



*Series supported by The Bromsgrove Institute Trust*

**Programme**

Hamisha asar	Flory Jagoda (b.1926) arr. Suzzie Vango
Cor mio	Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)
O virtus sapientiae	Hildegard of Bingen (c.1098-1179)
Otche nash	Nikolai Kedrov (1871-1940)
Det lisle banet	Tone Krohn (b.1960)
Sub o salcie	Romanian arr. Ayanna Woods
Toi, le Coeur de la Rose	Maurice Ravel (1875-1937) arr. Clytus Gottwald
Fusion	Don Macdonald (b.1966)
I courted a sailor	Kate Rusby (b.1973) arr. Suzzie Vango
My love is like a red, red rose (On suuri sun rantas)	Trad Scottish arr. M Hyökki
Moonset	Don Macdonald (b.1966)
River	Joni Mitchell (b.1943) arr. Jim Clements
Sigh no more, ladies	Jetse Bremer (b.1959)
The woman's 'If'	Jim Clements (b.1983)

**Sopranos: Elizabeth Drury, Abbi Temple, Suzzie Vango**

**Altos: Suzie Purkis, Sarah Tenant-Flowers**

No props, microphones or gimmicks, just five stunning voices from Papagena, an a cappella group set up to explore the wealth of music from medieval times to the present day written specifically for female voices. The group's programming defies pigeonholing; folk and women's working songs from around the world are juxtaposed with more classical repertoire from Hildegard of Bingen to Katy Perry, in addition to new commissions and writing its own material. Papagena has performed at numerous festivals throughout the UK including the Three Choirs and Edinburgh Festivals, has released three CDs, including acclaimed discs *The Darkest Midnight* and *Hush!* on the SOMM label, and has broadcast many times on Radios 3 and 4 and Scala Radio as well as via its own Podcast series *Papsolutely Fabulous!* To learn more, visit:

[www.papagena.co.uk](http://www.papagena.co.uk)    @papagenasingers    [info@papagena.co.uk](mailto:info@papagena.co.uk)

more overleaf...

Text translations

**Hamisha**

Come and visit us! We will sing. The hostess awaits with fifteen platters of fruit blessed by his name, Lord of the Universe. Come and visit us. Let's dance!

**Cor mio**

My heart, ah, do not languish for you make my soul languish with you. Hear my hot sighs: they are sent to you by both pity and desire. If I could give you help by dying, then I would die to give you life. But do live, alas, for he unjustly dies who keeps his heart alive in another's breast.

**O virtus**

O strength of Wisdom who, circling, circled, enclosing all in one life-giving path, three wings you have: one soars to the heights; one distils its essence upon the earth; and the third is everywhere. Praise to you, as is fitting, O Wisdom.

**Otche nash**

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our sins, as we forgive those who sin against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one. For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

**Det lisle banet**

Gullmund travelled to the feast. What did the fox do then? He should have been herding geese for the farmer, but instead he ate them! The little child, Blossomchin, fell over and called the fox in from the forest.

Gullmund returned and saw what the fox had done. He was furious and wanted to kill him. The fox sat there as if he was the chosen one.

"O dear Gullmund, please wait and spare my life in exchange for these 'soulgifts'."

"To the little child I will give my skull (so that when he falls over, which he often does, he'll be better protected."

"To the bellringer and psalm-singer in church I will give my tongue, so that he can read and sing better."

**Sub o salcie**

Under a weeping willow the Holy Mother was praying, and in a voice faint with grief she said to the willow, "If you could know my sorrow, and had the heart to soothe it, offer me some of your branches to weave a thornless crown. My son is crucified, bleeding deeply and in great agony and I will bring your crown to Him to try to soothe his pain". Then the tall willow bent its branches and the Holy Mother made the crown. With haste she left for Golgotha. But the crowds showed no mercy and would not let her bring the thornless crown as they wanted Jesus to die, bleeding deeply and in great pain.

**Toi, le Coeur de la Rose**

You, heart of the rose, you, perfume of white lilies, your hands and your crown, your blue eyes and your jewels. You have left me nothing but, like a ray of the moon, a golden hair upon my shoulder and the rest of a dream.

**On suuri sun rantas**

Great is the desolation of your shore, but at least I miss it: how a wild duck's wailing sounds in a bed of reeds at night, like someone lonely, lost, who groans of chill, someone who has wandered in a bed of reeds and can't find mother.

I have watched your grey wave with tears. My own youth has cried its first sorrow on your shore. Your image has sunk deep and I miss that. I have listened to a wild duck there for many nights.

Please visit the 'Festive Classics' website for future events:  
[www.festiveclassics.co.uk](http://www.festiveclassics.co.uk)