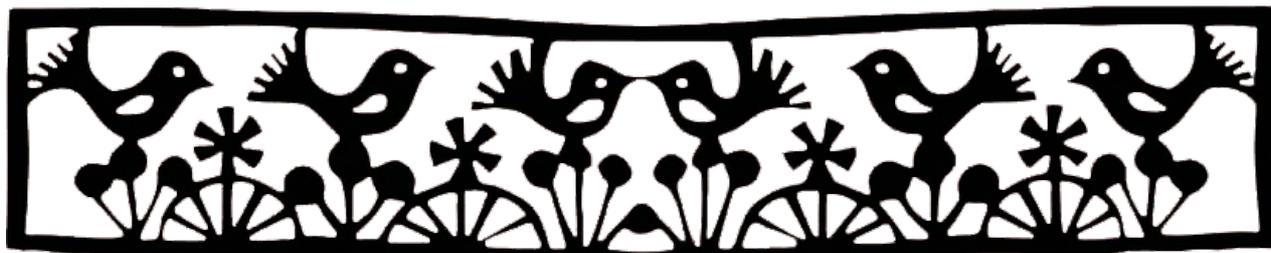


GLASGOW MADRIGIRLS



A LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

Welcome to Madrigals' annual concert of music and readings for Advent.

We celebrate 20 years in 2020 and, though things aren't quite as we might have envisaged, we're very pleased you have been able to join us, wherever you are!

Madrigals was founded in 2000 by co-directors Katy Cooper and Catriona Downie when they were both undergraduates at the University of Glasgow. Since those first days, with just 12 singers, the group has grown to include around 40 students, alumni and friends of the university. Over 250 singers have been Madrigals over the years, and we're very proud that many of them have been with us for over a decade - including 4 of us who sang in that very first Advent concert way back in 2001.

This, our 20th Advent, isn't quite what we expected it to be - but moving online has offered us a few opportunities that we might not otherwise have had. Not least, we've been able to look back and find some of our favourite archive recordings to share, the earliest from way back in 2002. The quality of our recordings has definitely improved...! We have also been busy recording remotely since August, and have several new pieces for you to enjoy, including two new commissions: Frank La Rocca's setting of *There is no Rose* and Emily Doolittle's new wassail *The Wren King*.

Both pieces were commissioned using funds raised through our recent Crowdfunder and we'd like to say a huge thank to everyone who donated. This year, more than ever, we wanted to show our support for working artists. As well as our new commissions, the money we raised allowed us to run a competition to find the readings for this concert. Each of the writers has received a performance fee and (we hope!) a new audience for their work. Please do look them up and enjoy their other work. The money has also allowed us to use the wonderful paper cuts and lino cuts you will see - all created by Lithuanian artist Odeta Brazeniene. Again, you can find more of her work online.

We hope you enjoy being part of our concert this year, and that it gives you a chance to reflect on what the season and time of year means to you, whatever your beliefs, and in whatever circumstances you find yourself at this time.

Katy, Catriona & Madrigals

Welcome – Reverend Dr Carolyn Kelly, Chaplain, University of Glasgow

Veni, Veni, Emmanuel

Music: Processional, ?Thirteenth century, France

Text: Psalterium Canticum Catholicarum (Cologne, 1710)

Recorded live in procession, December 2002

The text of this famous Latin hymn is based on the ‘O Antiphons’ traditionally sung at Vespers during the week before Christmas. Although the antiphons themselves are thought to date back to the ninth century, this version of the text first appeared in print in as late as 1710. The music is identified in a fifteenth century French Gradual but is thought to date back at least two centuries earlier.

*1. Veni, veni Emmanuel,
Captivum solve Israel,
Qui gemit in exilio.
Privatus Dei Filio.*

1. O come, O come, Emmanuel,
Redeem thy captive Israel,
That into exile drear is gone
Far from the face of God's dear son.

*Gaude! Gaude!
Emmanuel nascetur pro te Israel.*

Rejoice! Rejoice!
Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.

*2. Veni, O Jesse Virgula,
Ex hostis tuos ungula,
De specu tuos tartari,
Educ, et antro barathri.*

2. O come, thou Branch of Jesse, draw
The quarry from the lion's claw
From the dread caverns of the grave
From nether hell thy people save.

*3. Veni, veni, O Oriens,
Solare nos adveniens,
Noctis depelle nebulas,
Dirasque noctis tenebras.*

3. O come, o come thou Day-spring bright
Pour on our soul thy healing light
Dispel the long night's lingering gloom
And pierce the shadows of the tomb.

*4. Veni, veni, Adonai,
Qui populo in Sinai
Legem dedisti vertice
In maiestate glorie.*

4. O come, o come Adonai,
Who in thy glorious majesty
From Sinai's mountain, clothed in awe,
Gavest thy folk the ancient Law.

Reading 1 Light-Years – Claire Quigley

O Clavis David

Music: Katy Lavinia Cooper (b.1979)

Words: Fifteenth century, (British Library Harley 45), as given in *Religious Lyrics of the XVth Century*, Carleton Brown (Oxford, 1952). Modern translation by Eleanor Parker.

Filmed in December 2017

This Middle English translation is preserved in a manuscript now held in the British Library, and thought to date from the early fifteenth century. The O Antiphons were added to the manuscript in a hand of the late fifteenth century when the volume is thought to have belonged to a woman named Margaret Brent, who was possibly a laywoman from Salisbury. For more information see

<http://aclerkofoxford.blogspot.co.uk>.

*O clavis dauid, of whom Isaias tolde,
Hote septure & key, to eche lock welle mett
Of Israelle - I meane of Iacobus howsholde -
Thowe opynyst lokes whiche no wyghte can shett,
And closist a-geyn þat cannott be vnshett:
Lowse vs, þi presoners,
Boundene in wrechidnesse,
Off synne shadowed with mortalle derknesse.*

O Clavis David, of whom Isaiah told,
Called sceptre and key, to every lock well fit
Of Israel - I mean of Jacob's household -
Thou openest locks which no creature can shut,
And closest again what cannot be unshut:
Loose us, thy prisoners,
Bound in wretchedness
Of sin, shadowed with mortal darkness.

Reading 2 Fall - Denise Steele

Acknowledging a sermon of John G. Turner

The Truth from Above

Music: Trad. English, arr. Katy Lavinia Cooper

Text: *A Good Christmas Box* (1847)

Recorded live in December 2011

The text of this carol is selected from the sixteen verses given in *A Good Christmas Box*, an influential chapbook that contained 58 carols published by Walters of Dudley. This tune was collected by Cecil Sharp at Donnington Wood, Shropshire and published in his *English Folk-Carols* (1911).

1. This is the truth sent from above,
The truth of God, the God of love;
Therefore don't turn me from your door,
But hearken all, both rich and poor.

4. Thus we were heirs to endless woes,
Till God the Lord did interpose,
For so a promise soon did run
That He'd redeem us with His Son.

2. The first thing, which I do relate,
Is that God at first did man create.
The next thing, which to you I tell,
Woman was made with him to dwell.

5. And at this season of the year,
Our blest Redeemer did appear,
He here did live, and here did preach,
And many thousands He did teach.

3. Then after this, 'twas God's own choice
To place them both in Paradise,
There to remain from evil free
Except they ate of such a tree.

6. Go preach the Gospel new, He said,
To all the nations that are made,
And he that does believe in me,
From all his sins I'll set him free.

Reading 3 Adam Lay Ybounden - Kate Robinson

Flos Florum/O Radix Jesse

Music: Based on the 'O Antiphon' *O Radix Jesse*, arr. Katy Lavinia Cooper

Words: from the cantilena by Guillaume Dufay (c.1397-1474) and *O Radix Jesse*

Recorded in July 2009

This ethereal piece combines a text set by Guillaume Dufay with 'O Radix Jesse', another of the 'O Antiphons' traditionally sung the week before Christmas.

*Flos florum fons hortorum
regina polorum.*

Flower of flowers, fount of gardens,
Queen of the heavens.

*O Radix Jesse,
Qui stas in signum populorum,
Superquem continebunt reges os suum,
Ad liberandon nos ero cras,
Quem gentes deprecabuntur:
Veni ad liberandum nos, jam nolitar dare.*

O Root of Jesse,
Who standest as the ensign of the people,
Before whom kings shall not open their lips,
To whom the nations shall pray
Come and deliver us
Tarry now no more.

Abbeville

Music: Trad., Elisha J. King (1821-1844), *The Sacred Harp* (1844)

Arr. Katy Lavinia Cooper, vs. 4

Text: Benjamin Beddome (1717-1795)

Filmed in December 2006

The archaic American tradition of 'shape note' singing, also known as Sacred Harp singing, dates to the turn of the nineteenth century and still survives in many parts of the South. It uses notation designed to help the musically untrained, with differently shaped note-heads representing different pitches within a simplified sol-fa scale. The first harmonisation used comes from the first edition of Benjamin Franklin White and Elisha J. King's 1844 seminal shape note collection, *The Sacred Harp*.

1. Come, Holy Spirit come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.

2. From the celestial hills
Life, light and joy dispense,
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

3. Melt, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4. Mine will the profit be,
But Thine shall be the praise;
And unto Thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

Reading 4 Annunciation – Susan Mansfield

For Victoria Crowe

England's New Bell-man & Gabriel's Trumpet

Music: Sung to the tune *O Man in Desperation* / trad., arr Katy Lavinia Cooper

Words: Seventeenth-century broadside ballad / trad., New England

Additional lyrics Lindis Kipp

Filmed in December 2015

This duo of apocalyptic songs begins with the ballad *England's New Bell-man* which according to the prefatory material on a broadside from the late seventeenth century, rang 'into all people's ears, God's dreadful judgment to this land and kingdom, prognosticated by the great eclipse of the Sun, March 29 1652'. Many astrological predictions were made surrounding this eclipse, (the next day, was apparently named 'Black Monday') including the collapse of Scottish Presbyterianism, by the astrologer William Lilly and the coming of the 'Fifth Monarchy' (an established portent of the apocalypse, relating to the book of Daniel).

Gabriel's Trumpet is described by Tim Eriksen, (from whom we learnt it), as an 'afro-celtic-gospel song from the state of Maine' concerning the failed apocalypse of 1843.

[N.B. Though the lyrics reference the sins of England, they are meant as a universal warning. This is not in any way intended as a statement on current politics...!]

Awake, awake, oh England, sweet England now awake
And to thy prayers speedily, do thou thyself betake;
The Lord thy God is coming within the sky so clear,
Repent therefore O England, the day it draweth near.

*Oh Gabriel's gonna blow from on high,
Oh Gabriel's gonna blow by and by.
Oh you'll see the dead arising, on that great day...
Oh you'll hear the saints rejoicing, on that great day...
Then you'll hear the angels singing, on that great day...
There you'll find the child in glory, on that great day...
All the stars will be a-falling, on that great day...*

The seas and rivers running shall roar in grievous wise,
The beasts in pastures feeding, still strain forth grievous cries.
The skies shall flame with fire, the earth shall burn so clear,
Repent therefore oh England, the day it draweth near.

Reading 5 Joseph - Paul Cuddihy

Joseph's Carol

Music: Katy Lavinia Cooper

Words: Catriona Downie (b.1981)

Filmed in December 2016

For someone so pivotal to the story of Jesus' birth, there is remarkably little written about Joseph, and carols on the subject are even rarer, except for The Cherry Tree Carol and its many variations. This text is an attempt to redress the balance. Joseph was an old man, or so we are told, when he married the much younger Mary. The leap of faith required first to believe the story of how she became pregnant, and then to stand by her, is unimaginable. Yet without it, we would have no story...

Time hes come, the Word taks flesh, an' whit's before is gan.
Angels set the sky wi' stars tae mak a path tae Man.
Gabriel turns his een tae Joseph far below,
Maks his lang way earthward, there God's blesséd word tae sow.

*Joseph, Joseph trust an' you will see
Auld man Joseph, whit a man this bairn will be!*

Joseph was an auld man or that's whit the stories say,
Plucked fra royal Dauvid's line fer Mary on that day.
Cam she tae him roond wi' child fer all tae see,
Joseph turned awa' in shame fer whit he thoucht must be.

Waulking then wi' Mary through the cherry trees sae red,
'Gabriel whispered God's ain word fer me tae hear' she said.
Joseph woke tae hear the angel's voice that nicht;
Hid his face in terror fra the blindin', burnin' licht.

Heard he then the word o' God as told in ancient lore
'Mary can ye thole me? I am by thy side once more.'
Now earth kens the wond'ry marvel o' God's love,
Gabriel can fly once more a'tween the stern above.

Reading 6 The Inn-keeper's Wife - Susan Mansfield

Candens Liliū Columbina/Candens Crescit Liliū

Music & text: Fourteenth-century English, Worcester Fragments (Oxford, Bodleian, MS.Lat. liturgy. d.20 & Cambridge, Pembroke College, MS 228)

Recorded in July 2009

This early medieval motet, featuring two texts sung simultaneously, is from the Worcester fragments, the largest single surviving corpus of thirteenth century insular polyphony. The lower two parts, sung by the altos, may originally have been played by instrumentalists.

*Candens liliū columbina,
fons nostril generis.
Rosa crescens sine spina,
mater diceris.
Ave regina virginum
Pariens Christum Dominum,
dulcis est invitus.
Tu lumen es luminum, et salvatrix hominum,
dulci est exitus.
Ad te clamant cuncti rei, cum indulgentia
ut vitalis requiei fruamur venia.
Tuum natum precibus rogites simplicibus
ut vitae gloria concedantur omnibus
tibi servitutibus sua gratia.*

White lily, dove,
Fountain of our race.
Rose growing without a thorn,
Thou art called Mother.
Hail Queen of Virgins,
Bearing Christ the Lord,
Sweet is the beginning.
Thou art the light of lights and saviour of men,
Sweet is the ending.
All sinners call upon thee with indulgence
That we may enjoy the pardon of life-giving rest.
Beseech thy son with sincere prayers
That the glory of life be granted to all
Who serve thee by His grace.

*Candens crescit liliū: virginalē gremium
mundo profert filium,
Creatorem omnium
regem regnantium.
Ut Adae debitum, quod per pomum vetitum
erat olim subditum per serpentis monitum,
redimeretur pretioso
regis sanguine.
Et ut Adam abstraheret
de terra voragine,
patriarchas et prophetas natos ex semine
ut vita caelica redderetur pristinus
pace magnifica.
Ideo psallemus hodie canticum laetitiae
de rege gloriae,
ut in caelorum acie fruamur requie
sine varia.*

White grows the lily: the virginal womb Brings
forth into the world a Son,
Creator of all things,
King of ruling kings.
So that Adam's debt, formerly contracted
Through the forbidden fruit by the Serpent's guile,
might be redeemed
By the precious blood of the King.
And that He might rescue Adam
From the earth's maw,
And the patriarchs and prophets
Born of his seed, so that the heavenly life might be
restored to the ancients in magnificent peace.
Therefore let us sing today a song of gladness
About the King of glory,
That we may enjoy ageless repose
In the ranks of heaven.

There is no Rose

Music: Frank La Rocca (b.1951)

Words: Fifteenth century (Cambridge, Trinity College O.3.58)

Recorded & filmed remotely in October 2020

Commissioned in celebration of Madrigals' 20th Anniversary

In Summer 2006, Katy Cooper somehow discovered my SSAA 'Magnificat' setting, and that December the Madrigals gave its European premiere. It was a stunning performance and I wrote to Katy, "This is such a beautiful performance - absolutely dead on pitch - something I do not encounter often enough - and the girls just simply sound beautiful." Since that first happy encounter, I have been privileged to have the Madrigals sing two other pieces, including a 10th Anniversary commission, 'Iam Lucis Orto Sidere.' It has been a great pleasure to work with Catriona and Katy these past 14 years, and I was honored to compose tonight's 'There is no Rose' to celebrate the 20th Anniversary of this excellent vocal ensemble. I offer hearty congratulations to Katy, Catriona and all the women who have been a part of the Madrigals over these past 20 years.

Frank La Rocca, Dec 2020

1. There is no rose of such virtue
As is the rose that bare Jesu;
Alleluia.

2. For in this rose contained was
Heaven and earth in little space;
Res miranda. [Thing of wonder]

3. And by that rose we well may see
That He is God in Persons three;
Pares forma. [Of the same form]

4. The angels sungen the shepherds to:
Gloria in excelsis Deo;
Gaudeamus. [Let us rejoice!]

5. Leave we all this worldly mirth,
And follow we this joyful birth;
Transeamus. [Let us go!]

6. *Alleluia, res miranda,*
Pares forma, gaudeamus,
Transeamus.

Reading 7 A Scottish Nativity - Siobhan Walsh

I Sing of a Maiden

Music: Frances Cockburn

Text: Fifteenth century (Sloan 2593)

Recorded live in December 2012, animation by Daisy Abbott

In this strophic and lilting setting of one of the most beautiful medieval English hymns to Mary, the four closely spaced vocal lines create fluctuations of dissonance and consonance. Frances Cockburn leads the successful Edinburgh-based a cappella trio Simmerdim. She was a founder/member of a cappella group the Wild Myrtles for seven years; and before that, from 2000 to 2006, she was the Musical Director of Rudsambee company of singers. She writes and arranges a steady stream of choral music, much of it deeply rooted in the Scots tradition. (Sheet music available at www.canasg.com/zmaidenfc.html)

I sing of a maiden that is makeless:
King of all kinges, to her son she ches.

He came all so still where his mother was,
As dew in April that falleth on the grass.

Mother and maiden was never none but she,
Well may such a lady Godës mother be.

He came all so still to his mother's bower,
As dew in April that falleth on the flower.

He came all so still where his mother lay,
As dew in April that falleth on the spray.

Qui Creavit Celum (Song of the Nuns of Chester)

Music & text: Thirteenth/fourteenth century? (Huntington Library MS)

English translation Rev. Ronald Knox

Recorded remotely in September 2020

Reverb generated from impulse response of St Mary's Abbey, York (reconstruction)

www.openairlib.net (CC BY 4.0)

Once described as 'a lullaby, in which the nuns of St Mary's gave vent to their womanly instincts' by the (male!) editors of the *Oxford Book of Carols* (1928), this beautiful song is found in an early fifteenth-century manuscript associated with St Mary's, Chester; a nunnery of which nothing now survives. The lullaby is thought to have been used in the fifteenth century Chester Mystery Plays.

*Qui creavit coelum,
Lully, lully, lu,
Nascitur in stabulo
By-by, by-by, by,
Rex qui regit seculum
Lully, lully, lu.*

He who made the starry skies,
Lully, lully, lu,
Sleeping in a manger lies,
By-by, by-by, by,
Ruler of the centuries.
Lully, lully, lu.

*Joseph emit paniculum
By-by, by-by, by,
Mater involvit puerum
Lully, lully, lu,
Et ponit in praeseptio
By-by, by-by, by,*

Joseph brings a garment there,
By-by, by-by, by,
Mary wraps up her child so fair,
Lully, lully, lu,
Rests him while she sings a prayer.
By-by, by-by, by.

*Inter animalia
Lully, lully, lu,
Jacent mundi gaudia
By-by, by-by, by,
Dulcis super omnia
Lully, lully, lu.*

[With] silly cattle standing by,
Lully, lully, lu,
There the whole world's joys to lie:
By-by, by-by, by.
Sweeter never was, perdy,
Lully, lully, lu.

*Lactat mater Domini
By-by, by-by, by,
Osculatur parvulum
Lully, lully, lu,
Et adorat Dominum
By-by, by-by, by.*

On his mother's breast he lies, By-
by, by-by, by,
She will kiss him if he cries,
Lully, lully, lu,
Ruler of the earth and skies.
By-by, by-by, by,

*Roga mater filium
Lully, lully, lu,
Ut det nobis gaudium
By-by, by-by, by.
In perenni gloria
Lully, lully, lu.*

Mother, pray thy sweet childing
Lully, lully, lu,
Us eternal joys to bring,
By-by, by-by, by.
That his praises we may sing! Lully,
lully, lu.

*In sempiterna saecula
By-by, by-by, by,
In eternum et ultra
Lully, lully, lu,
Det nobis sua gaudia
By-by, by-by, by.*

Unto all eternity,
By-by, by-by, by,
By all ages utterly,
Lully, lully, lu,
Have we joy of His mercy
By-by, by-by, by.

Reading 8 The Pheasant's Tale – Freya Holliman

Written in celebration of 20 years of Madrigals

The Worthy Wood Carol

Music: ?Ruth L. Tongue, arr. Katy Lavinia Cooper

Words: Somerset trad., collected Ruth L. Tongue

Recorded remotely in September 2020

This beautiful carol was supposedly collected from Mrs. Cordelia Cooper, Ashley Coombe, in August 1943 by Ruth L. Tongue, a collector of folk material in Somerset throughout most of the twentieth century. It was said to have been 'composed by an Exmoor Gipsy, probably a Lock, in the 1920s or earlier'.

Sleep my darling, darling little son,

Sleep my lovely, lovely little one.

For the world is heavy gold

For your little hand to hold

Sleep then!

You were come to die for we

All upon the criss-cross tree.

For the Dear God, he don't mind

If you find us too unkind.

For the world is heavy gold

For your little hand to hold.

Reading 9 Light in the Darkness – Rosemary Gemmell

The Wren-King

Music: Emily Doolittle (b.1972)

Words: Trad.

Recorded and filmed remotely in October 2020

Commissioned in celebration of Madrigals' 20th Anniversary

My *Wren-King* uses lyrics from the St Stephen's Day tradition of hunting the wren, which is celebrated in various different ways in Ireland, the UK and other Celtic-influenced parts of Europe, and even in some parts of Canada, including Nova Scotia where I am from. Traditionally people would kill a wren and bring it from door to door asking for change, though people now use toy wrens, fortunately! There are a variety of theories about the origin of the custom, but it is thought to date from pre-Christian times, or to be a Christianization of Celtic and/or Norse customs, perhaps replacing a solstice sacrifice. I myself come from a mixed religious background, and although I'm an enthusiastic celebrator of Christmas, I'm not Christian: I thus find myself particularly interested in these customs of somewhat mysterious, mixed origins, associated with the celebration of Christmas, but not actually connected to the Christmas story itself. I feel a further connection with wren mythology because many folk stories that are told about the wren in Europe have been transposed onto one of my favourite birds, the hermit thrush, when told in North America.

Emily Doolittle, Dec 2020

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's Day was caught in the furze,
Although he was little his courage was great,
So jump up me lads and give us a treat.

Oh rolley, rolley, where is your nest?
It's in the bush, the holly tree, the holly tree,
It's in the bush I love the best, the holly tree
Where all the boys do follow me.

We followed the wren three miles or more,
Three mile or more three miles or more.
Through hedges and ditches and heaps of snow,
At six o'clock in the morning.

My box would speak if it had a tongue,
And two or three shillings would do it no wrong
Sing holly, sing ivy, sing ivy, sing holly,
A drop just to drink would drown melancholy.

And if you draw it of the best,
I hope in heaven your soul may rest,
But if you draw it of the small,
That will not please the Wren Boys at all.

Up with the kettle and down with the pan,
And give us a penny to bury the wren.

Gaudete!

Music & text: *Piae Cantiones*, compiled by Jaakko Finne (c.1540-1588)

Additional arr. Katy Lavinia Cooper (verse), Michael Neaum (descant)

Filmed in December 2017

Dedicated with love to Kate, Jessica and Cora from Dad. Merry Christmas!

This Latin song is found in *Piae Cantiones*, a collection of Finnish and Swedish sacred songs first published in the 1580s. Jaakko Finne was a member of the clergy at the cathedral school at Åbo (now Turku) and it seems likely that the collection he compiled for his *Piae Cantiones* contains the medieval repertory of that school.

*Gaudete, gaudete! Christus est natus
Ex Maria Virgine, Gaudete!*

Rejoice, Rejoice! Christ is born,
Of the Virgin Mary. Rejoice!

*Tempus adest gratiae,
hoc quod optabamus:
Carmina laetitiae,
devote reddamus*

It is now the time of grace,
That we have desired;
Let us sing songs of joy,
Let us give devotion.

*Deus homo factus est,
natura mirante;
Mundus renovatus est,
a Christo regnante.*

God was made man,
And nature marvels;
The world was renewed
By the reigning Christ.

*Ezechielis porta,
clausa pertransitur;
Unde Lux est orta,
salus invenitur*

The closed gate of Ezechiel
Has been passed through;
From where the light rises,
Salvation is found.

*Ergo nostra contio,
psallat iam in lustro;
Benedicat Domino,
salus Regi nostro*

Therefore let our preaching
Now sing in brightness;
Let it bless the Lord,
Greetings to our King.

If you have enjoyed our concert, please do consider making a donation to Shelter to show your appreciation. Their work is always vital at this time of year, but especially so this year.

You can donate directly to Shelter on our JustGiving page:

www.justgiving.com/fundraising/glasgowmadrigals

Madrigirls 2020

Conductor: Katy Lavinia Cooper

Co-directors: Catriona Downie & Katy Lavinia Cooper

Daisy Abbott, Helen Beaumont, Sophie Boyd, Catriona Downie, Alison Eales, Claudia Galdi, Judith Homann, Frances Hume, Emma Kerr, Helen Kingstone, Lindis Kipp, Lucy Kirkup, Keziah Lewis, Imogen Marsh, Kate McGeoch-McGowan, Moira McKenzie, Roseanna Metcalfe, Jo Miller, Sarah Mills, Rhian Nicholas, Anna Porubcansky, Roslyn Potter, Kirsty Robertson, Karen Rowney, Jennifer Scammell, Madeleine Schmoll & Jo Tucker

Produced and edited by: Katy Lavinia Cooper & Catriona Downie

Archive audio recordings: Neil McDermott, Harry Campbell & David Anderson

Archive films: Harry Campbell & Richard Reid (*Abbeville*)

Artwork: Odetta Brazeniene

Animation: Daisy Abbott (original photography Claire Quigley)

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Susan Kerr

Timothy Porter

Fin Robertson

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