

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Cover illustration: Suzanne Bocanegra, *Knitting Lesson, 1854*, 2002

Photo credits: Benjamin Ealovega (P. Hillier),
Judith Haug (Miriam Andersén)
Matthew Power (C. Watson), Morten Skovgaard
(Ars Nova, E. Torp)
Kasper Tuxen (Jacob Bloch Jespersen):
Brad Michel

Publisher: Red Poppy (ASCAP)
administered exclusively worldwide by
G. Schirmer, Inc. / Sung texts used by courtesy
of G. Schirmer, Inc. on behalf of Red Poppy

All texts and translations © harmonia mundi usa

© ©2009 harmonia mundi usa
1117 Chestnut Street, Burbank, California 91506

Recorded November 2008 at Stavsholt Kirke,
Copenhagen, Denmark

Producer: Robina G. Young
Recording Engineer & Editor: Brad Michel
DSD Engineer: Chris Barrett
Recorded, edited & mastered in DSD



DAVID LANG

the little match girl passion

Theatre of Voices
Ars Nova Copenhagen
Paul Hillier

PRODUCTION USA

DAVID LANG (b. 1957)

the little match girl passion & other works

the little match girl passion (2007) WINNER OF THE 2008 PULITZER PRIZE 35'05

la passion de la petite fille aux allumettes

die passion vom kleinen mädchen mit den schwefelhölzern

text by DAVID LANG after H.C. Andersen, H.P. Paull, Picander & St. Matthew

1		come, daughter	3'41
2		it was terribly cold	2'58
3		dearest heart	0'46
4		in an old apron	1'17
5		penance and remorse	1'31
6		lights were shining	1'41
7		patience, patience!	0'33
8		ah! perhaps	1'55
9		have mercy, my god	4'38
10		she lighted another match	1'14
11		from the sixth hour	2'24
12		she again rubbed a match	1'27
13		when it is time for me to go	3'37
14		in the dawn of morning	2'46
15		we sit and cry	4'35

16		for love is strong (2007)	11'20
		car l'amour est fort • denn liebe ist stark	
		text by DAVID LANG after <i>Song of Songs</i>	
17		I lie (2001)	5'13
		je me couche • lieg ich	
		text by JOSEPH ROLNICK	
18		evening morning day (2007)	7'45
		soir matin jour • abend morgen tag	
		text by DAVID LANG after <i>Genesis</i> , Chapter 1	
19		again (after ecclesiastes) (2005)	5'36
		à nouveau (d'après l'ecclésiaste) • immer wieder (nach dem buch prediger)	
		text by DAVID LANG after <i>Ecclesiastes</i>	

Theatre of Voices (1-15)

Else Torp, *soprano, brake drum, sleighbell*

Miriam Andersén, *alto & crotales*;

Christopher Watson, *tenor & glockenspiel*

Jakob Bloch Jespersen, *bass, bass drum, tubular bells*

Paul Hillier, director

with Ars Nova Copenhagen (16-19)

Else Torp, Louise Skovbæch, Hilde Dolva Ramnefjel, *sopranos* (16, 17, 19)

Amélie Renglet, Ellen Marie Christensen, Linnéa Lomholt, *altos* (16, 17, 19)

Tomas Medici, Chris Watson, Kasper Eliassen, *tenors* (16, 18, 19)

Asger Lyng Petersen, Henrik Lund Petersen, Thomas Kiørbye, *basses* (16, 18, 19)

I wanted to tell a story.

A particular story, in fact: the story of *The Little Match Girl*, by the Danish author Hans Christian Andersen. The original is ostensibly for children, and it has that shocking combination of danger and morality that many famous children's stories do. A poor young girl, whose father beats her, tries unsuccessfully to sell matches on the street, is ignored, and freezes to death. Through it all she somehow retains her Christian purity of spirit, but it is not a pretty story.

What drew me to *The Little Match Girl* is that the strength of the story lies not in its plot but in the fact that all its parts – the horror and the beauty – are constantly suffused with their opposites. The girl's bitter present is locked together with the sweetness of her past memories, her poverty is always suffused with her hopefulness. There is a kind of naive equilibrium between suffering and hope.

There are many ways to tell this story. One could convincingly tell it as a story about faith, or as an allegory about poverty. What has always interested me, however, is that Andersen tells this story as a kind of parable, drawing a religious and moral equivalency between the suffering of the poor girl and the suffering of Jesus. The girl suffers, is scorned by the crowd, dies and is transfigured. I started wondering what secrets could be unlocked from this story if one took its Christian nature to its conclusion and unfolded it, as Christian composers have traditionally done in musical settings of the Passion of Jesus.

The most interesting thing about how the Passion story is told is that it can include texts other than the story itself. These texts are the reactions of the crowd, penitential thoughts, statements of general sorrow or shock or remorse. These are devotional guideposts, the markers for our own responses to the story, and they have the effect of making the audience more than spectators to the sorrowful events onstage.

In a traditional Passion these responses can have a huge range – in Bach's *Saint Matthew Passion* these extra texts range from famous chorales that his congregation was expected to sing along with to completely invented characters, such as the 'Daughter of Zion' and the 'Chorus of Believers'. The Passion format – the telling of a story while simultaneously commenting upon it – has the effect of placing us in the middle of the action, and it gives the narrative a powerful inevitability.

My piece is called *the little match girl passion* and it sets Hans Christian Andersen's story *The Little Match Girl* in the format of Bach's *Saint Matthew Passion*, interspersing Andersen's narrative with my versions of texts of the crowd and character responses in

the Bach. The libretto is by me, after texts by H. C. Andersen, H. P. Paull (the first translator of the story into English, in 1872), Picander (the nom de plume of Christian Friedrich Henrici, the librettist of the Bach), and the Gospel according to Saint Matthew.

The word 'passion' comes from the Latin word for 'suffering'. There is no Bach in my piece and there is no Jesus – rather the suffering of the Little Match Girl has been substituted for Jesus', (I hope) elevating her sorrow to a higher plane.

the little match girl passion was co-commissioned by the Carnegie Hall Corporation and The Perth Theater and Concert Hall. The World premiere was given by Theatre of Voices, conducted by Paul Hillier in Zankel Hall at Carnegie Hall, New York City on October 25, 2007. The commission of this work was made possible with public funds from the New York State Council on the Arts, a state agency. *the little match girl passion* is dedicated to my wife, Suzanne Bocanegra, whose favorite story is *The Little Match Girl*.

for love is strong (after the song of songs) is a setting of a text I made by finding certain things in the *Song of Songs*. The original text is of course the most passionate and erotic of the ancient Jewish books, and it is always strange to encounter it in the Bible. What is such carnality doing in such a holy place? How can this possibly be a spiritual text? Although it describes the relationship of a man and a woman, the Jewish tradition says that it uses the relationship between lovers as a metaphor for one's relationship to God. The entire book is not only a metaphor, but it is made of metaphors. What is your love like? Like wine. What is your name like? Like oil pouring forth. How black am I? Like the tents of Kedar. Everything in the book begins with a comparison, leading you to the things you cannot see or feel or know by comparing them to those things you can. For my text I took every comparison in the original – every metaphor, every simile – and listed them, beginning with the word 'like'. The title comes from one of the last of these comparisons – 'for love is strong as death', which seems altogether too terrifying to be only about relationships between people. *for love is strong (after the song of songs)* was written for this recording.

I lie was commissioned by the California vocal ensemble Kitka, in part with funds from the National Endowment for the Arts. I have a long history with this ensemble, having worked with them on music for the American Conservatory Theater's production of the play *Hecuba*, directed by Carey Perloff and starring Olympia Dukakis. Kitka is an

all woman group and it concentrates on music that comes out of the various folk traditions of Eastern Europe, so when they asked me to write a kind of 'modern folk song' it seemed natural to me to take the text of an old Yiddish song and give it new music. I chose this particular text because it has a darkly expectant feeling about it. It isn't about being happy or sad or miserable or redeemed; rather, it is about waiting for happiness or sadness or misery or redemption. As is the case in many Yiddish songs, something as ordinary as a girl waiting for her lover can cast many darker, more deeply beautiful shadows. *I lie* is dedicated to Lisa Moore and Martin Bresnick, on the occasion of their wedding.

evening morning day – I wanted to make a piece about the creation story but I didn't want to highlight one religion's or culture's narrative over another. It was important for me to try to find something universal, something present in all stories, or common to all cultures. I hit upon the idea of making a kind of checklist of everything that needed to be created to get the world to this point, without each individual culture's stories or myths or exoticisms. I went back to the first chapter of *Genesis*, to see what I could get out of my own culture's story, and I stripped away all the descriptions, adjectives, connectors and motivators. All that is left of *Genesis* in my text are the nouns, leaving a dispassionate list of everything created, in the order in which it is mentioned. *evening morning day* was commissioned by the Brooklyn Youth Chorus and its Director Dianne Berkun.

again (after ecclesiastes) is a setting of a few lines from the beginning of the Book of Ecclesiastes, freely adapted by me. Ecclesiastes is a Hebrew prophet (in Hebrew his name is Kohelet) and his book is traditionally read during the harvest holiday of Sukkot. Kohelet moves powerfully from the cycling of the seasons to other endless natural and human cycles, creating a strange equilibrium of hope and futility. In my setting I wanted to make a piece that might convey the weariness of all of these endless cycles, concentrating on the weight of things repeating again. And again. *again (after ecclesiastes)* was commissioned and premiered by the Cerddorion Vocal Ensemble in New York City and its Director Kristina Boerger.

DAVID LANG

the little match girl passion

words and music by David Lang after H.C. Andersen,
H.P. Paull, Picander and Saint Matthew

1 | Come, daughter

Come, daughter
Help me, daughter
Help me cry
Look, daughter
Where, daughter
What, daughter
Who, daughter
Why, daughter
Patient daughter
Guiltless daughter
Gone

2 | It was terribly cold

It was terribly cold and nearly dark on the last evening of the old year, and the snow was falling fast. In the cold and the darkness, a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, roamed through the streets. It is true she had on a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use. They were very large, so large, indeed, that they had belonged to her mother, and the poor little creature had lost them in running across the street to avoid two carriages that were rolling along at a terrible rate. One of the slippers she could not find, and a boy seized upon the other and ran away with it, saying that he could use it as a cradle, when he had children of his own. So the little girl went on with her little naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold.

So the little girl went on.
So the little girl went on.

3 | Dearest heart

Dearest heart
Dearest heart
What did you do that was so wrong?
What was so wrong?
Dearest heart
Dearest heart
Why is your sentence so hard?

4 | In an old apron

In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and had a bundle of them in her hands. No one had bought anything of her the whole day, nor had anyone given her even a penny. Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along; poor little child, she looked the picture of misery. The snowflakes fell on her long, fair hair, which hung in curls on her shoulders, but she regarded them not.

5 | Penance and remorse

Penance and remorse
Tear my sinful heart in two
My teardrops
May they fall like rain down upon your poor face
May they fall down like rain
My teardrops

Here, daughter, here I am
I should be bound as you were bound
All that I deserve is
What you have endured

Penance and remorse.
Tear my sinful heart in two
My penance
My remorse
My penance

6 | Lights were shining

Lights were shining from every window, and there was a savory smell of roast goose, for it was New-Year's eve— yes, she remembered that. In a corner, between two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sank down and huddled herself together. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she could not keep off the cold; and she dared not go home, for she had sold no matches, and could not take home even a penny of money. Her father would certainly beat her; besides, it was almost as cold at home as here, for they had only the roof to cover them, through which the wind howled, although the largest holes had been stopped up with straw and rags.

Her little hands were almost frozen with the cold.
Her little hands were almost frozen with the cold.

7 | Patience, patience!

Patience.
Patience!

8 | Ah! perhaps

Ah! perhaps a burning match might be some good, if she could draw it from the bundle and strike it against the wall, just to warm her fingers. She drew one out – “scratch!” how it sputtered as it burnt! It gave a warm, bright light, like a little candle, as she held her hand over it. It was really a wonderful light. It seemed to the little girl that she was sitting by a large iron stove, with polished brass feet and a brass ornament. How the fire burned! and seemed so beautifully warm that the child stretched out her feet as if to warm them, when, lo! the flame of the match went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the half-burnt match in her hand.

She rubbed another match on the wall. It burst into a flame, and where its light fell upon the wall it became as transparent as a veil, and she could see into the room. The table was covered with a snowy white tablecloth, on which stood a splendid dinner service, and a steaming roast goose, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more wonderful, the goose jumped down from the dish and waddled across the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl. Then the match went out, and there remained nothing but the thick, damp, cold wall before her.

9 | Have mercy, my God

Have mercy, my God.
Look here, my God.
See my tears fall. See my tears fall.
Have mercy, my God. Have mercy.

My eyes are crying.
My heart is crying, my God.
See my tears fall.
See my tears fall, my God.

10 | She lighted another match

She lighted another match, and then she found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas-tree. It was larger and more beautifully decorated than the one which she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of tapers were burning upon the green branches, and colored pictures, like those she had seen in the show-windows, looked down upon it all. The little one stretched out her hand towards them, and the match went out.

The Christmas lights rose higher and higher, till they looked to her like the stars in the sky. Then she saw a star fall, leaving behind it a bright streak of fire. ‘Some one is dying,’ thought the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only one who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, a soul was going up to God.

11 | From the sixth hour

From the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour. And at the ninth hour she cried out:

Eli, Eli.

12 | She again rubbed a match

She again rubbed a match on the wall, and the light shone round her; in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining, yet mild and loving in her appearance. ‘Grandmother,’ cried the little one, ‘O take me with you; I know you will go away when the match burns out; you will vanish like the warm stove, the roast goose, and the large, glorious Christmas-tree.’ And she made haste to light the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to keep her grandmother there. And the matches glowed with a light that was brighter than the noon-day, and her grandmother had never appeared so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and they both flew upwards in brightness and joy far above the earth, where there was neither cold nor hunger nor pain, for they were with God.

13 | When it is time for me to go

When it is time for me to go
Don't go from me
When it is time for me to leave
Don't leave me
When it is time for me to die
Stay with me
When I am most scared
Stay with me

14 | In the dawn of morning

In the dawn of morning there lay the poor little one, with pale cheeks and smiling mouth, leaning against the wall; she had been frozen to death on the last evening of the year; and the New-Year's sun rose and shone upon a little corpse! The child still sat, in the stiffness of death, holding the matches in her hand, one bundle of which was burnt. 'She tried to warm herself', said some. No one imagined what beautiful things she had seen, nor into what glory she had entered with her grandmother, on New-Year's day.

15 | We sit and cry

We sit and cry
And call to you
Rest soft, daughter, rest soft
Where is your grave, daughter?
Where is your tomb?
Where is your resting place?
Rest soft, daughter, rest soft
Rest soft
Rest soft
Rest soft
Rest soft
You closed your eyes.
I closed my eyes.
Rest soft

16 | for love is strong

words and music by David Lang
after the Song of Songs

for love is strong

like wine.
like oil, pouring
like wine
like the tents of Kedar
like the curtains of Solomon.
like one who wanders by the flocks
like women
like the horses of Pharaoh's chariots.
like perfume in the vineyards of Engedi.
like doves' eyes.
like the rose of Sharon
like the lily of the valleys.
like the lily among thorns
like the apple tree among all other trees
like leaping upon the mountains
like skipping upon the hills.

for love is strong

like a roe
like a young hart
like my dove
like the foxes
like the little foxes
like our vines
like tender grapes.
like a roe
like a young hart
like the roes
like the hinds of the field
like pillars of smoke
like silver
like gold
like love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.
like doves' eyes
like a flock of goats
like a flock of sheep that are newly shorn
like a thread of scarlet
like a pomegranate
like the tower of David, where hang the shields of mighty men.
like two young roes, which feed among the lilies.

for love is strong

like the mountain of myrrh
like the hill of frankincense.
like one chain of your neck.
like wine
like all spices
like the honeycomb
like honey and milk
like the smell of Lebanon.
like a garden enclosed
like a spring shut up
like a fountain sealed.
like a fountain of gardens
like a well of living waters
like streams from Lebanon.
like my garden

like the spices thereof
like his garden
like his pleasant fruits.
like my garden
like my myrrh
like my spice
like my honeycomb
like my honey
like my wine
like my milk
like my dove
like myrrh
like my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh

for love is strong

like another beloved
like women
like another beloved
like ten thousand.
like the most fine gold
like a raven.
like the eyes of doves
like a bed of spices
like sweet flowers
like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.
like gold rings set with beryl
like bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.
like pillars of marble
like fine gold
like Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.
like women
like his garden
like the beds of spices
like the gardens
like lilies.
like the lilies.
like Tirezah
like Jerusalem
like an army with banners.
like a flock of goats
like a flock of sheep
like a piece of a pomegranate
like my dove
like the morning
like the moon
like the sun
like an army with banners
like chariots
like the clash of two armies
like jewels
like a worker's skillful hands
like a round goblet
like new wheat set about with lilies.
like two young roes
like a tower of ivory
like ponds
like the tower of Lebanon, looking towards Damascus.
like Carmel
like purple

like a palm tree
like clusters of grapes.
like the palm tree
like the boughs thereof
like clusters of the vine
like apples
like the best wine, that goes down sweet, causing the
[lips of sleepers to speak.
like my brother, who sucked my mother's breasts
like the juice of my pomegranate.
like a seal upon your heart
like a seal upon your arm

for love is strong
for love is strong
for love is strong

like death
like the grave
like coals of fire, with a vehement flame.
like a wall
like a door
like a wall
like towers
like my vineyard, which is mine
like a roe
like a young hart upon the mountains of spices.

Used by courtesy of G. Schirmer, Inc on behalf
of Red Poppy

17 | **I lie**
Text by Joseph Rolnick

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

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

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

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

I lie

I lie down in bed alone
and snuff out my candle.
Today he will come to me
who is my treasure.

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

The night is full of hours,
each one sadder than the next.
Only one is happy:
when my beloved comes.

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

Translated by Kristina Boerger

18 | **evening morning day**
words and music by David Lang
after Genesis, chapter 1

heaven earth
earth darkness deep waters
light light
light light darkness
light day darkness night evening morning day

firmament waters waters waters
firmament waters firmament waters firmament
firmament heaven evening morning day

waters heaven place land
land earth waters seas
earth grass herb seed fruit-tree fruit seed earth
earth grass herb seed tree fruit seed
evening morning day

lights firmament heaven day night signs seasons days years
lights firmament heaven light earth
lights light day light night stars
firmament heaven light earth
day night light darkness
evening morning day

waters creatures birds earth firmament heaven
sea-monsters creature waters birds
waters seas birds earth
evening morning day

earth creatures cattle things beasts earth
beasts earth cattle every-creeping-thing
man image likeness dominion fish sea birds air
[cattle earth every-creeping-thing
man image image male female
earth dominion fish sea, birds air earth every-creeping-thing

herb seed earth tree fruit tree seed
beast earth bird air earth every-creeping-thing life herb
every-thing evening morning day

19 | **again (after ecclesiastes)**
words and music by David Lang
after Ecclesiastes

people come and people go
the earth goes on and on

the sun rises, the sun sets
it rushes to where it rises again

the wind blows round, round and round
it stops, it blows again

all the rivers run to the sea
but the sea is never full
from where the rivers run they run again

these things make me so tired
I can't speak, I can't see, I can't hear

what happened before will happen again

I forgot it all before
I will forget it all again

THANKS

There are a lot of people without whose help this CD would not have happened. I have to start with Paul Hillier and the great singers of Theatre of Voices and Ars Nova Copenhagen, whose incredible musicality and dedication make this recording what it is. That also goes for Robina Young, Brad Michel, Chris Barrett, and everyone at harmonia mundi. Thanks!

Thanks to the commissioners of all the works on the disc – the Carnegie Hall Corporation, The Perth Theater and Concert Hall, the New York State Council on the Arts, the Cerddorion Vocal Ensemble, the Brooklyn Youth Chorus, Kitka, the National Endowment for the Arts. In particular, I would like to thank Ara Guzelimian, now Dean of the Juilliard School, formerly Artistic Advisor of Carnegie Hall. It was Ara who asked me casually: 'If Carnegie Hall commissioned something from you what would it be?' That commission became *the little match girl passion* and I am grateful to Ara, Kathy Schuman, Jeremy Geffen and everyone else at Carnegie Hall for the opportunity to write it.

Thanks to Kristina Boerger, both for asking me to write *again (after ecclesiastes)* and for her great Yiddish translation of *I lie*, and to Diane Berkun and everyone at the Brooklyn Youth Chorus, for letting us record *evening morning day* before their exclusivity ran out. Thanks also to Carey Perloff, the Artistic Director of the American Conservatory Theater in San Francisco, with whom I have been associated for many, many years. I never wrote much for voices before I started working with Carey, and the opportunities she gave me to work with such groups as Kitka and Chanticleer, and to write my opera *the difficulty of crossing a field*, which she commissioned and premiered, have been some of the most rewarding experiences in my life.

Most of all I would like to thank my wife, Suzanne Bocanegra. In addition to all the usual and great things spouses need constantly to thank each other for, it was Suzanne who suggested setting *The Little Match Girl* to music. That was a good idea.

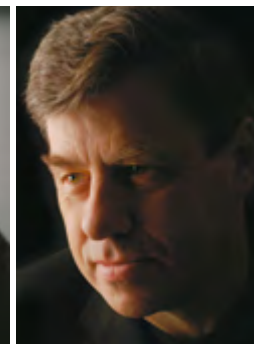
David Lang



© Peter Serling, 2008

David Lang is the recipient of the 2008 Pulitzer Prize in Music for *the little match girl passion*, commissioned by Carnegie Hall for the vocal ensemble Theatre of Voices, directed by Paul Hillier. One of America's most performed composers, his recent works include *writing on water* for the London Sinfonietta, with libretto and visuals by English filmmaker Peter Greenaway; *the difficulty of crossing a field* – a fully staged opera for the Kronos Quartet, staged by Carey Perloff and the American Conservatory Theater; *loud love songs*, a concerto for the percussionist Evelyn Glennie; and the oratorio *Shelter*, with co-composers Michael Gordon and Julia Wolfe, at the Next Wave Festival of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, staged by Ridge Theater and featuring the Norwegian vocal ensemble Trio Mediaeval. David Lang is currently on the composition faculties of both the Yale School of Music and the Oberlin Conservatory of Music. He is also Co-Founder and Co-Artistic Director of the New York music festival Bang on a Can.

from left to right:
 Else Torp
 Miriam Andersén
 Christopher Watson
 Jakob Bloch Jespersen
 Paul Hillier



Theatre of Voices was founded by Paul Hillier in 1990 as a special kind of theatre in which the scenery is the sound of voices and the action consists of words and music. Current projects include music ranging from Bach and Byrd to many of today's most eminent composers such as Luciano Berio, Arvo Pärt, Steve Reich and John Cage.

Else Torp is the daughter of car dealer Knud Torp Madsen, who sponsored the brake drum for *the little match girl passion*. Originally Else studied international business management, but then went on to focus entirely on music and has appeared with numerous ensembles and orchestras in Europe. Else Torp has specialized in performance of early and new music, but also covers an extensive repertoire of Danish and German Lieder.

The Swedish singer **Miriam Andersén** has specialised in medieval music and is an expert on Swedish traditional music and its medieval roots. Her repertoire ranges from the epic songs of the Vikings to the compositions of John Cage, Steve Reich and David Lang, including Gregorian chant, troubadour songs, lute songs, baroque coloratura and folk ballads.

Christopher Watson lives in Oxford and sings regularly with The Tallis Scholars, Theatre of Voices and Collegium Vocale Gent. He has performed in cathedrals and concert halls all over the world, from San Marco in Venice to Canterbury Cathedral, and from Sydney Opera House to the Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall in New York. He has made more than fifty recordings of, among others, the music of Josquin, Dufay, Byrd, Tallis, Schütz, Brahms, and Whitacre. This is, however, his debut as a glockenspiel player.

Jakob Bloch Jespersen attained his diploma at the Royal Danish Academy of Music in 2004. In spite of his young age, Jakob Bloch Jespersen has made his mark as a vocalist, with a repertoire stretching from baroque music to first performances of contemporary compositions. This has led him to a number of the leading concert halls of the world and to international festivals for early and contemporary music.

Paul Hillier is from Dorset. In 2006 he was awarded the O.B.E. for services to choral music. In 2007 he received the Order of the white Star of Estonia and was awarded a Grammy® (Best Choral Work) for the CD *Da Pacem*. He was Principal Conductor of the Estonian Philharmonic Chamber Choir from 2001 to 2007 and he took up the position of Artistic Director and Chief Conductor of the National Chamber Choir of Ireland in 2008. www.paulhillier.net



Ars Nova Copenhagen is widely recognized as one of the finest vocal groups in Europe. Founded in 1979, the ensemble regularly appears across Europe, and in North and South America, and Asia. Its chief conductor since 2002 is Paul Hillier. At the heart of Ars Nova Copenhagen's work is its equal dedication to early music and new music. Each season, the group has a composer-in-residence: Toivo Tulev (Estonia) in 2007, Bernd Franke (Germany) in 2008, Sunleif Rasmussen (Faroe Islands) in 2009 and Áskell Másson (Iceland) in 2010. The group has its own record label (Ars Nova Records) and is sponsored by the Danish Cultural Ministry.

www.arsnova.dk