



£4

PURBECK
ART WEEKS
Festival

Events Programme

27 MAY – 11 JUNE 2023



For more information and to purchase tickets please visit
www.purbeckartweeksfestival.co.uk



PURBECK VALLEY FOLK FESTIVAL

17-20 AUGUST 2023



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Welcome to the PAW Festival 2023

The Purbeck Art Weeks (PAW) Festival embraces both the visual and performing arts. We aim to offer something for everyone and hope you will enjoy our programme of events after you have visited our main exhibition area at Rollington Barn (near Corfe Castle) and some of our visual artists in their studios, homes or galleries.

The Festival opens with a sequence of vocal consort works from the 12th century to the present day performed by the acclaimed Gesualdo Six. Next up is a fascinating collaborative piece of concert theatre by female vocal trio, Voice, to celebrate the life and work of St Hildegard of Bingen, 12th century composer and visionary. We have invited Tenebrae back to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the death of the great William Byrd. And we close the festival with Helen Charlston and Toby Carr performing their award-winning CD programme, Battle Cry: She Speaks. By contrast, internationally renowned

sculptor, Philip Jackson, will give a talk exploring the art of portraiture in public sculpture, followed by a panel discussion on what makes a good portrait. The open mic poetry evening is sure to entertain, while around the end of term, we celebrate music making with Purbeck's young musicians.

We could not offer this great range of events or at affordable prices without support from Trusts, Foundations, the Festival Friends and our business and individual sponsors. We thank them all and look forward to welcoming you at our events.

For more information on the Festival and to purchase tickets for all our events, please visit our website www.purbeckartweeksfestival.co.uk

Emma Ormond

Trustee & Events Coordinator



We are delighted to support **PAW** again with our pop up vintage cafe at **Rollington Barn** where we will serve delicious cakes, savoury treats, tea, coffee and refreshments.

We do whole
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MAP KEY

- A** Priory Church of Lady St Mary, Wareham
- B** St James' Church, Kingston
- C** Encombe House, Nr Kingston
- D** The Globe Inn, Swanage
- E** Mowlem Theatre, Swanage
- F** Church of St Edward, King & Martyr, Corfe Castle

EVENTS PAW MAP

Illustrated map by Tony Kerins | www.tonykerins.com

GOING GREEN

All the paper we are using is sustainably sourced and FSC or PEFC approved and we have reduced the amount we print. We are grateful to Blackmore Printers for helping us reduce our impact on the environment.



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Don't forget to use the PAW hashtag on
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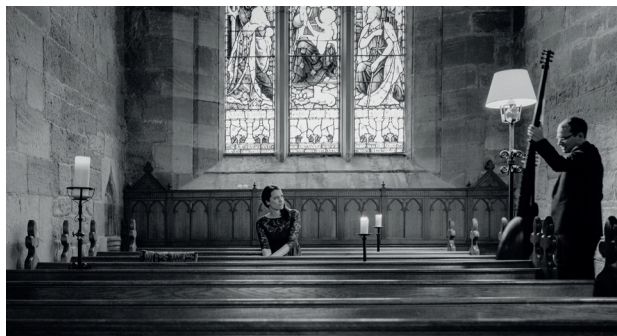


Our winner for the cover of this
year's Brochure is Galiani Glass for
their work entitled *Mystic Ocean*.
Congratulations!



Brochure designed by Louise Leffler
07753 197323 | www.louiseleffler.com

Purbeck Art Weeks Festival | www.purbeckartweeksfestival.co.uk
Company number: 7420934 Charity number: 1140350
Registered Office: 23 South Road, Swanage, Dorset BH19 2QR



THE 2023 FESTIVAL EVENTS

Sunday 28th May 6.30pm The Priory Church of Lady St Mary, Wareham BUSHES AND BRIARS: The Gesualdo Six Tickets: £25, £2 students	06
Saturday 3rd June 8.00pm St James' Church, Kingston HILDEGARD TRANSFIGURED: Voice Tickets: £25, £2 students, including welcome drinks from 7.30pm	12
Sunday 4th June 10.15 for 11.30am Encombe House, nr Kingston COFFEE CONCERT: Violin and guitar Tickets (priority given to the Festival Friends): £33	19
Monday 5th June 7.30 – 10.30pm The Globe Inn, Swanage PURBECK POETS PERFORMING: an open mic poetry evening FREE	20
Thursday 8th June 6.30pm Community Room, The Mowlem, Swanage THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF DOING PORTRAITURE IN PUBLIC SCULPTURE: an illustrated talk by Philip Jackson, followed by a panel discussion Tickets: £5 (£8 for combined ticket with Portrait Artist on 10th June), students free	21
Friday 9th June 6.30pm The Priory Church of Lady St Mary, Wareham BYRD AT 400: Tenebrae Tickets: £25, £2 students	22
Saturday 10th June 2.00pm Community Room, The Mowlem, Swanage PORTRAIT ARTIST OF PURBECK: portrait artists in action Tickets: £5 (£8 for combined ticket with talk on 8th June), students free	21
Saturday 10th June 6.30pm Church of St Edward, King & Martyr, Corfe Castle BATTLE CRY: SHE SPEAKS: Helen Charlston (mezzo-soprano) and Toby Carr (theorbo) Tickets: £25, £2 students	27
Monday 3rd July 6.30pm The Mowlem, Swanage PURBECK YOUNG MUSICIANS IN CONCERT Tickets: £3, students free	34

Tickets for all events can be purchased from the events section on our website
www.purbeckartweeksfestival.co.uk/events/

PLEASE NOTE: The Events venues are labelled A–F and can be found
on the map opposite



BUSHES AND BRIARS

THE GESUALDO SIX

Sunday 28th May | 6.30pm
The Priory Church of Lady St Mary,
Wareham BH20 4ND
Tickets: £25 adults, £2 students

THE PERFORMERS

Guy James countertenor
Joseph Wicks tenor
Oscar Golden-Lee tenor
Michael Craddock baritone
Sam Mitchell bass
Owain Park bass



Patrick Allen

The Gesualdo Six is an award-winning British vocal ensemble comprising some of the UK's finest consort singers, directed by **Owain Park**. Praised for their imaginative programming and impeccable blend, the ensemble formed in 2014 for a performance of Gesualdo's *Tenebrae Responsories* in Cambridge and has gone on to perform at numerous major festivals across the UK, Europe, North America, Australia and New Zealand.

The ensemble integrates educational work into its activities, regularly holding workshops for young musicians and composers. **The Gesualdo Six** has curated two Composition Competitions, with the 2019 edition attracting entries from over three hundred composers around the world. They have also commissioned many new works from several composers.

The Gesualdo Six released their debut recording *English Motets* on Hyperion Records in early 2018 to critical acclaim, followed by *Christmas* in late 2019, a festive album of seasonal favourites. They have since released an album of compline-themed music titled *Fading*; a disc exploring pedagogy and patronage around courts in Renaissance Italy, *Josquin's Legacy*; an album exploring the darkness and shadows of Holy Week, Carlo Gesualdo's *Tenebrae Responsories for Maundy Thursday*; and *Lux aeterna* in 2022, illustrating musical responses to grief.

“Ingeniously programmed and impeccably delivered, with that undefinable excitement that comes from a group of musicians working absolutely as one.” – Gramophone

This event has been sponsored by individuals who prefer to remain anonymous.

EVENT VENUE

As well as directing **The Gesualdo Six**, **Owain Park** maintains a busy schedule of conducting projects with ensembles including London Mozart Players, Southbank Sinfonia, the Academy of Ancient Music and Cappella Cracoviensis. Owain is Principal Guest Conductor of the BBC Singers and formerly Musical Director of Cambridge Choral.

While at Cambridge University Owain studied orchestration with John Rutter, before undertaking a Masters degree in composition. He is composer-in-residence for the London Choral Sinfonia, and was one of BBC Radio 3's 31 under 31 Young Stars 2020. His compositions are published by Novello and have been performed internationally by ensembles including the Tallis Scholars and the Aurora Orchestra and recorded by the Choir of Trinity College Cambridge and the Epiphoni Consort.

Owain is a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists (FRCO), and was awarded the Dixon Prize for improvisation, having been Senior Organ Scholar at Wells Cathedral and Trinity College Cambridge. He was a *Tenebrae* Associate Artist for two seasons, and has worked with ensembles including The Sixteen, Gabrieli Consort and Polyphony.

www.theGESUALDOSIX.CO.UK

THE PROGRAMME

Trad. arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)
Bushes and Briars
David Bednall (1979–)
Put out into the deep
Thomas Tomkins (1572–1656)
When David heard

Sheryngham (late 15th/early 16th century)
Ah, gentle Jesu
Gerda Blok-Wilson (1955–)
O Little Rose, O Dark Rose

Hildegard von Bingen (1098–1179)
O Ecclesia, oculi tui
Owain Park (1993–)
Phos hilaron
Alison Willis (1971–)
The Wind's Warning

Traditional, arranged by James Whitbourn (1963–)
The Lark in the clear air

INTERVAL 20 minutes
(Drinks available, toilets in hall – through arch opposite west door)

Luca Marenzio (1535–1599)
Potrò viver io più se senza luce
Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c1525–1594)
Io son ferito, ah! lasso
Carlo Gesualdo (1566–1613)
Asciugate i begli occhi

Jacques Arcadelt (1507–1568)
Il bianco e dolce cigno
Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)
The Silver Swan

Traditional, arranged by Ralph Vaughan Williams
Loch Lomond
Traditional, arranged by Gordon Langford (1930–2017)
The Oak and the Ash
Traditional, arranged by Jeremy Jackman (1952–)
Early one morning

“Exciting, inventive, vibrant”

– MusicWeb International

PROGRAMME NOTES

Our programme this evening showcases some of the finest vocal consort works from across the centuries. Beautiful renaissance works by Arcadelt and Tomkins that contain startling harmonic shifts and expressive word painting are performed alongside settings in the madrigal style by Gibbons and Gesualdo and we conclude with a series of folk song arrangements from the British Isles.

Composers would often blur lines between sacred and secular, playful and profound: take Tomkins' *When David Heard*, which was published by the composer in a set of madrigals, though still sung in religious services. Composed in two sections, the anthem's power lies in its unexpected shift from third-person description to a first-person outpouring of grief – suddenly, and shockingly, intimate.

Then there is the Italian composer, Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina. Famous for composing 104 settings of the mass, he turned his hand to the madrigal form with great skill and dexterity. Listen for the pointed repetitions of “accusar” (accuse), the painful affirmations of “Io spasm'e moro” (I shiver and die), and the confused, almost slow-motion portrayal of “crudel partito” (cruel fate).

Gregorian chant has run through sacred music for around a millennium, and the earliest piece we perform this evening is an example of this beautiful monody. 12th-century polymath and religious icon Hildegard of Bingen was a prolific composer of devotional pieces, with *O Ecclesia* celebrating St Ursula, a martyr and leader of early Christians. It's not unusual for contemporary composers to be inspired by these ancient sounds, with Owain Park's *Phos hilaron* featuring soft-grained chords accompanying a solo line singing a Byzantine evening prayer. David Bednall's *Put out into the deep* employs a macaronic text structure that blends Latin plainchant with passages in English from St Luke's Gospel.

Further modern highlights include Alison Willis's *The Wind's Warning*, which uses vocalisations to create the sound of the wind set gently against dissonant clusters, and *O little rose, O dark rose* by Canadian composer Gerda Blok-Wilson. The poet expresses a mutual love that cannot be: one is free-spirited and ‘Carmenesque’, the other is from the ‘other side of the world’ and yearns to be with this ‘little rose’. Through sensitive and delicate writing, the composer has created a piece with the timeless quality of a folk song.

The music of Carlo Gesualdo has always been a cornerstone of our repertoire, starting with his extraordinary *Tenebrae Responsories for Maundy Thursday*, which we performed at our first ever concert in 2014. Gesualdo's music is well known for its extreme style, with chromatic melodies creating dissonant and disjointed harmonic progressions that illuminate the most melancholy aspects of the dark texts he set. The madrigal *Asciugate i begli occhi*, with its startling harmonic shifts and expressive word-painting, is typical of the composer, writing in the old ‘Mannerist’ style, full of profuse exaggeration and dramatic hyperbole, yet confined to a polyphonic framework.

Our programme is bookended by folk songs from the British Isles, arranged by musicians who continue a great tradition of developing and reworking existing material that was spearheaded by Ralph Vaughan Williams in the late 19th century.

The Gesualdo Six : Bushes and Briars

Bushes and Briars
Traditional, arranged by Ralph Vaughan Williams

Through bushes and through briars I lately took my way;
All for to hear the small birds sing and the lambs to skip and play.
I overheard my own true love, her voice it was so clear;
“Long time I have been waiting for the coming of my dear.

Sometimes I am uneasy and troubled in my mind,
Sometimes I think I’ll go to my love and tell to him my mind.
And if I should go to my love, my love he will say nay,
If I show to him my boldness, he’ll ne’er love me again.”

Put out into the deep
Music by David Bednall

While the people pressed upon him to hear the word of God,
he was standing by the lake of Gennesaret. And he saw two boats
by the lake; but the fishermen had gone out of them and were
washing their nets. Getting into one of the boats, which was
Simon’s, he asked him to put out a little from the land.
And he sat down and taught the people from the boat.

And when he had ceased speaking, he said to Simon, “Put out into
the deep, and let down your nets for a catch.” And Simon answered,
“Master, we toiled all night and took nothing! But at your word
I will let down the nets.”

And when they had done this, they enclosed a great shoal of fish;
and as their nets were breaking, the beckoned to their partners in
the other boat to come and help them. And they came and filled
both the boats, so that they began to sink. But when Simon Peter
saw it, he fell down at Jesus’ knees, saying; “Depart from me, for
I am a sinful man, O Lord.” For he was astonished, and all that
were with him, at the catch of fish which they had taken;
and so also were James and John, sons of Zebedee, who were
partners with Simon.

And Jesus said to Simon, “Do not be afraid; henceforth you will
be catching men.” And when they had brought their boats to land,
they left everything and followed him.

When David heard
Music by Thomas Tomkins
2 Samuel 18:33

When David heard that Absalom was slain
He went up into his chamber over the gate and wept,
and thus he said: my son, my son, O Absalom my son,
would God I had died for thee!

Ah, Gentle Jesu
Music by Sheryngham

Ah, gentle Jesu,
who is that, that doth me call?
I, a sinner, that oft doth fall.
What woud’st thou have?
Mercy, Lord of thee I crave
Why, lov’st thou me?
Yea, my Maker I call thee.
Then leave thy sin, or I nill thee,
And think on this lesson that now I teach thee.
Ah I will, I will, gentle Jesu

Upon the cross I mailed I was for thee,
Suffered death to pay thy ransom;
Forsake thy sin, man, for the love of me
Be repentant, make plain confessions;
To contrite hearts I do remission;
Be not despaired, for I am not vengeable;
Gain ghostly en’mies think on my passion;
Why art thou froward, sith I am merciable
Ah, gentle Jesu!

My bloody woundes down railing by this tree,
Look on them well and have compassion;
The crown of thorn, the spear, the nailes three
Pierced hand and foot of indignation,
My heart riven for thy redemption;
Let now us twain, in this thing be treatable:
Love for love by just convention;
Why art thou froward, sith I am merciable
Ah, gentle Jesu!

O Little Rose, O Dark Rose
Music by Gerda Blok-Wilson

O little rose, O dark rose,
With smouldering petals curled,
I am the wind that comes for you
From the other side of the world.

O little rose, O dark rose,
With the hushed and golden heart,
I am your bee with burdened wings,
Too laden to depart.

O little rose, O dark rose,
Your soul a seed of fire,
I am the dew that dies in you,
In the flame of your desire.

O little rose, O dark rose,
The madness of your breath!
I am the moth to drain your sweet,
Even though the dregs be death.

O little rose, O dark rose,
When the garden day is done
I am the dusk that broods o’er you
Until the morrow’s sun.

The Gesualdo Six : Bushes and Briars

Phos hilaron
Music by Owain Park

Hail, gladdening Light, of his pure glory poured
who is the immortal Father, heavenly, blest,
holiest of holies, Jesus Christ our Lord.
Now we are come to the sun’s hour of rest,
the lights of evening round us shine,
we hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit divine.
Worthiest art thou at all times to be sung
with undefiled tongue,
Son of our God, giver of life, alone:
therefore in all the world thy glories, Lord, they own.

The Lark in the clear air
Traditional, arranged by James Whitbourn

Dear thoughts are in my mind And my soul soars enchanted, As I hear the sweet lark sing In the clear air of the day. For a tender beaming smile To my hope has been granted, And tomorrow she shall hear All my fond heart would say.	I shall tell her all my love, All my soul’s adoration, And I think she will hear And will not say me nay. It is this that gives my soul All its joyous elation, As I hear the sweet lark sing In the clear air of the day.
--	---

O ECCLESIA
Music by Hildegard von Bingen

O Ecclesia, oculi tui similes saphiro sunt, et aures tue monti Bethel, et nasus tuus est sicut mons mirre et thuris, et os tuum quasi sonus aquarum multarum.	<i>O Ecclesia, your eyes are like sapphire: your ears the mount of Bethel, your nose like a mountain of myrrh and incense, and your mouth is like the sound of many waters.</i>
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The Wind’s Warning
Music by Alison Willis, Words by Ivor Gurney

All night the fierce wind blew – All night I knew Time, like a dark wind, blowing All days, all lives, all memories Down empty endless skies – A blind wind, strowing Bright leaves of life’s torn tree through blank eternity: Dreadfully swift, Time blew. All night I knew the outrush of its going.	At dawn a thin rain wept. Worn out, I slept And woke to a fair morning. My days were amply long, and I content In their accomplishment – Lost the wind’s warning.
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INTERVAL

Potrò viver io più se senza luce
Music by Luca Marenzio

Potrò viver io più se senza luce Rimasto son e se altrove riluce Del mio bel sol la sua lucente luce? Ahi, non fia ver, ma copri d’ogni intorno Oscure nubbi il giorno E a me la luce cara di questa vita sia per sempre amara, Finche d’un giorno più serena luce Non meni a gli occhi miei la vera luce.	<i>Would I be able to live any longer if I were left without light, and the shining light of my beautiful sun were to shine elsewhere? Ah, let it not be true, but cover the day with dark clouds, and the dear light of this life will be forever bitter to me, until one day a more serene light will open my eyes to the real light.</i>
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Io son ferito, ahi lasso
Music by Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina

Io son ferito, ahi lasso e chi mi diede accusar pur vorrei, ma non ho prova, che senz’indici al mal non si da fede, ne getta sangue la mia piaga nova. Io spasm’e moro, il colpo non si vede, la mia nemic’armata non si trova, che fia tornar a lei crudel partita, che sol m’habbi’a sanar chi m’ha ferito.	<i>I am wounded, alas, and I desire to accuse her who gave it to me, but I have no proof: without evidence of evil, no-one will believe it; nor does my new wound pour forth blood. I shiver and die – the blow cannot be seen. My enemy is armed. What good would it do to return to her – cruel fate – because only she who wounded me can heal me.</i>
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The Gesualdo Six : Bushes and Briars

Asciugate i begli occhi
Music by Carlo Gesualdo

Asciugate i begli occhi,
deh, cor mio, non piangete
se lontano da voi gir mi vedete!
Ahi, che pianger debb'io misero e sólo,
ché partendo da voi m'uccide il duòlo.

*Dry those lovely eyes,
alas, my beloved, do not weep
if you see me wandering far away from you.
For, ah, I must weep alone and in misery,
because as I part from you, I suffer such bitter
pain that my days are numbered.*

Il bianco e dolce cigno
Music by Jacques Arcadelt

Il bianco e dolce cigno
cantando more, ed io
piangendo giung' al fin del viver mio.
Stran' e diversa sorte,
ch'ei more sconsolato
ed io moro beato.
Morte che nel morire
m'empie di gioia tutto e di desire.
Se nel morir, altro dolor non sento,
di mille mort' il di sarei contento.

*The white and sweet swan
dies singing, and I,
weeping, reach the end of my life.
Strange and different fate,
that he dies disconsolate
and I die a blessed death,
which in dying fills me
full of joy and desire.
If in dying, were I to feel no other pain,
I would be content to die a thousand deaths a day.*

The Silver Swan
Music by Orlando Gibbons

The silver swan, who living had no note,
When death approached, unlocked her silent throat;
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more:
“Farewell, all joys; Oh death, come close mine eyes;
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.”

Loch Lomond
Arranged by Ralph Vaughan Williams

By yon bonny banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond.

O you'll take the high road and I'll take the low road
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond.

T'was there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where deep in purple hue the Highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming,

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again
Though the woeful may cease from their greeting.

The Oak and the Ash
Arranged by Gordon Langford

A North Country maid up to London had strayed,
Although with her nature it did not agree.
She wept and she sighed and so bitterly she cried,
“How I wish once again in the North I could be.
Oh the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.”

“While sadly I roam I regret my dear home,
Where lads and young lasses are making the hay,
The merry bells ring and the birds sweetly sing,
The meadows are pleasant and maidens are gay.
Oh the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.”

“No doubt, did I please, I could marry with ease,
For where maidens are fair many lovers will come.
But the one whom I wed must be North Country bred,
And tarry with me in my North Country home.
Oh the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.

Early one morning
Arranged by Jeremy Jackman

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing in the valley below;
‘O don't deceive me, O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?

‘O gay is the garland and fresh are the roses
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow.
O don't deceive me, O do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?

‘Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
Remember the bow'r where you vow'd to be true;
O don't deceive me, O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?’

Thus sung the poor maiden, her sorrow bewailing,
Thus sung the poor maid in the valley below;
‘O don't deceive me! O do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?’

Purbeck International Chamber Music Festival

PICME

Forgotten Voices

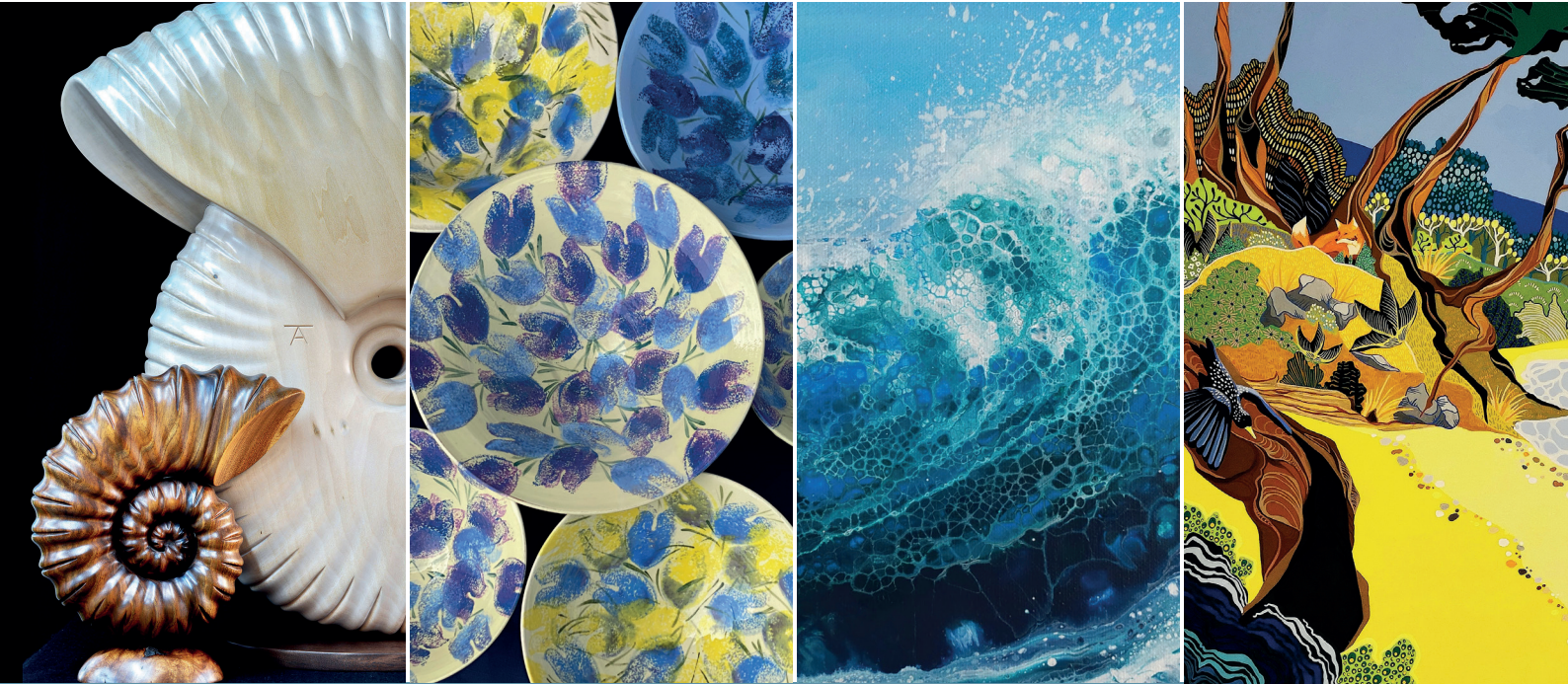
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TICKETS & PROGRAMME

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From left to right: Andrew Thomas, Jane Elmer-Smith,
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When you have completed your postcard then just hand it in at Rollington Barn or any PAW event or post it to: PAW Competition, Rushton Farmhouse, Rushton Lane, East Stoke, Dorset BH20 6AL by 16th June 2023

Terms and Conditions:
the submitted entry must be completed in full. Not open to PAW trustees or Members. Deadline for receipt of your completed form is 16.6.2023. The draw will take place on 18.6.2023 and the winner will be informed by email or telephone. The winner and chosen artist/s will also be announced on our website.



Full terms & conditions on our website:
www.purbeckartweeksfestival.co.uk



HILDEGARD TRANSFIGURED: A MEDIEVAL TRANCE FOR THE 21ST CENTURY VOICE

Saturday 3rd June | 8.00pm

St James' Church, Kingston, BH20 5LL
Tickets: £25 adults, £2 students, including
welcome drinks from 7.30pm

This event has been sponsored by Suttles



EVENT VENUE **B**

“Brilliant trio...sensational singers” The Choir, BBC Radio 3 – Sara Mohr-Pietsch

PERFORMERS

Voice is an exciting, female vocal trio. In their 16 years together, they have built a dedicated fan-base across the world; a rich, varied repertoire of their own arrangements, new commissions, and rarely performed Early Music; and they have honed a truly unique sound. Victoria, Clemmie and Emily first began singing together in Oxford as members of the Oxford Girls' Choir, before going on to form the trio in 2006, as well as forging their own successful, diverse careers. They draw on their individual musical interests and experiences to create thrilling timbres and a blend that has been described as 'one voice'.

Their interest in Early Music can be traced back to their performances and recordings of the medieval chant of St Hildegard of Bingen, which they learned as members of Stevie Wishart's group, Sinfonye. The singers still perform with Sinfonye today and, as a trio, **Voice** continues to perform Hildegard's music and has commissioned new works inspired by her words and chant.

The trio has toured throughout the UK, USA and Europe with their two self-released albums: *Musical Harmony* (2013), “a stunning body of work destined to prick up the hairs on the back of one's neck” (Oxford Times & Mail), and *Patterns of Love* (2015). Collaborative releases include: *I Have Set My Hert So Hy* (Avie, 2015) with Dufay Collective, with whom they also toured two new programmes of Spanish medieval pilgrim music in Galicia in September 2019; and Leoš Janáček's *The Diary of One Who Disappeared; Moravian Folksongs; Říkadla* with Julius Drake and Nicky Spence (Hyperion, 2019). “The arrival of the siren-like trio... is heart-stopping and haunting in equal measure” (Gramophone Recording of the Month).

Voice released their latest album, *Hildegard Portraits* on SOMM Recordings in June 2022. 4.5* “beauty and precision”. Highly recommended” – James Manheim, AllMusic

www.voicetrio.co.uk



Viktoria Kuti Photography

Innerstrings is a videographer and visual artist, based in Lewes, Sussex. Having built a reputation for live feed and 60s style liquid visuals, **Innerstrings** (aka Chris Tomsett) also creates visuals mixing these disciplines with digitally created sound reactive content; all live and completely improvised. Chris has also earned a reputation for producing music videos, with clients including Andy Bell (Ride/Oasis), Cheval Sombre, bdrmm and Jetstream Pony. As well as touring with artists as diverse as Ulrich Schnauss, The Bluetones, Josefin Öhrn, and Uncle Acid and the Deadbeats, he has also produced visuals for dance music duo Overmono's live show.

linktr.ee/Innerstrings

Laura Moody is a composer, cellist, vocalist, songwriter and theatre performer from the UK. Her work focuses on storytelling, ritual, the expressive potential of musicians' physicality and the transformation of spaces through sound, music and movement. She considers all her work to be theatre of some kind. In her solo work she explores what is possible using only acoustic cello and voice to create performances that draw on hugely diverse influences. She has also created works for The Hermes Experiment, Phaedra Ensemble, Aldeburgh Festival and is a frequent collaborator at Shakespeare's Globe and with Radiohead's Philip Selway. Celist with the Elysian Quartet for 15 years, she has also worked with Meredith Monk, Björk, Simon Fisher Turner and Kae Tempest among many others.

Lauramoodymusic.com
[@MsMoodymusic](https://www.instagram.com/MsMoodymusic)

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Calligraphy by **Tabitha Lincoln**

THE PROGRAMME

Antiphona: O successores St Hildegard of Bingen (1098–1179)
Psalm antiphon for Confessors

Responsorium: Favus distillans St Hildegard of Bingen
Responsory for St. Ursula and Companions, likely for Matins

Musical Harmony Marcus Davidson for Voice (2012)

Humility and Universe as Body
Hildegard Portraits, Laura Moody for Voice (2021)

Three Wings: pt 1 Tim Lea Young for Voice (2019)

Antiphona: O virtus sapientie St Hildegard of Bingen
Votive antiphon for Divine Wisdom

Azeruz Stevie Wishart (2001)

Sermon and Sing
Hildegard Portraits, Laura Moody for Voice (2021)

Antiphona: O mirum admirandum St Hildegard of Bingen
Psalm antiphon for St. Disibod

O Chorusans Lux Stellarum Stevie Wishart for Voice (2012)
On a cantus firmus by St Hildegard of Bingen

Antiphona: O orzchis Ecclesia St Hildegard of Bingen
Antiphon for Dedication of a Church

O Boundless Ecclesia Marcus Davidson for Voice (2021)

O Woman
Hildegard Portraits, Laura Moody for Voice (2021)

Antiphona: Caritas habundat St Hildegard of Bingen
Psalm antiphon for the Holy Spirit as Divine Love

Love
Hildegard Portraits, Laura Moody for Voice (2021)

How Sweetly You Burn Emily Levy for Voice (2014)

Antiphona: Unde quocumque venientes
St Hildegard of Bingen
Antiphon for St. Ursula

The Living Light
Hildegard Portraits, Laura Moody for Voice (2021)

The collaboration between Voice, Laura Moody, and Innerstrings was supported by Help Musicians Fusion Fund and kind contributions from private donors.

PROGRAMME NOTES

For much of her life, St Hildegard of Bingen (1098–1179) experienced highly intense visions which she called ‘the living light’ (lux vivens). What she saw, felt, and came to understand through these visions is recorded in her music and the stunning illuminations for *Scivias* (*Know the Way*, 1141–51). Some scholars believe that her visions were brought about by migraines and it is this aspect of her life – ‘the living light’ – that is explored in tonight’s show.

Hildegard Transfigured is a collaborative piece of concert-theatre by **Voice**, visual artist **Innerstrings**, and composer **Laura Moody**. Hildegard joined the monastery in Disibodenberg (in Germany’s Rhineland-Palatinate) when she was just eight years old and would stay there for nearly 40 years, eventually becoming abbess in 1136. She founded her own abbey at Rupertsberg near Bingen in 1147 and a second monastery in nearby Eibingen in 1165. Throughout her life, Hildegard was a great spiritual leader, theologian, mystic, scientist, and composer. Revered as a saint for centuries, Pope Benedict XVI canonised Hildegard on 10 May 2012.

Laura Moody’s research for the show brought her to *The Personal Correspondence of Hildegard of Bingen*, translated by Joseph L Baird and Radd K Ehrman (OUP 2006). She has set extracts and fragments of Hildegard’s letters in her composition *Hildegard Portraits* (May 2021), written especially for this programme.

“*It is some kind of miracle to have the kind of access to a female creator of the twelfth century that we have with Hildegard, her output only having been permissible during her lifetime because of her sacred status. From my perspective this project is also a collaboration with Hildegard herself – not only with her luminous, visionary musical language and multifaceted perspective on life and spirituality, but with her eighty-one years as a living human being.*” (Laura Moody)

You will hear Moody’s music interspersed throughout the programme in the form of miniatures, culminating in the finale, *The Living Light*:

Antiphona: O successores St Hildegard of Bingen (12thC)

Psalm antiphon for Confessors
Performing edition by Stevie Wishart, arranged by Stevie Wishart
Translation © Richard Vendome

O successores fortissimi leonis,
inter templum et altare,
dominantes in ministratione eius,
sicut angeli sonant in laudibus
et sicut assunt populis,
in adiutorio vos estis inter illos
qui hec faciunt,
semper curam habentes in officio agni.

“*The libretto for this collects words that Hildegard used to describe the presence she encountered in her visions. The neurologist Oliver Sacks famously hypothesised that Hildegard’s visions were a symptom of migraine with aura and (as a fellow migraineur) I have tried to capture some of that relentlessness and pressure in this virtuosic and rhythmic depiction of her experiences of transcendence.*” (Laura Moody)

Voice was introduced to Hildegard’s music in their teens, performing and recording with Stevie Wishart’s group *Sinfonye*. The trio are still close to Wishart today and perform from her transcriptions of Hildegard’s manuscripts. *Hildegard Transfigured* includes two contemporary compositions by Wishart: *O Choruscans Lux Stellarum*, which was written for Voice and is based on a cantus firmus by Hildegard; and *Azeruz* which sets words from her ‘lingua ignota’ or made-up language.

The other contemporary works in tonight’s programme were all written for Voice and are inspired by Hildegard. Marcus Davidson, friend and long-time composer for the trio, wrote *O Boundless Ecclesia* as a response to Hildegard’s *O orzechis ecclesia*. Emily Levy’s composition, *How Sweetly You Burn* sets text taken from Hildegard’s morality play, *Ordo Virtutum* (*Play of Virtues*) – speech and chorus – which is believed by some scholars to have been written as a memorial to Richardis, close friend and member of Hildegard’s order, following her untimely death. Tim Lea Young composed *Three Wings: pt 1* having won a competition run by BREMF (Brighton Early Music Festival) to write for Voice in the early stages of the Hildegard Transfigured project. The ‘three wings’ referenced in his piece is inspired by text from Hildegard’s *O virtus sapientie*.

All of Hildegard’s works performed this evening come from her body of work *Symphonie armonie celestium revelationum* (*The Symphony of the Harmony of the Celestial Revelations*) (1140s–1150s). The trio has chosen them for the beauty of the texts and the uplifting, atmospheric nature of the music. “*What draws us to her music time and again are the soaring, melismatic lines, the flourishes and ornamentation and especially for the ensemble sound we can create.*” Hildegard’s music has helped to forge Voice’s unique ensemble sound, formed the backbone of many programmes, and provided inspiration for many of the works they have commissioned.

*O followers of the mightiest lion,
between the sanctuary and the altar,
masters in his household,
just as the angels sound praises
and are here to help the people,
you also are among those
who accomplish this,
always ministering in the service of the Lamb.*

Responsorium: Favus distillans St Hildegard of Bingen

Responsory for St. Ursula and Companions
Performing edition by Stevie Wishart, arranged by Stevie Wishart
Translation © Stevie Wishart

Favus distillans Ursula virgo fuit,
que Agnum Dei amplecti desideravit.

*A dripping honeycomb was Ursula the virgin,
who desired to embrace the Lamb of God.*

Mel et lac sub lingua eius,
quia pomiferum hortum
et flores florum
in turba virginum
ad se collegit.

*Milk and honey under her tongue,
an orchard of fruit trees
and blossoming flowers
among the crowd of virgins
gathered all around her.*

Gloria Patri et Filio
et Spiritui Sancto.

*Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit.*

Mel..

Milk..

Musical Harmony Marcus Davidson (2012)

Text from Scivias, St Hildegard of Bingen
Translation sourced from Canberra Academy of Music
and Related Arts

Musical harmony softens hard hearts. It induces in them the moisture of reconciliation, and it invokes the Holy Spirit. When different voices sing in unity, they symbolise the simple tenderness of mutual love. When different voices blend in song, they symbolise the blending of thoughts and feelings which is the highest pleasure human beings can know. Let the sweet sound of music enter your breast, and let it speak to your heart. It will drive out all darkness, and spread spiritual light to every part of you.

Humility Laura Moody (2021)

Hildegard Portraits
Translation by Joseph L. Baird and Radd K. Ehrman © OUP 2006

How could God work through me? If I were not aware I am but a poor little creature, I tremble in fear. Totally ignorant. I count myself as nothing. But I stretch my hands to God so He might raise me up like a feather
Which, having no weight of its own, flies on the wind.

Poor little woman though I am. A Poor little form of a woman.

Three Wings Tim Lea Young (2019)

Translation after Sabina Flanagan,
edited by Tim Lea Young

In una via, quae habet vitam,
tres alas (habens),

*In one life-giving path,
three wings you have.*

Quarum una in altum volat,
et altera de terra sudat,
et tertia undique volat.

*I, the fiery life of the divine
substance, blaze in the beauty of the
fields, shine in the waters and burn
in the sun, moon and stars.
I bring all things to life.*

Antiphona: O virtus sapientie

St Hildegard of Bingen (12th C)
Antiphon for Divine Wisdom
Performing edition by Stevie Wishart, arranged by Stevie Wishart and Voice
Translation © Stevie Wishart

O virtus sapientie
que circuiens cicuisti
comprehedendo omnia
in una via, que habet vitam
tres alas habens
quarum una in altrum volate
et altera de terra sudat
et tertia undique volat
Laus tibi sit sicut te decet
O sapientia

*O strength of wisdom
that circulating, encircles,
surrounding all that has life
in one path;
having three wings,
one flies in the heights
and another sweeps the earth
and the third flies in every place.
Praise to you, as befits you,
O Wisdom.*

Azeruz Stevie Wishart (2001)

Text from Lingua ignota by St Hildegard of Bingen
Translation after Pitra 1882

Lingua ignota	English
Anziz	Cowbane
Marizma	Common centaury
Zizria	Cinnamon
Sparinichibus	Almond
Aseruz	Hemp
Magizima	Black hellebore
Zizanz	Briar
Gusca	Lesser celandine
Dizia	Burning bush
Mazma	Vetch
Pazia	Henbane
Cririschia	Laurel
Mikoziz	Garden radish
Laufrica	Coltsfoot
Fulzia	Marigold
Florisca	Seed of the balsam
Gimeldia	Pine

Sermon Laura Moody (2021)

Hildegard Portraits
Translation by Joseph L. Baird and Radd K. Ehrman © OUP 2006

I see a black fire in you
Kindled against us.

Sometimes you are like a bear
Which growls under its breath,
But sometimes like an ass
Not prudent in your duties
But worn down.

I see you like a little boy
Or some madman
Living before Living Eyes

The luminaries are missing from the firmament of God's justice in your utterances, as when the stars do not shine, for you are like the night exhaling darkness, and you are like people who do not work, or even walk in the light because of your indolence. But just as a snake hides in a cave after it has shed its skin, you walk in filth like disgusting beasts.

You are quick in your pursuit of adolescent lust, incapable, like children, of even speaking your own salvation. You do whatever your flesh demands. For the power of God will crush and destroy your necks which have become stiff with iniquity, for they have been puffed up as with the breath of the wind, since you neither know God nor fear men. You do not see God nor even wish to do so.

Oh, what great and evil enmity this is! That a person is unwilling to live an upright life, either for God's sake or mankind's, but, rather, seeks honour without work and eternal rewards without abstinence. Such a one, in his supposed sanctity, vainly longs to cry out, as the devil does, I am good and holy. But this is not true.

Sing Laura Moody (2021)

Hildegard Portraits
Translation by Joseph L. Baird and Radd K. Ehrman © OUP 2006

Sing the mysteries of God
Like a trumpet
Which only returns a sound
But does not function unassisted
For it is Another who breathes into it...
From time to time
I resound a little, like
The dim sound of a trumpet
From the Living Light

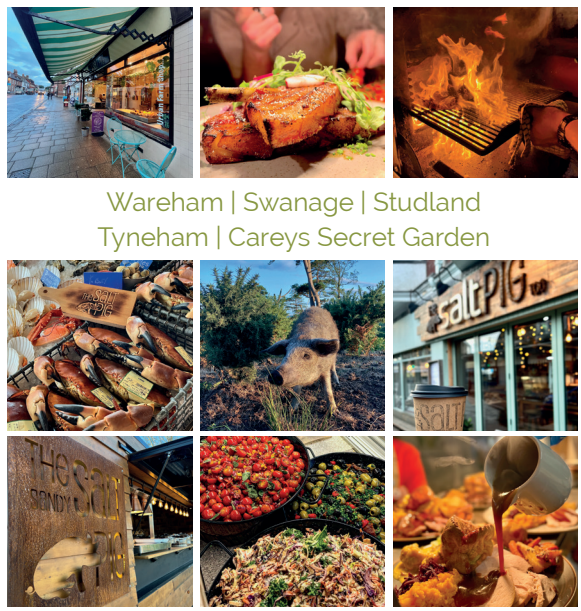
Antiphona: O mirum admirandum
St Hildegard of Bingen (12th C)

Translation © Stevie Wishart
Performing edition by Stevie Wishart, arranged by Stevie Wishart and Voice

O mirum admirandum, quod absconsa forma praecellit, ardua in honesta statura ubi vivens altitudo profert mystica unde o Disibode surges in fine succurrente flore omnium ramorum mundi ut primum surrexisti	O marvellous miracle that a hidden figure stood out steep on the noble stature where the living height utters mysteries hence o Disibod you will arise in the end with the aid of a flower of all the branches of the world as you first arose
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Restaurant | Café | Farm Shop | Butchery
Fishmongers | Outside Catering | Weddings



O Choruscons Lux Stellarum Stevie Wishart (2012)

Latin text St Hildegard of Bingen
Translated text © Stevie Wishart

O choruscons lux stellarum o splendidissima specialis forma regalium nuptiarum o fulgens gemma Tu es ornata in alta persona quae non habet maculatam rugam tu es etiam socia Angelorum et civis sanctorum fuge, fuge speluncam antiqui perditoris! et veniens, veni in palacium Regis.	O glistening starlight, O splendid special one of the royal marriage, O glowing gem: You are arrayed as a person of high rank who has no mark nor wrinkle; You are also an angel's companion and a citizen of sacredness. Run, flee from the ancient destroyer's cave! Come, enter into the palace of the King.
--	---

O orzchis ecclesia St Hildegard of Bingen (12th C)

Votive Antiphon for the Dedication of a Church
Translation © Stevie Wishart
Performing edition by Stevie Wishart, arranged by Stevie Wishart and Voice

O orzchis (immensa)* Ecclesia armis divinis praecincta et hyazintho ornate tu es caldemia (aroma) stigmatum loifolum (populorum) et urbs scientiarum O, o, tu es etiam crizanta (uncta) in alto sono et es chorzta (corusca) gemma	O orzchis (immense)* Church, encircled by divine weapons, and adorned with hyacinths, you are the caldemia (fragrance) of the stigmata of the loifolum (peoples), and a city of knowledge. O, o, you are crizanta (anointed) with soaring sound, and you are a chorzta (twinkling) jewel.
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*Latin translation of lingua ignota *English translation of lingua ignota

O Boundless Ecclesia Marcus Davidson (2021)

Translated text ed. Voice after St Hildegard of Bingen's O orzchis ecclesia

O boundless Ecclesia
your gems the colour of heaven:
you are the fragrance of the wounds of nations,
the city of knowledge.
O lady, O jewel ever sparkling:
such music sounds at your crowning!

O Woman Laura Moody (2021)

Hildegard Portraits
Translation by Joseph L. Baird and Radd K. Ehrman © OUP 2006

O, woman
What a splendid being you are!
For you have set your foundation in the sun,
And have conquered the world.

Antiphona: Caritas habundat St Hildegard of Bingen (12th C)

Caritas habundat in omnia, De imis excellentissima supersidera Atque amantissima in omnia, Qui a summo Regi osculum pacis dedit	Charity abounds in everything, from the depths to the highest place above the stars, and is the most loving in all things, because it has given the High King the kiss of peace.
--	---

Love Laura Moody (2021)

Hildegard Portraits
Translation by Joseph L. Baird and Radd K. Ehrman © OUP 2006

Daughter listen to me, Your mother Speaking to you in the spirit. I so loved... The nobility of your character Your wisdom Your chastity Your spirit	Every aspect of your life Let all who have grief like mine mourn with me All who have had such great love in their hearts and minds... She was like a flower in her beauty and loveliness In the symphony of this world.
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Voice : Hildegard Transfigured

How Sweetly You Burn

Text after St Hildegard of Bingen’s *Ordo Virtutum*
Translation after Barbara Newman, edited by Emily Levy.

Oh friend you stand in the royal bridal chamber,
Oh how tenderly you burn in the King’s embraces.
When the sun shines through you
So that your noble flower shall never wilt.

Oh noble friend, no shade will ever find your flower drooping.
The flower of the field falls before the wind.
The rain scatters its petals.

Oh friend, you abide forever
In the chorus of the company of heaven.
Hence, you are a tender flower that shall never fade.

The Living Light Laura Moody (2021)
Hildegard Portraits
Translation by Joseph L. Baird and Radd K. Ehrman © OUP 2006

The words
The words I speak
The words I speak are not my own
Nor any human being’s
I say
I say these things
I say these things to you
I say these things to you in the light

I looked
I looked to wisdom
I looked to wisdom and I saw
I looked to wisdom and I heard
I looked to wisdom and I saw and heard
The living light...
In the light of
In the light of true visions
The light
The light

These words
From that light
From that light which I see
From that light which I see in my soul
From that light which I see in my soul, I saw
These words
The light
Far brighter than the lucent cloud through which the sun shines
Not like
Not like the words
Not like the words of human speech
But like a blazing flame
A cloud that moves through clear air

Poor little form of a woman
A fragile vessel
Not from myself
But from the...
I can by no means grasp
This form of light
Any more than I can stare fully into the sun.
When I do see it
All my sorrow and pain vanish from my memory
And I become
More like a young girl
Than an old woman.

Serene Light
The living fountain
The living fountain says
The Serene Light
In a vision of my waking soul
In a vision
A clear revelation
In a true vision
Says
The words
The light
The living fountain
The living light
The bright fountain

The Living Light says
The Bright Fountain, truthful and just says
A clear revelation in a true vision says
I saw
I heard
From that light
Which I see in my soul

Antiphona: Unde quocumque venientes
St Hildegard of Bingen
Antiphon for St. Ursula
Translation © Stevie Wishart
Performing edition by Stevie Wishart, arranged by Stevie Wishart and Voice

Unde quocumque venientes,
perexerunt velut cum gaudio
celestis paradisi suscepte sunt
quia in religione morum
honorifice apparuerunt

From wherever they came
they were welcomed
with the joy of celestial paradise
because in their spiritual life
they appeared full of honour.

Libretto for *Hildegard Portraits* adapted
by Laura Moody from *The Personal
Correspondence of Hildegard of Bingen*,
translated by Joseph L. Baird and Radd K.
Ehrman, © OUP 2006.

COFFEE CONCERT
VIOLIN AND GUITAR

Sunday 4th June | 10.15am arrive for coffee,
11.30am recital
Encombe House, Kingston, BH20 5LW
Tickets: £33 (priority given to Festival Friends).
No admission on the day without a ticket.

THE PROGRAMME

Manuel de Falla (1876–1946)
Seven Spanish folk songs, arranged for
violin and guitar

Béla Bartók (1881–1945)
A Selection of Hungarian folk dances

Astor Piazzolla (1921–1992)
An arrangement

Steve Smith
50 Jars o’ Jam



Encombe House

The core of Encombe House is thought
to be 17th century. It was remodelled and
enlarged between 1740 and 1770 for John
Pitt. The architect is unknown, but the style
is reminiscent of Vanbrugh.

Encombe Estate entered its most significant
period in terms of landscape and history
around 1734. John Pitt was a notable amateur
architect, a member of the Society of
Dilettanti and was an authority on planting.
He occupied the post of Surveyor General
of Woods and Forests between 1757 and
1763 and again between 1767 and 1786. The
earliest indication of the walled garden is
the 1776 Estate Plan which shows noticeable
similarities to the existing layout. By 1887
the garden had been reworked in the more
standard layout which survives today after
much loving care and restoration.

We are most grateful to James and Arabella
Gaggero for their generous hospitality.

EVENT VENUE

Please park as directed by the stewards. From the parking
area you can then enjoy the lakeside walk to the house
(transportation can be provided if required).

THE PERFORMERS

Violinist **Miranda Fulleylove** is one of the UK’s
most sought-after and versatile musicians. Her
repertoire ranges from the 18th century to music
written only yesterday. She devotes much of her
musical life to the performance of contemporary
music and is currently leader of Uproar, Wales’ brand new
contemporary music ensemble. From 2004–2017 Miranda was leader of
the Music Theatre Wales Ensemble, which gave world premières of over 40
new works. Miranda performs and tours all over the world as guest concert
master and principal player of many of London’s orchestras, including the
Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, the London Sinfonietta and the
BBC Symphony Orchestra. She also appears regularly in the USA with the
Boston-based Sarasa Ensemble.

Guitarist **Steve Smith**’s varied musical career has
taken him to some of the most prestigious venues
in the world. He has performed with a wide array
of artists and musicians and premiered works by Sir
Michael Tippett (*New Year*) at the 1990 Glyndbourne
International Festival. Steve has a long association with
the London Sinfonietta, with whom he has performed
and recorded widely. His versatile musicianship has resulted in
work with Oliver Knussen, Mstislav Rostopovich, Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber,
Viktoria Mullova and John Adams. He has mentored on the ground-
breaking Aldeburgh Young Musicians Scheme and, as a composer, has
written for stage, concert hall and TV.

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Coffee Concert: Violin and Guitar

PROGRAMME NOTES

Seven Spanish Folk Songs – Manuel de Falla, arranged for violin and guitar.
Born in Cadiz, Manuel de Falla moved with his family to Madrid in 1896. In 1904 he won a national composition contest with his opera *La vida breve* and hoped this would lead to performances of the work and make him enough money to move to Paris. The organisers of the competition failed to secure a performance, so a frustrated Falla took off on a European tour as a pianist for a mime troupe. In 1907, the not-quite-so-young but not-yet-mature composer finally found himself on his own in the French capital.

Musical Paris was bubbling with things Spanish at the time. Debussy was composing *Ibéria*, Ravel was working on *Rapsodie espagnole* and *L'heure espagnole*, and Falla's compatriot Albéniz had just completed the fourth book of his Iberia for piano. Falla soon earned the respect and affection of Paul Dukas, using the score of *La vida breve* as his calling card, who introduced Falla to the other great musicians in town. Falla remained in Paris for seven years before returning to Spain at the outbreak of World War I. It was in Paris that Falla wrote his *Siete canciones*, premiered in Madrid in 1915 to great public and critical acclaim, helping him gain international recognition and attention.

Using a combination of authentic and “retouched” folk melodies, Falla succeeded in elevating simple, popular tunes to a higher artistic level by crafting integrated and original accompaniments, bringing to life the infectious melodies and rhythms inherent in the folk songs:

- El Paño Moruno (*The Moorish Cloth*)
- Seguidilla Murciana (*Seguidilla from Murcia*)
- Asturiana (*Asturian Song*)
- Jota (*Jota*)
- Nana (*Lullaby*)
- Canción (*Song*)
- Polo (*Polo*)

A Selection of Bartók’s Hungarian Folk Dances
Béla Bartók was a Hungarian composer, whose lifetime interest in his native folk music led him on countless field trips into the hinterlands of his own and neighbouring countries. As a young composer he collected thousands of folk songs, thus enriching his country’s culture and, immeasurably, his art. Nothing he wrote after this folk immersion was untouched by one or more of the elements of this music: irregular rhythms; modes; exotic scale combinations; severely simple melodies; and the driving passionate temperament of the folk models.

We present a selection of these dances arranged for violin and guitar. They were originally written in 1915 for piano, but later orchestrated by the composer in 1917. They are based on the fiddle-tunes of the Transylvanian districts and vary in mood from haughtiness, flirtatiousness to rumbustious rustic vigour.

An Arrangement of a Work by Astor Piazzolla
Astor Piazzolla was an Argentinian tango composer and bandoneón player. His musical work revolutionised the traditional tango into a new style called nuevo tango, incorporating elements from both jazz and classical music.

Born in Argentina in 1921 to immigrant Italian parents, Piazzolla spent most of his childhood in New York City, where he acquired fluency in four languages: Spanish, English, French and Italian. He also started playing the bandoneon, quickly recognised as a child prodigy. He returned to Argentina in 1937, where strictly traditional tango still reigned, and played in night clubs with a series of groups. The pianist Arthur Rubinstein (then living in Buenos Aires) advised him to study with the Argentine composer Alberto Ginastera. Delving into scores of Stravinsky, Bartók, Ravel, and others, he temporarily gave up tango tempo and worked as a modernist classical composer.

After winning a French government grant to study in Paris with the French composer and conductor Nadia Boulanger, he returned to Argentina in 1955, formed the Octeto Buenos Aires to play tangos and never looked back. His new approach to the tango made him a controversial figure and the Argentine saying “in Argentina everything may change – except the tango” suggests some of the resistance he found in his native land. However, his music gained acceptance in Europe and North America, and his reworking of the tango was embraced by some liberal segments of Argentine society, who were pushing for political changes in parallel to his musical revolution.

Piazzolla’s nuevo tango was distinct from the traditional tango in its incorporation of elements of jazz, its use of extended harmonies and dissonance, its use of counterpoint, and its ventures into extended compositional forms. Piazzolla also introduced new instruments that were not used in the traditional tango, including the flute, saxophone, electric guitar, electronic instruments, and a full jazz/rock drum kit.

50 Jars o’ Jam by Steve Smith
To be introduced by the composer



Suzy Wright, Husband



Jack Dickson, Caroline 2022



Tony Kerins, Mum

PORTRAITURE CELEBRATION

EVENT VENUE E

A celebration of Portraiture is part of this year’s PAW Festival in partnership with The Mowlem’s new Visual Arts initiative. There are four events around different aspects of the portraiture theme – two exhibitions, a talk, and painting in action.

EXHIBITIONS DURING THE FESTIVAL

‘Family’, an exhibition by **Suzy Wright**, takes place in The Mowlem’s visual arts space. Suzy, textile artist and one of the Sky Portrait Artist of the Year finalists, encourages us to look at portraits in a different way! Free.

Shown alongside this is an exhibition of portraits submitted to our Portraiture Competition by young people from schools across Purbeck – of somebody they ‘admire’. There could be some surprises here! The winners and prizes will be announced at 4pm on Sat 10th June in The Mowlem’s Community Room. Free.

Thursday 8th June | 6.30 – 8.00pm
TALK BY PHILIP JACKSON AND PANEL DISCUSSION
Community Room, The Mowlem, Swanage, BH19 1DD
Tickets: £5, students free.
Drinks and nibbles available from 6pm

If you are curious about how portraits are done, come and enjoy what promises to be a fascinating talk by internationally renowned sculptor, and PAW President, **Philip Jackson**, on *The Trials and Tribulations of doing Portraiture in Public Sculpture*, followed by a panel discussion on *What Makes a Good Portrait* which includes artists **Sophie Jenkins**, **Suzy Wright**, and **Tim Edgar** (Mowlem Visual Arts Coordinator).

Saturday 10th June | 2.00 – 4.00pm
PORTRAIT ARTIST OF PURBECK – LIVE ART EVENT
Community Room, The Mowlem, Swanage, BH19 1DD
Tickets: £5, students free.

Portrait Artist of Purbeck is a compered live event, in which leading Dorset artists **Jack Dickson** (painter and Sky Portrait Artist of the Year 2020), **Tony Kerins** (artist/illustrator), and **Suzy Wright** (textile artist) paint a local notable character in front of an audience – do come and see some great artists in action.

£8 combined ticket for both events, students free.



Philip Jackson
CVO DL MA FRB
Internationally renowned sculptor, Philip Jackson, has established a reputation for monumental works of public commemorative art which capture the character and atmosphere of their subjects. These include Gandhi in Parliament Square, the Queen, and most recently, a memorial to our National Emergency Services.



Suzy Wright
Suzy Wright is known for her iconic images of people, insects, fruit, flowers and birds created using free machine embroidery. She has worked with Zandra Rhodes and for Kaffe Fassett. In 2020 she was selected as one of the Sky Portrait Artist of the Year artists.



Jack Dickson
An artist and teacher, Jack Dickson lives and works in Dorset. Having roots in both Zambia and the UK allows him to draw upon a wide range of cultural and aesthetic influences. He is currently focussing on portraiture and will continue to explore this genre.



Tony Kerins
Tony Kerins has illustrated books, provided magazine portraits, devised illustrated maps and designed theatre sets. For Tony drawing underpins everything he does, along with colour, analysis and emotion, and choosing the medium – and of course telling the story.



Sophie Jenkins
Sophie Jenkins lives in Swanage and has been both teaching and painting for over 20 years. Her work includes portraits of people as well as land and seascapes. She is inspired by colour and light and captures this in her work using a variety of media.

PURBECK POETS PERFORMING

Monday 5th June | 7.30pm – 10.30pm
The Globe Inn, Bell Street, Swanage BH19 2RY
Free with a pint!

EVENT VENUE D



A friendly open mic poetry night.
Come for 3 Pees at the Globe
And a welcome that’s hearty and warming
No not for 3 Pees in the loo!
This is Purbeck Poets Performing

The evening will be hosted by local poet **Martin Hobdell** and will include poets from the regular monthly open mic sessions at the Globe as well as outside poets. Please contact Martin to book a slot in advance or turn up early on the night – first come first served. Martin Hobdell: coysmjh2019@outlook.com

BYRD AT 400 TENEBRAE



Friday 9th June | 6.30pm
The Priory Church of Lady St Mary,
Wareham BH20 4ND
Tickets: £25 adults, £2 students

*This event has been sponsored by the Friends of
Purbeck Arts Weeks Festival and by Harbour View.*

EVENT VENUE **A**



Sim Canetty-Clarke

THE PERFORMERS

Described as “*phenomenal*” (The Times) and “*devastatingly beautiful*” (Gramophone Magazine), award-winning choir **Tenebrae** is one of the world’s leading vocal ensembles, renowned for its passion and precision.

Tenebrae is renowned for its highly-acclaimed interpretations of choral music, ranging from the Renaissance through to contemporary choral masterpieces, and has appeared at major festivals and venues including the BBC Proms, Edinburgh International Festival, Leipzig Gewandhaus (Germany) and Melbourne Festival (Australia).

Under the direction of Nigel Short, **Tenebrae** has twice secured the award for Best Choral Performance in the BBC Music Magazine Awards (2012 and 2016), and its recording of Fauré’s *Requiem* with the London Symphony Orchestra was nominated for the Gramophone Awards (2013). In 2018 *Music of the Spheres*, Tenebrae’s album of part songs from the British Isles, received a Grammy nomination.

www.tenebrae-choir.com

THE PROGRAMME

Alonso Lobo (1555–1617)
Versa est in luctum

William Byrd (c1540–1623)
Ave verum corpus

William Byrd
Mass for 4 voices (without Credo)

William Byrd
Laudibus in sanctis

William Byrd
Vigilate

Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla (1590–1664)
Missa Ego flos campi (without Credo)

INTERVAL 20 minutes
(Drinks available, toilets in hall –
through arch opposite west door)

John Sheppard (c1515–1558)
In manus tuas I

Plainsong (text attributed to St Thomas
Aquinas)
Pange lingua

William Byrd
Ne irascaris

Thomas Tallis (1505–1585)
Lamentations I

Chant
In monte Oliveti

John Sheppard
In manus tuas II

Thomas Tallis
Lamentations II

John Blitheman (1525–1591)
In pace inidipsum

PROGRAMME NOTES

Tenebrae opens this year’s programme with Alonso Lobo’s motet *Versa est in luctum*. Composed for the funeral of Phillip II of Spain in 1598, it is surely one of the finest examples of Renaissance polyphony, beginning with an ethereal descending phrase in the first soprano part and growing in richness as each voice part joins in sequence.

The hero of this first half, however, is undoubtedly the English composer, William Byrd, who died 400 years ago in July 1623. A devout Catholic in a newly Protestant England, his position as a favourite composer of Queen Elizabeth I protected him from the worst of the persecution that befell many of his fellow Catholics. Nonetheless he was forbidden from openly practising his faith, and his three settings of the Mass would likely have been sung at clandestine services in the recusant chapels of his patron, Sir John Petre. The closing section of the ‘Agnus Dei’ from the *Mass for Four Voices* has been suggested by some as the pinnacle of vocal writing of this era, showing the same degree of plangent supplication found in the music of any of Byrd’s continental counterparts. After the relative tranquillity of the Mass come two of his more up-tempo motets, *Laudibus in sanctus* and *Vigilate*. This latter work is a stern reminder that the Lord may appear at any time of the day or night, and listeners can keep an ear out for the enthusiastic cockerels who crow at the break of day.

The first half closes with another Mass, this time by the lesser-known composer, Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla. Born in Malaga in around 1590, he moved to New Spain (now modern Mexico) at

the age of thirty to take up the post of *maestro de capilla* of the Cathedral in Puebla de Los Angeles, and the *Mass Ego flos campi* successfully combines ideas from both these worlds.

The second half of this programme is structured around Thomas Tallis’ two settings of the *Lamentations of Jeremiah*, to texts which accurately duplicate the first two lessons for the late-night Tenebrae service for Maundy Thursday. Like Byrd’s settings of the Mass, these works are believed to have been written for private performance as devotional music rather than as liturgical pieces for use in church. Although we do not know for certain whether Tallis himself was a recusant Catholic, the poignancy and intensity of these settings for Passiontide make a convincing argument that he held fast to the ‘old faith’.

Like the *Lamentations*, Byrd’s celebrated motet *Ne irascaris, Domine* is appropriate for Holy Week. Its first section (‘Ne irascaris, Domine’) represents the Israelites who implore God to be merciful as they are exiled from Jerusalem, while the second part (‘Civitas sancti tui’) laments the desolation of the holy city. The setting is widely understood to be a metaphor for England’s abandonment of the Catholic Church, and a plea by Byrd (and his fellow Catholics) that God protect and remember them in their own exile. Alongside the *Lamentations* the choir performs polyphony by two less well-known figures of the English Renaissance, John Sheppard and John Blitheman, as well as some short sections of plainchant that reflect the penitential nature of much of this music.

Alonso Lobo – *Versa est in luctum*

Versa est in luctum cithara mea,
et organum meum in vocem flentium.
Parce mihi Domine,
nihil enim sunt dies mei.

*My harp is tuned for lamentation,
and my organ to the voice of those who weep.
Spare me, O Lord,
for my days are as nothing.*

Cutis mea denigrata est super me
et ossa mea aruerunt.

*My skin is become black upon me,
and my bones are burned with heat.*

William Byrd – *Ave verum corpus*

Ave verum corpus, natum de Maria Virgine,
vere passum, immolatum in cruce pro homine:
Cujus latus perforatum, Unde fluxit sanguine.
Esto nobis praegustatum in mortis examine:
O Dulcis, O pie, O Jesu fili Mariae,
miserere mei. Amen.

*Hail true body, born of the Virgin Mary.
Truly suffering, was sacrificed on the cross for all,
From whose pierced side flowed blood,
Be for us a foretaste in the final judgment.
O sweet, O merciful, O Jesus, Son of Mary,
Have mercy on me. Amen.*

William Byrd – *Mass for 4 voices (without Credo)*

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

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

Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.
Laudamus te. Benedicimus te.
Adoramus te. Glorificamus thee.
Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam.
Domine Deus, Rex caelestis, Deus Pater omnipotens.

*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.*

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.	<i>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 God the Father, have mercy upon us. For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord; thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.</i>
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua. Osanna in excelsis.	<i>Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts. Heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Hosanna in the highest.</i>
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini. Osanna in excelsis.	<i>Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.</i>
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis. Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis. Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem.	<i>Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on us. Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on us. Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, grant us peace.</i>

William Byrd – Laudibus in sanctis

Laudibus in sanctis Dominum celebrate supremum, Firmamenta sonent inclita facta Dei. Inclita facta Dei cantate, sacraque potentis Voce potestatem saepe sonate manus.	<i>Celebrate the Lord most high in holy praises: Let the firmament echo the glorious deeds of God. Sing ye the glorious deeds of God, and with holy voice Sound forth oft the power of his mighty hand.</i>
Magnificum Domini cantet tuba martia nomen, Pieria Domino concelebrate lira. Laude Dei, resonent resonantia tympana summi, Alta sacri resonent organa laude Dei.	<i>Let the warlike trumpet sing the great name of the Lord: Celebrate the Lord with Pierian lyre. Let resounding timbrels ring to the praise of the most-high God, Lofty organs peal to the praise of the holy God.</i>
Hunc arguta canant tenui psalteria corda, Hunc agili laudet laeta chorea pede. Concava divinas effundant cymbala laudes, Cymbala dulcisona laude repleta Dei, Omne quod aetheris in mundo vescitur auris,	<i>Him let melodious psalteries sing with fine string, Him let joyful dance praise with nimble foot. Let hollow cymbals pour forth divine praises, Sweet-sounding cymbals filled with the praise of God. Let everything in the world that feeds upon the air of heaven</i>
Halleluia canat, tempus in omne Deo.	<i>Sing Alleluia to God for evermore. (Paraphrase of Psalm 150)</i>

William Byrd – Vigilate

Vigilate, nescitis enim quando dominus domus veniat, sero, an media nocte, an gallicantu, an mane. Vigilate ergo, ne cum venerit repente, inveniat vos dormientes. Quod autem dico vobis, omnibus dico: vigilate.	<i>Watch ye therefore (for you know not when the lord of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock crowing, or in the morning): Watch therefore, lest coming on a sudden, he find you sleeping. And what I say to you, I say to all: Watch. (Mark 13: 35-37)</i>
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Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla – Missa Ego flos campi (without Credo)

Refer to text for Byrd Mass for Four Voices opposite

INTERVAL

John Sheppard – In manus tuas I	
In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum. Redemisti me Domine, Deus veritatis.	<i>Into your hands I commend my spirit: you have redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.</i>
Plainsong – Hymn for Passiontide	
Pange, lingua, gloriosi proelium certaminis, et super crucis tropaeum dic triumphum nobilem: qualiter redemptor orbis immolatus vicerit.	<i>Sing, my tongue, the victory in that glorious combat, and, of the trophy of the Cross, sing a noble song of triumph, recounting how the Redeemer of the world, when immolated, conquered.</i>
De parentis protoplasti fraude facta condolens, quando pomi noxialis morte morsu corrui, ipse lignum tunc notavit, damna ligni ut solveret.	<i>Deeply grieved by the infidelity of the first-created man, when by the eating of the fatal fruit he rushed headlong to death, the Creator Himself then chose the tree that would undo the harm wrought by the former tree.</i>
Hoc opus nostrae salutis ordo depoposcerat; multiformis proditoris ars ut artem falleret: et medelam ferret inde, hostis unde laeserat.	<i>This work the plan of our salvation demanded, that art might outwit the art of the multiform deceiver, and thence bring the remedy whence the foe wrought the injury.</i>
Quando venit ergo sacri plenitudo temporis, missus est ab arce Patris Natus orbis Conditor; atque ventre virginali caro factus prodiit.	<i>When, therefore, the fulness of the sacred time was come, the Son, the Creator of the world, was sent forth from His Father’s home, and, clothed in flesh, He came forth from a virginal womb.</i>

Gloria et honor Deo, usquequo altissimo: una Patri Filioque, inclito Paraclito: cui laus est et potestas, per aeterna saecula. Amen.	<i>Glory and honour to God in the highest, the Father one with the Son, and the glorious Holy Spirit: to whom is praise and might through all ages. Amen.</i>
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William Byrd – Ne irascaris

Ne irascaris, Domine, satis et ne ultra memineris iniquitatis nostrae. Ecce, respice, populus tuus omnes nos. Civitas sancti tui facta est deserta. Sion deserta facta est, Jerusalem desolata est. (Isaiah 64 v. 9)	<i>Be not angry, O Lord, still, neither remember our iniquity for ever. Behold, see, we beseech thee, we are all thy people. The holy cities are a wilderness. Sion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation.</i>
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Thomas Tallis – Lamentations I

Incipit lamentatio Ieremiae prophetae.	<i>Here begins the Lamentation of the Prophet Jeremiah.</i>
Aleph. Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo: facta est quasi vidua domina gentium: princeps provinciarum facta est sub tributo.	<i>Aleph. How desolate lies the city that was once thronged with people; the one-time queen of nations has become as a widow; once a ruler of provinces, she is now subject to others.</i>
Beth. Plorans ploravit in nocte, et lacrimae eius in maxillis eius: non est qui consoletur eam ex omnibus caris eius: omnes amici eius spreverunt eam, et facti sunt ei inimici. Ierusalem, Ierusalem, convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum.	<i>Beth. By night she weeps in sorrow and tears run down her cheeks; of all who love her, there’s none to console her; all her friends have spurned her and have become her foes. Jerusalem, Jerusalem, turn to the Lord, your God.</i>

Chant – In monte Oliveti

In monte Oliveti oravit ad Patrem: Pater si fi eri potest transeat a me calix iste. Spiritus quidem promptus est caro auterm infirma. Fiat voluntas tua. V. Veruntamen non sicut ego volo, sed sicut tu vis.	<i>On the Mount of Olives he prayed to his Father: “Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. Let your will be done.” V. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as you will. May your will be done.</i>
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John Sheppard – In manus tuas II

In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum. Redemisti me Domine, Deus veritatis.	<i>Into your hands I commend my spirit: you have redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.</i>
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Tenebrae: Byrd 400th

Thomas Tallis – *Lamentations II*

De lamentatione Ieremiae prophetae.
Ghimel. Migravit Iuda propter affl ictionem, ac multitudinem
servitutis: habitavit inter gentes, nec invenit requiem.

*From the Lamentation of the Prophet Jeremiah.
Ghimel. Judah has gone into exile because of her suffering and the burden
of her servitude; she is settled among the heathen and has found no rest.*

Daleth. Omnes persecutores eius apprehenderunt eam inter angustias:
[Viae Sion] lugent eo quod non sint qui veniant ad solemnitatem:
omnes portae eius destructae, sacerdotes eius gementes: virgines eius
squalidae, et ipsa oppressa amaritudine.

*Daleth. All her pursuers have captured her between the straits;
[the streets of Zion] mourn for there are none to attend her ceremonies;
all her gates are ruined, her priests sigh and groan; her virgins are afflicted,
and she is overwhelmed with bitterness.*

He. Facti sunt hostes eius in capite, inimici illius locupletati sunt: quia
Dominus locutus est super eam propter multitudinem iniquitatum
eius: parvuli eius ducti sunt captivi ante faciem tribulantis. Ierusalem,
Ierusalem, convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum.

*Heth. Her enemies are in the ascendant, her adversaries prosper; for the
Lord has passed judgement on her for the multitude of her iniquities;
her children are led captive before the face of her oppressor. Jerusalem,
Jerusalem, turn to the Lord, your God.*

John Blitheman – *In pace in idipsum*

In pace in idipsum, dormiam et requiescam.
Si dederò somnum oculis meis, et palperis meis,
Dormitationem
Dormiam et requiescam
Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.

*In peace, in the very same, I will sleep and take my rest.
If I give sleep to mine eyes and to mine eyelids,
Slumber,
I will sleep and take my rest.
Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost.*

BATTLE CRY: SHE SPEAKS
HELEN CHARLSTON AND TOBY CARR

Saturday 10th June | 6.30pm
Church of St Edward, King & Martyr,
Corfe Castle BH20 5EQ
Tickets: £25 adults, £2 students

This event has been supported by John
and Sabine Fairhall.

EVENT VENUE 

THE PERFORMERS

Helen Charlston (Mezzo-Soprano)

Hailed as “a rather special mezzo” (Music
Web International), **Helen Charlston** is a
young artist increasingly in demand in the
UK and abroad. Helen studied music at Trinity
College, Cambridge where she held a choral
scholarship for four years and was a scholar
on the Pembroke College Lieder Scheme,
led by Joseph Middleton.

Helen has sung with distinguished ensembles
worldwide and under the baton of many
leading conductors. Since 2018 she has won
numerous prestigious awards for her singing.
This season, she sings the title role in *Dido
& Aeneas* with William Christie in Versailles;
Handel’s *Israel in Egypt* with the Scottish
Chamber Orchestra; Irene *Theodora* with the
Philharmonia Baroque in San Francisco; and
Handel’s *Messiah* with the Orchestra of The
Age of Enlightenment in Copenhagen.

Toby Carr (Theorbo)

Lutenist and guitarist **Toby Carr** is a versatile
artist, working with some of the finest
musicians. He studied the classical guitar
at Trinity Laban and historical plucked
instruments during a postgraduate degree
at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama.
Now in demand as a soloist, chamber
musician and continuo player, his playing has
been described as ‘sensuous and vivid’ (The
Guardian), ‘Eloquent’ (BBC Music Magazine)
and ‘Mesmerising’ (Opera Today). Toby has
performed with most of the principal period
instrument ensembles in the UK and beyond,
as well as with many symphony orchestras,
opera companies and ballet companies.

Helen and Toby’s debut album, *Battle Cry*, was
released in 2022 to great acclaim, receiving
Editor’s Choice in Gramophone Magazine and
winning the BBC Music Magazine Vocal Award
2023: “Mezzo-soprano Helen Charlston shone
on this recording, spotlighting Baroque heroines
and *tragediennes* like Boudica, Ariadne and
Dido, with gloriously expressive performances in
duo with theorbist Toby Carr. Owain Park’s title
work proved a hauntingly contemporary take
on Baroque themes, making for a cohesive and
eloquent programme.”



THE PROGRAMME

- Barbara Strozzi (1619–1677)**
Il Romeo
Henry Purcell (1659–1695)
*Bonduca’s Song ‘Oh lead me to some
peaceful gloom’*
Barbara Strozzi
L’eraclito Amoroso
- Robert de Visée (1650s–1720s/30s)**
Prelude
John Eccles (1668–1735)
Restless in thought, disturbed in mind
Barbara Strozzi
Lagrima mie
- Alessandro Piccinini (1566–1638)**
Toccata Sesta
Barbara Strozzi
L’Amante segreto

INTERVAL

- Owain Park (1993–)**
*Battle Cry**
i. *Boudicca*
ii. *Philomela in the forest*
iii. *A singer’s ode to Sappho*
iv. *Marietta*
- Giovanni Kapsberger (1580–1651)**
Preludio Quinto
Barbara Strozzi
La Travagliata
Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)
Lamento d’Arianna
- Robert de Visée**
Sarabande
Henry Purcell
An Evening Hymn
- *City Music Foundation 2020
commission*



01929 450450

KNOLL HOUSE

PROGRAMME NOTES

This evening’s programme could have easily been called ‘Lament’. In Italy and England, musicians were obsessed with female abandonment and lament in the 17th century. The stories of women such as Dido and Ariadne have been told and re-told throughout history, as Greek myths and ancient tales dealt with the reality of war and high mortality rates of the women seen to be ‘left behind’ by male dominated storytelling. But does being left behind really mean being helpless, or is that just where a new adventure can start?

This concert showcases the music of Barbara Strozzi, one of very few women composers of that time, and is used as a connecting thread. Born in 1619 in Venice, she was the most published composer in her day. She is often credited with creating ‘The Cantata’, an extended form of song with clear sections moving between speech-like (recitative) sections and sung arias. She often chose texts presenting abandonment, suffering and loss as something to be enjoyed, or even savoured.

This concert opens with Strozzi’s *Il Romeo* - a simple strophic song with two verses sung to the same music. The words follow a wandering heart - ignored without mercy. The bass line, played by the theorbo, and the vocal line of the singer chase each other ‘through the dominion of love’, with ebbing and flowing scaled patterns that never quite meet.

Henry Purcell also revelled in that juxtaposition of sadness and strength. His adaptation of John Fletcher’s play *Bonduca* (dating from October 1695, just a month before his death), deftly contrasts the pull of glory and tragedy. The title of this song: *Ob, Lead me to some peaceful gloom* is Bonduca’s final utterance and closes the work as a whole. She looks to love to escape her inevitable demise and as a place to ‘soothe her pleasing pain’.

Abandonment is also a turning point in Strozzi’s *L’eraclito Amoroso*. The pain of loss brings joy and Heraclitus becomes sustained and revitalised by this pleasing pain. Written in five sections that oscillate between the speech-like form of recitative and a slow melodic ground built on four repeating chords, it is the first example tonight of Strozzi’s distinctive Cantata style.

The *Prelude* by Robert de Visée is a free piece for the theorbo as a solo instrument. The theorbo is defined by its unusual tuning, which constricts the range to the bass and tenor registers. It is probably the neck extension, and long bass strings, that is its most eye-catching feature.

John Eccles wrote incidental music for plays. *Restless in Thought, disturb’d in mind* was written for *She Ventures, He Wins*, a comedy published by a Young Woman under the pseudonym of ‘Ariadne’. The play revolves around a story of two young women who have had enough of the trials and tribulations of love. Intent on marrying someone who loves them for their minds and not their money, they plot to test their suitors in a confusion of disguises and mistaken identities.

Lagrima Mie by Barbara Strozzi is an outpouring of grief. Her extraordinary treatment of harmony makes it impossible to ignore the intensity of Dolfino’s poetry. Strozzi first presented this song to the Accademia degli Unisoni, a group of intellectuals to which she and her father belonged in Venice. The two had debated whether tears or song could best express emotion, and this song was Strozzi’s argument.

The *Toccata Sesta* by Alessandro Piccinini presented the theorbo to his 1623 audience as an innovation. In this piece he applied the new style of dramatic and ‘representative’ composition developed by the likes of Monteverdi for the lute and theorbo, particularly in his *Toccatas*. These works feature quick changes of mood and techniques, pushing the boundaries of possibilities that emerge while playing these newly transformed instruments.

L’Amante segreto by Barbara Strozzi is another cantata. This form allowed Strozzi to set lengthy and dramatic texts, exploring many changes of mood and drama through distinct expression and musical contrasts.

Written by Owain Park in 2020–21, *Battle Cry* was commissioned as homage to the vivid musical and poetic language of the 17th century, and as an attempt to counteract the obsession with lament and abandonment prevalent at that time. The four movements of this new text, written by Georgia Way, follow the stories of Boudicca, Philomela, Sappho and Marietta. This is a female-led journey that asks questions about who these women were, and what they might have said to us today.

Owain Park says of the cycle: “The first two movements run on together, the third is meant to feel almost uncomfortably different, and then the fourth movement (as the original composition) informs everything that you’ve just heard and acts as a musical summary – not only of the material that I wrote, but also of hints and fragments of other pieces in the programme.”

Roman lutenist Giovanni Kapsberger was also a composer of ‘*seconda pratica*’ vocal music and, originally, the theorbo was designed to accompany this style of singing. Kapsberger’s *Preludio Quinto* is from a versatile set of short preludes in various keys.

La Travagliata returns to Strozzi’s simpler, strophic style as we hear from the suffering lover who lives in a world of unrequited love. Each verse is a request to the lover – asking simply for a look, then a word and finally a kiss: each set to the same music.

Claudio Monteverdi’s *Lamento D’Arianna* is the only surviving music from his lost opera, *Arianna*, written for his patron, Duke Vincenzo Gonzago of Mantua. The story is of one of the best-known episodes of classical mythology. In charge of the Minotaur in the labyrinth, Ariadne assisted Theseus, using a ball of string to help retrace his steps, only to be abandoned by him on the island of Naxos. This expressive lament is very demanding and has become a cornerstone of 17th century opera, described by one critic as ‘comparable to Shakespeare’s most searching soliloquies.’

The writing of Robert de Visée, one of Louis IV’s private musicians, represents the zenith of the French style of lute playing. Based around dance forms later taken to new heights by the likes of J.S Bach, this intimate, soft-edged music is quite different from the more extrovert Italian music of Piccinini and Kapsberger. De Visée’s *Sarabande* is an extended prelude to Henry Purcell’s *Evening Hymn*, a fitting homage to English musicians of the late 17th century who often looked to the French style as the height of sophistication. The hymn is a beautiful prayer of solace to put all the stories we have heard to rest. The closing *Hallelujah* can be heard in many different ways, but we hope it becomes an answer to some of the questions we have been asking.

Programme notes by Helen Charlston & Toby Carr

Barbara Strozzi – *Il Romeo*

Vagò mendico il core
tutto il regno d’amore,
dimandando pietà, chiedendo aita
nell’infelice sua povera vita.
Ne per ben salda fede
poté trovar mercede,
ché di quante egli amò crudeli a torto
ch’il fuggì, ch’il tradì, ch’il volle morto.

*My heart wanders begging
through the dominions of love,
seeking kindness, asking for help
for its wretched unhappy life.
Not even for steadfast faithfulness
could it find mercy,
for the more it loves wrongfully cruel women,
the more they flee, betray, wish it dead.*

Tornò dal suo cammino
il mio cor pellegrino,
ne pietoso favor ha mai trovato
per il mendico suo misero stato.
Femminil cortesia
forz’è che spenta sia,
ch’ogni ricca beltà resa tenace
non l’udì, nol mirò, lo mandò in pace.

*My wandering heart returned
from its ramble,
not having found the least compassion
for its miserable deprived condition.
The affection of women
is perhaps so wearied
that all who are rich in beauty remain unfeeling:
not hearing or seeing, they send my heart away.*

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Barbara Strozzi – *L’eraclito Amoroso*

Udite amanti la cagione, oh Dio,
ch’a. lagrimar mi porta:
nell’adorato e bello idolo mio,
che sì fido credei, la fede è morta.

*Listen you lovers, to the cause, oh God,
of my weeping:
in my handsome and adored idol,
whom I believed to be faithful, faith is dead.*

Vaghezza ho sol di piangere,
mi pasco sol di lagrime,
il duolo è mia delizia
e son miei gioie i gemiti.
Ogni martie aggradami,
ogni dolor diletta mi,
i singulti mi sanano,
i sospir mi consolano.

*I have pleasure only in weeping,
I nourish myself only with tears.
Grief is my delight
and moans are my joys.
Every anguish gives me pleasure,
every pain delights me,
sobs heal me,
sighs console me.*

Ma se la fede negami
quell’incostante e perfido,
almen fede serbatemi
sino alla morte, o lagrime!
Ogni tristezza assalgami,
ogni cordoglio eternisi,
tanto ogni male affiggami
che m’uccida e sotterrini.

*But if that inconstant traitor
denies me constancy,
at least let my devotion serve me
until death, o tears.
Every sadness soothes me,
every sorrow sustains itself,
every ill afflicts me so much
that it slays and buries me.*

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Barbara Strozzi – *Lagrima mie*

Lagrima mie, à che vi trattenete?
Perché non isfogate il fier dolore
Che mi toglie’l respiro e opprime il core?
Lidia, che tant’adoro,
Perch’un guardo pietoso, ahì, mi donò,
Il paterno rigor l’imprigionò.
Tra due mura rinchiusa
Sta la bella innocente,
Dove giunger non può raggio di sole;

*My tears, why do you hold back?
Why do you not let burst forth the fierce pain
that takes my breath and oppresses my heart?
Because she looked on me with a favorable glance,
Lidia, whom I so much adore,
is imprisoned by her stern father.
Between two walls
the beautiful innocent one is enclosed,
where the sun’s rays can’t reach her;*

Henry Purcell – *O Lead Me to Some Peaceful Gloom*
Words by John Fletcher (1579–1625)

O lead me to some peaceful gloom,
Where none but sighing lovers come,
Where the shrill trumpets never sound,
But one eternal hush goes round.
There let me soothe my pleasing pain,
And never think of war again.
What glory can a lover have,
To conquer, yet be still a slave?

John Eccles – *Restless in thought, disturbed in mind*

Restless in thought, disturbed in mind,
Short sleeps, deep sighs, ah! much I fear
The inevitable time assigned by fate
To love’s approaching near.

When the dear object present is,
My fluttering soul is all on fire,
His sight’s a heaven of happiness
And, if he stays, no, no, I can’t retire.

Tell me, someone in love well read,
If these be symptoms of that pain;
Alas, I fear my heart is fled,
Enslaved to love, and love in vain.

E quel che più mi duole
Ed’ accresc’al mio mal tormenti e pene,
È che per mia cagione
Provi male il mio bene.
E voi, lumi dolenti, non piangete?
Lagrimie mie, à che vi trattenete?
Lidia, ahimè, veggo mancarmi
L’idol mio che tanto adoro;
Sta colei tra duri marmi,
Per cui spiro e pur non moro.
Se la morte m’è gradita,
Hor che son privo di spene,
Dhe [deh], toglietemi la vita,
Ve ne prego, aspre mie pene.
Ma ben m’accorgo che per tormentarmi
Maggiormente la sorte
Mi niega anco la morte.
Se dunque è vero, o Dio,
Che sol del pianto mio
Il rio destino ha sete,
Lagrimie mie, à che vi trattenete?

*and what grieves me most
and adds torment and pain to my suffering,
is that my love
suffers on my account.
And you, grieving eyes, you don't weep?
My tears, why do you hold back?
Alas, I miss Lidia,
the idol that I so much adore;
she's enclosed in hard marble,
the one for whom I sigh and yet do not die.
Because I welcome death,
now that I'm deprived of hope,
Ah, take away my life,
I implore you, my harsh pain.
But I well realize that to torment me
all the more
fate denies me even death.
Thus since it's true, oh God,
that wicked destiny
thirsts only for my weeping,
tears, why do you hold back?*

Poet: Pietro Dolfino
Translated by Richard Kolb, with kind permission of
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Barbara Strozzi – L’Amante segreto

Voglio, voglio morire,
piuttosto ch’il mio mal venga a scoprire.
Oh, disgrazia fatale!
Quanto più miran gl’occhi il suo bel volto
più tien la bocca il mio desir sepolto;
chi rimedio non ha taccia il suo male.
Non resti di mirar chi non ha sorte,
né può da sì bel ciel venir la morte.
La bella donna mia sovente miro
ed ella a me volge pietoso il guardo,
quasi che voglia dire:
“Palesa il tuo martire”
ché ben s’accorge che mi struggo e ardo.
Ma io voglio morire
piuttosto ch’il mio mal venga a scoprire.
L’erbetta, ch’al cader di fredda brina
languida il capo inchina,
all’apparir del sole
lieta verdeggia più di quel che suole:
tal io, s’alcun timor mi gela il core,
all’apparir di lei prendo vigore.
Ma io voglio morire
piuttosto ch’il mio mal venga a scoprire.
Deh, getta l’arco poderoso e l’armi,
Amor, e lascia omai di saettarmi!
Se non per amor mio
fallo per onor tuo, superbo dio,
perché gloria non è d’un guerrier forte
uccider un che sta vicino a morte.

*I just want to die,
rather than let my weakness be discovered.
Oh, inevitable misfortune!
The more my eyes gaze on that beautiful face
the more my mouth will hold my desire entombed;
one who has no remedy stays silent about his pains;
one who has no luck can only look,
accepting his death coming from such a heaven.
I often look at my beloved
who returns a pitying look,
as if she would say,
“Disclose your torment,”
for she is well aware that I am consumed with passion.
But I would rather die
than let my pain be discovered.
The tender grasses which bow their languishing heads
with the fall of the cold frost,
then when the sun appears
they happily revive from the soil;
just as I, when fear freezes my heart,
become revived when I see her.
But I would rather die
than have my hurt be revealed.
Cupid, throw down your mighty bow and weapons,
and finally stop shooting at me!
If not for the love of me,
then do it for your own honor, great god,
because there is no glory for a mighty warrior
to kill one who is already so close to death.*

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Owain Park – Battle Cry

I Boudicca

Among the foundations near here
a story of fire and battle
has escaped like fragrance.

Her teeth are fired in the ashes of London.
Romans displace her. Fine oils and wines
bathe her fragile neck. The Thames delivers her.

Lost names seep away into stolen lands.
Her life is in shards. The Iceni Queen
knows a woman cannot speak out and live.

As for me, I cannot even utter her name:
Boudicca, Boadicea? Two fragments of her
passed down to me

as if she were never whole. Empty halves
cradling versions of history
she never chose.

II Philomela in the forest

The falcon sings to me all day.
His feathers are limp and brown.
Turn tail, little falcon, fly far away,
and leave me on my own.

You’ll be hooded, silenced!
In this place
I was wounded, like bark drained
for its sap, then bound
in poison ivy.

Unspeakable! I cannot even cry out
for my mother.
There in the canopy:
are those her hands
enfolding me?

The falcon sings to me all day.
His feathers are limp and brown.
Turn tail, little falcon, fly far away,
and leave me on my own.

The falcon sings to me all day.
His feathers are limp and brown.
Turn tail, little falcon, fly far away,
and leave me on my own.

III A singer’s ode to Sappho

Oh Sappho! My voice
is hoarse tonight,
like torn papyrus.

It maims the words
gathering in the temple
to your name.

Are you there, Sappho?
Hear my voice when I call.
I pray, dwell in me:

Make my voice your lyre,
take my cries.
In the honeyed night,

your face, Lady,
will I seek: singing until,
in gilded sandals,

the dawn steps into birdsong.

IV Marietta

Glück, das mir verblieb,
Rück zu mir, mein treues Lieb.

Your eye catches beyond me,
betraying bliss seared,
charred with lament.
A dried flower joyed in the summer,
and now the seasons, resenting, succeed:
the wild fires sorrow, follow the same snow again.

How frightened you are!
You drift away as your fingers float to my neck,
feeling smooth skin, the memento of another.
Understand that resemblance is nothing.
I resemble her only as a woman resembles a woman;
when we are irrevocable,
as unlike as tears.

But this is only a song to you.
A heightened story that means more than it is.

I am a woman – of course I know this song.
Women do not reside in the world.
Death’s whorl is her dwelling place.
To descend is her debt,
the song the net,
capturing warm grief to settle on your cold flesh
and prove what you feel is true.

In the world we inhabit
the true love is not doomed to die.
How unkind
and how final
this mournful melody which makes no
promise of the future for either the dead or the living.

The dead breathe stale air to sing.
Jealous? Why would I be jealous of the dead?

Barbara Strozzi – La Travagliata

Soccorrete, luci avere,
un che muore di dolore;
con un vostro sguardo almeno!
Si può fare del guardare
carità che costi meno?

*Help, you greedy eyes,
one who is dying of grief,
with just one glance of yours!
Is there any act of charity
which costs less?*

Proferite, labra care,
sole sole due parole
a chi muor cortesi almeno!
Si può fare del parlare
cortesia che importi meno?

*Utter, dear lips,
just two little courteous words
to one who is dying!
Is there any token of caring
that costs less than two words?*

Sodisfate, se vi pare,
un costante fido amante
con un vostro bacio almeno!
Si può dare del baciare
guiderdon che vaglia meno?

*Satisfy, if you would be so kind,
a constant and faithful lover
with just one kiss!
Is there any recompense
which costs less?*

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Claudio Monteverdi – Lamento d’Arianna

Lasciatemi morire!
E chi volete voi che mi conforte
in così dura sorte,
in così gran martire?
Lasciatemi morire!

*Let me die!
and what do you think can comfort me
in such harsh fate,
in such great suffering?
Let me die!*

O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
sì che mio ti vo’ dir,
chè mio pur sei,
benché t’involi, ahi crudo!
a gli occhi miei.

*Oh Theseus, my Theseus
I still want
to call you mine,
cruel one, even though
you flee from my eyes.*

Volgiti, Teseo mio,
volgiti, Teseo, o Dio!
Volgiti indietro a rimirar colei
che lasciato ha per te
la patria e il regno,
e’n queste arene ancora,
cibo di fere dispietate e crude,
lascierà l’ossa ignude.

*Turn back, my Theseus,
turn back Theseus, oh God!
Turn back to gaze on her
who abandoned
her country and kingdom just for you,
and who will leave her bare bones
on these sands as food
for fierce and merciless animals.*

O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
se tu sapessi, o Dio!
Se tu sapessi, ohimè!, come s’affanna
la povera Arianna,
forse forse pentito
rivolgeresti ancor la prora al lito.
Ma, con l’aure serene
tu te ne vai felice,
et io qui piango.
A te prepara Atene
liete pompe superbe,
et io rimango
cibo di fere in solitarie arene.
Te l’uno e l’altro tuo vecchio parente
stringeran lieti,
et io più non vedrovi,
o madre, o padre mio!

*Oh, Theseus,
if you only knew, oh god!
Alas, if you only knew the terrible fear
poor Ariadne
is suffering, perhaps you would relent
and point your prow back to the shore.
But, you leave with joy
on gentle breezes,
while I lament here.
Athens is preparing
joyful proud ceremonies for you,
and I remain
food for beasts on these lonely sands.
You will joyfully embrace
Your happy aged parents
but, oh mother, oh father,
I will never see you again.*

Dove, dove è la fede,
che tanto mi giuravi?
Così ne l’alta sede
tu mi ripon de gli avi?
Son queste le corone
onde m’adorni il crine?
Questi gli scettri sono,
queste le gemme e gl’ori?
Lasciarmi in abbandono
a fera che mi strazi e mi divorì?
Ah Teseo, a Teseo mio,
lascierai tu morire,
in van piangendo,
in van gridando aita,
la misera Arianna
che a te fidossi e
ti diè gloria e vita?

*Where is the faithfulness
that you swore to me so much?
Is this how you set me on the high throne
of your ancestors?
Are these the crowns
with which you adorn my locks?
Are these the sceptres,
the jewels and the gold?
To leave me, abandoned
for the wild beast to tear and devour?
Ah, my Theseus,
will you leave to die,
weeping and calling
in vain for help,
wretched Ariadne,
who trusted you and
gave you glory and saved your very life?*

Ahi, che non pur risponde!
Ahi, che più d’aspe è sordo a’miei lamenti!
O nembi, o turbi, o venti,
sommergetelo voi dentr’a quell’onde!
Correte, orche e balene,
e delle membra immonde
empiete le voragini profonde!

*Alas, he doesn’t even answer!
Alas, he is deaf than a snake to my cries!
Oh clouds, storms, winds!
bury him beneath those waves!
Hurry, you whales and sea monsters,
and fill your deep whirlpools
with his filthy limbs!*

Che parlo, ahi! Che vaneggio?
Misera, ohimè! Che chieggio?
O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
non son, non son quell’io,
non son quell’io che i ferì detti sciolse:
Parlò l’affanno mio, parlò il dolore;
Parlò la lingua sì, ma non già ‘l core.

*But What am I saying? Why do I rage so?
Alas, wretch that I am, what am I asking for?
Oh, my Theseus,
it is not I, no, I am not the one
who uttered those terrible words;
It was my breathless fear and pain that spoke;
my tongue may have spoken, but not my heart.*

Misera, ancor dò loco a la tradita speme,
e non si spegne
fra tanto scherno ancor d’amor,
il foco spegni tu morte omai le fiamme indegne.
O Madre, o padre !
O de l’antico Regno superbi alberghi,
ov’ebbi d’or la cuna.,
O servi, o fidi amici
(ahi fato indegno).
Mirate ove m’na scort’empia fortuna,
mirate di che duol m’ha fatto
herede l’amor mio, la mia fede,
e l’altrui inganno !
Così va chi tropp’a ma e troppo crede.

*Wretch, I still give space to the betrayed hope,
and it doesn’t turn off
among so much mockery still of love,
the fire put out, death now the unworthy flames.
O Mother, O Father!
Or superb hotels of the ancient Kingdom,
where I had the cradle of gold.,
Either you serve, or you trust friends
(oh unjust fate).
Look where my fortune has led me,
look at what pain he did to me as a heritage
for my love, my faith,
and the deception of others!
This is the fate of one who loves too much and believes too much.*

Henry Purcell – An Evening Hymn

Now, now that the sun hath veil’d his light
And bid the world goodnight;
To the soft bed my body I dispose,
But where shall my soul repose?
Dear, dear God, even in Thy arms,
And can there be any so sweet security!
Then to thy rest, O my soul!
And singing, praise the mercy
That prolongs thy days.

Hallelujah!

PURBECK YOUNG PURBECK MUSICIANS IN CONCERT

Monday 3rd July | 6.30pm

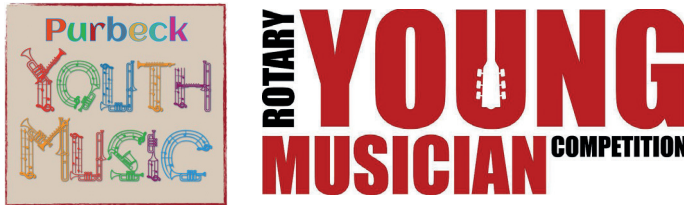
The Mowlem,
Shore Road, Swanage BH19 1DD
Tickets: £3, students free

Each year we celebrate the wonderful abilities of some of our best young musicians. This year we welcome young musicians from a range of schools across Purbeck as well as local vocal and instrumental groups. We also feature some of the prize winners from the 2023 Rotary Young Musician Competition. Do join us as we celebrate our young talent.

As in previous years, to enable more young musicians to participate, this year's evening takes place towards the end of term and after exams. Book as soon as tickets become available to the general public on the Mowlem website: www.themowlem.com

A programme of what will be performed will be available on the day.

EVENT VENUE 



Acknowledgements

TRUSTS, FOUNDATIONS AND BUSINESSES

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The Alice Ellen Cooper Dean Charitable Foundation, Harbour View Crematorium, Isle of Purbeck Arts Club, Love Cake Swanage, The Mowlem, Norden Farm Shop, Perenco UK Ltd, The Salt Pig, The Suttles Group, Swanage Town Council, The Valentine Charitable Trust, Wareham Art Club in memory of John Bowen.

Thank you also to all the local businesses who have advertised with us.



THANKS TO OUR TRUSTEES AND VOLUNTEERS

We value all who are members of our charitable company and especially those who serve as our Trustees, sit on our various working groups and/or help out on the day. We rely on such volunteers and remain rooted in our local communities. If you would like to help us in any way, please do get in contact with our volunteers at any of our events. We are a community-based organisation serving people in Purbeck.

Tim Arnold, Penny Barker, Helen Biles, Richard and Sandra Brown, Jay Buckle, Margaret Burdett, Annie Campbell, Jo Colvile, Lisa Conway, Anne and Jonathan Easterbrooke, Mike and Rhiannon Eland, John and Sabine Fairhall, Charlotte Fereday, Emma-Louise Grinstead, Peter and Debbie Handy, Jack Haworth, Mary Haysom, Sue Haysom, Charlotte Heath, Joan Ingarfield, Zoey and Fred Ingarfield, Richard Jeffries, Sophie Jenkins, Sue Lansbury, Louise Leffler, Oded Manor, Sebastian McEwen, Emma Ormond, Jan Sayers, Robin and Jessica Sutcliffe, Maurice Turner, Douglas Tweddle, and all those who help with stewarding, distributing our publicity and setting up Rollington Barn.

We have for many years reached out to young people and, with support from a range of valued funders, run workshops in many schools across Purbeck. Our young people benefit from the experience of our artists who lead these workshops and the opportunity to be creative, innovative and have fun! We will be celebrating their achievements in particular at our central exhibition area at Rollington Barn, near Corfe Castle. We are also a partner with The Swanage & Purbeck Rotary and the Purbeck Instrument Loan Scheme (PILS) in the charity Purbeck Youth Music (PYM) to encourage more young people to make music www.purbeckyouthmusic.org

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We gratefully acknowledge support from the following Friends and supporters of the Festival (several prefer to remain anonymous):

Susan Adams, John Allcock, Geoff and Sue Allen, Mrs Andrew Bailey, Rex Bale, Richard and Susie Bond, Ginette and Andy Boyd, Richard and Sandra Brown, Jay Buckle, Margaret Burdett, Claire and Ted Carroll, Drs Paul and Linda Cartwright, John Challis, Neil Chapman-Blench, Susie Clark, Hugh and Lucy Cocke, Mike and Nell Compton, Kate Cotton, John and Gillie Coverdale, Shelley Cranshaw, Stephen Dru-Drury, Nick and Joanna Dunn, Anne and Jonathan Easterbrooke, Mike and Rhiannon Eland, Barbara Esam, Debbie and Jonathan Evans, John and Sabine Fairhall, James Farnham, Daryl Fielding and Roderick Watt, Miranda Fulleylove, James and Arabella Gaggero, Mark and Claire Gearing, Richard and Rosemary Gledhill, Jane Glyn Davies, Peter Golob, Rosemary Gould, Rebecca Granger, Martyn and Angela Harris, Sue Haysom, Norman Hayward and Jacky, Charlotte Heath, Roger Higgins, Rosemary and Tim Hill, Don and Yvonne Hunter, Steve and Sue Hutchings, Sue Inge, Peter Jackson, Rachel James, Aline and James Johnson, Chris Johnson, Brian and Sheila Jolly, Moira Laffey, Mari Larthe de Langladure, Rachel Lawton, Laura Leach, Liz Lefevre, the Lloyd family, Virginia Lynch, Jim and Margaret McAllister, Peter and Sue Morrison-Wells, Mary V Mullin, David and Sally Murch, Angela Myerscough, Sue and Gerry O'Brien, Emma Ormond and Douglas Tweddle, Simon and Meriel Parvin, Joanna Penley, Joanna Percy, Steve and Gabrielle Peskin, Nicholas and Christylle Phillips, Lynn Power and Ian Clowes, Bill and Moira Purver, Mike and Jill Ross, Douglas and Sarah Ryder, Jan Sayers, Susannah and Bruce Selby Bennett, Alan Shrimpton, Adam and Carol Shutkever, Gill Sibthorp, Tony Smith, Tom and Ceridwen Sooke, Eric and Virginia Stobart, Giles and Sandra Sturdy, Jessica and Robin Sutcliffe, Howard and Lindsay Swanton, Sally Tattersall, Howard and Dilys Thomas, Graham and Geraldine van Tuyl, Ian and Lynn Vaughan-Arbuckle, Tony Viney, Andrew and Beth White, Sue White, David and Linda Whitehouse, Sally Wilton and Gerald Witt, John and Gill Wood, Elisabeth Woodthorpe, Andrew Wright, Anne and Les Wright, the Wynn-Evans family, Sarah Yeung.

PAW Bursary

CALLING ALL ARTISTS YOUNG OR OLD...

PAW are inviting applications from both visual and performing artists who are seeking assistance with taking the next step in progressing their creative career.

PAW has established a PAW Festival Bursary Fund to encourage and support Purbeck artists of all disciplines.

To date we have made awards to help develop careers in painting, life drawing, printmaking, photography, music, dance, acting, singing, stone carving and silversmithing.

You could be next!

If you would like to be considered for an award or would like more information please contact info@purbeckartweeksfestival.co.uk

By joining the Friends you will help us:

- Maintain a quality Festival and attract international artists, some of whom run workshops and give talks that inform and encourage others
- Keep ticket prices low; young people can come to most of our events for just £2
- Encourage all artists of all capabilities across our communities to work together

We keep Friends informed of our plans and send Newsletters so you can plan in advance. We also offer Friends advance notice and priority booking for events likely to sell out, such as the recital at Encombe House, and we invite you to special events, such as our winter programme of Chamber Music in Purbeck Homes.

For further information on how to join the Friends, please download the Friends form www.purbeckartweeksfestival.co.uk/about-paw/friends/

For information on our events, please e-mail events@purbeckartweeksfestival.co.uk

PAW 2024 Festival Dates
25 May – 9 June

PURBECK
COAST
101.2FM



collective exhibition at

ROLLINGTON BARN

OPEN DAILY
10.00 to 5.00

FREE
ENTRY

Rollington Farm, Studland Road,
Corfe Castle BH20 5JG

Flags and signs on the main
road indicating the farm drive.

Ample parking on the
drive leading to the barn.

Unisex/disabled toilets on site.

Directions:

From Corfe Castle take the B3351
to Studland: first farm on right.

From the ferry: through Studland,
follow signs to Corfe Castle:
4 miles on left.

T: 07534 621473



Rollington Barn hosts our collective exhibition representing most of the PAW Festival visual artists; their paintings, prints, ceramics, photography, woodcrafts, greetings cards and much more. This is just a taste of what can be discovered by visiting our Open Studios, many of which provide a unique opportunity to meet PAW artists and discover hitherto undiscovered corners of Purbeck.

Entry is free and artwork from the main exhibition can be purchased and taken away on the day. We accept cash, cheques and most credit and debit cards, but please note that the café accepts cash only.

Rollington Barn is also an excellent place to pick up a Festival Brochure, start planning your art trail and deciding which events you wish to go to. Do pick up a Postcard Competition postcard with the chance of winning £250 of art of your choice!

With the collective show in the barn, the Purbeck Young artists' show in the byre, Pop-up Studio demonstration and the ever-popular LoveCake Courtyard café there is plenty to keep visitors entertained at Rollington for hours!

Love Cake's pop up courtyard café offers a selection of tempting homemade cakes, delicious light lunches as well as hot and cold drinks. Opening hours are 10.00am – 5.00pm.



PAW POP-UP STUDIOS

Saturday 27 May	10am–1pm	Fen D'Lucie
Saturday 27 May	2pm–5pm	Jonathan Easterbrooke
Sunday 28 May	10–1pm	Anne Easterbrooke
Sunday 28 May	2pm–5pm	Andy Knill
Monday 29 May	10am–5pm	Jonathan Easterbrooke
Tuesday 30 May	10am–1pm	Jonathan Easterbrooke
Tuesday 30 May	2pm–5pm	Roy Applin
Wednesday 31 May	10am–5pm	Tim Rose
Thursday 1 June	2pm–5pm	Jenny Hawke
Friday 2 June	10am–1pm	Fen D'Lucie
Friday 2 June	2pm–5pm	Brendan Gallagher
Saturday 3 June	10am–5pm	Tim Rose
Sunday 4 June	10am–1pm	Anne Easterbrooke
Sunday 4 June	2pm–5pm	Andy Knill
Monday 5 June	10am–5pm	Jonathan Easterbrooke
Tuesday 6 June	10am–1pm	Jonathan Easterbrooke
Tuesday 6 June	2pm–5pm	Roy Aplin
Wednesday 7 June	10am–5pm	Gail Boothman
Thursday 8 June	10am–5pm	Jonathan Easterbrooke
Friday 9 June	10am–5pm	Tim Rose
Saturday 10 June	10am–5pm	Brendan Gallagher
Sunday 11 June	10am–5pm	Jonathan Easterbrooke



There may be additional demonstrations so please check our website and the notice board at Rollington Barn.

www.purbeckartweeksfestival.co.uk