

SOMMCD 0189

*Céleste Series*

## PAPAGENA

Elizabeth Drury, Abbi Temple, Suzzie Vango, *sopranos*  
Suzie Purkis, Sarah Tenant-Flowers, *altos*

- |    |   |      |    |  |      |
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| 4  | <b>O Jesulein zart</b>  | 4:00 | 14 | <b>The Waiting Sky *</b>                             | 3:20 |
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| 5  | <b>A Nativity</b>   | 2:28 | 15 | <b>Det lisle bānet (<i>The Little Child</i>)</b>     | 4:16 |
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| 6  | <b>Shchedryk (<i>Hark How the Bells</i>) *</b>                      | 2:19 |    | <i>drum</i> : Andy Guthrie                           |      |
|    | Ukrainian trad. adapted Peter J Wilhousky<br>arr. Elizabeth Drury   |      | 16 | <b>In dulci Jubilo</b>                               | 2:59 |
| 7  | <b>Balulalow *</b>  | 4:46 |    | Trad. arr. Matthew Culloton                          |      |
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| 9  | <b>Toi, le coeur de la rose (<i>L'enfant et les sortilèges</i>)</b> | 2:38 |    | Don MacDonald (b.1966)                               |      |
|    | Colette/Maurice Ravel (1875-1937) arr. Clytus Gottwald              |      | 19 | <b>Fusion</b>  | 3:08 |
| 10 | <b>Angelus ad Virginem</b>  | 4:14 |    | Don Macdonald  |      |
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\* First recordings

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Papagena

# The Darkest Midnight

The depth of winter, when the world is at its lowest ebb, carries with it the weight of the year just gone. Of lives lived, loved ones lost, opportunities missed, the ever-shortening days lengthening into endless night as if the earth might stop turning in the slow, chilled churn of time to rest itself in eternal cold and gloom.

But even at the very moment when shadow asserts itself, when the world seems stilled and terrible in its silence, the promise of life and renewal makes itself known. Light breaks through and with it the comfort of a new day and the promise of new beginnings.

Papagena's centuries-spanning, sweet-sour, brittle and beautiful a cappella collection of seasonal songs finds unexpected poetry and shimmering, delicately fragile light illuminating the darkest midnight. Marrying the ancient and the new, the traditional and contemporary, they arrive at something altogether timeless and potent: a notion that winter, for all its bleak appearance of death, is even so the beginning of hope rather than its end, latent as it is with concealed life yet to stir and reveal itself.

Spring may have its *Pastoral* Symphony, cuckoos and a faun gambolling in afternoon warmth, summer its champions in Vivaldi, Mendelssohn and Gershwin, with autumn, in its complex intermingling of life and death somewhat overlooked by composers. But winter exerts a harsh glamour all its own at a time of the year fraught with pagan and Christian significance, the season's signature surrender to

natural forces acquiring supernatural associations in both traditions. But if winter's songs are marked by nostalgia, they are also distinguished by an abiding belief that out of darkness, eventually, comes light.

Though vaunted as the "land of saints and scholars", Ireland's long musical heritage merits just as much veneration. With a culture that stretches back in time long beyond the pyramids, its position on the extreme western edge of Europe next to the unforgiving ravages of the Atlantic Ocean produced a uniquely plaintive response to the eternal cycle of the seasons. One given added resonance by its early adoption of Christianity.

***Don oíche úd i mBeithil*** ('I sing of a night in Bethlehem') owes much of its contemporary popularity to its inclusion in a collection of traditional Irish songs published by the teacher and noted arranger Seán Óg Ó Tuama, although there is some evidence to suggest he himself was the composer. Whatever its provenance, it is a quintessential winter song. With lyrics by the Irish poet, theologian and one-time Archbishop of Armagh, Aodh Mac Cathmhaoil (1571-1626), Papagena soprano Suzzie Vango's arrangement delicately stresses its Christian credentials in a luminous treatment of its innocent sense of wonderment at eavesdropping on the birth of the Messiah.

The profundity of that moment receives a richer treatment in ***Maria durch ein Dornwald ging*** ('Mary walked through a wood of thorns'), a traditional German tune arranged by Philip Lawson and text translated by Vango's alto colleague Sarah Tenant-Flowers. A plaintive amalgam of ballad and lament, it goes to the very heart of the mystery of winter, its pagan promise of re-birth finding yearning

immediacy in a central tenet of Christianity – here realised in the most domestic of settings as a mother’s burden is rewarded, in the miracle of birth, with the prospect of divine redemption.

More unabashedly celebratory is **Nowell, tidings true there be come new**, a text that dates to England in the 15th century. An early precursor of the Christmas carol often also known as *The Salutation Carol*, it loosely borrows its text from St Luke’s Gospel (1:26-38) to re-tell the story of the visitation of the angel Gabriel and the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary with high translucent, alabaster-bright voices in exquisite harmonies as luminous as they are joyful.

Despite their apparent fragility, winter songs seem endlessly flexible, able to absorb the new while remaining solidly rooted in the past. In Winnie Brückner’s elegantly animated arrangement, the traditional chorale melody **O Jesulein zart** (‘O Jesus, sweet child’) is lent a becoming jazz-like accent as wordless high voices float diaphanously over a hushed low alto quietly observing the Nativity scene.

That private yet profound moment is also the subject of John Tavener’s crystalline setting of WB Yeats’s late, gnomic poem **A Nativity**, each of its six couplets posing a question immediately answered with allusions to artists whose paintings helped forge the iconic image of the lowly birth of the Christ child (Delacroix and Landor) and to the greatest actors of their age in their native France and England (Talma and Irving).

If the Christian festival of Christmas has managed to insinuate itself, cuckoo-like, into the timeless pagan celebrations that marked the transformative winter

solstice, the festivities welcoming the dawn of the new year remain stubbornly secular. Even so, the tropes of the seasonal carol find their way into the traditional Ukrainian salute to the New Year, **Shchedryk**, familiarly known by its ringing refrain ‘Hark how the bells’ or, in Peter J Wilhousky’s version, *Carol of the Bells*. Arranged here by Papagena soprano Elizabeth Drury, it chimes with all the cheerful brightness of town bells ringing exultantly out in happy anticipation of what is to come.

From Scotland comes the lilting **Balulalow**, a translation by the late-16th-century poet-siblings James, John and Robert Wedderburn of an earlier Christmas poem by Martin Luther. Originally titled *Ane Sang of the Birth of Christ*, it’s a charming lullaby for the infant Jesus given a cut-crystal gloss in Suzzie Vango’s canon-inflected arrangement in which the repeated title seems to surround the quiet, still scene of a mother nursing her babe with a rich, warming aura.

Contemporary composers haven’t been immune to the chiaroscuro contrasts of winter, some responding readily to its bleak facility for heightening the sense of loss and loneliness. Singer-songwriter Joni Mitchell’s **The River** is a gentle, reflective confessional prompted by memories of a lost love. Jim Clements’ deftly plangent arrangement affords it a plaintive prettiness that offers bittersweet balm for its aching melancholy.

Dealing with the complexities of life isn’t solely confined to adults. In Ravel’s second opera, *L’enfant et les sortilèges* (described by the composer as a *fantaisie lyrique*), a decidedly obstreperous child who has taken to destroying the contents of his room when reprimanded by his mother suddenly finds the inanimate world

coming to life to chastise him. With a text by Colette (best known for her novella *Gigi* and later nominated for a Nobel Prize) **Toi, le coeur de la rose** ('You, the heart of the rose') finds the errant child suddenly contrite after a visitation from an admonishing good fairy.

The oldest datable work here is ***Angelus ad virginem*** ('The angel came to the Virgin'), which first appears in the 13th-century Arundel manuscript and was soon after mentioned in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. It returns us to the visitation of the angel Gabriel announcing Mary's immaculate conception in a stilled setting subtly accompanied by drones.

The exquisite Middle English text ***Dou way Robin***, a pastoral vignette in which the titular bird is warned away for fear of it frightening a child, serves as a wholly sympathetic frame for ***Sancta Mater Graciae*** ('Holy Mother of Grace'), a 14th-century piece whose authorship has long since been lost extolling the virtues of the Virgin Mary and calling on her to intercede on behalf of sinners. Superimposed, they go straight to the heart of the Roman Catholic cult of Mary, a touchingly domestic glimpse of a mother protecting her child framed by the profounder claims made for her as the mother of the Saviour.

Although it was first published in Theodoricus Petri's 1582 collection of *Piae Cantiones* (literally 'Sacred Songs'), the origins of ***Gaudete*** ('Rejoice') are thought to stretch back to the late Middle Ages. A vivacious response to the birth of Jesus, its antiquity has done nothing to diminish its abiding popularity, Suzzie Vango's delightfully poised and sprung arrangement perfectly blending sacred reverence with secular rapture.

Belief in the miracle of the Christmas birth at the heart of Christianity struck an especially resonant chord in newly-converted Ireland, where an ancient matriarchal heritage developed into a deeply-held veneration of the Virgin Mary. In the early 18th century, Fr William Devereux, who did much to establish his native County Wexford as the home of the Irish carol, provided a six-verse text titled ***The Darkest Midnight***, possibly intended to be sung at midnight mass, for a pellucid traditional tune. Arranged by Diarmaid Ó Muirthe and published in his collection of *The Wexford Carols*, only its first and third verses, carried aloft by a haunting melody of ethereal beauty, are sung here.

In an arrangement specially made for Papagena, Oliver Tarney's ***The Waiting Sky*** sets a text by Lucia Quinault evocatively depicting a spare, sodden scene in which winter darkness pricks a primal fear: that light itself might be extinguished. Sober and solemn at its opening, it counters pagan perturbation with the Christian conviction that redemption is at hand to close in a halo of hushed, heavenly expectation.

Based on a traditional Norwegian ballad and composed by Tone Krohn, ***Det lisle bånnet*** ('The Little Child'), is part cautionary parable, part miniature drama about a farmer who leaves a fox in charge of his geese with predictably disastrous consequences. To make amends for his carnivorous crimes, the fox promises "soulgifts" to his master's child and the men of the church. Krone's arrangement, assisted by the increasingly insistent beat of a drum, moves from suspended quiet to urgent immediacy with engaging directness.

***In dulci jubilo*** ('In sweet joy'), a traditional macaronic song combining both Latin and (in the original) German words, is one of the more ebullient expressions

of rejoicing at the birth of the Messiah. Matthew Culloton's spry and sprightly arrangement marries its exultant message to light but altogether elegant harmonies passed with liquid ease between ecstatic vocal registers.

Ancient, pre-religious practices associated with the long, anxious wait for winter to turn and usher in the re-birth of spring were mirrored by the church in the anticipatory days of Advent leading to the arrival of the Saviour in child-form. First published in 1599, ***Es ist ein Ros entsprungen*** ('From a rose has sprung') alludes to the biblical prophecies of Isaiah foretelling the coming of Christ. It is best-known today in the gossamer-delicate harmonisation made a decade later by Michael Praetorius, heard here in a serene, sensitive, arrangement by Sarah Tenant-Flowers.

The notion of salvation and the sublime aren't the exclusive provenance of religion. They are there to be found in nature and, perhaps more so, in that no less eternal force: love. Poignant and still, twilight and shining, the contemporary American composer Don Macdonald's ***When the Earth Stands Still*** wraps lyrics yearning for the epiphany of love with a soft, gracefully poetic, pristine and pliant melody to produce something blissful and altogether moving.

Macdonald's ***Fusion*** dispenses with words, employing instead arrangements of syllables to which he assigns various motifs, the forward-moving rhythmic vitality provided by lower voices based on a remembered drum pattern, upper voices exploring short motifs and dynamic contemporary harmonies with jazz-like spontaneity.

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## TEXTS

### 1 Don oíche úd i mBeithil

(Trad. Irish arr. Suzzie Vango; trans. songsinirish.com)

Don oíche úd i mBeithil,  
Beidh tagairt faoi ghréin go brách.  
Don oíche úd i mBeithil  
gur tháinig an Briathar slán.

Tá gríosghrúa ar spéartha,  
's an talamh 'na chlúdach bán;  
Féach Íosagán sa chléibhín  
's an Mhaighdean 'Á dhiúl le grá.

Ar leacain lom an tsléibhe  
go nglacann na haoirí scáth,  
Nuair in oscailt gheal na spéire  
tá teachtaire Dé ar fail.

Céad glóir anois don Athair  
sa bhFlaitheasa thuas go hard  
Is feasta fós ar sa talamh  
d'fheara dea-mhéin síocháin.

*I sing of a night in Bethlehem,  
A night as bright as dawn.  
I sing of that night in Bethlehem,  
The night the Word was born.*

*The skies are glowing gaily,  
The earth in white is dressed;  
See Jesus in the cradle  
Drink deep his mother's breast*

*And there on a lonely hillside  
The shepherds bow down in fear  
When the heavens open brightly  
And God's message rings out clear.*

*"Glory now to the Father  
In all the heavens high  
And peace to His friends on earth below,"  
All the angels cry.*

## 2 Maria durch ein Dornwald ging

(Trad. German arr. Philip Lawson; trans. Sarah Tenant-Flowers)

Maria durch ein Dornwald ging.

Kyrie eleison.

Maria durch ein Dornwald ging,  
der hat in sieben Jahr'n kein Laub getragen.

Jesus und Maria.

Was trug Maria unter ihrem Herzen?

Kyrie eleison.

Ein kleines Kindlein ohne Schmerzen,  
das trug Maria unter ihrem Herzen.

Jesus und Maria.

Da haben die Dornen Rosen getragen.

Kyrie eleison.

Als das Kindlein durch den Wald getragen,  
da haben die Dornen Rosen getragen.

Jesus und Maria.

Wer soll dem Kind sein Täufer sein?

Kyrie eleison.

Das soll der Sankt Johannes sein,  
der soll dem Kind sein Täufer sein.

Jesus und Maria.

*Mary walked through a wood of thorns.*

*Kyrie eleison.*

*Mary walked through a wood of thorns,  
Which had not blossomed for seven years.*

*Jesus and Mary.*

*What did Mary carry beneath her heart?*

*Kyrie eleison.*

*A tiny child without sorrow,  
is what Mary carried beneath her heart.*

*Jesus and Mary.*

*Then the thorns bloomed into roses.*

*Kyrie eleison.*

*As the child was carried through the wood,  
So the thorns blossomed into roses.*

*Jesus and Mary.*

*Who should baptize the child?*

*Kyrie eleison.*

*It should be St John  
who should baptize the child.*

*Jesus and Mary.*

Wie soll dem Kind sein Name sein?

Kyrie eleison.

Der Name der soll Christus sein.  
das war von Anfang der Name sein.  
Jesus und Maria.

Wer hat erlöst die Welt allein?

Kyrie eleison.

Das hat getan das Christkindlein,  
das hat erlöst die Welt allein.  
Jesus und Maria.

*What should the child's name be?*

*Kyrie eleison.*

*The name should be Christ,  
As preordained from the beginning of time.  
Jesus and Mary.*

*Who has singlehandedly redeemed the world?*

*Kyrie eleison.*

*The Christchild has done this,  
Has alone redeemed the world.  
Jesus and Mary.*

## 3 Nowell, tidings true there be come new

(English 15th century: Bodleian MS)

"Nowell, nowell, nowell!

This is the salutation of th'angel Gabriel."

Tidings true there be come new,  
Sent from the Trinity  
by Gabriel to Nazareth,  
city of Galilee:

"A clean maiden and pure Virgin,  
through her humility  
hath conceived the person second in deity"

Nowell, nowell, nowell!

This is the salutation of th'angel Gabriel."

When he first presented was  
before her fair visage  
in the most demure and goodly wise  
he did to her homage.  
And said "Lady from heav'n so high,  
That lordes heritage,  
The which of thee born would be,  
I am sent on message".

Nowell, nowell, nowell!  
This is the salutation of th'angel Gabriel."

"Hail virgin celestial,  
the meek'st that ever was,  
Hail temple of the deity!  
Hail, mirror of all grace!  
Hail virgin pure, I thee ensure  
within a little space  
thou shall receive and Him conceive  
That shall bring great solace."

"Nowell, nowell, nowell!  
This is the salutation of th'angel Gabriel."

Then again to the angel  
she answered womanly,  
"What e'er my Lord command me do  
I will obey meekly.  
Ecce sum humilima  
ancilla Domini,  
secundum verbum tuum",  
she said "fiat mihi".

"Nowell, nowell, nowell!  
This is the salutation of th'angel Gabriel."

#### 4 O Jesulein zart

(Trad. chorale melody arr. Winnie Brückner; trans: Sarah Tenant-Flowers)

O Jesulein zart,  
dein Kripplein ist hart.  
O Jesulein zart,  
wie liegst du so hart!  
Ach schlaf, ach tu dein Äuglein zu,  
schlaf und gib uns die ewige Ruh'.  
O Jesulein zart,  
wie liegst du so hart.

*O Jesus, sweet child,  
your manger is crude,  
O Jesus, sweet child,  
your resting place is so harsh!  
O sleep, close your eyes,  
Sleep and grant us eternal peace.  
O Jesus, sweet child,  
your resting place is so harsh!*

Seid stille, ihr Wind',  
lasst schlafen das Kind!  
All' Brausen sei fern,  
lasst ruh'n euren Herrn!  
Schlaf, Kind, und tu dein Äuglein zu,  
schlaf und gib uns die ewige Ruh'!  
Seid stille, ihr Wind', lasst schlafen das Kind!

Nichts mehr sich bewegt,  
kein Mäuslein sich regt,  
zu schlafen beginnt das herzige Kind.  
Schlaf denn, und tu dein' Äuglein zu,  
schlaf und gib uns die ewige Ruh'.  
Schlaf Jesulein zart, von göttlicher Art.

*Be still, you winds,  
let the child sleep!  
Cease o storms,  
let your Lord have repose!  
Sleep child, close your eyes,  
Sleep and grant us eternal peace.  
Hush winds, let the child rest.*

*Cease your stirring,  
don't disturb the peace,  
the child is just dropping off to sleep.  
O sleep, close your eyes,  
Sleep and grant us eternal peace.  
Sleep sweet Jesus, by the grace of God.*

#### 5 A Nativity

(WB Yeats / John Tavener, 1944-2013)

What woman hugs her infant there?  
Another star has shot her ear.  
What made the drapery glisten so?  
Not a man, but Delacroix.

What made the ceiling waterproof?  
Landor's tarpaulin on the roof.

What brushes fly and moth aside?  
Irving and his plume of pride.

What hurries out the knave and dolt?  
Talma and his thunderbolt.

Why is the woman terror-struck?  
Can there be mercy in that look?

## 6 Shchedryk (Hark How the Bells)

(Ukrainian trad. adapt. Peter J Wilhousky arr. Elizabeth Drury)

Hark how the bells, sweet silver bells  
all seem to say "Merry, merry Christmas!"

Hark how the bells, sweet silver bells  
all seem to say "throw cares away".  
Christmas is here bringing good cheer  
to young and old, meek and the bold.

Ding dong, ding dong, that is their song,  
with joyful ring, all carolling  
one seems to hear words of good cheer  
from everywhere filling the air.

Oh! How they pound, raising the sound  
o'er hill and dale telling their tale.  
Gaily they ring while people sing  
songs of good cheer, Christmas is here!

On, on they send, on without end,  
their joyful tone to everyone.  
Hark how the bells, sweet silver bells,  
All seem to say "throw cares away".

"Merry, merry Christmas!"

## 7 Balulalow

(Wedderburn Bros. / Suzzie Vango, b.1982)

O my dear heart, young Jesu sweat,  
Prepare thy cradle in my spreit,  
And I shall rock thee in my heart  
And never more from thee depart.

But I shall praise thee ever more,  
With song'es sweat unto thy gloire  
The knees of my heart shall I bow,  
And sing that richt balulalow.

O my dear heart, young Jesu sweat,  
Prepare thy cradle in my spreit  
And I shall rock thee in my heart  
And never more from thee depart.

## 8 The River

(Joni Mitchell (b.1943) arr. Jim Clements)

It's coming on Christmas;  
They're cutting down trees,  
They're putting up reindeer  
And singing songs of joy and peace.  
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on.

But it don't snow here; it stays pretty green,  
I'm gonna make a lotta money,  
Then I'm gonna quit this crazy scene.  
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on.

I wish I had a river so long  
I would teach my feet to fly.  
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on.

I made my baby cry.  
I'd teach my wings to fly,  
If I had a river to skate away on.

He tried hard to help me,  
You know he put me at ease  
And he loved me so naughty,  
Made me weak in the knees.  
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on.

I'm so hard to handle,  
I'm selfish and I'm sad.  
Now I've gone and lost  
The best baby that I ever had.  
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on.

I wish I had a river so long  
I would teach my feet to fly.  
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on.

I made my baby say goodbye.  
I wish I had a river.

It's coming on Christmas;  
They're cutting down trees,  
They're putting up reindeer  
And singing songs of joy and peace.  
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on.

**9 Toi, le cœur de la rose (L'enfant et les sortilèges)**

(Colette / Maurice Ravel (1875-1937); arr. Clytus Gottwald; trans. Earl Rosenbaum)

Toi, le cœur de la rose,  
Toi, le parfum du lys blanc,  
Tes mains et ta couronne,  
Tes yeux bleus et tes bijoux.

*You heart of the rose,  
You perfume of white lillies,  
Your hands and your crown,  
Your blue eyes and your jewels.*

Tu ne m'as laissé  
Comme un rayon de lune,  
Qu'une cheveu d'or sur mon épaule,  
et le débris d'un rêve.

*You have left me nothing  
But, like a ray of the moon,  
A golden hair upon my shoulder  
And the rest of a dream.*

**10 Angelus ad virginem**

(13th century, Arundel MS)

Angelus ad virginem,  
Subintrans in conclave,  
Virginis formidinem  
Demulcens, inquit "Ave!  
Ave, regina virginum!  
Coeli terreque Dominum  
Concipies et paries intacta  
Salutem hominum;  
Tu porta coeli facta,  
Medela criminum".

*The angel came to the Virgin,  
entering secretly into her room;  
calming the Virgin's fear,  
he said, "Hail!  
Hail, queen of virgins:  
you will conceive the Lord of heaven and earth  
and bear him, still a virgin,  
to be the salvation of mankind;  
you will be made the gate of heaven,  
the cure of sins".*

"Quomodo conciperem,  
Quae virum non cognovi?  
Qualiter infringerem,  
Quod firma mente vovi?"  
"Spiritus sancti gracia  
Perficiet haec omnia.  
Ne timeas, sed gaudeas  
Secura, quod castimonia  
Manebit in te pura  
Dei potencia."

Ad haec, Virgo nobilis  
Respondens inquit ei,  
"Ancilla sum humilis  
Omnipotentis Dei.  
Tibi coelesti nuncio,  
Tanti secreti conscio,  
Consenciens et cupiens videre  
Factum quod audio,  
Parata sum parere  
Dei consilio".

Eia Mater Domini,  
Quae pacem reddidisti  
Angelis et homini  
Cum Christum genuisti!  
Tuum exora Filium

*"How can I conceive,  
When I have never known a man?  
How can I transgress  
resolutions that I have vowed with a firm mind?"  
"The grace of the Holy Spirit  
shall do all this.  
Do not be afraid, but rejoice  
without a care, since your chastity  
will remain in you unspoilt  
through the power of God."*

*To this, the noble Virgin,  
replying, said to him,  
"I am the humble maidservant  
of almighty God.  
To you, heavenly messenger,  
and bearer of such a great secret,  
I give my consent, and wishing to see  
done what I hear,  
I am ready to obey  
the will of God".*

*Hail, Mother of our Lord,  
who brought peace back  
to angels and men  
when you bore Christ!  
Pray your son*

Ut se nobis propiciam  
Exhibeat, et deleat peccata,  
Praestans auxilium  
Vita frui beata  
Post hoc exilium.

*that he may show favour to us  
and blot out our sins,  
giving us help  
to enjoy a blessed life  
after this exile.*

### **11 Sancta Mater Graciae/Dou way Robin**

(Anon; 14th century / Middle English)

Dou way, Robyn, the childe wile weepe;  
dou way Robyn.

*Fly off, Robin, the child will weep;  
stop it Robin.*

Sancta mater graciae, stella claritatis,  
visita nos hodie plena pietatis.  
Veni, vena veniae mox in carceratis  
solamen angustiae,  
fons suavitatis.

*Holy mother of grace, star of brightness,  
Visit us today, full of compassion.  
Come soon, channel of pardon, to those in prison,  
as a solace to those in misery,  
a source of sweetness.*

Recordare, mater Christi,  
quam amare tu flevisti;  
juxta crucem tu stetit  
suspirando viso tristi.

*Remember, mother of Christ,  
how bitterly you wept;  
You stood beside the cross  
sighing at the sad sight.*

O, Maria, flos regalis  
inter omnes nulla talis;  
Tuo nato specialis  
nostrae carnis parce malis.

*O Mary, royal flower,  
unrivalled amongst women,  
in thy son unequalled,  
forgive the sins of our flesh.  
O, with how humble a heart you spoke*

O, quam corde supplicii locuta fuisti,

Gabrielis nuncii  
verba cum cepisti.  
“En ancilla Domini”,  
propere dixisti;  
vernum vivi gaudii post hoc perperisti.  
Gaude, digna,  
tam benigna caeli solio;  
tuos natos, morbo stratos,  
redde filio.

*When you received  
the words of Gabriel the messenger.  
“Behold, the handmaid of the Lord”,  
you quickly responded;  
Thereafter you bore the springtime of living joy.  
Rejoice, worthy lady,  
so gracious, in the throne of heaven;  
Restore thy children, brought low by vice,  
to the Son.*

Dou way, Robyn, the childe wile weepe;  
dou way Robyn.

*Fly off, Robin, the child will weep;  
stop it Robin.*

### **12 Gaudete**

(Anon, from Piaie Cantiones 1582 arr. Suzzie Vango)

Gaudete! Gaudete  
Christus est natus  
Ex Maria virgine,  
Gaudete.

*Rejoice! Rejoice,  
Christ is born  
Of the Virgin Mary,  
rejoice!*

Tempus adest gratiae,  
Hoc quod optabamus;  
Carmina laetitiae  
Devote redamus.  
Gaudete...

*The time of grace has come,  
for which we prayed;  
Let us devoutly  
sing songs of joy.  
Rejoice...*

Ezechielis porta  
Clausa pertransitur;  
Unde Lux est orta,  
Salus invenitur.  
Gaudete...

Deus homo factus est,  
Natura mirante;  
Mundus renovatus est  
a Christo regnante.  
Gaudete...

Ergo nostra concio  
Psallat iam in lustro;  
Benedicat Domino:  
Salus Regi nostro.  
Gaudete...

*Ezekiel's closed gate  
has been passed through;  
From where the Light has risen,  
salvation is found.  
Rejoice...*

*God is made man,  
while Nature marvels;  
The world is renewed  
by Christ the King.  
Rejoice...*

*Therefore let our assembly sing praises  
now at this time of purification;  
Let us bless the Lord:  
greetings to our King.  
Rejoice...*

### **13 The Darkest Midnight**

(Text after Fr William Devereux / Irish trad. arr. Diarmaid Ó Muirithe)

The darkest midnight in December  
No snow nor hail nor winter's storm  
Shall hinder us for to remember  
The Babe that on this night was born.  
With shepherds we are come to see  
This lovely infant's glorious charms;  
Born of a maid, as prophets said,  
The God of love in Mary's arms.

Four thousand years from the Creation  
The world lay groaning under sin;  
None could ever expect salvation:  
No one could ever enter heaven.  
Adam's fall had damned us all  
To hell, to endless pains forlorn;  
'Twas so decreed we had ne'er been freed  
Had not this heavenly Babe been born.

### **14 The Waiting Sky**

(Lucia Quinault / Oliver Tarney (b.1970))

The trees are bare,  
green fields where puddles hold the waiting sky.  
The cows move slowly, their breathing clouds the air as they walk by.  
What if the clouds smother the shining star?  
We'll know it's there.  
Warm light will fill the puddles,  
And the cows will stop and stare.  
The trees are bare,  
Green fields where puddles hold the waiting sky.

### 15 Det lisle båret (The Little Child)

(Trad. Norwegian / Tone Krohn, b.1960)

Å Gullmund han ville te gjestebod fara.  
Så dome reven kå gjorde han der?  
Å reven sku taka gjæssann i vari.  
Båret dotte, blomeminne.  
Han lokka reven av bosjen inn.

Å Gullmund han kom seg av gjestebodi heim.  
Så dome reven kå gjorde han der?  
Å fyri satt reven den valboren svein.  
Båret dotte, blomeminne.  
Han lokka reven av bosjen inn.

Å kjære Gullmund du biar meg ei stund.  
Så dome reven kå gjorde han der?  
Han ti ea fær skifte mine sjæle gaver um.  
Båret dotte, blomeminne.  
Han lokka reven av bosjen inn.

Det lisle båret gjev eg min skalle.  
Så dome reven kå gjorde han der?  
Han må så titt i golvet falle.  
Båret dotte, blomeminne.  
Han lokka reven av bosjen inn

*Gullmund was away at a feast.  
What was the fox playing at?  
The fox was left to guard the geese.  
The child, nicknamed blossomchin, fell over.  
He called the fox in from the bush.*

*Gullmund returned from the feast and saw.  
What was the fox playing at?  
A satiated creature, the fox, by the door.  
The child, nicknamed blossomchin, fell over.  
He called the fox in from the bush.*

*Dear Gullmund stay with me a while.  
What was the fox playing at?  
Until I can exchange my soulgifts.  
The child, nicknamed blossomchin, fell over.  
He called the fox in from the bush.*

*To the little child I will give my skull.  
What was the fox playing at?  
He falls over so often on the floor.  
The child, nicknamed blossomchin, fell over.  
He called the fox in from the bush.*

Klokkaren gjeve eg min tunge  
Så dome reven kå gjorde han der?  
Han må så ofte baa les og sjunge  
Båret dotte, blomeminne.  
Han lokka reven av bosjen inn.

*To the sexton I will give my tongue.  
What was the fox playing at?  
For he so often has to read and sing.  
The child, nicknamed blossomchin, fell over.  
He called the fox in from the bush.*

### 16 In dulci jubilo

(Trad. arr. Matthew Culloton)

In dulci jubilo,  
Let us our homage show,  
Our heart's joy reclineth  
In praesepio,  
And like a bright star shineth  
Matris in gremio.  
Alpha es et O, Alpha es et O.

O Jesu parvule!  
I yearn for thee alway!  
Hear me, I beseech thee,  
O puer optime!  
My prayer let it reach thee,  
O Princeps gloriae!  
Trahe me post te, trahe me post te.

*In sweet joy*

*In a manger*

*In a mother's lap  
The beginning and the end*

*O infant Jesus*

*O most wonderful of boys*

*O Prince of glory  
Draw me after you*

O Patris caritas!  
O Nati lenitas!  
Deeply were we stained,  
Per nostra crimina;  
But thou hast for us gained  
Coelorum gaudia!  
O that we were there, O that we were there.

Ubi sunt gaudia,  
Where, if they be not there!  
There are angels singing  
Nova cantica!  
There the bells are ringing  
In Regis curia.  
O that we were there, O that we were there.  
In dulci júbilo!

*O love of the Father  
O mercy of the Son*

*Because of our sins*

*The joys of heaven*

*Where are the joys*

*New songs*

*In the courts of the King*

## **17 Es ist ein Ros entsprungen**

(German trad., harmonised M Praetorius, arr. Sarah Tenant-Flowers;  
Texts: vv1 and 2 c.15th century; V3 Friedrich Layriz)

Es ist ein Ros entsprungen,  
aus einer Wurzel zart,  
wie nun die Alten sungen,  
aus Jesse kam die Art  
Und hat ein Blümlein bracht  
mitten im kalten Winter,  
wohl zu der halben Nacht.

Das Röslein, das ich meine,  
davon Esaias sagt,  
hat uns gebracht alleine  
Mary die reine Magd.  
Aus Gottes ew'gem Rat  
hat sie ein Kind geboren,  
welches uns selig macht.

Das Blümelein, so kleine,  
das duftet uns so süß;  
mit seinem hellen Scheine  
vertreibts die Finsternis:  
wahr Mensch und wahrer Gott,  
hilft uns aus allem Leide,  
rettet von Sünd und Tod.

*From a rose has sprung  
a tender branch,  
of which the Ancients sang,  
from Jesse's tree came the wonder  
and bore a tiny flower  
in the midst of winter,  
In the depth of night.*

*That bud I refer to,  
and of which Isaiah spoke,  
blossomed alone into  
Mary, the pure maiden.  
By God's eternal will  
she delivered a child  
Who makes us holy.*

*That tiny flower,  
perfumes the air around us;  
with its brilliant light  
it pierces the darkness:  
true man and true God,  
lift us from our suffering,  
And save us from sin and death.*

## 18 When the Earth Stands Still

(Don Macdonald, b.1966)

Come listen in the silence of the moment before rain comes down.  
There's a deep sigh in the quiet of the forest and the tall tree's crown.

Now hold me. Will you take the time to hold me and embrace the chill?  
Or miss me. Will you take the time to miss me when the earth stands still?

'Cause there's no use running  
'Cause the storm's still coming  
And you've been running for so many years,  
For so many years.

Come listen, in the silence of the moment before shadows fall.  
Feel the tremor of your heartbeat matching heartbeat as we both dissolve.

Now hold me. Will you take the time to hold me and embrace the chill?  
Or miss me. Will you take the time to miss me when the earth stands still?

'Cause there's no use running  
'Cause the storm's still coming  
and you've been running for so many years.

So stay with me, held in my arms  
Like branches of a tree  
They'll shelter you for so many years,  
So many years, oh so many years.  
Stay with me.



Sopranos: **Abbi Temple, Elizabeth Drury, Suzzie Vango**  
Altos: **Suzie Purkis, Sarah Tenant-Flowers**

No props, microphones or gimmicks, just five stunning voices form 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. Drawing richly on traditional folk music and women's working songs from around the world, Papagena juxtaposes these pieces with more classical repertoire from Hildegard of Bingen to Katy Perry, as well as writing its own material and commissioning from an eclectic array of composers including Jim Clements, Errollyn Wallen and Oliver Tanney.

The group has performed at numerous festivals throughout the UK and last year released its debut CD, *Nuns and Roses*. Recent performances have included a live BBC Radio 3 broadcast for International Women's Day (subsequently featured in BBC Radio 4's Pick of the Week) and concerts for the GAP and Christchurch Festivals and Nottingham Cathedral. Forthcoming projects include further commissions and performances at the Edinburgh and Three Choirs Festivals. Papagena was recently chosen by *Making Music* as one of its prestigious Selected Artists for the 2018-19 season.

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