

Winchester College Chapel



Saturday 29th June 2019 at 2.30 pm



**A Service of Thanksgiving for
Julian Smith**

8th December 1929 - 22nd February 2019

*We remember Colin, Julian and Fiona's son (Q 1973-8, K 1978-83)
whose joyful Thanksgiving Service was held here on Saturday 4th July 2009*



JJHS and Chapel Choir 1988

*Fiona and the family are very grateful to the many people
who have so generously helped with the planning of this Service,
and are taking part, who include:*

*Dr Timothy Hands, Headmaster of Winchester College
The Reverend Justin White, College Chaplain
Howard Ionascu, Director of Chapel Music
Andrew Lumsden, Organist of Winchester Cathedral
Benjamin Cunningham, Assistant Director of Chapel Music
The Quiristers and Chapel Choir of Winchester College
who are joined by some guest singers*

*Alex Roe, Kate Ross and WinCollSoc
Giles Stibbe, Hugh Adlington, Rob Brook,
John Hewitson, Caspar Ridley - Ushers
also The Reverend Dr Simon Thorn, Foundation Chaplain,
who conducted the Funeral Service in Chantry,
and The Reverend Robert Ferguson who gave the Address*

Music before the service

Tunes from the British Isles
Jesu, joy of man's desiring – J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

All remain seated

Beati quorum via *Chapel Choir*

Beati quorum via integra est:
qui ambulant in lege Domini.

*Blessed are those whose way is blameless:
who walk in the law of the Lord.*

Words: Psalm 119:1

Music: Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

All stand

Processional Hymn – All people that on earth do dwell *Choirs and Congregation*

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

Choir

*O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.*

For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heav'n and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

Words: Psalm 100 (Old version 1560)

Tune: Old Hundredth
Arr.: Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Introduction
The Reverend Justin White

All sit

Welcome
Dr Timothy Hands

Hosanna to the Son of David
Choirs

Hosanna to the Son of David.
Blessed be the king that cometh in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna. Thou that sittest in the highest heavens.
Hosanna in excelsis Deo.

Words: Matthew 21:9; Luke 19 adapted

*Music: Thomas Weelkes (1576-1623)
Organist of Winchester College*

Address
John Sargent - a friend

Soave sia il vento
Katy Hill and Alison Ponsford-Hill – sopranos
William Townend – bass
Nick Salwey - piano

Soave sia il vento,
Tranquilla sia l'onda,
Ed ogni elemento
Benigno risponda
Ai nostri /vostri desir.

*Gentle be the breeze,
Calm be the waves,
And every element
Smile in favour
On their wish.*

*Words: Lorenzo Da Ponte
from 'Cosi fan tutte'*

Music: Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-91)

All stand

Hymn – All praise to Thee, my God, this night *Choirs and Congregation*

All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

- | | |
|-------------------------|---|
| <i>1. Choir (South)</i> | Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; |
| <i>2. Nave (South)</i> | Praise God, all creatures here below; |
| <i>3. Nave (North)</i> | Praise God above, you heavenly host; |
| <i>4. Choir (North)</i> | Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost. |

Words: Thomas Ken (1637-1711)
Scholar of Winchester College

Tune: Tallis' Canon
Thomas Tallis (c.1505-85)

All sit

What sweeter music *Chapel Choir*

What sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol, for to sing
The birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the voice! Awake the string!

Dark and dull night, fly hence away,
And give the honour to this day,
That sees December turned to May.
That sees December turned to May.

Why does the chilling winter's morn
Smile, like a field beset with corn?
Or smell like a meadow newly-shorn,
Thus, on the sudden? Come and see
The cause, why things thus fragrant be:
'Tis He is born, whose quickening birth
Gives life and lustre, public mirth,
To heaven, and the under-earth.

We see him come, and know him ours,
Who, with his sunshine and his showers,
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.
The darling of the world is come,
And fit it is, we find a room
To welcome him.
To welcome him. The nobler part
Of all the house here, is the heart.

Which we will give him; and bequeath
This holly, and this ivy wreath,
To do him honour, who's our King,
And Lord of all this revelling.

What sweeter music can we bring,
Than a carol for to sing
The birth of this our heavenly King?

Words: Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

Music: John Rutter (b. 1945)

Address

Simon Eliot - a colleague

Recitative and Air – The trumpet shall sound

Ashley Riches – bass-baritone

Andrew Lumsden – organ

David Price – trumpet

Behold, I tell you a mystery; we shall not all sleep,
But we shall all be chang'd, in a moment,
In the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet:

The trumpet shall sound,
and the dead shall be raised incorruptible,
and we shall be chang'd.

Words: from 'Messiah'

Music: George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

An die Musik

James Gilchrist – tenor

Nick Salwey – piano

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessre Welt entrückt!
Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,
Ein süsser, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel bessrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

*Beloved art, in how many a bleak hour,
when I am enmeshed in life's tumultuous round,
have you kindled my heart to the warmth of love,
and borne me away to a better world!
Often a sigh, escaping from your harp,
a sweet, celestial chord
has revealed to me a heaven of happier times.
Beloved art, for this I thank you!*

Words: Franz von Schober (1796-1882)

Music: Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Verse

Dr Timothy Hands

Time is our chequer-board of dark and bright
With peace and turmoil, grieving and delight;
And in the end there's no more time to tell
To make amends; so love, and use time well.

Words from a stone at Iford Manor

A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

Edward Goble – tenor

*with David Hurley, David Clegg, James Spilling,
William Townend, Reuben Thomas, Francis Brett,
Richard Wyn-Roberts, Andrew Tusa, Tom Ooi, James Gilchrist*

That certain night the night we met
There was magic abroad in the air
There were angels dining at the Ritz
And a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.

I may be right, I may be wrong
But I'm perfectly willing to swear
That when you turned and smiled at me
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.

The moon that lingered over London town
Poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown
How could he know we two were so in love?
The whole darned world seemed up-side down.

The streets of town were paved with gold
It was such a romantic affair
And as we kissed and said goodnight
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.

I know 'cause I was there
That night in Berkeley Square.

Words: Albert Maschwitz (1901-69)

Music: Manning Sherwin (1902-74)

Address

Andrew Tusa - a pupil

Va, pensiero

Choirs – conducted by Andrew Lumsden

Va, pensiero, sull'ali dorate;
va, ti posa sui clivi, sui colli,
ove olezzano tepide e molli
l'aure dolci del suolo natal!

*Go, thought, on wings of gold;
go settle upon the slopes and the hills,
where, soft and mild, the sweet airs
of our native land smell fragrant!*

Del Giordano le rive saluta,
di Sionne le torri atterrate...
O, mia patria, sì bella e perduta!
O, membranza, sì cara e fatal!

*Greet the banks of the Jordan
and Zion's toppled towers...
Oh, my country, so beautiful and lost!
Oh, remembrance, so dear and so fatal!*

Arpa d'or dei fatidici va - ti,
perché muta dal salice pendi?
Le memorie nel petto race - ndi,
ci favella del tempo che fu!

*Golden harp of the prophetic seers,
why dost thou hang mute upon the willow?
Rekindle our bosom's memories,
and speak to us of times gone by!*

O simile di Sòlima ai fa - ti
traggi un suono di crudo lamento - -,
o t'ispiri il Signore un concerto
che ne infonda al patire virtù,
*che ne infonda al patire virtù,
che ne infonda al patire virtù, al patire virtù.*

*Either, akin to the fate of Jerusalem,
give forth a sound of crude lamentation,
or let the Lord inspire you a harmony of voices
which may instil virtue to suffering.*

Words: from 'Nabucco'

Music: Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Reading and Prayers

The Reverend Justin White

Give thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name,
make known his deeds among the people.
Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him,
talk ye of all his wondrous works.

Sing unto the Lord, all the earth;
shew forth from day to day his salvation.
Declare his glory among the heathen;
his marvellous works among all nations.

Words: I Chronicles 16:8, 9, 23, 24

Preserve us O lord while waking, and guard us while sleeping, that awake we may be with Christ, and asleep we may rest in peace. **Amen.**

O Lord, support us all the day long of this troublous life, until the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then, Lord, in your mercy grant us safe lodging, a holy rest, and peace at the last; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the Kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

The Prayer for the Founder

Dr Timothy Hands

O, Eternal God, the life and the resurrection of all them that believe in thee, always to be praised as well for the dead as for those that be alive, we give thee most hearty thanks for our Founder, William of Wykeham, and all other our benefactors, by whose benefits we are here brought up to godliness and the studies of good learning; beseeching thee that we, well using all these thy blessings to the praise and honour of thy Holy Name, may at length be brought to the immortal glory of the Resurrection, through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

All stand

Hymn – Guide me, O Thou great Redeemer

Choirs and Congregation

Guide me, O Thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

Words: William Williams (1717-91)

*Tune: Cwm Rhondda
John Hughes (1873-1932)*

Blessing
The Reverend Justin White

Voluntaries

The Prince of Denmark's March

Jeremiah Clarke (c. 1674-1707)
Organist of Winchester College

Prelude to 'Te Deum'

Marc Antoine Charpentier (1643-1704)

(Played after Emma's wedding to Rob here in Chapel on 29th June 1996)

Chapel Bells

A retiring collection will be donated to
The Winchester Hospice Appeal
and
The British Heart Foundation



*Our wedding here
on 27th July 1963*



*JJHS with the
Quiristers of 1988*

Some memories of Julian

From the very many letters and messages to Fiona which are treasured,
and give her and Emma much enjoyment and comfort

Mike Bushby

Dulwich contemporary; Housemaster at Tonbridge

Julian and I were, of course, friends at Dulwich, but he was older and the age gap at school always counted against being 'real' friends, which we became in recent years. Travelling together on the train from Tulse Hill to Sutton and Cheam back in the 1940s, and batting together (opening bats do tend to have close affinities) did give us a lot of memories from those days. We all loved Dulwich. Julian was exactly the man I remembered: "gentle and courteous" as two other Old Alleynians instinctively described him to me recently. Julian was Captain of Fencing because it was a sport starting up again, and the master-in-charge wanted a reliable and respected senior boy to lend it credibility: he competed in the Public School Championships. BUT, in fencing and cricket he was too self-effacing to draw attention to himself, and I had no idea of his talented Madrigal Society performances. Getting to know you both properly in recent years has been such a joy, and I loved laughing with him.

Peter Branscombe

*The late musicologist and Professor of Austrian Studies at St. Andrew's
contemporary of Julian's at Dulwich and the Intelligence Corps (National Service)*

1949: ... After a few weeks, Julian Smith arrived in Vienna. He was posted to Int. Org. based in the old Schonbrunn Barracks, and was every bit as keen as I was to make the most of Vienna's reviving musical culture. What's more, the army ticket office was at Schonbrunn, and Julian's well-known charm with the ladies meant that he was almost always able to obtain tickets for the two of us.....One event for which Julian had only been able to secure one ticket (though with the assurance that we would be helped to a second ticket at the office of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde before the concert) was for Wilhelm Furtwangler's concert with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. The lady in the office was terribly apologetic, there simply were no more tickets. We stood in the corridor, disconsolately trying to decide which of us would have the one ticket, when a tall, elderly gentleman walked past. He stopped and asked us (we were both in our sergeants' uniform) what the trouble was. I told him, he smiled, disappeared into the office, and a moment later emerged with the precious second ticket for his concert. Julian had not recognized him; I had already worshipped him from afar, so knew him at once – the great Wilhelm Furtwangler! That was true kindness. And it was a marvellous concert: Bach's 5th Brandenburg (Furtwangler himself played the solo piano), the *Eroica* symphony, and Tchaikovsky's Sixth ...

Roger Norrington KB

Conductor

How well I remember the kindly Julian with the Chelsea Opera Group, St. Endellion and at other musical events many years ago now. He was a singer with a lovely natural voice, and a most engaging personality. The last time we met was in the Cathedral after a Matthew Passion a few years back. He was the same as ever, a joy to be with. Farewell old friend.

David Lutyens (A 1939-44)

Television executive, reporter and presenter; Pianist

Julian Smith arrived as music don at Winchester College in 1953 at the start of my last year there as College Tutor, and was always a delight to be with. He was a modest, generous and gentle soul. I don't EVER remember him being negative, angry or critical. I have lived in the USA for many years - staying with him and Fiona at their house in nearby Twyford where they lived in his retirement was like being in a calm oasis amid the increasing bluster and vulgarity of today's world. Naturally, Julian had many friends, and I consider it a privilege to have been one of them.

Celia Thomas

PA to Pilgrims' Headmaster; now Baroness Thomas of Winchester

I remember him best as a young man with more charisma than anyone I've ever known. My first memory, aged about 15, was seeing him in *Faust* in Eastleigh Town Hall. I think he winked at me - thrilling - that's all I remember of the whole production! And all those Michlā and Kingsgate Singers memories ...

Charles Brett (A 1955-60)

Counter-tenor; Conductor

Julian for so long represented what was best about music at Win Coll. Masters of Music came and went, but he went on for ever, the one unchanging element in a constantly evolving scene. Personally I owed him so much. As Chantry pianist (with young James Sabben-Clare in the choir) I learnt about leading a congregation in Psalms and Hymns; Mad Soc taught me about singing a cappella in a small group, and introduced me to a marvellous repertoire (what fun those weekly sessions in Band Room were! Tommy Cookson being there too; he got hysterical over Britten's 'Broom – green – broom – green broom...') And of course Julian was my first singing teacher, who gave me the foundations for my future career, although I did not realise it at the time. He could have had a notable career as a soloist, and it was to Winchester's great good fortune that he, and you, decided instead to devote your lives to its music. A great schoolmaster and a truly lovable man.

Charles Vyvyan CB, CBE (G 1958-62)

*Major General RGJ; Chief of Staff HQ Land Command;
Head of British Defence Staff in USA*

Many Wykehamists admired the range of Julian's personal qualities and professional abilities. For me he was an immediate influence as Director of Chantry Choir, benign and understanding. What was so wonderful was his generosity of spirit – always looking for the best in people – the energy of his mind, and the enthusiasm for whatever in life came his way – people, problems, issues, he approached them all with an upbeat, constructive and positive attitude. In later years one got an affectionate sense of reassurance and familiarity seeing you both in the garden of Meadow House ... where in my time he lodged with the Blakistons.

Peter Phillips (F 1967-71)

Founder and Director of the Tallis Scholars

Julian was a great inspiration to me, and I learned from him many things that I would need in my career - a great teacher. Remembering my first exposure to *Spem in Alium* (Tallis' 40-part motet) as a Wykehamist in 1971, training and conducting choir 8 under Julian in Michlā, it may amuse you to know, at the time of writing (March 2019) that I am currently in Berlin, doing a site inspection for a performance of it in the new Boulezsaal. This is to be an entirely professional all-British version. I shall dedicate this performance of it (in my mind) to him. It had better go well!

PS (May) Just for the record: that performance of *Spem* in Berlin was **the best I have ever heard**; and that was despite one of the worst travel days in memory. Because of delays, and singers coming from abroad, we barely had time to sing it through once in rehearsal. The wonderful result must have been due to Julian's benign influence, and the British ability to sight-read in all circumstances. Incidentally, Tom Herring (I 2007-12) sang bass in choir 6, and we dedicated the performance to Julian together backstage, before going on.

Martin Pickard (Coll. 1969-73)

Conductor; Former Head of Music Opera North

I have hugely fond memories of Julian. He had such infectious warmth, energy and humour, and music-making with him ranks among my most treasured memories of WinColl. In my first year, while still a treble, I was conducted by him in Michlā Choir. Then in 1970 he created the Nice Choir, a predecessor group to the Kingsgate Singers which travelled (the old-fashioned way, by ferry and train) to the South of France and sang the Easter services at Anglican churches on the Côte d'Azur. We boys had a wonderful time, gawping at the millionaires' yachts in Monaco harbour, sniffing exotic scents at a perfume factory in Grasse, giving an impromptu concert on the aircraft carrier USS John King and being rewarded by a tour of the ship and an on-board lunch.

It was such fun singing for Julian that I didn't really notice at the time how much I was also learning. Only later, when I started conducting choral music and operas myself, did I realise what a huge debt I owed to him. He was a remarkable, loveable man.

John Woodcock OBE

Former cricket correspondent of The Times and editor of Wisden

I am so glad to have had the privilege of knowing Julian in his happiest days - as a cricketer, in his melodious glory and full of fun and friendship.

Simon Halsey CBE (A 1971-75)

*Professor University of Birmingham; Choral Director LSO;
Head of Choral Education, Berliner Philharmoniker*

I read Julian's obituary in the Daily Telegraph and realised I had known very little of his extraordinary life when I was lucky enough to be taught by him at Winchester. However, I sensed the depth of his experience and knew he offered us a window onto a broad and happy life. He, Fiona and his children were an education in themselves : how I loved being in the Kingsgate Singers! Rehearsals took place in their home, Meadow House, and were preceded by tea, often in the garden - a certain way to any teenager's heart. The choir was excellent but it was the fellowship and kindness together with the enthusiasm for a wide variety of music that shaped my life.

Julian was also my excellent singing teacher. His lessons were about so much more than technique and that was ultimately the greatest gift that Winchester gave me - the depth of learning, the thrilling tangential conversations. I understood from him the importance of balancing life: music (or career, whatever path one followed).

After my time, Julian went on to his famously successful tenure with Chapel Choir and the Quiristers but I was lucky enough to encounter him in Michlā. Julian was a linguist and a sportsman but ultimately a family man, and I have remembered the Smiths almost every day for the last forty years as I try (and often fail) to get that balance right myself. Generations of Wykehamists will have been shown a better path by him and his family. There's a lot of Julian's and Fiona's influence in my life still. I made my life as a choral musician, a keen cellist, speaking German and loving cricket - does that ring any bells?

Jonathan Freeman-Attwood CBE

Principal of the Royal Academy of Music

Julian was the kind of man whom one thought would live forever! My short time at Win Coll (over thirty years ago) was a small but very special window of happiness and I was deeply proud to have been a part of the place. Julian had an exceptionally engaging, warm and open-hearted musicianship, never calculating or precious, and always treating the boys as real musicians – I saw this first-hand in the sessions of the Mozart Masses disc under the great Trendell. Another abiding memory was playing at an Evensong with the Eton choir: Julian conducted Gabrieli's *Buccinate* for 19 parts and brass, with groups scattered all over Chapel. It was hugely ambitious and hardly typical fare for a school – but Julian was never 'typical' in that way. After all, the boys sang Schubert songs! This was indeed a rare environment where high quality and expectation sat effortlessly and unselfconsciously with a pleasure in life and friendship. And the musical discussions over gin and tonic were always extraordinarily invigorating and fun. What a legacy of great musicians from his stable! Lastly, I will never forget that Julian took trouble to know me – I was a very young and junior part-time peripatetic trumpeter – always showing a delight in meeting and sharing whatever he had. Whenever Julian's name has come up over the years, I have always felt an instant glow of pleasure and respect. I know he had that effect on hundreds and hundreds.

Simon Phillips (B 1973-77)

Lawyer; Musician

My prep school had not been particularly musical, so I was very much a blank sheet when I arrived at Winchester. It was under Julian's baton in the Kingsgate Singers and Michla Choir that I first got to know a lot of the repertoire: memorable highlights were Handel's *Dixit Dominus*, the Faure *Requiem*, *Jesu meine Freude*, Bernstein's *Chichester Psalms*.....also a wonderful late evening performance of Finzi's *Magnificat* and the summer concerts of madrigals in Cloisters – even that rather dreadful *Mermaid* song we included on the tour to Giessen (where after one scheduled recital we sang to a very appreciative audience of about 2000 at a beer festival) and then on to Beaune, where we sang Palestrina impromptu in the Hospices
(*Fiona adds: the rehearsal being conducted by Michael Fontes at Julian's invitation....*)

The Kingsgate Singers was my first experience of what group music-making in a school should be, involving as it did boys, staff and outsiders: Marion Milford (a professional soprano) sometimes joined us; Oz Hoskyns (a police constable and fine tenor) et al. I was reminiscing with Francis Pott the other day about this and he used the expression "the warm embrace of Meadow House" which I thought was very apt. If you were the youngest boy in the school, which I was for two terms, then the tea and toast and family atmosphere which you and Julian created was a welcome refuge from the harsher regime up to house. In Music School there was Julian's patient teaching of A level aural, each class beginning with an inspection of whichever painting was on display in the book of modern art on the music stand in his room; those rather extraordinary German Singing sessions, where Julian was keen to ensure that the Astons and I, being musical Germanists, were going to be present without fail ! Of course the music teachers we all respected most were those who actually performed. I was lucky enough to hear some very special performances in the Cathedral from Julian during my time in the school: the *War Requiem* alongside Neil Jenkins, *Messiah*, the *St John Passion*, and that marvellous evening in Middle Temple Hall as Polyphemus in *Acis and Galatea*. Julian was very special to a lot of us.

I don't know how to sum up Julian's influence in just a few words (or indeed *in* words), because his effect on my upbringing was so huge. Was it the clarity of his beat when conducting, his wondrous talent for vocal demonstration, or his tireless attempts to explain technical matters on *our* terms? I think it was mainly the fact that he couldn't conceal his ecstasy and sense of fulfilment when something went well. Yet Julian never bragged about his part in our success. It was all about us. I'll never forget that *Messiah* I ended up conducting in New Hall when James Sabben-Clare was Head Man. Even at that stage of his long performing career Julian could sing anybody off the stage (and did!). But he could not have followed me more closely if I'd been Simon Rattle or John Eliot Gardiner. That ability to accept a change of roles is what kept him young at Winchester and it's what kept his teaching fresh – and the cricket: we had a whole hour once on how to make my faster swing ball less obvious. Turns out that cricket and opera are very similar where audiences are concerned – at least according to JJHS! He never considered himself grander than even the weakest of his pupils, and never greater than the most mediocre piece of music that might be in front of him. Humility, sympathy, communication, and a visceral respect for music and musicians. He loved music, and voices in particular. And who can forget “shut up, darling!”. Even you had to play second fiddle to the process sometimes. Your marriage was a beacon to all of us.

If the importance of an individual to one's own life can be gauged by the amount of times that you recall someone during the course of your daily work, then Julian is right up there for me. Rarely a rehearsal goes by without hearing Julian's advice coming out of my own mouth.

Currently I'm preparing for a performance of the *B-minor Mass*: whenever I conduct that piece, I become elated at the '*Et in spiritum sanctum*' movement. That was the movement that Julian chose and prepared me to sing to Edward Higginbottom for my New College audition. So you see, I can't miss Julian. He's there in everything that I do, all the time. A living presence in my fabulously exciting life that he was integral in creating.

Alex Ellis CMG (K 1980-85)

Diplomat

Julian was a slightly terrifying presence to me as a 13 year old; tall, correct, “JJH Smith”, more fun than he first let on - and a man who could teach junior cricket (I've just about accepted him dropping me from the Yearlings captaincy) and could also sing Sarastro. I really liked that he did different things, from sport to music, very much in the Winchester way, that he was part of a family that has always been kind to me. I became a friend of Colin and Emma, so thoughts about the Smiths are inseparable from a place – Winchester – and a context – you as a family, merged into Meadow House, summer, your hospitality, warmth and fun, and a sense of education being something broad in which you should be encouraged to sing as well as bat. I'm forever grateful that he sowed the seed of singing in me that, almost 40 years later, has borne some pretty modest buds at the back of the Parliament Choir.

Ifti Riaz (K 1983-87)Advocate of the Supreme Court of Pakistan;
Nephew of Tiger Pataudi (K 1954-9), later Captain of India

(Fiona, going through old scorebooks, re-discovered that Ifti, when Captain of the Yearlings in 1983, scored 100 not out v Wellington which effectively won the match.)

I remember Mr Smith so well as the Don in charge of the Yearlings. It was great to be able to say hello to him again, albeit briefly, last year. I know that he was not as well as he would like to have been but he was very cheerful and that was wonderful to see. I found myself talking to Tom Maclure the other night over the phone and we had good fun remembering Mr Smith's great enthusiasm during his congrega praggas.

David Clegg (Q 1984-87, G 1987-92, Staff 2008-)

Counter-tenor

One of the great joys of my life was that the choirmaster I was completely in awe of as a Quirister, and as a member of Chapel Choir, turned into a colleague and friend when I came back to teach singing at the College. Julian was, and still is, a great hero of mine. I will always be so very grateful for the love of singing he gave me.

Francis Brett (Q 1983-88, B 1988-93)

Baritone

We were all enormously fond of Julian as Quirister Master. It was a very formative time in all of our lives and a transformational time for the Q's - the first CD, going abroad for the first time to Vienna on tour. He was my first singing teacher as a bass and I owe him a terrific amount. I remember him demonstrating a two octave scale whilst diving under a grand piano and coming up brandishing a music stand! He inspired me and I'm sure many others to go on to a career in music for which I am very grateful. I remember him as kind, demanding, (at times exasperated!) and above all as encouraging us to try our very hardest.

I arrived at Winchester in September 1996 having been born and grown up in the Far East. In the melee that used to be the start-of-term timetabling in Music School Hall, I was instructed to seek out 'Mr. Smith'. Goodness knows what he thought of this short, bespectacled half-English/half Chinese boy turning up asking for singing lessons ... I remember nothing but kindness, warmth, wit, erudition, and his wonderfully sonorous mellifluous laugh – not to mention the muttered expletives when, very rarely, he fluffed a note while accompanying. Very quickly, his Aladdin's cave of a teaching room became the most important part of my school life – and it's no exaggeration to say that Julian was simply the most important, influential, and revered teacher I have **ever** had, in any subject or at any stage of my education (even after university and three conservatoires – and mid-PhD now). I have so many fond memories of our lessons – the dartboard and blowpipe (woe betide anyone who failed to knock before entering!); his careful work on Italian, French, and (especially) German pronunciation; his wonderfully enlightened view that even a fledgling 13-year-old baritone could and should learn the masterworks of the song and opera repertoire – hence why, after selling me 'I will give my love a cherry' Julian packed me off at half-term with Mozart's *Figaro* aria and excerpts from *Dichterliebe*, along with an encouragement to listen to recordings by a particular German baritone, whose double-barrelled name Julian had to spell out for me: "F.I.S.C.H....!!" I have a treasured recording of Julian's singing: *La Vendetta* from *Figaro* at David Smith's retirement concert – if I sound half as good as that in my 70s, I'll be happy; his witty self-deprecating spoken introduction had the audience in stitches.

John Thorn

Headmaster (1968-85)

I remember Julian's marvellous Kingsgate Singers (with two Quiristers among the soloists) performing Haydn's *Spring* from *The Seasons* in Chapel – such joyful music, portraying new life in nature after the winter - with Papa Haydn smiling down happily ...

In the Spring of 1985, for my 60th birthday Julian brought me a cutting he'd taken from his vine at Meadow House, as you see in this photo taken by Veronica. We planted it in our new garden: now, over 30 years later, the vine covers two walls of the house. Julian loved nurturing plants, in rather the same way that he looked after his pupils: now, very many of **them** are enriching the wider world in music and in other fields.

In recent times, when Julian and Fiona often brought lunch to share with me in Chilbolton Avenue, I provided champagne – he and I used to wrestle with the cork – Fiona would eventually use a wrench – *Bang, Whoosh* – and all was well. It is his **smile** that stays with me still.



*Warden's Lodgings
1985*

*Julian and Fiona
arriving for John Thorn's
60th birthday dinner*



Julian John Hamling Smith



***King's College School
Cambridge***

*Chorister; Captain of Cricket
Junior Victor Ludorum 1941
Senior Victor Ludorum 1944*

Dulwich College

*1st XI Cricket 1946,47,48 (94 v. Tonbridge)
Captain of Fencing 1948*

National Service

Translator, Intelligence Corps, Vienna

Edinburgh University

MusB. 1953, LRAM

Guildhall School of Music

One day a week for 2 years; Baritone Prize 1955

Winchester College

appointed 1953, retired full-time 1992

*directed Chantry Choir; founded Madrigal Society
founded and directed St Michael's Choir 1966-79
House Tutor K; founded Kingsgate Singers
taught non-specialist German; i/c Yearlings cricket; i/c Printing Soc
Director of Chapel Music 1979-92; visiting singing teacher 1992-2012*