

1 Moonset Don Macdonald (b.1966)	4:16	11 Sweet Child O'Mine* Guns N'Roses arr. Suzzie Vango	2:47
2 Shen Khar Venakhi † Traditional Georgian arr. Sarah Tenant-Flowers	3:28	12 Cor Mio Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)	4:53
3 Hamisha Asar † Flory Jagoda (b.1926) arr. Suzzie Vango	2:48	13 Jack's Valentine Libby Larsen (b.1950)	1:21
4 Legend (The Crown of Roses)* Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky (1840-93) arr. Geoffrey Weaver	2:45	14 Mouth Music Traditional Celtic trans. Dolores Keane, John Faulkner	1:47
5 Sub O Salcie Romanian arr. Ayanna Woods	4:51	15 Sigh No More Ladies Jetse Bremer (b.1959)	4:42
6 Otche Nash Nikolai Kedrov (1871-1940)	2:31	16 I Lie David Lang (b.1957)	5:03
7 Ek Rizis Kassia (810-65)	2:13	17 Kakwa Moma Traditional Bulgarian arr. Uwe Knorrn	1:47
8 O Viridissima Virga John Duggan (b.1963)	3:47	18 The Woman's 'If'* Jim Clements (b.1983), Caitlin Moran (b.1975)	4:18
9 The Snow it Melts the Soonest Traditional English arr. Winnie Brückner	3:36	19 Changeling's Lullaby † Gavin Davenport (b.1975), Jess Arrowsmith (b.1977) arr. Papagena	6:09
10 The Swallow Leaves Her Nest Gustav Holst (1874-1934)	2:30		
		Total duration:	65:40

* Premiere recording † First commercial release

Recorded at Challow Park Studios, Wantage on September 6-8, 2019

Executive Producer: Siva Oke

Recording Engineer: Will Biggs

Mixing and Mastering: Jim Unwin

Design and Layout: Andrew Giles

Recording Producer: Adrian Peacock

Editing: Jim Unwin and Adrian Peacock

Cover photograph: Papagena © Ben McKee

Booklet Editor: Michael Quinn

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SONGS

sacred and profane,
tender, consoling,
witty, urbane.includes
First Recordings

HUSH!

Charged with potent primal resonance, some words have a quality that transcends mere dictionary definition. “Hush” is surely one. No other word is more evocative or redolent of rescue and refuge from the miscellaneous maelstrom of emotions that afflict us throughout life – from the first, unbidden fears of infancy to the isolating confusion of adolescence, the debilitating doubts of adulthood and the profound questions that present themselves in later years. “Hush” offers the babe reassurance that it is not abandoned, the teenager that they are not alone, the adult that there is another who cares.

Spanning more than a millennium and crossing boundaries of geography, culture and musical genre, Papagena’s *Hush!* is a part meditation on, part celebration of the word that eloquently explores it in all its prismatic usage, from comfort, reassurance and peace to mild, occasionally rueful admonition.

It begins with Don Macdonald’s lithe, luminous, sweetly lyrical setting of his Canadian compatriot Emily Pauline Johnson’s *Moonset*, a piece that Papagena’s Sarah Tenant-Flowers describes as “sitting in the weird space between night and day when all kinds of unbidden thoughts edge into one’s pre-sleeping but still conscious state”. Fraught with fragile nostalgia for a half-remembered Jungian “shadowland”, it seems shot through with a silvery liquescence that promises release from torment even as it sagely hints at disappointments still to come.

Tenant-Flowers’ arrangement of the traditional Georgian chant *Shen Khar Venakhi* (‘You are a vineyard’) spins the original’s polyphonic homage to the Virgin Mary – patron saint of Georgia – into long, lustrous flowing lines with the utmost delicacy. Sung in Georgian, its text is attributed to the poet-king Demetrius I (1093-1156), the authorship of its music lost in time. Movingly employing nature as a touchstone and metaphor for the Mother of Christ, it deftly accommodates the pantheism of pagan tradition within a sublime Christian devotion with bewitching, hushed beauty.

Nature, too, informs Flory Jagoda’s *Hamisha Asar*. Arranged by Papagena’s Suzzie Vango, it is sung in Ladino, an ancient Judeo-Spanish language that spread into Europe, the Middle East and North Africa after the expulsion of Jews from Spain in 1492. Associated with the holiday of *Tu B’Shvat* (colloquially referred to as “the new year for trees”) its title translates as ‘Feasts of fruit’. It draws from a traditional celebration among Sephardic Jews in Jagoda’s native Bosnia that greets the arrival of spring and the promise of plenty by gathering 15 kinds of fruit in readiness for a carnival of food, dancing and song.

Arranged for Papagena by Geoffrey Weaver, Tchaikovsky’s pretty, plaintive and poignant *Legend (The Crown of Roses)* sets Aleksey Pleshcheyev’s Russian translation of a poem published by the American Richard Henry Stoddard in 1857. Depicting a sylvan idyll in which the child Jesus nurtures “a garden, full of roses, rare and red”, when the flowers are picked by other children he is forced to substitute a crown of roses with a crown of thorns. It is a chilling anticipation of

what awaits him in adulthood, heightened by the quiet, contemplative succour of Weaver's sympathetic arrangement.

That cruel fate is painfully felt in the traditional Romanian ballad **Sub O Salcie** ('Underneath a weeping willow') which finds Mary grieving for her crucified son beneath the tree's cascading branches. As if itself mourning, the willow bows down in sympathy and offers her its branches, from which she pitifully weaves a crown without thorns. The text ends disquietingly, the thornless crown rendered hollow and redundant by a lack of mercy. Yet the music – whose principal melody is sung by alto Suzie Purkis – offers profound consolation and solace in response to the suffering of another.

Sung in redolent Church Slavonic, **Otche Nash**, Nikolai Kedrov's Russian Orthodox setting of *The Lord's Prayer* gains here from its transposition up for higher, less earthbound, female voices. It serves to imbue Christianity's central devotional invocation with an affectingly lustrous quality of beseeching, hushful poetry.

A Byzantine hymn by the first female composer of the Occident, the Constantinople-born Kassia (810-65), **Ek Rizis** seems to anticipate the ethereal, otherworldly spirituality of Hildegard of Bingen two centuries later. The first of two *Stichera* for Vespers commemorating St Simeon the Stylite, its lyrics extol the virtues of his piety, rooted as it is in nature – "From a good root, good fruit has grown" the title announces – its music exquisitely honest and sincere in its simplicity.

Hildegard's own text **O Viridissima Virga** ('Hail, o greenest branch') also taps knowingly into Christianity's appropriation of pantheistic pagan traditions to associate the Virgin Mary with nature in all its life-giving fecundity. John Duggan's contemporary setting adroitly heightens the mystic visionary's acutely felt religious worldview with complex, interweaving vocal lines that lend becoming voice to Hildegard's economic but intense expression.

In **The Snow it Melts the Soonest**, the Berlin-based jazz-classical singer-songwriter Winnie Brückner applies her distinctively quirky idiom to a traditional English folk song expressing the hope that love will survive the storms of winter. It's an expression of "hush" as reassurance, offering stoical resistance to seasonal chill and comforting promise that fleeting consternation will pass.

As the world turns, the seasons change with it, winter harshness giving way to forgiving spring and summer warmth. Gustav Holst's crystalline **The Swallow Leaves Her Nest** sets a text by the 19th-century poet, playwright and physician Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Published in 1850 in the posthumous collection *Death's Jest Book*, it injects a rare note of optimism into his somewhat morbid worldview to suggest that even the darkest moment of death can also be the prelude to the renewal of light and hope elsewhere.

A long-popular feature of Papagena's live concerts has been the arrangement by the group's Suzzie Vango of 1980's chart hit **Sweet Child O'Mine** by American pomp-rockers Guns N'Roses. Judged, perhaps a tad hyperbolically, by *Rolling*

Stone magazine as among its '40 Greatest Songs that Changed the World'; it nonetheless exerts its own immediately magnetic quality. Vango's lithe, graceful, arrangement maintains its lullaby-like musical surface and infectious buoyancy in which the image of a loved one triggers the time-fraught, bittersweet rapture of "childhood memories where everything was as fresh as the bright blue sky".

With a text by Giovanni Battista Guarini (1538-1612), Alessandro Scarlatti's **Cor Mio** ('My Heart') points with agitated, pricked plaintiveness to love as a source of anguish as well as of ecstasy. Its aching, antique expression finds ageless resonance in the expression of besotted lovers prepared to offer their own lives as proof of romantic ardour. In pursuit of a beloved who seems unreceptive or unattainable, it takes resigned comfort in the notion that, despite the unendurable heartache, "he unjustly dies who, alive, finds his heart in another's breast".

A more contemporary take on infatuated love – here deliriously uncomplicated in its ecstatic certainty – is provided by Libby Larsen's setting of Aldeen Humphreys' **Jack's Valentine**. Essentially a gushing fan letter to Beat Generation icon Jack Kerouac, it is driven along by repetitive, unquestioning declarations of adoration lent a ravishingly intoxicating intensity by Larsen's brightly animated music.

No less athletic – or authentic – in its celebration of love are the dancing vocal acrobatics of **Mouth Music**, where "hush" becomes a contrary but compelling injunction to retreat from dreaming and to pay attention to the moment. Taking its title from a Celtic traditional style, here specifically Hebridean and variously

described as 'lilting', 'diddling' or '*port-a-beul*' ('tunes from the mouth'), Dolores Keane and John Faulkner's effervescent transcription gives cheekily synonymous voice to "hush" as "wake up and smell the roses".

From unabashed, o'er-brimming pleasure to oxygen-sapping obsession and knowing self-awareness in the initially resistant but eventually yielding euphoria of contemporary Dutch composer Jetse Bremer's setting of **Sigh No More Ladies**. Taken from Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*, it cedes languid ennui to exuberant encouragement – and ultimately resigned acceptance – of the Bard's rueful text scorning male infidelity.

I Lie by the Yiddish poet Joseph Rolnick expresses the hopes of a young woman waiting for her lover's train to arrive. Set to mesmerizing, softly rounded, repetitive phrases by David Lang, the direction on the score instructs it to be sung: "rhythmically mechanical like a clock, but immediate and very tender". It touches upon another facet of "hush": a cautious counsel to take time, take a breath and savour the moment given that the anticipation of love's arrival can be as pleasurable and profound as its attainment is problematic.

Desire, as gainsaying experience repeatedly reminds, is all too easily distracted and denied. The traditional Bulgarian folksong **Kakwa Moma** conjures an effusive chattering quality as an enraptured young man relates to his mother the vision of beauty he has just seen. Innocently ardent and charged with all the unbidden desire of the newly smitten, Uwe Knorrn's swinging arrangement

expresses the rhythmic rush of love newly felt. ‘Hush! – pay attention to me!’ its youthful summons to an elder insists.

Women, too, have a view of the world, often denied and overlooked, that demands attention. The journalist and author Caitlin Moran’s ripe riposte to Rudyard Kipling’s *If* – “a full rundown of How to Be a Man [in a] handy primer in the form of a poem” – takes pointed issue with the revered Edwardian poet laureate’s phallocratic view of things. Frequent Papagena collaborator Jim Clements sets its pithy provocations with piquant, playful knowingness together with a telling allusion to David Bowie’s dyspeptic *Life on Mars*. Treating only parts of Moran’s deliciously barbed revision, a link to the author’s own complete recitation is provided in the texts and translations below.

And to end, a moment of glowing compassion and comfort that appropriately begins with the gentle enjoiner “Hush a while, hush a while, sleep now for me” in Papagena’s tremulous, softly understated arrangement of ***Changeling’s Lullaby***. Jess Arrowsmith’s setting of Gavin Davenport’s lyrics exploits the eternal legend of a changeling child substituted for an original thought lost to fairies. Wistful and brittle, it treats the domestic commonplace of parental solicitude with utter poetic conviction in the accepting, purifying, transformative love of a mother. “Hush,” it seems to say, “you are loved for who you are, and who you are is deserving of love.”

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TEXTS

1 MOONSET

Don Macdonald (b.1966) / Emily Pauline Johnson (1861-1913)

Idles the night wind through the dreaming firs
That waking murmur low,
As some lost melody returning stirs
The love of long ago;
As through the far, cool, distance, zephyr fanned.
The moon is sinking into shadowland.

The troubled night bird, calling plaintively
Wanders on restless wing;
The cedars, chanting vespers to the sea,
Await its answering
That comes in wash of waves along the strand,
The while the moon slips into shadowland.

O! soft responsive voices of the night
I join your minstrelsy,
And call across the fading silver light
as something calls to me;
I may not all your meaning understand,
But I have touched your soul in shadowland.

2 SHEN KHAR VENAKHI

Traditional Georgian arr. Sarah Tenant-Flowers

Shen khar venakhi,
Akhlad aqvavebuli

Norchi k'etili,
Edems shina nerguli.

Alva suneli,
Samotkhes amosuli

Ghmertma shegamk'os
Vervina gjobs kebuli

Da tavit tvisit
Mze khar da
Gabrts'qinvebuli.

*You are a vineyard
In fresh bloom*

*Young and kind,
Springing from Eden,*

*A perfumed poplar
Growing in paradise.*

*May God adorn you;
No one is more worthy of praise.*

*You are the sun,
Brilliantly
Shining.*

3 HAMISHA ASAR

Flory Jagoda (b.1926) arr. Suzzie Vango

Hamisha asar, hamisha asar,
Ven a ver mos, vamos kantar.

La balabaya mos aspera
Kon kintze platos de frutar.

Bendicho su nombre, Sinyor del mundo
Frutas de Israel

Hamisha asar, hamisha asar,
Ven a ver mos, vamos kantar.

La balabaya mos aspera
Kon la baklaba i kave.

Bendicho.

*Feast of fruits, feast of fruits,
Come and see us, we will sing.*

*The hostess is waiting for us
With fifteen platters of fruit.*

*Blessed is thy name, Lord of the universe,
Fruits of Israel.*

*Feast of fruits, feast of fruits,
Come and see us, we will sing.*

*The hostess is waiting for us
With baklava and coffee.*

Blessed.

4 LEGEND (THE CROWN OF ROSES)

Tchaikovsky (1840-93) arr. Geoffrey Weaver / Richard Henry Stoddard (1825-1903),
trans. Alexsey Pleshcheyev (1825-93)

Abbi Temple, Suzzie Vango, Suzie Purkis, Sarah Tenant-Flowers

Был у Христа-младенца сад,
И много роз взрастил он в нём;
Он трижды в день их поливал,
Чтоб сплесть венок себе потом.

Когда же розы расцвели,
Детей еврейских созвал он;
Они сорвали по цветку,
И сад был весь опустошён.

«Как ты сплетишь теперь венок?
В твоём саду нет больше роз!»
– «Вы позабыли, что шипы
Остались мне», – сказал Христос.

И из шипов они сплели
Венок колючий для него,
И капли крови вместо роз
Чело украсили его.

*The young child Jesus had a garden,
Full of roses, rare and red.
And thrice a day he watered them,
To make a garland for his head.*

*When they were full grown in the garden
He called the Jewish children there
And each did pluck himself a rose
Until they stripped the garden bare.*

*"And now, how will you make your garland?
For not a rose your path adorns."
"But you forget", He answered them,
"That you have left me a crown of thorns."*

*They took the thorn and made a garland
And placed it on his shining head
And where the roses should have shone
Were little drops of blood instead.*

5 SUB O SALCIE

Traditional Romanian arr. Ayanna Woods, trans. Ingrid Nicola

Suzzie Vango, Suzie Purkis (lead soloist), Sarah Tenant-Flowers

Sub o salcie pletoasă
Maica Sfântă se ruga
Cu o voce ndurerată
Către salcie grăia:

"Dacă îmi cunoşti amarul
Şi vroieşti să mi-l alini
Dă-mi din ramurile tale
O cunună fără spini.

Fiul meu e sus pe cruce
Stă de azi cu spini pe cap
Şi cu ea la El m-oi duce
Ca din chin cu greu să-l scap."

Atunci salcia pletoasă
Crengile şi-a aplecat,
Maica şi-ampletit cununa
Şi s-a dus la Golgota.

Dar iudeii nu o lăsară
Cu cunună fără spini
Căci vroiau ca El să moară
Însângerat şi-n mare chin.

*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 Jews showed no mercy
And would not let her bring the thornless crown
As they wanted Jesus to die,
Bleeding deeply and in great pain.*

6 OTCHE NASH

Nikolai Kedrov (1871-1940)

Отче нашъ иже еси на небесехъ,
да святѣтся ѡмя Твое,
да прїидеть царствїе Твое,
да будетъ воля Твоя,
яко на небеси и на землі.
Хлебъ нашъ насущны дѣждъ намъ днесь,
и остѣви намъ долги наша,
Яко и мы оставляемъ должникомъ нашимъ.
и не въведи насъ въ напѣсть
но избѣви насъ отъ лукаваго:
Яко твое есть царствїе
и сила и слава во веки.
Аминь.

*Our Father, who art in heaven,
Hallowed by thy name.
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done
On earth as it is 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, power and glory,
For ever and ever.
Amen.*

7 EK RIZIS

Kassia (810-865), trans. Antonia Tripolitis

Elizabeth Drury, Abbi Temple, Sarah Tenant-Flowers

Ἐκ ρίζης ἀγαθῆς
ἀγαθὸς ἐβλάστησε καρπὸς
ὁ ἐκ βρέφους ἱερός Συμεῶν,
χάριτι μᾶλλον ἢ γάλακτι τραφεῖς,
καὶ ἐπὶ πέτραν τὸ σῶμα υψώσας,
πρὸς Θεὸν δὲ ὑπερυψώσας τὴν διάνοιαν,
αιθέριον διεδομήσατο ταῖς ἀρεταῖς ἐνδιαίτημα,
καὶ ταῖς θείαις Δυνάμεσι συμμετεωροπορὸν,
Χριστοῦ γέγονεν οἰκητήριον, τοῦ Θεοῦ καὶ Σωτήρος
τῶν ψυχῶν ἡμῶν.

*From a good root a good fruit has grown.
Simeon, holy from birth,
You were nourished on grace rather than milk;
And you lifted your body high upon a pillar,
And your thoughts even higher towards God,
You lodged on high and lived with the virtues,
And walked on air together with the Divine Powers.
You became a dwelling place of Christ, God
And saviour of our souls.*

8 O VIRIDISSIMA VIRGA

John Duggan (b.1963) / Hildegard of Bingen (1098-1179)

O viridissima virga ave,
Que in ventoso flabro
Sciscitationis sanctorum prodisti.
Cum venit tempus
Quod tu floruisti in ramis tuis;
Ave, ave sit tibi,
Quia calor solis in te sudavit
Sicut odor balsami.
Nam in te floruit pulcher flos
Qui odorem dedit omnibus aromatibus
Que arida erant.
Et illa apparuerunt omnia
In viriditate plena.

*Hail, o greenest branch,
Sprung forth in the airy breezes
Of the prayers of the saints.
So the time has come
That your sprays have flourished;
Hail, hail to you,
Because the heat of the sun has exuded from you
Like the aroma of balm.
For the beautiful flower sprang from you,
Which gave all parched perfumes
Their aroma.
And they have radiated anew
In their full freshness.*

9 THE SNOW IT MELTS THE SOONEST

Traditional English folksong arr. Winnie Brückner

The snow it melts the soonest when the wind begins to sing;
And the corn it ripens fastest when the frosts are setting in;
And when a young man tells me that my face he'll soon forget,
Before we part, I wad* a crown, he's fain to follow't yet.

O, the snow it melts the soonest when the wind begins to sing,
And the swallow skims without a thought as long as it is spring,
But when spring goes and winter blows, my lad and ye'll be fain,
For all your pride, to follow me, were't cross the stormy lane.

The snow it melts the soonest when the wind begins to sing,
And the bee that flew when summer shined, in winter cannot sting.
I've seen a young man's anger melt between the night and morn,
And it's surely not a harder thing to tame a young man's scorn.

Oh never say me farewell here, no farewell I receive,
For you shall set me to the stile and kiss and take your leave,
But I'll stay here till woodcock comes and martlet takes his wing,
Since the snow it melts the soonest when the wind begins to sing.

* *wager*

10 THE SWALLOW LEAVES HER NEST

Gustav Holst (1874-1934) / Thomas Lovell Beddoes (1803-49)

Elizabeth Drury, Abbi Temple, Suzzie Vango, Suzie Purkis

The swallow leaves her nest,
The soul my weary breast;
But therefore let the rain
On my grave
Fall pure; for why complain?
Since both will come again
O'er the wave.

The wind dead leaves and snow
Doth hurry to and fro;
And, once, a day shall break
O'er the wave,
When a storm of ghosts shall shake
The dead, until they wake
In the grave.

11 SWEET CHILD O'MINE

Steven Adler, Axl Rose, Duff McKagan, Slash, Izzy Stradlin (Guns N'Roses) arr. Suzzie Vango

She's got a smile that it seems to me
Reminds me of childhood memories
Where ev'rything there was as fresh
As the bright blue sky.
Now and then when I see her face
It takes me away to that special place,
And if I stand too long
I'll prob'ly break down and cry.

Oh, sweet child o'mine.
Oh, sweet love o'mine.

She's got eyes of the bluest skies
As if they thought of rain.
I'd hate to look into those eyes
And see an ounce of pain.
Oh her hair reminds me of a warm, safe place
Where, as a child, I'd hide and pray.
Oh yes, I'd pray for the thunder
And the rain to quietly pass me by.

Oh, sweet child o'mine.
Oh, sweet love o'mine.

12 COR MIO

Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725) / Giovanni Battista Guarini (1538-1612)

Cor mio, deh, non languire,
Che fai teco languir l'anima mia.
Odi i caldi sospiri: a te gl'invia.
La pietat'e 'l desire.
S'io ti potessi dar morend' aita,
Morrei per darti vita.
Ma viv' ohimè,
Ch'ingiustamente more
Chi vivo tien ne l'altrui pett'il core.

*My heart, ah, do not languish,
For you will make my soul suffer with you.
My hot sighs are sent to you
From both compassion and desire.
If I could save you by dying,
Then I would die to give you life.
But ah, please live,
For he unjustly dies
Who, alive, finds his heart in another's breast.*

13 JACK'S VALENTINE

Libby Larsen (b.1950) / Aldeen Humphreys

Abbi Temple, Suzzie Vango, Suzie Purkis, Sarah Tenant-Flowers

Hey you!
I love you.
I love you a lot.
I love you a whole lot.
I love you lots and lots and lots...and lots.

Hey you!
I love you.
I love you very much.
I love you very, very much,
A whole bunch.
Very much, a lot.
I love you a lot.
I love you very, very much, a whole bunch.
For ever, ever...

I love you.
Hey, you!

14 MOUTH MUSIC

Traditional Celtic transc. Dolores Keane and John Faulkner

Elizabeth Drury, Sarah Tenant-Flowers, Suzzie Vango

Horo
harra dalla horo
harra dalla horo,
harra dalla hind ye handan,
horo,
harra dalla horo
harra dalla horo,
harra dalla hind ye handan,

Dance to your shadow when it's good to be livin' lad,
Dance to your shadow when there's nothing better near ye.

Hin, hin,
Harra dalla hin, hin,
Harra dalla hin, hin,
Harra dalla hin,
Harra dalla ro.

There are tunes in the river otter,
Pools in the river water,
Pools in the river and the river calls him.

Hin, hin...

15 SIGH NO MORE LADIES

Jetse Bremer (b.1959) / William Shakespeare (*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act II Sc.3)

Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more.
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy.
The fraud of men was ever so
Since summer first was leafy.
Then sigh not so, But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

16 I LIE

David Lang (b.1957) / Joseph Rolnick (1879-1955), trans. Kristina Boerger

Leyg ikh mir in bet arayn
Un lesh mir oys dos fayer
Kumen vet er haynt tsu mir
Der vos iz mire tayer

Banen loyfn tsvey a tog
Eyne kumt in ovnt
Kh'her dos klingen – glin, glin, glon
Yo, er iz shoyen noent

*I lie down in bed alone
And snuff out my candle
Today he will come to me
Who is my treasure

The trains run twice a day
One comes at night
I hear them clanging – glin, glin, glon
Yes, now he is near*

Shtundn hot di nakht gor fil
Eyns der tsveyter triber
Eyne is a fraye nor
Ven es kumt mayn liber

Ikh her men geyt, men klapt in tir,
Men ruft mikh on baym nomen
Ikh loyf arop a borvese
Yo! Er iz gekumen!

*The night is full of hours
Each one sadder than the next
Only one is happy
When my beloved comes*

*I hear someone coming, someone raps on the door
Someone calls me by name
I run out barefoot
Yes! He is come!*

17 KAKWA MOMA

Traditional Bulgarian arr. Uwe Knorrn, trans. Vanya Milanova

Kakwa moma vidjach mamo
Kakwa moma vidjach,
Dolu napschelina, mamo,
Dolu napschelina.

Dolu, dolu, dolu, dolu,
Dolu napschelina,
Hei, dolu, dolu, dolu,
Dolu napschelina.

Tscherni otschi ima mamo,
Tscherni otschi ima,
Kato dwe tschereschi, mamo,
Kato dwe tschereschi

*What a maiden I saw, mother,
What a maiden.
Down below at the beehive, mother,
Down below at the beehive.*

*Down below, down below
Down below at the beehive,
Hey, down below,
Down below at the beehive,*

*Black eyes she has, mother,
Black eyes she has,
Like two cherries, mother,
Like two cherries.*

Dolu, dolu...

Bjalolitse ima mamo,
Bjalolitse ima,
Kato bjal trandafil, mamo,
Kato bjal trandafil.

Idi ja po iskai, mamo,
Idi ja po iskai,
Dano mi ia dadat mamo,
Dano mi ia dadat.

Dolu, dolu...

Down below, down below...

*White face she has, mother,
White face,
Like a white rose, mother,
Like a white rose.*

*Go and ask her hand, mother,
Go and ask for her hand (in marriage),
Hope they will give her, mother,
Hope they will...*

Down below, down below...

18 THE WOMAN'S 'IF'

Jim Clements (b.1983) / Caitlin Moran (b.1975)

<https://www.caitlinmoran.co.uk/moranifesto-if-i-were-a-woman-2/>

19 CHANGELING'S LULLABY

Jess Arrowsmith (b.1977) / Gavin Davenport (b.1975) arr. Papagena

Hush a while, hush a while, sleep now for me,
Lay yourself by me if my babe you be.
Or did some fairy creeping from your crib steal you sleeping
And leave me a creature that's nothing of me?

My bairn was often silent and would sleep through half the night,
And he greeted me every morning with a smile so full of light.
But now you are much altered and do bawl the whole night through,
So hush a while my darling so I might know it's you.
Hush a while...

Your father says you're not his own, nor any child of man's
But I think you have your father's smile, your father's gentle hands,
And I pray that you will love me, like your father used to do,
So hush a while my darling so I might know it's you.
Hush a while...

His skin was like the lily white and as soft as winter snow,
Not like some screaming devil with his scarlet face aglow,
Who wails across the wind's soft sighs that creep the casement through,
So hush a while my darling so I might know it's you.
Hush a while, hush a while, sleep now for me,
Lay yourself softly if my babe you be.
Or did some fairy creeping from your crib steal you sleeping,
And leave me a creature that's nothing of me?

If your mother could not love you, though a fairy babe you be,
I would take you to the forest and I'd leave you 'neath yon' tree.
But while you are all I have love, I still will cleave to thee.
For whatever else you are love, still your mother's love you be.
Hush a while...



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

Papagena is a rarity in the UK, an all-female consort of five professional singers exploring music written specifically for female voices from medieval times to the present day. Its programming defies pigeonholing; medieval, classical, folk and contemporary music is interwoven into intriguing programmes which fascinate diverse audiences. The group also undertakes education projects involving school and adult voices.

Drawing on folk music and women’s working songs from around the world, Papagena juxtaposes those pieces with repertoire from Hildegard of Bingen to Katy Perry and all points in between. As well as writing its own material, it has commissioned an eclectic array of composers including Errollyn Wallen, Oliver Tarney, John Duggan and Jim Clements.

Launched in 2015, the group’s UK-wide performances have included the Edinburgh Festival, Brandenburg Choral Festival (London), the Shropshire Music Trust, Music at Christchurch Priory Festival, Sandstone Ridge, Nottingham Cathedral and Bromsgrove Festivals and the 2019 Three Choirs Festival, Gloucester.

Papagena’s debut album, *Nuns and Roses*, was self-released in 2017. Its second, *The Darkest Midnight*, was released in 2018 by SOMM Recordings. Selected as *MusicWeb International’s* Recording of the Month, it reached No.6 in the classical charts and No.1 in Amazon’s classical download chart.

Papagena made its BBC Radio 3 debut in 2018, singing live during the International Women’s Day concert. The group has also sung live on *In Tune* (Radio 3) and *Woman’s Hour* (Radio 4). In 2018, Papagena was chosen to be one of Making Music’s coveted Selected Artists for the 2019-20 season.

www.papagena.co.uk

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The Darkest Midnight Papagena

SOMMCD 0189

No.1

Amazon classical download charts

No.6

Official Classical Charts



“I think it’s quite likely that if you... listen to the first track you will be, as I was, instantly hooked by the bewitching sound of Papagena”

MusicWeb International

“A wonderfully cheering and joyful disc... impressive clarity of diction, purity of sound and accurate pitching”

MidlandsMusicReviews.com

“A beautiful sense of style and focused intensity to the music... a disc full of imaginative textures... full of delights”

Planethugill.com

“Technically impressive... a top seasonal release of 2018”

Allmusic.com ★★★★★