

Paragon Singers

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY 2016

Stabat Mater

Saturday 5 March • 7.30pm

St Alphege Church, Oldfield Lane, Bath

Settings by Browne, Palestrina and Scarlatti

Purcell *Funeral Sentences*, Pärt *An den Wasser zu Babel* and Monteverdi motets

Venice tour with the Thomas-Selle-Vokalensemble, Berlin

Friday 6 May • 8.30pm

Basilica dei Frari, Venice

A concert of Venetian music by Andrea and Giovanni Gabrieli, Croce and Monteverdi

Sunday 8 May • 10.30am

High Mass in St Mark's Basilica

Belshazzar's Feast

Saturday 4 June • 7.30pm

St John's Church, South Parade, Bath

Paragon Singers join Bath Cantata Group and Bradford on Avon Choral Society in a performance of Walton's masterpiece, conducted by Neil Moore

Charity Concert

Saturday 25 June

St Swithin's Church, Walcot, Bath • 6.00pm

A concert in aid of 'Musicians without Borders' with members of Paragon Singers past and present on the occasion of our 40th anniversary celebration

A Marian Farewell

Saturday 15 October • 7.30pm

St Alphege Church, Oldfield Lane, Bath

Join us for Keith Bennett's last concert in Bath with the Paragon Singers

A concert of largely Marian music by Hildegard of Bingen, Fayrfax, Josquin des Prez, Byrd, Victoria, Messiaen, Skempton, Wheeler and Tabakova

Mass in B Minor

Saturday 17 December • 7.30pm

Wiltshire Music Centre, Bradford on Avon

Keith Bennett concludes 33 years with Paragon Singers

in a performance of Bach's glorious final masterpiece

www.paragonsingers.co.uk

Christmas in the New World



Saturday 12 December 2015

Wiltshire Music Centre

£2.50

Christmas in the New World



Kate Semmens

Jane Hunt
soprano

Neil Moore
countertenor

Rupert Drury
tenor

Richard Fitzsimmons
bass

Paragon Singers
The Six

Folia Baroque

Simone Rebello *percussion*

Eligio Quintiero *theorbo/guitar*

Steven Hollas *organ/harpsichord*

Keith Bennett
conductor

Anónimo
Hanacpachap cussicuinin

Sebastián Durón
Al compás airecillos

Tomás de Torrèjon y Velasco
Missa Octavo Tono/Kyrie & Gloria

Matheo Flecha
La Negrina/Part II: Florida

Tomás de Torrèjon y Velasco
Missa Octavo Tono/Credo

Roque Jacinto de Chavarría
¡Fuera, fuera!

Juan de Araujo
Silencio

Diego José de Salazar
¡Salga el torillo hosquillo!

INTERVAL

Juan de Araujo
¡Ay; ¡Andar!

Anónimo
Bastião, Bastião

Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla
Exsultate iusti in Domino

Anónimo
Sá aqui turo

Anónimo
Pasacualillo

Anónimo
Yyaí Jesuchristo/Dulce Jesús mio

Juan García de Zéspedes
Convidando está la noche



THE BACKGROUND

Welcome to this evening's concert. We are delighted to be visiting for the third time the wonderful world of South American baroque music, with its intoxicating blend of Iberian, native and negro influences.

The Spanish and Portuguese conquests of the New World in the early 1500s were quickly followed by a cultural transformation: new cities and governmental structures, of course, but also the introduction of Christianity and the building of magnificent new cathedrals and churches. To those cathedrals, churches and Jesuit missions came European music and musicians, especially from Spain, itself experiencing a musical golden age. Although Lima and Mexico City (the administrative centres of the two Spanish vice-royalties) were the main musical centres, equally strong musical traditions developed at cities such as Cusco in Peru, Puebla and Oaxaca in Mexico, La Plata (now Sucre) and San Ignacio de Moxos (Bolivia), and Córdoba (Argentina). The libraries of many of these cities hold a considerable number of 16th- and 17th-century manuscripts, and an increasing number of scholars and performers are now exploring this repertoire and making it available in print and on CD.

The musical explosion in these cities was initially led by Europeans, but quickly began to make use of the remarkable talents of native musicians, who amazed the colonists with their facility with European music and notation. Although it was many years before any were allowed to ascend to the position of *maestro de capilla*, the influence of their music – especially dance rhythms – was quickly absorbed into the more traditional forms and techniques of Spanish polyphony, as was that of the energetic drumming and dancing of negroes, brought in as labour to supplement an indigenous population severely reduced by European disease.

This stylistic fusion is particularly evident in the sacred *villancico*, a flexible refrain form written in the vernacular, and particularly associated with Christmas texts (its significance is illustrated by a liturgical calendar for 1753 from Cusco, which listed 15 newly composed villancicos for each of the three services of Matins on Christmas Day!). Very popular in both Spain and Portugal, where it already represented a blend of folk and serious styles, the villancico acquired extra energy and colour in the New World. When one involved African characters – speaking in pidgin or dialect forms, and always cast as simple and undisciplined, clearly incapable of ruling themselves – it was known as a *negrilla*, or *negro di navidad*, and tended to use solo and *tutti* effects from the negro tradition; this is well demonstrated, in quite different ways, by *Pasacualillo* and *Convidando está la noche*. Incidentally, *negrillas* can be quite non-pc by modern standards!



Cathedral of Santo Domingo, Cusco

Our programme tonight includes not only villancicos but also examples of more everyday liturgical music (the mass and motet); perhaps strangely to us, the villancico was principally developed in cathedrals and larger convents, whereas the liturgical pieces were performed in remote Jesuit missions as well as the larger centres.

For comparison, we also include examples of the non-liturgical forms popular in Spain and Portugal before their transfer to the New World. Matheo Flecha's *negrilla*, *La Negrina*, is also an *ensalada*, an early type of Spanish villancico, a through-composed piece incorporating fragments of other works. All Flecha's *ensaladas* have texts based on humorous verse with irregular metre, written in Spanish, into which are inserted quotations from other texts and songs in various languages and dialects, always containing a reference to Christmas. The musical textures match the complicated structure of the text. The two pieces from Portugal, *Bastião* and *Sá aqui turo*, illustrate the reverse influence of colonisation, being *negrillos* with texts written in *criollo*, an imitation of Portuguese as spoken by negroes. But chiefly we focus on the American *villancicos*: many were no doubt work-a-day, but many others are splendid pieces, alive with the spirit of celebration and of the various peoples who made them.

THE COMPOSERS

Sebastián Durón (bapt. 1660, d.1716) was a Spanish composer, born at Brihuega. He held several appointments in Spain, the last at the royal chapel in Madrid. Despite his high reputation, he was exiled in 1706 after supporting the losing claimant in the War of the Spanish Succession, ending his days in the service of Mariana of Neuberg. He wrote a large quantity of both sacred and secular music in a highly personal style. His music was evidently popular in the New World, for it is found in many South American archives.

Though born in Spain, **Tomás de Torrójn y Velasco** (1644–1728) was mainly active in Peru. His career demonstrates the possibilities available in the colonies. In about 1658 he became a page in the household of the Count of Lemos. When Lemos was made viceroy of Peru in 1667, Torrójn y Velasco went with him, and by 1672 had been appointed Chief Justice of Chachapoyas province. He was clearly much involved in the musical life of the province, for in 1676 he became *maestro di capilla* of Lima cathedral, a post he retained until his death. As well as sacred music his output included the first opera composed in the Americas.



Matheo Flecha

Matheo Flecha (c.1481–c.1553) studied music in Barcelona, later holding appointments as *maestro* at Lérida and Sigüenza before joining the chapel of Infantas María and Juana of Castile from 1544-1548. His music remained popular after his death, for sources of it are widespread. In 1581 his nephew published the only known print of his work, *Las ensaladas de Flecha*. They represent the highpoint of the genre.

Roque Jacinto de Chavarría (1688–1719)



Monastery of San Francisco, Lima

was one of four important criollo composers trained by Araujo at La Plata. Little else is known about him, though he may have been related to an important Spanish family of organ builders and musicians.

His teacher, **Juan de Araujo** (1648–1712), was the finest composer active in the New World. Born in Spain, he emigrated as a child to Lima. From 1672 to 1676 he was *maestro de capilla* at the cathedral there. From 1680 he held a similar post at La Plata, possibly having spent some time at Cusco. At La Plata he had a large establishment of 35 musicians. Of some 158 pieces by him that are known, 142 are villancicos, again testifying to the popularity of the form. His music is quite ‘baroque’ in style – though it is typical of all this music in lagging a generation or two behind European fashion. Araujo is a very fine composer indeed, as I hope you will agree.

Details of the life of Spanish composer **Diego José de Salazar** (d.1709) are in short supply. After being a choirboy at Seville cathedral he became *maestro de capilla* at the nearby village of Estepa, returning to Seville cathedral in 1685, where he succeeded Xuarez as *maestro*. The Seville archive still holds a substantial amount of music by Salazar. He is not known to have visited the New World, but at least seven of his villancicos for one to eight voices have been found in Latin American archives.

Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla (c.1590–1664) was of Mexican extraction, but born in Malaga, where he received his musical training. He served as *maestro de capilla* first in Jerez de la Frontera and then in Cádiz before emigrating to the New World in 1622. In October that year he became *cantor* and assistant *maestro* at Puebla cathedral, which boasted one of the finest musical establishments in Spanish America. He was appointed *maestro* in 1629, remaining there until his death. He was buried in the cathedral, a mark of the esteem in which he was held.

A rather different aspect of his career was the instrument workshop he ran with the assistance of black instrument makers, selling instruments as far afield as Guatemala. He is considered to be possibly the finest composer of his generation, and the equal of any in Spain itself. The Puebla archives hold significant quantities of his Latin liturgical music, much of it in (by then somewhat old-fashioned) polychoral style. He also wrote numerous villancicos, which attracted large crowds to the cathedral on feast days: many of these pieces show the influence of musical styles popular among working-class people from different ethnic backgrounds, such as *negrillas*, *jácaras* and *juguetes*.

Juan García de Zéspedes (c.1619–1678) was born and spent his entire life in Puebla, and his entire career at the cathedral. Here he was chiefly employed as a singer and composer, but in 1664 he became at first interim and then, from 1670, permanent *maestro de capilla*: not entirely without problems, because on two occasions the chapter chastised him for misconduct. His surviving compositions reveal him as a composer adept at different styles.

THE MUSIC

Hanacpachap cussicuinin is a processional hymn in adoration of the Virgin Mary, set in the Inca language, Quechua. Almost certainly the work of a native composer, it was published by the Franciscan scholar Juan Pérez Bocanegra in his *Ritual formulario* (Lima, 1631), a manual for priests written in Quechua and Spanish with reference to both Christian and Inca traditions (which brought him into conflict with the Jesuits). Imagery from these traditions is skilfully blended in *Hanacpachap*, a poem of twenty stanzas, of which we will sing five. Bocanegra actually indicates that the work is ‘to be sung in processions’. The first polyphony to be published in the Americas, it is still widely performed throughout Latin America, its steady drumming creating a haunting atmosphere.

Al compás airecillos is the first of three pieces in a large collection now held in the Archivo Missional of San Ignacio de Moxos, but originally found in different locations across Bolivia. It is a lively, fleeting piece, gentle in tone, imploring the winds and the birds to protect the sleeping Christchild. The structure is unusual: there are no soloists, and the *coplas* (verses) are set mainly in common time; a brief return to triple time at the end acts as a refrain.

The *Missa Octavo Tono* (i.e. set in the eighth mode) is an anonymous setting of the mass from the Moxos collection. Its simple, even perfunctory, nature indicates it might have originated in a Jesuit mission. It is nevertheless extremely attractive, with some lovely baroque-style writing for the two soprano soloists.

La Negrina (the earliest notated example of a *negrilla*) is a fine example of Flecha’s *ensaladas*. The second half, beginning at ‘Florida está bella’ (a lovely soprano solo), took on a separate existence, and served as model for many later pieces in both the old and the new world. It ends rumbustiously with a refrain using the nonsense words characteristic of the villancico.

¡Fuera, fuera! is the third of our Moxos pieces. It is much more boisterous than *Al compás*, reflecting the highly descriptive text, with its interjections of laughter balanced by sighing. The text is split between Indians and Spaniards, though this is not reflected in the musical structure. It is set for alto and tenor soloists and four-part choir, the refrain reappearing after the verses.

The following piece, *Silencio*, is quite different. It is a lyrical and peaceful lullaby, of unusual scale, sung as the Christchild and his mother sleep. The rhythm of the stars is depicted by a change from the prevailing triple to duple time. The verse section has an internal refrain, so

beautiful that we have ended the piece there rather than returning to the opening section.

¡Salga el torillo hosquillo! shows how adventurous the native Spanish villancico could be. This dramatic double-choir setting – found, as are many of Araujo’s works, in the Bolivian National Library in Sucre – is a depiction of a bullfight, in which the matador is transformed into the Christchild (a variant in the same source changes this to the Virgin Mary). The limpidly beautiful melody of the verses provides a wonderful contrast to the exuberant refrain.

¡Ay! ¡Andar! continues the boisterous vein of *¡Salga!*. It celebrates the birth of Jesus in an ecstatic dance, the solo interjections calling on all to dance and sing. No doubt the audience/congregation would have responded vigorously!

Bastião, Bastião is the first of two negrillas originating from the monastery of Santa Cruz in Coimbra, Portugal, where there was an extensive musical community: every novice had to study music and the organ, and instrumentalists were required to perform at services. It is a lively through-composed piece for solo soprano and double chorus. The criollo text includes a considerable amount of nonsense onomatopoeia, some in imitation of musical instruments, and references to hand-clapping, foot-stamping and tambourines.

Exsultate iusti in Domino is our second liturgical piece, this time a double-choir motet in late 16th-century style, splendidly written, with a contrasting central section in triple time. The text is a setting of Psalm 32, vv.1–6: it is used as a general hymn of praise rather than specifically at Christmas, but the sentiments are entirely appropriate. The source is a Puebla choirbook. The Puebla organist Francisco de Vidales used it as the model for his parody mass *Missa super Exsultate*.

Sá aqui turo is our second negrilla in the criollo language from the Coimbra library. This is a delightful piece, with a gentle swing and prominent syncopated rhythms. It is composed for solo bass and double choir, with a *copla* in contrasting tempo and style.

Pasacualillo is described as a ‘villancico de negros’, and is a fascinating example of how complicated and dramatic a villancico could be. The opening section represents a dialogue between the mayor (‘alcalde’) and the people; the mayor calls on them to organise a procession, but first has to get through to four apparently rather dozy individuals. The next section (‘Let’s make a procession’) describes ‘a great fiesta with dancing in the negro district, causing a burst of joyous pleasure’. The mayor then orders all the inhabitants of the village to take part, and there is a final dialogue in bullish anticipation of the happy occasion. The mood continues, if rather more gently, in the solo verses (we shall perform three of the six). The piece is an outstanding example of the rhythmic complexities the villancico could achieve and of the excitement this can generate.

The beautiful, mesmerically simple *Dulce Jesús mio* was found in Jesuit mission archives. It is written in both Spanish and the language of the Chiquitos Indians.

The characters portrayed in our final villancico, *Convidando está la noche*, are panting and sighing because of the excessive emotional heat generated by the sight of the newborn Christ. It opens with an introductory five-voiced *juguete* (a vocal prelude), followed by a lively and hypnotic section in verse-refrain form: this structure is then repeated, with the second half of the *juguete* followed by the remaining verses of the villancico. The fast sections have alternating rhythms of African origin in the style of a *guaracha*, a Mexican dance still popular in Cuba. The synthesis of styles is particularly effective and will, we hope, provide a fitting end to this trip through the New World.

Keith Bennett

HANACPACHAP CUSSICUININ

Hanacpachap cussicuinin
Huaran cacta muchas caiqui,
Yupairuru pucocmallqui,
Runa cunap suyacuinin,
Callpannacpa quemicuinin,
Huaciascaita.

Uyarihuai muchascaita,
Diospa rampan Diospamaman,
Yurac tocto hamancaiman,
Yupascalla, collpascaita,
Huahuaiquiman suyuscaita,
Ricuchillai.

Chipchijcachac catachillai,
Punchau pussac quean tupa,
Cam huacyacpac, manaupa,
Queçaiquicta hamuifillai
Piñascaita quespichillai,
Susurhuana.

Ñocahina pim huanana
Mitanmanta çananmanta,
Tecçe machup churinmanta,
Llapa yallec millaimana,
Muchapuai yasuihuana,
Huahuaiquicta.

Canchac raurac, çuma quilla,
Checanpunchaup çecainin,
Hinantimpa suyacuinin,
Camillacpac choque illa ,
Mana yauyac panpaquilla,
Diospallactan.



AL COMPÁS AIRECILLOS

Al compás airecillos, corred ligeros, pás airecillos,
templando con escarchas del Niño los hielos.
¡Ay, ay, qué veloces! ¡Ay, ay, qué parleros. Rasgan
el cielo lasavecillas, beban alientos puros cristales,
Del queridi, queridito, mi niño, ay, ay.
Que en ti sólo se mira lucir el cielo.
¡Vengan, miren, gocen, beban!
Sacros raudales a hacer pulcheros. ¡Adorele el
cielo, corridi, comidito, corriendo, comiendo,
al enamorado Hechizo! ¡Ay, ay, al queridi,
queridito, ay, más bello.

The bliss of Heaven,
I will worship you a thousandfold,
Revered fruit of a mature tree,
Long awaited by your people,
Protection of spiritual strength,
Heed my call.

Hear my prayer,
Litter of God, Mother of God,
White shoot of the lily,
Worshipped, my barren state,
Show me your son,
Whom I await.

O brilliant light of the Southern Cross,
Meeting with the bringer of the day,
Summon me in my disdain,
Save me
From my anger,
Precious grain store.

Like me, who will take revenge
For his time on earth,
For his lineage,
For the sons of his ancestors,
Overcoming all abominations,
Your child.

Shining, burning beautiful star,
At the break of the pure light of day,
My trust in you is this,
The lightning will sully you,
Universal star that never dwindles,
City of god.

Blow lightly in time, gentle winds and calm down
with frost the child’s fears. Ay, ay, with what speed!
Ay, ay, with what singing! The strings of the sky are
strummed. Let the little birds drink in courage
With chastely clean crystals from the beloved one.
O my child, for by you alone is seen Heaven lit up.
Come and gaze, enjoy and imbibe.
Sacred abundance with which to make
nourishment. Heavens, adore him, run, hasten,
running to the enchanted beloved. To the beloved
one, O how yet more handsome he is.

Coplas

Niño de amores, precioso objeto, mi culpa buscas. !Ay, qué remedio! Buene es la noche pues entre el hielo tu diedad, niñito mío. No quiero, no, padezcas mis yerros. ¡Adórelele el cielo...

Portal de flores, que bate el viento, aunque tiritas, !Ay, qué remedio! De amor el broche y a mi con suelo no duermes mi niño hermoso. No quiero, no, private el sosiego. ¡Adórelele el cielo...

KYRIE

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

GLORIA

Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis. Laudamus te, benedicimus te, adoramus te, glorificamus te, gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam, Domine Deus, Rex caelestis, Deus Pater omnipotens. Domine Fili unigenite, Iesu Christe. Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis. Qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram. Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere nobis. Quoniam tu solus Sanctus. Tu solus Dominus. Tu solus Altissimus, Jesu Christe, cum Sancto Spiritu, in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

LA NEGRINA

Florida estaba la rosa, que o vento le volvía la folla. Caminemos y veremos a Dios hecho ya mortal. ¿qué diremos, qué cantemos al que nos libró de mal, y al alma de ser cativa? ¡Viva, viva, viva, viva! canta tu y responderé: San Sabeya, gugurumbé, alangandanga, gugurumbé. Mantenga señor Joan Branca, mantenga vosa merçé. ¿Sabé como é ya nacido aya em Berem, un Niño muy garrido? Sa muy ben. Vamo a ver su nacimiento, Dios, pesebre echado está. Sa contento. Vamo ayá. ¡Sú! Vení que ye verá. Bonasa, bonasa. Su camisoncico rondaro, çagarano, çagarano. Su sanico coyo roso. Sa hermoso, sa hermoso, çucar miendro ye verá. Alangandanga gugurumbé. San Sabeya, gugurumbé, alangandanga, gugurumbé. Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Verses

Child of love and precious thing, you seek out my faults, O what else can I do? How good is the night since in amongst the frost there is your Godness, my little child. No, I do not want you to suffer for my errors. Heavens adore him...

Even though you shiver in the manger of flowers beaten by the wind, O what else can I do? By the love of my treasure, and to my comfort you do not sleep my wonderful child. No, I do not want to deprive you of your peace. Heavens adore him...

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.



Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ. O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of the Father, have mercy upon us. For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord. Thou only art most high, Jesus Christ, with the Holy Spirit, in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

The rose was in bloom in the wind, its leaves stirring. Let us go and see God in mortal flesh appearing. What shall we say, what shall we sing to him who delivered us from evil, to him who set our souls free? Long may he live! Long may he live! Sing first and I'll answer Saint Sabeya, gugurumbé, alangandanga, gugurumbé. Protect you Mr John Branca and keep you always. Did you know that in yonder Bethlehem a fine baby boy has been born? That's great news! Let's go there, let's visit the crib where God lies. Gladly, let's go there. Come, let's go and see him. He is gentle and good. Lying there wrapped in his smock. So beautiful and sweet in his little red cot. He is lovely, lovely, sweet as sugar, you'll see. Alangandanga, gugurumbé, Saint Sabeya gugurumbé, alangandanga, gugurumbé. Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.



Christo Bianco statue overlooking Cusco

CREDO

Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, factorem caeli et terrae, visibilium omnium et invisibilium. Et in unum Dominum, Jesum Christum, Filium Dei unigenitum, Et ex Patre natum ante omnia saecula. Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine, Deum verum de Deo vero. Genitum, non factum, consubstantialem Patri: per quem omnia facta sunt. Qui propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem descendit de caelis. Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto ex Maria Virgine: Et homo factus est. Crucifixus etiam pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato: passus, et sepultus est. Et resurrexit tertia die, secundum scripturas. Et ascendit in caelum: sedet ad dexteram Patris. Et iterum venturus est cum gloria judicare vivos et mortuos: Cujus regni non erit finis. Et in Spiritum sanctum Dominum, et vivificantem: Qui ex Patre, Filioque procedit. Qui cum Patre et Filio simul adoratur et conglorificatur: Qui locutus est per Prophetas. Et unam, sanctam, catholicam et apostolicam Ecclesiam. Confiteor unum baptisma in remissionem peccatorum. Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum: Et vitam venturi saeculi. Amen.

¡FUERA, FUERA!

Espanoles ¡Fuera, fuera! ¡Háganles lugar! Que los indios vienen y no es novedad. ¡Ha ha ha hay! El que en el portal la perdida tribu fue a resollar. ¡Ha ha ha hay! Además, ¡Ha ha ha hay! que al pesebre vino todo irracional. ¡Ha ha ha hay! *Indios* Ne borláis, pastor español, mera, todos somos gente, hijos de al Adán, Y la Niño todos veneron buscar. Con perdón, ¿no viste también animal? Boye, mula, pisco. En Belén estar ¿ima raicu mari gentes no haberán?

I believe in one God, the Father almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible. And in one Lord, Jesus Christ, only begotten Son of God, begotten of his Father before all worlds. God of God, light of light, very God of very God. Begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father: by whom all things were made, who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven. And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary: and was made man. And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate: suffered, and was buried. And the third day He rose again according to the scriptures. And ascended into heaven: and sitteth at the right hand of the Father. And He shall come again with glory to judge the living and the dead: His kingdom shall have no end. And I believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord and giver of life: who proceedeth from the Father and Son. Who with the Father and Son together is worshipped and glorified: who spake by the Prophets. And in one holy catholic and apostolic church. I acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins. And I look for the resurrection of the dead: and the life of the world to come. Amen.

Spaniards Get away from here! Make space, For the Indians are coming And that's not news. Ha ha ha hah! That the remote tribe was noisily going to breathe on he who is in the stable. Ha ha ha hah! Furthermore, ha ha ha hah! For everything that was crazy had come to the manger. Ha ha ha hah! *Indians* Do not mock us, Spanish Shepherd, all of us are simply people who are sons of Adam, and everyone has come in search of the Christchild. Excuse us, did you also not see an animal? Snake, mule, turkey. All are gathered in Bethlehem. Why shouldn't people also be there? Alas! In this world we are all sons of Adam.

¡Ay, tal! No borláis reyendo con su
ha ha ha hay!

Españoles Dicen bien, zagales, Dejémoslos
ya Celebrar al sol, pues su claridad para
todos nace hermosa, bella, lúcida y sagaz.

¡Ha ha ha hay!

Indios Ari, cuschisum, con música de cantar,
a la Niño más mijor que composo Tenedad.

¡Achalay, achalay! Pputijnijpac, sosperar.

¡Achalay achalay! Llaquijnijpac, sollozar.

¡Achalay achalay!

Españoles Como es su gloria descanso Sosiego y
serenidad. Suspira.

Indios Sospera

Españoles Y llora.

Indios Y llora

Españoles Gime sin parar.

Indios ¡Achalay achalay!

Todos ¡Fuera, fuera! ¡Háganles lugar! ¡Ha ha hay!

Coplas

Indios Quezás, Neño, sois la Dios, Que lo
meramos, quezás. Yo no hey visto más muy
lindo como osté en la portal. ¡Achalay achalay!
Españoles Es verdad, como hermosura del cielo,
de sus luces claridad. ¡Achalay achalay!

SILENCIO

Silencio, pacito, quedito, quedo: que la Infanta
María yase durmiendo. Silencio, pacito, quedito,
quedo: y con tiernos arrullos y con dulces
gorgeos en la región del aire se oien sonoros
ecos, al compás que los astros lleban con su
continuo movimiento, formando un rumor
dulce, que a las voses les sirve de instrumento,
cuio estrépito blando dise en mudos asentos: a la
rro, a la rro, que se duerme mi dueño. Quedito,
pacito, quedo, con dulces suspensiones dormida
hase la aurora del sol vello.

Coplas

Oi con dulsuras el alva néctares vierte de amor,
y a el aliento de las flores se duerme en brazos
del sol. Vientos, suspensión. Los riscos, montes
y selbas vivifica con su albor, suspendiendo el
movimiento del aire su propención. Astros,
suspención. Fuentes, arroyos y ríos, no corráis
curso velos, pues vuestros puros cristales detiene
su resplendor. Aguas, suspensión. Duerme
castísima aurora; duerme purísima flor: que tus
sopores despiertan del mundo la Redempción.
Cielos, suspensión.

Alas! Do not mock us in your laughing with your
Ha ha ha hah.

Spaniards Listen to how well they speak, lads, let's
leave them now to worship the sun, for clarity of its
light was born for everyone, beautiful and lovely,
magnificent and wise.

Indians Yes, yes, allow us to cheer him with music to
sing to the best child part of the Trinity.

Rejoice, rejoice! We shall grieve and sigh.

Rejoice, rejoice! We shall work and sob.

Rejoice, rejoice!

Spaniards Such is his glory that in his slumber with
peacefulness and tranquillity. He sighs.

Indians He sighs

Spaniards And cries

Indians And weeps

Spaniards Wailing without stopping.

Indians Rejoice, rejoice!

All Get away from here! Make space! Ha ha hah!

Verses

Indians Maybe, child who we are gazing at, perhaps
you are the God. And there is no more lovely sight
than you in the crib. Rejoice, rejoice!
Spaniards It is truly like beauty from Heaven, the
light from its stars. Rejoice, rejoice!

Silence, gently, quiet, hush: for Mary our princess
is sleeping. Silence, gently, quiet, hush: and with
tender cooing and with sweet warbling in the
region of the air melodious echoes are heard,
in time with the rhythm the stars beat in their
unceasing movement, creating a sweet undertone
that serves their voices as an instrument, whose
gentle sound says in quiet tones: hushabye,
hushabye; sleep my lady. Silence, gently, hush:
with sweet stillness she has fallen asleep, the dawn
of the lovely sun.

Verses

Today with sweetness the dawn pours forth the
nectar of love, and, wafted by the flowers, she
sleeps in the arms of the sun. Winds, be still.
The crags, hills and forests her clear light enlivens,
stilling the breeze as she extends her rays.
Stars, be still. Springs, streams and rivers,
do not run swiftly, for her radiance stills
your pure crystal. Waters, be still.
Sleep, chastest dawn; sleep, purest flower:
for your slumbers awake the Redemption
of the world. Heavens, be still.

¡SALGA EL TORILLO HOSQUILLO!

¡Salga el torillo hosquillo! ¡Ho! ¡Ho! ¡Ho! ¡Ho! ¡Que
se aguarde! ¡Que se espere! ¡Que se tenga! mientras
me pongo en cobro, en cobro, yo. Que se aguarde!
Que se espere! Que se tenga! Ho! ¡Ho! Mas ¡ay, qué
fiero! el toro ligero corriendo salió tras mi bien. Pero
¡no! ¡Tras mí! Yo le vi, al amado dueño mío; Yo le
vi, que le está esperando el niño; Yo le vi, ti, ti-ri-ti,
tiritando. Ti, ti-ri-ti, tiritando, no de miedo, sino de
frío. Pero ¡No! Que se aguarde!...

Coplas

Del vulgo de las nubes, se despejó la plaza, poblando
las estrellas, del cielo las ventanas. Un Niño, que es
muy hombre, espera en la campaña, y ha de matar
el Toro, que es toreador del hampa. Con la capa
del hombre, el niño entra en la plaza; romperá
el Toro, y en eso el hombre gana. En un portal le
estrecha, del bruto la amenaza; a todos nos defiende,
y de Sí no se repara. Del toreador la muerte está
profetizada; mi suerte está en que muera,
aunque es por mi desgracia.

¡AY, ANDAR!

¡Ay! ¡Andar, andar, andar! ¡A tocar, a cantar, a bailar!
¡A cantar todo gargüero! Que si no quiere cantar, ¡por
la ley de los folijones, la garganta perderá! ¡Ay! ¡Andar,
andar, andar!

¡Ay! ¡A tocar todo pandero! Nadie se podrá excusar,
que donde ay mucho concurso, ¡muchos panderos
habrá! ¡Ay! ¡Andar, andar, andar! ¡A bailar todo
Juanete! Que no podrá disculpar; ¡condenase a
sabañones por huir la agilidad! ¡Ay! ¡Andar, andar,
andar! ¡Que toca y retoca y repica Pascual! Que hoy
ha nacido una rara beldad. ¡Que todos y todas y
muchos y más, astillas se hagan a puro bailar! Repite
Pascual ... cual ... cual. ¿Cuál será en creciendo
aquesta Deidad, si recién nacida no tiene otra igual?
¡Que toca y retoca y repica Pascual, pues hoy ha
nacido quien vida nos da! ¡Repica bien las sonajas,
porque hoy, haciéndome rajas, he de bailar con
ventajas, al airoso vendaval! ¡Que toca y retoca y
repica Pascual ... Folijón en español quiere la Madre
del sol; no tiene en su facistol otro mejor Portugal.
¡Que toca y retoca y repica Pascual ... Un monaguillo
atrevido, encaramando el chillido; da un grito tan
desmedido, que le quita a un sordo el mal. ¡Que toca
y retoca y repica Pascual ... A otro, dando zapatetas,
no le valieron las tretas, que, en lugar de zapatetas,
dió el colodrillo al umbral. ¡Que toca y retoca y repica
Pascual, pues hoy ha nacido quien vida nos da!

Let in the little black-faced bull! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah!
Hold him back! Make him wait! Keep him there! while
I get myself into cover. Hold him back! Make him
wait! Keep him there! Hah! Hah! But, alas, how fierce
he is! The swift bull dashed out after my love. But no!
After me! I saw him, my beloved lord. I saw him; for
the boy child is waiting for him, I saw him, shi ... shi
... shivering. Shi ... shi ... shivering, not with fear, but
with cold. But no! Hold him back!...

Verses

It cleared the square of the rabble of clouds, filling the
windows of Heaven with stars. A boy child, who is all
man, is waiting in the arena, and is sure to kill the bull,
for he is a dashing toreador. In the cloak of a man, the
boy child enters the ring; the bull will tear it apart, and
thus mankind will win. In the doorway of the stable,
the menacing brute confines him. He defends us all,
and thinks nothing of himself. The bullfighter's death
has been foretold; my good fortune depends on his
dying, though he is dying for my misfortune.

Hey! Come on! Play, sing and dance! Open your
throats and sing! For he who refuses to sing, by the
law of the jig, will lose his throat for ever! Hey! Come
on! Hey! Come on shake those tambourines! No one
has any excuse, for wherever there's a throng there will
always be plenty of fools! Hey! Come on, come on,
come on! Get dancing all you bunions! For there's no
excuse at all. You'll be condemned to chilblains if you
try to dodge the dancing! Hey! Come on! Let Pascual
play it, play it and play it again! For a rare beauty has
been born today. Let all men and women, many and
more, wear themselves out purely by dancing! Play it
again, Pascual. What will this Deity be like when it
grows up, if, new-born, it is already without equal? Let
Pascual play it, play it and play it again, for this is his
birthday who gives life to us all! Set the jingles jingling,
because today, though I wear myself out, I shall outdo
the West Wind with my dancing. Let Pascual play it...
The mother of the sun desires a Spanish jig; Portugal
has nothing better in its facistol. Let Pascual play it...
A mischievous altar boy, raising his high-pitched voice;
gives out such a great shout, that even a deaf man
might hear it. Let Pascual play it... Another, leaping to
kick his heels, couldn't perform the trick, and instead
of kicking his heels fell flat on his back just like that!
Let Pascual play it... for this is his birthday who gives
life to us all!



Coimbra

BASTIÃO, BASTIÃO

Bastião, Bastião, Flunando, Flancico
 Palente placero nozo gelação
 Juntamo nosso pandorga
 Nossa festa de tão balalão.
 De guguluga de tão balalão
 De glande folia, que cosfessa cos alegria
 Me say pelos oyo minha colação.
 Ploque rezão tanto flugamento ha!
 De guguluga de tão balalão,
 Siolo capitão qui gente pleto zunta
 Debaixo sua plegão?
 Ha ha ha, de gugulugu de guguluga
 Que esses campo se abrása
 Ploque sol està no chão.
 Ha ha ha, buli co a pé de guguluga de guguluga
 De guguluga de gugulugue,
 Ha ha ha, corré, baya de guguluga de guguluga
 De guguluga de tão balalão,
 Os oyo na céu gi olho na chão
 Façamolo solfa nos palma de mão.
 Que tão palatão, tão, tão, tão,
 Que tum polutum, tum tum tum,
 Que tum que tão, guluguluga gulugulugu,
 Flutai pequenina, minha colação
 Que tum, que tão, guluguluga gulugulugu,
 forrai os pletinho siolo Zezu,
 que tão que tum, guluguluga, gulugulugu,
 façamolo solfa nos palma de mão.

Sebastian, Sebastian, Ferdinand, Francisco,
 Kinsman, member of our generation
 Let us unite our tambourines
 In the festival of tão balalão,
 Of guguluga of tão balalão
 of great revelry, for I confess that for joy
 My heart is bursting from my eyes.
 What is the reason for such rejoicing,
 De guguluga de tão balalão,
 Sir Captain, which brings the black people
 together under its banner?
 Ha ha ha, de gugulugu de guguluga
 These fields are abaze
 Because the sun is on the earth.
 Ha ha ha, let us move our feet de guguluga de
 guguluga. De guguluga de gugulugué,
 Ha ha ha, Run, dance de guguluga de guguluga
 De guguluga de tão balalão,
 Our eyes towards heaven, our knees on the ground,
 Let us do our sol-fa In the palm of our hands.
 Que tão palatão, tão, tão, tão,
 Que tum polutum, tum tum tum,
 Que tum que tão, guluguluga gulugulugu
 My heart becomes very tiny,
 Que tum que tão, guluguluga gulugulugu,
 Free the little negroes Lord Jesus,
 Que tão que tum, guluguluga gulugulugu
 Let us do our sol-fa in the palm of our hands.

EXSULTATE IUSTI IN DOMINO

Exsultate iusti in Domino; rectos decet
 collaudatio. Confitemini Domino in cithara;
 in psalterio decem chordarum psallite illi.
 Cantate ei canticum novum; bene psallite
 ei in vociferatione. Quia rectum est verbum
 Domini, et omnia opera eius in fide. Diliget
 misericordiam et iudicium; misericordia
 Domini plena est terra. Verbo Domini caeli
 firmati sunt, et spiritu oris eius omnis
 virtus eorum.

SÁ AQUI TURO

Sá aqui turo zente pleta turo zente de Guine
 tambor flauta e casseta y carcave na sua pé.
 Vamos o fazer huns fessa O menino Manué,
 he he he.

Canta Bacião, canta tu Thomé, canta tu, canta
 tu Flanciquia, canta Caterija canta tu, canta tu
 Flunando, canta tu Resnando, canta tu, oya oya:

Turo neglo hare cantá ha cantamo e bayamo que
 forro ficamo. Ha tanhemo y cantamo, ha frugamo
 e tanhemo, ha tocamo pandero ha flauta y carcavé,
 ha dizemo que biba: biba mia siola y biba Zuzé.

PASACUALILLO

Pasacualillo, Júzguele plimo, Antonillo,
 Flaciquillo, Manuelillo, qué quele plimo venga
 turo lo neglilloque manda al señor alcalde. Que
 pue venimo a Belena con la blanca la molena –
 no comamo el pan de balde. Dioso le gualde
 Dioso le gualde al señol alcalde. Dio so le gualde
 lo plimo su plesona hagamo una plesiona a
 lon Dioso que hanaciro donde baile lo neglillo
 y mándese plegonal polque venga a noticia de
 turu el lugar. Dioso le gualde al Siol alcalde y yo
 la plegonale parece nos bé a plegonal a su melce.
 Manda el alcalde Miguel que tuvo Santu Tumé
 en el potal de Belén a la plocesiona venga y la
 danza se plevenga y mándese plegonal polque
 venga a noticia de turu el lugar. Venga neglo y
 negla! Venga, venga! Venga y la danza se plevenga!
 Venga, venga donde baile lo neglillo a lon Dioso
 que ha naciros; que seamo de contar y mánde se
 plegonal y mándese plegonal polque venga a
 noticia de turu el lugar.

Rejoice in the Lord, o ye righteous; for it becometh
 well the just to be thankful. Praise the Lord with
 harp: sing praises unto him with the lute, and
 instrument of ten strings. Sing unto the Lord a new
 song: sing praises lustily unto him with good courage.
 For the word of the Lord is true: and all his works are
 faithful. He loveth righteousness and judgment; the
 earth is full of the goodness of the Lord. By the word
 of the Lord were the heavens made: and all the hosts
 of them by the breath of his mouth.

All here are black people, all people of Guinea with
 drum, flute and castanets, and jingles on their feet.
 We are going to celebrate the feast of the infant
 Emmanuel, he he he.

Sing, Sebastian, sing out Thomas, sing out, sing out
 Francis, sing, Catherine, sing out, sing out Ferdinand,
 sing out, Raymond, sing out, listen, listen:

All negroes can sing, we sing and dance for we are
 free. We play and sing, we frolic and play, we play the
 tambourine, the flute and the jingles, we cheer and
 cry out: 'Long live Our Lady and Joseph!'

Pasacualillo. Imagine cousin! Antonio, Flaciquillo,
 Manuelillo, what do you want, cousin, let every
 black come, for the mayor orders it. So we come to
 Bethlehem with the white girl and the dark girl –
 don't let's eat bread in vain. God protect the mayor.
 God protect ... Let's make a procession to the God
 who has been born, where the negro dances, and
 order it to be proclaimed so that it is brought to the
 notice of the whole village. God protect the mayor
 And I will proclaim it. It seems right to proclaim it
 to His Grace. Mayor Miguel orders that St Thomas
 be brought to the gate of Bethlehem, to come to the
 procession and prepare the dance and order for it to
 be proclaimed so that it comes to the notice of the
 whole village. Come black man and black woman!
 Come, come! And prepare the dance. Come, come!
 And come to the procession where the black people
 will dance for the God who has been born; let's be a
 large number and order it to be proclaimed so that it
 comes to the notice of the whole village.

Copla

Pala hacel en un momento una plocesion que espanta la de la semana santa hagamo la nacimiento; y es a buen entendimiento pues que el niño de Belén aún no acaba de nacer cuando comienza a penar.

Pues que eça la noche Buena en que los neglo no ayuna si ha de salir paso alguna salga al paso la cena y la llebaremos llena de turrón de Alicante pol que pueda el disciplinante algún consuelo tomar.

Saquemo el paso del huerto que la noche turu es flores y admiremo a los pastores de ver neglo con consierto. Pero que cuidemo advierto yo la apsoto la bermeja que si moleno la deja lo niño que via a besar.

DULCE JESÚS MÍO

Yyaî Jesuchristo apoquíruí,
itacu niyucípî ninahît' zobi.
Dulce Jesús mío mirad con piedad
mi alma perdida por culpa mortal.

CONVIDANDO ESTA LA NOCHE

Juguete Convidando esta la noche aquí de músicas varias. Al recién nacido infante canten tiernas alabanzas.

Guaracha ¡Ay, que me abraso! ¡ay! Divino dueño ¡Ay!
En la hermosura ¡Ay! De tus ojuelos ¡Ay! ¡Ay, como llueven ¡Ay! Siendo luceros ¡Ay! Rayos de gloria ¡Ay! Rayos de fuego ¡Ay! ¡Ay, que la gloria ¡Ay! Del portaliño ¡Ay! Ya viste rayos ¡Ay! Sí arrojajalos ¡Ay! ¡Ay, que su madre ¡Ay! Como en su espejo ¡Ay! Mira en (su) lucencia ¡Ay! Sus crecimientos ¡Ay!

Juguete Alegres cuando festivas unas hermosas zagalas, con novedad entonaron Juguetes por la guaracha.

Guaracha En las guarachas ¡Ay! Le festinemos, ¡Ay! Mientras el niño, ¡Ay! Se rinde al sueño, ¡Ay! Toquen y bailen, ¡Ay! Porque tenemos, ¡Ay! Fuego en la nieve, ¡Ay! Nieve en el fuego, ¡Ay! Pero el chicote, ¡Ay! A un mismo tiempo, ¡Ay! Lloro y se ríe, ¡Ay! Que dos extremos, ¡Ay! Paz a los hombres, ¡Ay! Don de los cielos, ¡Ay! A Dios las gracias, ¡Ay! Porque callemos, ¡Ay!

Verses

To make at the same time a procession which is a portrayal of both Holy Week and the birth; it makes sense, since the child of Bethlehem is hardly born before he begins to sorrow.

As it's Christmas eve, when the blacks don't fast, if any procession is to go out let supper go out to the procession: and we'll take it full of Christmas nougat from Alicante, so the penitent can take some consolation.

Let the procession leave from the garden as the night is all flowers, and let us surprise the shepherds to see blacks with music. But I warn you to take care, I'll wager the red one will leave the child she has come to kiss dark.

My sweet Jesus look with mercy on my soul
lost through mortal guilt.
My sweet Jesus look with mercy on my soul
lost through mortal guilt.

Juguete The night is inviting here with varied music. To the newborn child sing tender praises.

Guaracha Oh!, I'm ablaze, oh! Divine Lord, oh! in the loveliness, oh! of your little eyes, oh! Oh!, how they rain, oh! though they are stars, oh! rays of glory, oh! rays of fire, oh! Oh!, how the glory, oh! of the little manger, oh! is dressed in light; oh! how it shines forth now, oh! Oh!, how his mother, oh! as if in her mirror, oh! gazes at his light, oh! watches him grow, oh!

Juguete Merry and festive, lovely shepherdeses sang wonderful new juguetes for the guaracha.

Guaracha In our guarachas, oh! let us acclaim him, oh! while the boy-child, oh! drifts off to sleep, oh! Play and dance, oh! because we have, oh! fire in the snow, oh! snow in the fire, oh! But the little fellow, oh! at the same time, oh! weeps and chuckles, oh! at two extremes, oh! Peace to all men, oh! is Heaven's gift; oh! So thanks be to God, oh! because we've finished, oh!



Puebla Cathedral

Kate Semmens is a soprano with a wide and varied career. She has sung with many choirs and consorts including the Monteverdi Choir, Gabrieli Consort, Dunedin Consort, Eric Whitacre Singers and Brabant Ensemble. In opera, Kate has played many roles including the title role in John Stanley's *Teraminta* for Opera Restor'd, Asteria in Handel's *Tamerlano*, the title role in Mozart's *Il Re Pastore* and has recently completed a run of Salieri's *La Locandiera* playing the role of Lena, for New Chamber Opera. She has also been working on a project based around Humperdink's *Hansel and Gretel* for Stanley Hall Opera, and has had a very busy year of solo recitals, collaborating largely with harpsichordist Steven Devine. She has just completed a recording of Tavener with Andrew Parrott and will be returning to work with him in the New Year.

Jane Hunt has varied musical interests and a wide repertoire. She sings with Paragon Singers, Harmonia Sacra and Operaletta. She is also a member of Musicke in the Ayre, who specialise in performing 16th- and 17th-century music. Jane has sung solos in choral works ranging from the Schütz *Christmas Story* to John Rutter's *Requiem*. She enjoys giving vocal recitals, recent venues including the Holburne Museum, Bath and St Paul's Church, Covent Garden. Earlier this year she created roles in two new operas by Malcolm Hill, written for Bath Chamber Opera and premiered at The Rondo Theatre.

Neil Moore studied at The City of Belfast School of Music and read music at The University of Glasgow, where he conducted the wind band and orchestra and sang at St. Mary's Episcopal Cathedral. He later sang with St Mary's Episcopal Cathedral Choir under Matthew Owens and with Hereford Cathedral Choir under Geraint Bowen. He has appeared in the Three Choirs Festival, broadcast on television and radio, recorded several CDs and toured the US extensively. He took a choir to the finals of BBC Choir of the Year in 2008. Since coming to the Bath area in 2011, Neil has sung in several choirs and directed Bath Cantata Group, Beckington Village Choir, Oakfield Choir Frome and, until recently, Colerne Military Wives Choir. In 2013 he helped establish the professional vocal octet Vox8. He is also a director of Musicians South West CIC in which he plays clarinet and saxophone.

Rupert Drury's musical education began at Ripon Cathedral, where he was Head Chorister. After completing his training at Durham University and the Royal Academy of Music, he has gone on to guide young musicians in their vocational pursuits through his role as Director of Music at King Edward's School in Bath. Rupert has performed many oratorios and operas in the UK, several of which with local ensembles such as The Bath Philharmonia, and both Swindon and Bath Choral Societies. Of his operatic roles, many with Bath Opera, the most recent are: Sam in Weill's *Street Scene*, the title role in Britten's *Peter Grimes* and Alfredo in Verdi's *La Traviata*. Rupert is thrilled to be performing again with the Paragon Singers.

Richard Fitzsimmons started singing while at school in North London, and he settled in the Bath area after studying for an engineering degree at Bath University. Rick has sung for many years in choirs around Bath and elsewhere, but more recently he has focussed on singing in small groups and solo work. He is a founder member of the singing and instrumental group Mendip Voices and the Bath based Vox8 octet, and he is also a regular singer at Blackdowns Early Music Projects events in Devon.

Simone Rebello graduated with Distinction from the Royal Northern College of Music in 1991 to embark on a career as a solo percussionist that has seen her recording several CDs (the latest with the BBC Singers), touring and broadcasting extensively nationally and internationally and winning a collection of awards and prizes including Cosmopolitan Woman of the Year in the Performing Arts. She works frequently as a concerto soloist with wind orchestras and brass bands around the world and as a solo recitalist. She is Director of Percussion at The Royal Northern College of Music.

Steven Hollas read music and history of art at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. He teaches piano, harpsichord and organ in Bradford on Avon, mainly at the Wiltshire Music Centre. He plays continuo for Bradford Baroque Band and accompanies several choirs and soloists in the area.

Keith Bennett studied music at Oxford, where he was organ scholar at Brasenose College, and at Trinity College of Music. He was awarded a doctorate from Oxford in 1978 for his study of the Italian madrigalist Luca Marenzio. From 1979–2004 he was a principal lecturer at Bath Spa University, including 18 years as Course Director of the BA Music degree. As well as conducting Paragon Singers, he has performed widely as an accompanist, continuo player and singer.

The Six

The Six play early wind music on period instruments. They specialise in the late Renaissance and early Baroque repertoire for cornetts and sackbuts. The composition of the group is flexible, and varies according to the demands of the programme, adding recorders and dulcian, for example. At that time these instruments were widely used in instrumental and choral music. The Six have collaborated with several chamber choirs in performances of this repertoire.

| | |
|-----------------|--|
| <i>Cornetts</i> | David Jarratt-Knock, Wayne Plummer |
| <i>Sackbuts</i> | Abie Jones, Jonathan Morgan, Dave Todd |
| <i>Dulcian</i> | Rachel Haggarty |

Folia Baroque

Formed while all its members were studying for Historical Performance degrees, Folia Baroque have enjoyed playing a vast array of repertoire for various instrumental combinations. All members play violin and viols; Folia Baroque plays as a viol consort and broken consort in addition to more traditional Baroque chamber music combinations. Folia Baroque have collaborated with leading early musicians such as Margaret Faultless, Judy Tarling, Peter Holman, Anthony Rooley and Philip Thorby in various concerts and venues both in the UK and abroad.

| | |
|----------------|---------------------------------|
| <i>Violins</i> | Conor Gricmanis, Claire Edwards |
| <i>Cello</i> | Ruth Hallows |



Paragon Singers

Paragon Singers was formed in 1976. In recent years the choir has come increasingly to specialise in Renaissance, Baroque and 20th-century music and is now considered a leading chamber choir in these fields in the area. The choir performs several times a year in and around Bath and has made concert tours to Kenya, Ireland, France and Holland and Germany. It has twice collaborated with the Thomas-Selle-Vokalensemble from Berlin, giving concerts in Bath and Berlin, and a further collaboration is planned to take place in Venice in May 2016.

Sopranos Pamela Bennett, Charlotte de Grey, Julia Draper, Regan Gardner, Mary Henderson, Josephine Herrlinger, Jane Hunt, Stephanie Lockhart

Altos Gill Clarke, Margaret Graham, Catherine Mitchell, Neil Moore, Catherine Richards

Tenors Rupert Bevan, Mike Gumbley, James Henderson, Dan Perry, Gareth Somerset, George White

Basses Rick Fitzsimmons, Peter Hodgson, Paul Maine, Tony Shield, Nicholas Stuart



Moxos, Bolivian Festival

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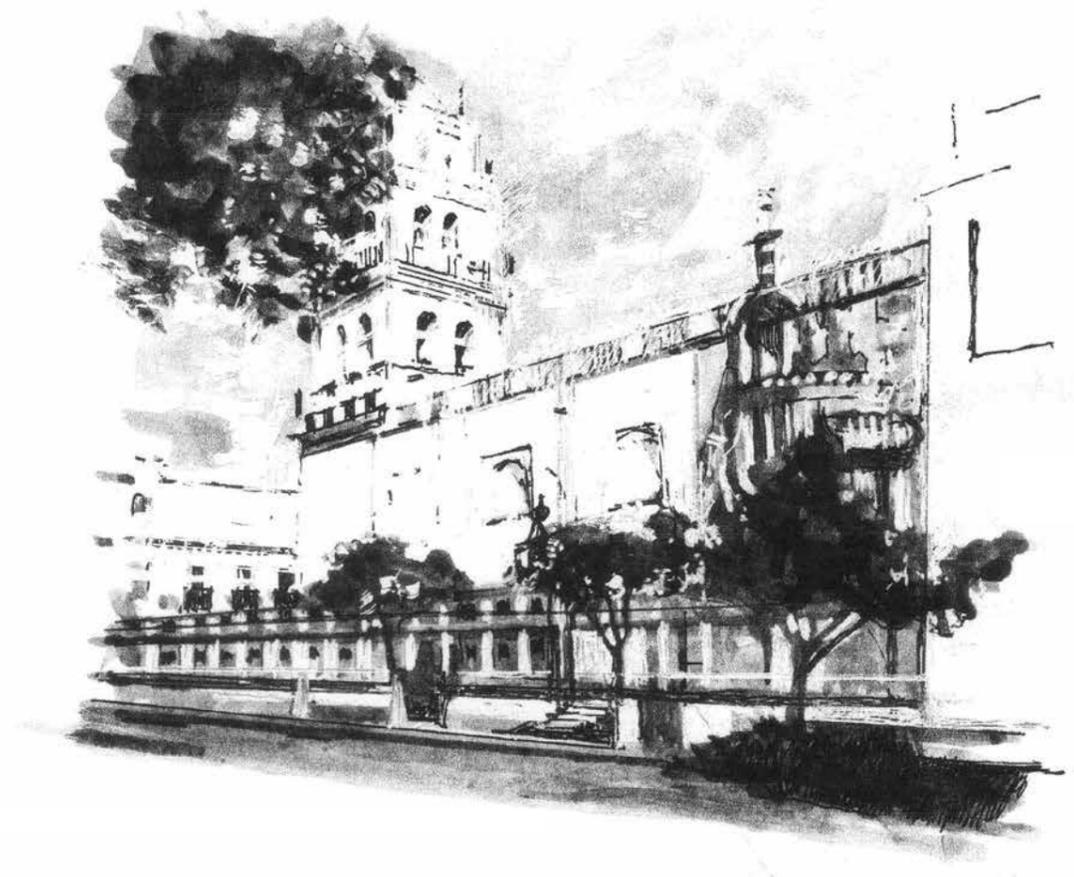
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Are you a singer? Paragon is always interested in high quality singers who have an interest in our repertoire. If you would like to sing with Paragon, then please contact Keith Bennett on 01225 723090.



Sucre

Cover image: Moxos, Bolivian Festival

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