Linking feelings of love to meditations on the afterlife is *Let My Love Be Heard*

by the US composer Jake Runestad (b. 1986). This piece opens and closes with slow, lyrical phrases sending Alfred Noyes' prayerful reflections on grief heavenwards. By contrast, the central section of the pieces builds gradually to a passionate cry. Similar themes around loss are put forward in *Be Still, My Soul*, the well-loved hymn by Jean Sibelius, presented here in a new arrangement.

Galina Grigorjeva (b. 1962) was born in Ukraine, but has been living and working in Estonia since the 1990s. Grigorjeva's *In paradisum*, a setting of a text from the Requiem mass, begins in a ghostly manner, building gradually to exultation at the arrival into the holy, heavenly city of Jerusalem.

A buoyant vision of paradise is offered by Alice Parker in her arrangement of *Hark, I Hear The Harps Eternal*. Parker pairs words by the nineteenth-century US physician and writer Frederic Rowland Marvin with a hymn tune from the same era known as Invitation New, with which Marvin's words have long been

## Programme Note

associated. *We Shall Walk Through the Valley*, sung here in an elegant arrangement by Undine Smith Moore, dates back at least as far as the formerly enslaved soldiers who contributed to the post-Civil War collection *Slave Songs of the United States*.

Imperial College Chamber Choir has a long tradition of fostering the compositional talents of its student members. At the choir's evensong services at Holy Trinity, South Kensington, a new psalm chant is composed for each service by a choir member. It is in this spirit that the funeral text *Lux aeterna*, set by Pallav Bagchi, an undergraduate studying Aeronautical Engineering, has been included on this recording.

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## Texts & Translations

### 1 The Dog That Sat

*Text: 'Words from a report in a newspaper'*

The dog picked up at a roadside yesterday could hardly be called a stray. It had not moved for at least fifteen hours.

It is thought by those who understand the canine mind that someone ordered the dog to sit and simply walked away.

The nameless collarless black and white mongrel (terrier type) then sat by the side of the road at Wherstead in Suffolk through a cold and foggy night.

It was noticed by a cyclist pedalling home at six p.m. the day before yesterday. He saw it again as he cycled to work at eight a.m. yesterday morning.

He reported to the R.S.P.C.A.'s Inspector at Ipswich, "The dog has not budged. I was so touched that I shared my sandwiches with it."

The Inspector found the dog still sitting there. At first it refused to move, so he slipped a collar on its neck and pulled it away.

He said it had been a vile foggy night, and as the dog moved away, you could see the impression on the ground where it had been sitting all those hours.

"I could tell from its great reluctance to leave that the dog was obeying a command. We shall treat this as a case of a dog abandoned, since it is unlikely that the owner will come forward."

## Texts & Translations

The dog picked up at a roadside yesterday could hardly be called a stray.

### 3 Shenandoah

*Text: Traditional American Folksong*

O Shenando', I long to see you,  
And hear your rollin' river,  
O Shenando', I long to see you,  
'Way, we're bound away,  
Across the wide Missouri.

I long to see your smiling valley,  
And hear your rolling river,  
I long to see your smiling valley,  
'Way, we're bound away,  
Across the wide Missouri.

'Tis sev'n long years since last I see you,  
And hear your rolling river,  
'Tis sev'n long years since last I see you,  
'Way, we're bound away,  
Across the wide Missouri.

O Shenando', I long to see you,  
And hear your rolling river,  
O Shenando', I long to see you,  
'Way, we're bound away,  
Across the wide Missouri.

### 4 Locus iste

*Locus iste*  
This place

### 5 The Road Home

*Text: Michael Dennis Browne*

Tell me where is the road  
I can call my own,  
That I left, that I lost,  
So long ago?  
All these years I have wandered,  
Oh, when will I know  
There's a way, there's a road  
That will lead me home?

After wind, after rain,  
When the dark is done,

## Texts & Translations

As I wake from a dream  
In the gold of day,  
Through the air there's a calling  
From far away,  
There's a voice I can hear  
That will lead me home.

Rise up, follow me,  
Come away is the call,  
With love in your heart  
As the only song;  
There is no such beauty  
As where you belong,  
Rise up, follow me,  
I will lead you home.

### 6 The 23rd Psalm (Dedicated To My Mother)

*Text: Adapted from the Book of Psalms*

The Lord is my Shepherd,  
I have all I need,  
She makes me lie down  
in green meadows  
Beside the still waters she will lead,

She restores my soul,  
She rights my wrongs,  
She leads me in a path of good things,  
And fills my heart with songs.

Even though I walk through  
a dark and dreary land,  
There is nothing that can shake me  
She has said She won't forsake me,  
I'm in her hand.

She sets a table before me,  
in the presence of my foes,  
She anoints my head with oil  
And my cup overflows.

Surely, surely, goodness and  
kindness will follow me  
All the days of my life,  
And I will live in her house  
For ever, for ever and ever.

Glory be to our Mother, and Daughter  
And to the holy of holies,  
As it was in the beginning,  
is now and ever shall be  
World without end. Amen

## Texts & Translations

### 7 Star of the County Down

*Text: Irish traditional*

Near to Banbridge Town in the  
County Down on a morning in July  
Down a boreen green came a sweet  
Colleen and she smiled as  
she pass'd me by.  
Oh she looked so neat from her  
two white feet to the  
sheen of her nut brown hair,  
Such a coaxing elf I'd to shake meself  
to make sure she was really there.  
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay  
and from Galway to Dublin Town  
No maid I've seen like the brown  
Colleen that I met in the County Down  
Star of the County Down.

As she onward sped I scratch'd my head  
and I gazed with a feeling quare.  
There I said, says I, to a passer by,  
"Who's the girl with the nut brown hair?"  
Oh he smiled at me and with pride says he  
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown  
Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the

Bann, she's the Star of the County Down."  
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay  
and from Galway to Dublin Town  
No maid I've seen like the brown Colleen  
that I met in the County Down.

At the harvest fair she'll be surely there  
and I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,  
And I'll try sheep's eyes and delud'thrin  
lies on the heart of the nut brown rose.  
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke tho'  
my plough with rust turn brown,  
'Till a smiling bride by my own fire-side  
sits the Star of the County Down.  
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and  
from Galway to Dublin Town  
No maid I've seen like the brown Colleen  
that I met in the County Down.

### 8 Hark, I Hear The Harps Eternal

*Text: Traditional American folk hymn*

Hark, I hear the harps eternal  
Ringing on the farther shore,  
As I near those swollen waters,  
With their deep and solemn roar.

## Texts & Translations

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
praise the Lamb,  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Glory to the great I AM,

And my soul though stained with sorrow,  
Fading as the light of day,  
Passes swiftly o'er those waters  
To the city far away.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
praise the Lamb,  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Glory to the great I AM!

Souls have crossed before me, saintly,  
To that land of perfect rest;  
And I hear them singing faintly  
In the mansions of the blest

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
praise the Lamb,  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Glory to the great I AM!

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
praise the Lamb,  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Glory to the great I AM!

### 9 Love Bade Me Welcome

*Text: George Herbert*

Love bade me welcome:  
yet my soul drew back,  
guiltie of dust and sinne.  
But quicke'y'd Love  
observing me grow slack  
from my first entrance in,  
drew nearer to me,  
sweetly questioning,  
if I lacked anything.

A guest, I answer'd,  
worthy to be here:  
Love said, You shall be he.  
I, the unkinde, ungratefull?  
Ah, my deare, I cannot look on thee.  
Love took my hand  
and smiling did reply,  
Who made the eyes but I?

## Texts & Translations

Truth, Lord but I have marr'd them:  
let my shame go where it doth deserve.  
And know you not, sayes Love,  
who bore the blame?  
My deare, then I will serve.  
You must sit down, sayes Love,  
and taste my meat:  
so I did sit and eat.

### 10 Let My Love Be Heard

*Text: Alfred Noyes*

Angels where you soar  
up to God's own light,  
Take my own lost bird  
on your hearts tonight,  
And as grief once more  
mounts to heaven and sings,  
Let my love be heard  
whispering in your wings.

### 11 In paradisum

*Text: Traditional Latin antiphon*

*In paradisum deducant te angeli:  
in tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres,  
et perducant te in  
civitatem sanctam Ierusalem.  
Chorus angelorum te suscipiant  
et cum Lazaro quondam paupere  
aeternam habeas quietem.*

*English translation: Into Paradise*

May the angels lead you into paradise;  
may the martyrs greet you at your arrival  
and lead you into the  
holy City of Jerusalem.  
May the choir of angels greet you  
and like Lazarus, who once was a poor man,  
may you have eternal rest.



## Texts & Translations

### 12 Here Is The Little Door

*Text: Frances Chesterton*

Here is the little door,  
lift up the latch, oh lift!  
We need not wander more  
but enter with our gift;  
Our gift of finest gold.  
Gold that was never bought nor sold;  
Myrrh to be strewn about His bed;  
Incense in clouds about His head;  
All for the Child that stirs not in His sleep,  
But holy slumber holds with ass and sheep.

Bend low about His bed,  
for each He has a gift;  
See how His eyes awake,  
lift up your hands, O lift!  
For gold, He gives a keen-edged sword  
(Defend with it Thy little Lord!)  
For incense, smoke of battle red  
Myrrh for the honoured happy dead;  
Gifts for His children, terrible and sweet;  
Touched by such tiny hands  
and Oh such tiny feet.

*English Translation: Noël Burgess*

### 13 Kvöldvers

*Text: Halgrímur Pétursson*

*Sólin til fjalla fljótt  
fer að sjóndeildarhring.  
Tekur að nálgast nótt,  
neyðin er allt um kring.  
Dimmt er í heimi hér,  
hættur er vegurinn.  
Ljósið þitt lýsi mér  
lifandi Jesú minn.*

Sunset behind the hill  
Soon it will fade out of sight  
Gloom all about me still;  
Now it will soon be night.  
Darkness is all I meet,  
My way is fraught with strife;  
Thy radiance guides my feet,  
Jesu, light of my life

## Texts & Translations

### 14 We Shall Walk Through The Valley

*Text: Traditional spiritual*

We shall walk through the valley in peace.  
If Jesus himself shall be our leader,  
we shall walk through the valley in peace.

There will be no trials there.  
If Jesus himself shall be our leader,  
we shall walk through the valley in peace.

### 15 Lux aeterna

*Text: Traditional Latin antiphon*

*Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine,  
Cum sanctis tuis in aeternum,  
quia pius es.  
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,  
Et cum sanctis tuis in aeternum,  
quia pius es.*

*English translation: Eternal Light*

May eternal light shine on them, Lord,  
with your saints for ever,  
for you are good.  
Give them eternal rest, Lord,  
with your saints for ever,  
for you are good.

## Texts & Translations

### 16 Be Still, My Soul

*Text: Katharina von Schlegel*

Be still, my soul:  
the Lord is on thy side;  
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;  
Leave to thy God to order and provide;  
In ev'ry change He faithful will remain.

Be still, my soul:  
thy best, thy heavenly friend  
Through thorny ways  
leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul:  
your God does undertake  
To guide the future as He has the past.  
Thy hope, thy confidence  
let nothing shake;  
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.

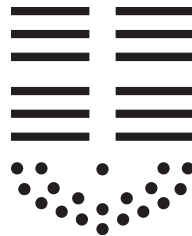
Be still, my soul:  
the waves and winds still know  
His voice who ruled them while  
He dwelt below

Be still, my soul:  
when dearest friends depart,  
And all is darkened in the vale of tears.  
Then shalt thou better know  
His love, His heart,  
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow  
and thy fears.

Be still, my soul:  
the hour is hast'ning on  
When we shall be forever with the Lord,  
When disappointment, grief,  
and fear are gone,  
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored!

Be still, my soul:  
when change and tears are past,  
All safe and blessed  
we shall meet at last.

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**Chamber Choir**

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## Biographies

**Imperial College Chamber Choir** is one of London's leading student choirs. Based at Imperial's South Kensington campus, the choir is formed of 30 undergraduate and postgraduate singers studying STEM subjects. Founded in 2011, the choir gives regular concerts and sings bi-weekly Evensong services under its director Patrick Allies. The choir also takes on special projects, which have recently included its first appearance on BBC Radio 3's *Choral Evensong*, and performances at the Natural History Museum and Southwark Cathedral. The choir tours frequently, with previous destinations including Italy, Spain, Estonia, Finland and Switzerland. This is the choir's second recording, following its debut album *Perihelion*, released in 2021.



## Biographies

## Biographies

**Patrick Allies** is a conductor and musicologist based in London. He is a Visiting Artist and Researcher at King's College London, Artistic Director of the vocal ensemble Siglo de Oro, and Musical Director of Imperial College Chamber Choir. After beginning his musical education as a chorister at the Temple Church, Patrick sang in Gloucester Cathedral Choir before taking up a choral scholarship to study music at King's College London. Patrick went on to postgraduate study at the University of Cambridge. Patrick is a doctoral student in music at the University of Oxford. Patrick's research, funded by the Arts and Humanities Research Council, involves the relationship between fifteenth-century choirs and their performance spaces.



## Performers

### Soprano 1

Daria Ditri  
Hannah Gheel  
Catherine James\*  
Anika Bisaria  
Wendy Wang

### Soprano 2

Clara Bollen Gandolfo  
Olivia Priestland  
Iona Biggart\*\*  
Raquel Sofia  
Asha de Silva

### Alto 1

Amarachi Ohanusu  
Urbi Modhura  
Clara Graham

### Alto 2

Aditi Mehendale  
Amy Collis  
Sebastian Tsang  
Joshua Swaby

### Tenor 1

Robin Flower  
Tomas Bezkorowajnyj  
Luca White

### Tenor 2

Pallav Bagchi  
George Raynor  
Jean Larbodiere  
Harry Tomlins

### Bass 1

Ben Connolly  
Pablo Egerique Garcia de la Concha  
Daniel Kaupa\*\*\*  
Archie Thompson

### Bass 2

George Bindloss  
Kiyam Eddaoudi  
Owen Brook  
James Porter

**Soloists:** \*The Road Home \*\*Hark I Hear the Harps Eternal \*\*\*Be Still, My Soul

## Credits

# THIS PLACE

IMPERIAL COLLEGE CHAMBER CHOIR  
& PATRICK ALLIES

### Recorded

All Saints Tooting, 26th to 28th June 2025

### Cover image

Kiyan Eddaoudi

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Adaq Khan

### Producer

George Richford



### Mixing / Editing

George Richford

### Creative Director

Mike Cooter

### Executive Producer

Adrian Green

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