

SOMM
RECORDINGS



Tomorrow is today

Songs of love, beauty and the passing of time



Papagena

includes First Recordings

This is the third album to be issued on the SOMM label by the female vocal group Papagena, offering their chosen broad range of music in unique stylisations and range of expression.

In this new collection many of the pieces are variously connected with themes of beauty (human and divine as well as that of the natural world) together with the passing of time, in an attempt to create a narrative relating to these subjects and presented in a sequence that weaves individual tonalities, tempos and styles into a broader sense of organic flow.

However, this collection does not always have to be heard as a large-scale organic unity – although that may very well be the listener's initial experience – for such are the expressive qualities of individual pieces that they may draw the listener back as being particularly favourable. A noteworthy fingerprint for Papagena is the natural mixture and juxtaposition of genres, an approach arising from the inherent paucity of music written for the group's combination and range of voices, and heard in this new collection in the opening set of four items, united in their expression of love in various guises: the sincere love of a humble girl for her weaver; passionate sexual attraction; love within a family unit; and coquettish flirtation.

The collection opens with two arrangements by Sarah Tenant-Flowers. The first is of an original SATB setting by Sir James MacMillan of a poem by Robert Burns describing the simple, uncomplicated love of a woman for her **Gallant Weaver**.

Love in its more physical expression is found in the second arrangement, of **Si, ch'io vorrei morire** (Yes, I should wish to die) by Claudio Monteverdi, from his Fourth Book of Madrigals (first published in 1603). This piece graphically portrays sexual love through chromatic rising and falling lines and exquisitely expressive dissonance. It is not really an arrangement

as such, more an attempt to preserve Monteverdi's lines as much as possible whilst making the piece accessible to women's voices.

Oy khodyt son (Dream passes by) is a traditional Ukrainian folk song in a further arrangement by Sarah Tenant-Flowers. She was moved by the disconnection between the simple beauty of the tune and its peaceful text, which paints a cosy domestic scene – cat by the fire, child asleep – and the reality of what is currently happening in Ukraine. Tension is reflected in the underpinning dissonances, which do not, however, intrude upon the melody. The resultant sound-picture reveals a scene of domestic bliss, with further characterisations of Sleep and Dream finding repose in the home blessed with the love of parents for their child.

The track that follows, **Kaval sviri** (The kaval [a type of flute] is playing), is a traditional, energetic Bulgarian folk song performed in an arrangement by Petar Lyondev (1936–2018). Eastern European music is a great source of vocal repertoire for women's voices; on this track, Papagena adds a strain of body percussion to Lyondev's original, as a young girl weighs up her future marriage prospects.

Calm returns in Track 5, a beautiful arrangement by Gunnar Eriksson of Henry Purcell's haunting **Music for a while** – a song from the English composer's incidental music to the play *Oedipus* (1692) written by John Dryden and Nathaniel Lee.

The ability of music to calm a Fury's rage and "all... cares beguile" is also to be found in the next three pieces, each from a different sacred tradition, linked by references to love and beauty.

The first is **Holi** by the mezzo-soprano, choral conductor and composer Shivani Rattan (b.1998), a member of Papagena. Holi is a Hindu celebration involving the throwing of coloured powders and water, feasts and dancing to mark the arrival of spring and the divine love of Krishna and Radha.

The music of **Sicut lilium** has been attributed to Leonora d'Este (1515–1575), a daughter of Lucrezia Borgia, who died when Leonora was just four years old. The text is from the Song of Songs, and the motet is sung at Vespers (Immaculate Conception). Sung an octave higher in an edition prepared by Deborah Roberts, Sally Dunkley and Laurie Stras in 2017, this piece describing unrivalled beauty has become associated with the Virgin Mary despite being from the Song of Songs, which on the whole is interpreted as an allegory of the relationship between God and Israel or between Christ and his bride, the Church.

The theme of Mary's beauty is continued in **Ther is no rose** – the final carol of 13 that make up the 15th-century English Trinity Carol Roll, held by the Wren Library at Trinity College, Cambridge. The text compares Mary's unblemished beauty to that of a spotless rose, the music forming part of the collection of the earliest surviving examples of polyphonic music written in the English language.

The next two pieces are linked by references to love and suffering, so often conjoined. The first is a freely harmonised arrangement by Papagena of Hildegard of Bingen's (c.1098–1179) **O cruor sanguinis**, based on a transcription by Beverly R. Lomer. This antiphon for the Crucified is incomplete – the final phrase is speculative. Harmonies (and the choice of accidentals in the chant) are entirely by Papagena, with no attempt at being "authentic".

The second is **This Woman's Work** by Kate Bush – a finely written musical commentary upon the inherent uncertainties of childbirth, memorably arranged by Jim Clements. The juxtaposition of these pieces – written over 800 years apart – brings home the eternal wonder of having a child, of the suffering it can bring, the onlooker's helplessness, and the profound love it engenders. It is impossible not to be moved by the effective combination of music from the earliest and most recent eras of the millennium – and by how, in purely human expressive terms, the result is so universal.

After the introspection of the previous two tracks, a more positive tone is found in the celebration of Eleggua, a deity sometimes associated with crossroads and decision-making. The text of **Canto a Eleggua** emanates from various sources, and the following translations and commentaries used in this recording come from Dr Samuel Akinbo with assistance from Ógbéni Nathan Lugo, an Ifà priest trained in Nigeria.

“Bara Suwayo” invokes the powerful spirit of the messenger Eleggua; “Omo Ya lawana Mama” acknowledges the presence of the divine mother, representing fertility and nurturing; “Keni Irawo o E” praises the omnipotent and omniscient divine creator; “O Bara Suwayo o E ke e e Èsù Òdàrà a” seeks protection and guidance from the spirits of Eleggua, Obatala and Ogun.

Papagena explains that their performance does not attempt to recreate the style or sound of Yoruban singers; rather they were attracted to the close harmonies made available in this arrangement by Arlety Valdés and Yudelkis Lafuente and drawn to the piece's spiritual references to divine motherhood and creativity.

Following on from ideas around birth, the next four pieces each reflect upon the passing of time and hope for new beginnings with references to birds and the hopes of spring's arrival and new love.

Tomorrow is today by Janet Wheeler was commissioned by Papagena with a request for "something cheerful, fast-paced and with bird references" (the group's name being that of the bird-catcher's wife in Mozart's *Magic Flute*). The subtitle is "Dawn Chorus", and the poetic text – by Sarah Cattley, the composer's daughter – abounds in references to birdsong, heralding the new day, hope, new beginnings and the passing from winter to spring.

The American Caroline Shaw is the composer of the next piece, **Dolce cantavi**. At 30, she became the youngest recipient of a Pulitzer Prize for Music in 2013. *Dolce cantavi*, for three voices (SSA), on a text by Francesca Turini Bufalini, Contessa di Stupinigi (1553–1641), was commissioned and premiered by the American female a cappella group Tenet. It reflects what might be termed the inventive and fresh Italian madrigal style, containing allusions of birdsong, natural beauty and the dawning hope of love.

This is followed by **I courted a sailor** by the noted English folk singer and song-writer Kate Rusby, arranged by Suzzie Vango. Cast as a simple folk song about a sailor and his loving lass, unusually, as far as sailors and lassies left on shore are concerned, the tale ends happily.

The Canadian composer and conductor Don Macdonald is notable for his distinguished film scores. As can be heard on this recording, these abilities extend to his vocal writing. In **Welcome somer** he partners Chaucer's text with music that references medieval rhythms within a more contemporary harmonic idiom.

It is a combination of “positive reflections on the passing of time, leaving one with hope and curiosity” (as Sarah Tenant-Flowers has commented) that infuses the final three pieces in this collection. The first is **Who Knows Where the Time Goes** by Sandy Denny (1947–1978), in another arrangement by Suzzie Vango, that tells of the seasons revolving and the ties of love changing.

This is followed by **Order & Chaos** by Hazel Askew (b.1976), in an arrangement by the composer, Hannah James and Rowan Rheingans, who make up the female-voice folk trio Lady Maisery. It brings a message to friends and family that when we die our atoms spiral on in the universe: do not fear death as we continue to exist in another form.

The sense of time passing from darkness to light is encapsulated in the final piece, **O du stille Zeit**. The melody by Cesar Bresgen (1913–1988) is in an arrangement by Simon Wawer which he dedicated to the vocal group Chickpeas, based in Leipzig. It is frequently sung by Papagena at Advent Time, capturing that season’s magical sense of anticipation and optimism.

Robert Matthew-Walker © 2026

THE GALLANT WEAVER

James MacMillan (b.1959) arr. Sarah Tenant-Flowers / Robert Burns (1759–1796) adapted James MacMillan

① Where Cart rins rowin to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, a lad for me,
He is a gallant Weaver.

Oh I had woovers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine,
And I was feared my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the Weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
To gie the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And give it to the Weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees delight in op'ning flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I love my gallant Weaver.

SI, CH'IO VORREI MORIRE

Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643) arr. Sarah Tenant-Flowers / Maurizio Moro

② Sì, ch'io vorrei morire
ora che bacio, Amore,
la bella bocca del mio amato core.
Ahi, cara e dolce lingua,
datemi tant'umore,
che di dolcèzz'in questo sen m'estingua!
Ahi, vita mia, a questo bianco seno,
Deh, stringetemi fin ch'io venga meno!
Ahi bocca, ahi baci, ahi lingua torn'a dire:
Sì, ch'io vorrei morire.

Yes, I would welcome death
As I kiss, my sweetheart,
The luscious lips of my beloved.
Ah dear and sweet tongue,
Give me so much nectar
That I expire from the sweetness in your breast!
Ah my love. To this white breast
Clasp me till I faint!
Ah mouth, ah kisses, ah tongue, again I say:
I would gladly expire.

OY KHODYT SON

Trad. Ukrainian melody arr. Sarah Tenant-Flowers (b.1960)

③ Ой ходить сон, коло вікон.

А дрімота коло плота.

Питається сон дрімоти:

“Де ж ми будем ночувати?”

Де хатонька теплесенька,

Де дитина малесенька,

Туди підем ночувати,

І дитинку колисати.

Ой на kota та воркота,

На дитину та й дрімота,

Котик буде воркотати,

Дитинонька буде спати.

Ав насгата теплесенька,

а дитина малесенька.

Ходи до нас ночувати,

І дитинку колисати.

(Ходи до нас, ой ходить сон.)

Dream passes by the window,

And Sleep passes by the fence.

Dream asks Sleep:

“Where shall we stay tonight?”

Where the cottage is warm,

Where the infant is tiny,

There we will go and stay the night,

And rock the little child.

May the cat purr,

And the child fall asleep.

The little cat will purr,

And the small child will sleep.

And we have a house that is warm,

And a child that is tiny.

Come and stay the night with us,

And rock the small child.

(Come to us, Dream passes by.)

KAVAL SVIRI

Trad. Bulgarian arr. Petar Lyondev (1936–2018)

Body percussion: Ben Parry

④ Kaval sviri mamo (ti ti)
gore, dole mamo (ti ti).
Kaval sviri mamo,
gore, dole mamo, pod seloto.
Yashte ida mamo
dago vida mamo, dago chuya.
(ti ti ti ti, du-bu duch-ch)
Ako mie nashencheto
shte go lubya dendo pladne.
(ti ti ti ti dendo pladne)
Ako mie yabandjiyche,
shte go lubya dordo zhivot.
(Kaval sviri)

The kaval* is playing, mother (ti ti)
From on high and down below, mother (ti ti).
The kaval is playing, mother,
above and down below the village, mother.
I am going to go and see it, mother,
I am going to go and hear it.
(ti ti ti ti, du-bu duch-ch)
If it's a boy from our village
I'll love him from dawn to dusk.
(ti ti ti ti from dawn to dusk)
If it's a boy from further afield
I'll love him always.
(The kaval is playing)
**a kaval is a type of flute played throughout the Balkans*

MUSIC FOR A WHILE

Henry Purcell (c.1659–1695) arr. Gunnar Eriksson adapted Maria Gamborg Helbekkmo

John Dryden and Nathaniel Lee (*Oedipus*, 1678)

Soloist: Imogen Ram-Prasad

⑤ Music for a while shall all your cares beguile:
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd and disdaining to be pleas'd,
Till Alecto free the dead from their eternal band,
Till the snakes drop from her head and the whip from out her hand.
Music shall all your cares beguile.

HOLI

Shivani Rattan (b.1998)

Soloist: Shivani Rattan

⑥ Holi holi, ayire
Rangoli barsa he
Pichkari mare
Holi ayire

Gulabee, peela, hara
Ruhani rishta Radha aur Krishna
Divya prem Radha aur Krishna
Holi Purnima kirath

Holi has come
Make rangoli patterns
Spray water on everyone
Holi has come

Green, yellow, pink
Soulmates Radha and Krishna
The divine love of Radha and Krishna
Holi, full moon of the night

SICUT LILIUM

attrib. Leonora d'Este (1515–1575) / Song of Songs

⑦ Sicut lilium inter spinas
Sic amica mea inter filias.

As a lily among thorns,
so is my beloved among the daughters.

THER IS NO ROSE

English 15th century (Trinity Carol Roll)

Elizabeth Drury, Imogen Ram-Prasad, Shivani Rattan

⑧ *Ther is no rose of swych vertu
As is the rose that bare Jhesu.*

Ther is no rose of swych vertu
As is the rose that bare Jhesu. Alleluya
Ther is no rose...

For in this rose conteynyd was
Heven and erthe in lytyl space, Res Miranda
Ther is no rose...

Be that rose we may weel see
That he is God in personys thre, Pares forma
Ther is no rose...

O CRUOR SANGUINIS (Antiphon fol.466)

Hildegard of Bingen (c.1098–1179) arr. Papagena; transcr. Beverly R. Lomer

Soloist: Imogen Ram-Prasad

☐ O cruor sanguinis qui in alto sonuisti,
cum omnia elementa se implicuerunt in lamentabilem
vocem cum tremore,
quia sanguis creatoris sui illa tetigit:
ungue nos de languoribus nostris.

O stream of blood which cried out to the heavens,
when every element entwined itself within a voice of
woe with trembling sorrow,
for their Creator's blood had spotted them:
anoint us against our fragilities.

THIS WOMAN'S WORK

Kate Bush (b.1958) arr. Jim Clements

☐ Pray God you can cope;
I stand outside this woman's work, this woman's world.
Ooh, it's hard on the man now his part is over.
Now starts the craft of the father.
I know you have a little life in you yet,
I know you have a lot of strength left.
I should be crying, but I just can't let it show;
I should be hoping, but I can't stop thinking
Of all the things I should have said, but never said,
All the things we should have done that we never did,
All the things I should have given, but I didn't.
Oh, darling, make it go away.

Give me these moments back, give them back to me:
Give me that little kiss, give me your hand.
I know you have a little life in you yet,
I know you have a lot of strength left.
I should be crying, but I just can't let it show;
I should be hoping, but I can't stop thinking
Of all the things we should have said, but we never said,
All the things we should have done that we never did,
All the things that you needed from me, all those things
that you wanted for me,
All the things I should have given but I didn't,
Oh darling, make it go away.
Just make it go away now.

CANTO A ELEGGUA

Trad. Yoruba, arr. Arlety Valdés and Yudelkis Lafuente

texts from various sources, translated by Dr Samuel Akinbo assisted by Ógbéni Nathan Lugo

Clapping: Ben Parry

[11] Bara Aloyure soke wodda

Omo Ya lawana Mama Keni Irawo o E.

Bara Suwayo o

Omo Ya lawana Mama Keni Irawo o E.

O Bara Suwayo o

E ke e e

Èṣù Òdàrà a

Ashe Moyugba Orisha Moyugba oh

Ashe Moyugba Orisha Moyugba lle

Ashe Moyugba Orisha Eleggua lle Sokere e

Ashe Moyugba Orisha Eleggua a Eke e e e.

Bara Lááréye, let our sacrifice be accepted

We are your children, don't be the last of the initiates.

Bara, lead!

(You all) chant it

Èṣù Òdàrà

So shall it be, I pay homage to the deity

I pay homage to the deity, to the earth

I pay homage to the deity Elégbára, to the earth

I pay homage to the deity Elégbára, (you all) chant it!

TOMORROW IS TODAY

Janet Wheeler (b.1957) / Sarah Cattley

[12] Tomorrow is today and the new is now.

This green day has opened her eyes

So we raise our beak and lift our song.

Today is a seedling, a soon-to-be sapling.

Leave your nests and beds and burrows!

Daybreak's shoot and morning sprout

Won't germinate again until tomorrow.

Tomorrow is now today.

Today is a nestling,

A not-yet fledgling.

Unfurl your throats to air your songs!

The sky is still an eggshell of orange and blue

But the morning's pearly chick unfolds his wings.

Tomorrow is now today

And the new is now.

This green day has opened her eyes

So we raise our beak and lift our song.

DOLCE CANTAVI

Caroline Shaw (b.1982) / Francesca Turini Bufalini, Contessa di Stupinigi (1628)

Imogen Ram-Prasad, Suzzie Vango, Shivani Rattan

14 Vago augellin, che per quei rami ombrosi
dolce cantavi a minùir mie pene,
di sentirti al mio cor gran desir viene
per fare in tutto i giorni miei giocosi.

Deh vieni, e teco mena i più famosi
cantor che quella selva in sen ritiene,
ché goderete in queste rive amene,
ed a l'estivo di starete ascosi.

Il boschetto vi attende, e l' bel giardino
là dove in fra le fronde e l'onda e l'ora
gareggian mormorando a me vicino.

A cantar sorgeremo in sul mattino:
io con le Muse invocarò l'aurora,
e voi col vostro gorgheggiar divini. (Ah)

Lovely little bird, who, among those shady branches,
used to sing so sweetly to mitigate my sorrows,
a great desire comes to my heart to hear you again,
To make my days complete in their joy.

Come, and bring with you the most famous singers
that the forest nurtures in its breast,
for you will have the pleasure of these fair waters
and be hidden away from the heat of the summer day.

The little wood awaits you, and the lovely garden where,
among the leaves, the ripples and the breeze
compete in their murmuring beside me.

We will rise together before sunrise:
I will herald the dawn with the Muses,
and you with your warbling divine.

I COURTED A SAILOR

Kate Rusby (b.1973) arr. Suzzie Vango

14 I courted a sailor for six months and many,
I courted a sailor, now he's far from me.
On a fine summer's evening he said his heart was grieving,
A fine summer's evening these words he said to me.
Oh, I'm bound for the waves dearest Annie, the waves on the sea.
Oh, I'm bound for the waves dearest Annie, the Captain calls me.

My heart has been yours now for six months and many,
My heart has been yours now, and will always remain.
Take with you m' ring and m' heart you'll always bring.
Take with you m' ring when you sail away to sea.
Oh, I'm bound...

I wait for m' sailor for six months and many,
I wait for m' sailor, 'til he returns to me.
I'll wait for you m' dear for time we'll know no fear,
I'll wait for you m' dear 'til you come home from the sea.
Oh, I'm bound...

I've married m' sailor for six months and many,
I've married m' sailor, now he's safe with me.
I've married m' sailor for six months and many,
I've married m' sailor, no more he'll say to me,
Oh, I'm bound...

WELCOME SOMER

Don Macdonald (b.1966) / Geoffrey Chaucer late 14th century (from *Parlement of Foules*)

15 Now welcome, somer, with thy sonne softe,
That hast this wintres wedres overshake,
And driven away the longe nyghtes blake!

Saynt Valentyn, that art ful hy on-lofte,
Thus syngen smale foules for thy sake:
Now welcome, somer, with thy sonne softe,
That hast this wintres wedres overshake.

Wel han they cause for to gladden ofte,
Sith ech of hem recovered hath hys make;
Ful blissful mowe they syng when they wake:
Now welcome, somer, with thy sonne softe,
That hast this wintres wedres overshake
And driven away the longe nyghtes blake!

Welcome, summer, with sunshine soft,
The winter's tempest you will break,
And drive away the long night's black!

Saint Valentine, throned aloft,
Thus little birds sing for your sake:
Welcome, summer, with sunshine soft,
The winter's tempest you will shake!

Good cause have they to glad them oft,
His own true-love each bird will take;
Blithe may they sing when they awake,
Welcome, summer, with sunshine soft,
The winter's tempest you will break,
And drive away the long night's black!

WHO KNOWS WHERE THE TIME GOES

Sandy Denny (1947–1978) arr. Suzzie Vango

Soloist: Elizabeth Drury

16 Across the evening sky all the birds are leaving.
How could they know it's time for them to go?

Before the winter fire, I will still be dreaming.

I have no thought of time.

Who knows where the time goes?

Ah, who knows where the time goes?

Sad deserted shore, your fickle friends are leaving.

Ah, but then you know it's time for them to go.

But I will still be here, I have no thought of leaving.

I do not count the time.

Who knows where the time goes?

Ah, who knows where the time goes?

So come the storms of winter
And then the birds in spring again.

I have no fear of time.

Who knows where the time goes?

Who knows where the time goes?

Written by Sandy Denny. Published by Fairwood Music (UK) Ltd for the World excluding North America.

ORDER & CHAOS

Helen Askew (b.1976), arr. Helen Askew, Hannah James and Rowan Rheingans

Elizabeth Drury, Shivani Rattan, Sarah Tenant-Flowers

Piano: Suzzie Vango

17 Gather round for time is turning.

This part of my story is closing.

As the hour draws near, I wonder, not fear

At the journey that I will be taking.

I might be in the beat of a wing.

I might be in the rush of a river.

But as year turns year, I'll always be here

Through springtime to wintry weather.

Lay me down, set me free,

Oh part of this world I'll still be,

You'll not find me in order but chaos,

As I follow the path that time makes us.

I'll leave you the light from the sun,

Every beam that fell on my face.

Photons and waves, the paths that we've changed,

They have all left a mark on this place.

And I'll leave you the warmth of my skin

That flowed to our soaring hearts.

Nothing's lost, nothing's found, it all just moves round

And keeps us from falling apart.

Lay me down...

I'll leave you the stars in the sky,

Both our future and past yet to come,

But as all things must, turn back to dust,

Then I'll glint in the afternoon sun.

We're all made from the same as the earth

And some day we'll roam it together,

Particles gliding, dancing, colliding,

We'll wander entangled forever.

Lay me down...

O DU STILLE ZEIT

Melody by Cesar Bresgen (1913–1988) arr. Simon Wawer (b.1979)

Joseph von Eichendorff (1788–1857), trans. Sarah Tenant-Flowers

☞ O du stille Zeit,
kommst, eh wir's gedacht,
über die Berge weit,
gute Nacht.

In der Einsamkeit
rauscht es nun so sacht,
über die Berge weit,
gute Nacht.

O silent season,
you come, just as we had imagined,
over the distant mountains,
good night.

In loneliness
it stirs so softly,
over the distant mountains,
good night.



Papagena is a rarity in the UK, a consort of five professional singers pioneering music for women's voices. Its programming defies pigeonholing; classical, traditional folk, medieval and contemporary works are interwoven into intriguing programmes aimed at attracting diverse audiences. With a mission to expand the ambition and scope of upper voice repertoire, Papagena writes and arranges much of its material, as well as commissioning new work and arrangements from an eclectic array of composers, ranging from Errollyn Wallen, Liz Dillnot Johnson and Janet Wheeler to Oliver Tarney, John Duggan and Jim Clements.

Launched in 2015, Papagena has sung in concert halls, cathedrals, theatres and conservatoires throughout the UK, as well as at the Edinburgh, Ryedale and Three Choirs festivals, has collaborated with artists including The Orchestra of the Swan in Birmingham and Stratford and with composers based at Rotterdam's Codarts Conservatoire, and has given international performances including regular concerts across The Netherlands.

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. The group's third album *Hush!* was released in March 2020 by SOMM, attracting stunning reviews in all major journals including *Gramophone*.

Elizabeth Drury, Imogen Ram-Prasad, Suzzie Vango *sopranos*
Shivani Rattan, Sarah Tenant-Flowers *altos*

In 2018 Papagena was chosen to be part of Making Music's Selected Artists programme and in the same year made its BBC Radio 3 debut, singing live for International Women's Day. Since then the group has sung live several times on both Radio 3 (*In Tune*) and Radio 4 (*Woman's Hour*), performed on Classic FM, and created a wide range of video performances from Hildegard of Bingen and Monteverdi to Imogen Heap and James MacMillan.

For more information visit: papagena.co.uk @Papagenasingers

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Tomorrow is today

SOMMCD 0721



Papagena

Elizabeth Drury, Imogen Ram-Prasad,
Suzzie Vango *sopranos*

Shivani Rattan, Sarah Tenant-Flowers *altos*

1	The Gallant Weaver** James MacMillan (b.1959) arr. Sarah Tenant-Flowers	5:23	10	This Woman's Work* Kate Bush (b.1958), arr. Jim Clements	4:33
2	Si, ch'io vorrei morire** Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643) arr. Sarah Tenant-Flowers	3:31	11	Canto a Eleggia trad. Yoruba arr. Arlety Valdés and Yudelkis Lafuente	3:51
3	Oy khodyt son** trad. Ukrainian melody, arr. Sarah Tenant-Flowers	4:08	12	Tomorrow is today* Janet Wheeler (b.1957)	4:12
4	Kaval sviri trad. Bulgarian, arr. Petar Lyondev (1936–2018)	3:28	13	Dolce cantavi Caroline Shaw (b.1982)	2:36
5	Music for a while Henry Purcell (c.1659–1695) arr. Gunnar Eriksson adapted Maria Gamborg Helbekkmo	3:52	14	I courted a sailor* Kate Rusby (b.1973), arr. Suzzie Vango	5:42
6	Holi* Shivani Rattan (b.1998)	3:42	15	Welcome somer* Don Macdonald (b.1966)	4:04
7	Sicut lilium attrib. Leonora d'Este (1515–1575)	2:00	16	Who Knows Where the Time Goes* Sandy Denny (1947–1978), arr. Suzzie Vango	3:53
8	There is no rose English 15th century (Trinity Carol Roll)	2:42	17	Order & Chaos Hazel Askew (b.1976), arr. Hazel Askew, Hannah James and Rowan Rheingans	4:39
9	O cruor sanguinis Hildegard of Bingen (c.1098–1179), arr. Papagena	1:39	18	O du stille Zeit melody by Cesar Bresgen (1913–1988) arr. Simon Wawer (b.1979)	2:47
				Total Duration	66:48

*Premiere recording • **First commercial release

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