

THE KING'S SINGERS



**THREE CHOIRS
FESTIVAL 2025**
HEREFORD 26 JUL – 2 AUG

Sounds of the City
LONDON

Thomas Weelkes
Thule, the period of Cosmography 4'

Richard Rodney Bennett
Sermons and Devotions 4'
The seasons of His mercies

Luciano Berio
Cries of London 2'
Garlic

Steve Martland
Street Songs 4'
Oranges and Lemons

PARIS

Clément Janequin
Les cris de Paris 6'

RIO DE JANEIRO

Heitor Villa-Lobos
Pica-Pau 3'

Antônio Carlos Jobim
The Girl from Ipanema (arr. Jeremy Lubbock) 3'

Zequinha de Abreu
Tico Tico no Fubá (arr. Miguel Esteban) 3'

JOHANNESBURG

Stanley Glasser
Lalela Zulu 6'
Mambabo!
Lala mntwana

Péter Louis van Dijk
Horizons 7'

NEW YORK

Cy Coleman
Sweet Charity 3'
The Rhythm of Life (arr. Peter Knight)

Harold Arle
It's a new world (arr. Richard Rodney Bennett) 4'

George Gershwin
Porgy and Bess 4'
Oh, I can't sit down (arr. Bob Chilcott)

The King's Singers

Thule, the period of Cosmography
Thule, the period of cosmography,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulfurious fire
Doth melt the frozen clime and thaw the sky;
Trinacrian Aetna's flames ascend not higher.
These things seem wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with fear doth freeze,
with love doth fry.

The Andalusian merchant, that returns
Laden with cochineal and China dishes,
Reports in Spain how strangely Fogo burns,
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes!
These things seem wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with fear doth freeze,
with love doth fry.

The seasons of His mercies
God made sun and moon to distinguish seasons, and day and
night, and we cannot have the fruits of the earth but in their
seasons; but God hath made no decree to distinguish the seasons
of His mercies; in Paradise, the fruits were ripe the first minute,
and in Heaven it is always autumn, His mercies are ever in their
maturity. If some king of the earth have so large an extent of
dominion in north and south, as that he hath winter and summer
together in his dominions, so large an extent east and west as
that he hath day and night together in his dominions, much more

hath God mercy and judgment together; He brought light out
of darkness, not out of a lesser light; He can bring thy summer
out of winter, though thou have no spring; though in the ways
of fortune, or understanding, or conscience, thou have been
benighted till now, wintred and frozen, clouded and eclipsed,
damped and benumbed, smothered and stupified till now,
now God comes to thee, not as in the dawning of the day, not
as in the bud of the spring, but as the sun at noon, to illustrate
all shadows, as the sheaves in harvest, to fill all penuries, all
occasions invite His mercies, and all times are His seasons.

Garlic
Garlic, good garlic
The best of all the cries.
It is the physis
'Gainst all the maladies.
It is my chiefest wealth,
Good garlic for the cry.
And if you lose your health
My garlic then come buy,
My garlic come to buy.

Oranges and Lemons
Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St Clement's.

You owe me five farthings,
Say the bells of St Martin's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

When will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I do not know,
Says the great bell of Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head!

Les cris de Paris

Voulez-vous ouyr les cris de Paris?
Où sont-ilz ces petitz pions?
Pastez très tous chaulx, qui l'aira?
Vin blanc, vin claret, vin vermeil à six deniers.
Casse museaux tout chaulx.
Je les vendz, je les donne pour ung petit blanc.
Tartelettes friandes à la belle gauffre!
Et est à l'enseigne du berseau
Qui est en la rue de la Harpe
Sa à boyre, ça!
Aigre, vin aigre!
Fault il point de saultce vert?
Moustarde, moustarde fine!
Harenc blanc, harenc de la nuyt!
Cotrez secz, cotrez! Souliers vieux!
Arde buche! Choulx gelez!
Hault et bas rammonez les caminades!
Qui veult du laict?
C'est moy, c'est moy, je meurs de froit!
Poys verts! Mes belles lestues, mes beaulx cibotz
Guigne, doulce guigne!
Faut-il point de sablon? Voire joly!
Argent m'y duit! Argent m'y fault!
Gaigne petit! Lye! Alumet! Houseaux vieux!
Pruneaux de Saint Julien!
Febves de Marez, febves! Je fais le coqu, moy!
Ma belle porée, mon beau persin,
Ma belle oseille, les beaulx espinards!
Pêches de Corbeil! Orange! Pignes vuidez!
Charlotte m'amy! Apétit nouveau petit!
Amendez vous dames, amendez! Allemande nouvelle!
Navetz! Mes beaulx balais! Rave doulce, rave!
Feure, feure Brie! A ung tournoys le chapellet!
Marons de Lyon! Chervis! Mes beaux pesons!
Alumet, alumet, alumettes sèches! Vin nouveau!
Fault-il point de grois? Choux, petits choux tous chaulx!
Fault-il point de boys? Choulx gelez!
Et qui aura le moule de gros boys?
Eschaudez chaux! Sèche bourrée!
Serceau, beaux serceau! Arde chandelle! Palourde!
A Paris sur petit pont geline de feurre!
Si vous en voulez plus ouyr, allez les donc querre!

Pica-Pau

Nozani na orekua, kua, kua, a
Kazaété, été
Énama ko cé, cé maka
U á lalo, lalo
U á lalo, lalo é, lo é, lo é



The King's Singers © Benjamin Ealovega

Would you hear the cries of Paris?
Where are they, those little vendors?
Freshly baked pies, steaming hot – who will have some?
White wine, light wine, deep red wine – six deniers a jug!
Crunchy crusts, fresh and warm,
I sell them, I give them for a little coin.
Tasty tarts, fine waffles!
Look for the sign of the Cradle,
Down in Rue de la Harpe!
'Drink up, drink up!'
Sour wine, sharp and sour!
Need some green sauce?
Mustard! Fine mustard!
Fresh herring, herring of the night!
Shoes mended, old shoes for sale!
Wood for burning! Frozen cabbages!
Sweeps high and low, clear out the chimneys!
Who wants milk?
'It's me, it's me – I'm freezing to death!'
Green peas! My fine lettuces, my lovely chives!
Sweet cherries, ripe cherries!
Need some sand? Aye, fair one!
Money guides me! Money I need!
Small earnings! Lees! Tinder! Old gaiters!
Prunes from Saint Julien!
Beans from Marez – beans! I strut like a rooster!
My fine leeks, my sweet parsley,
My fresh sorrel, my fine young spinach!
Peaches of Corbeil! Oranges! Shelled pine nuts!
Charlotte, my dear! A fresh, little appetite!
Mend your ways, ladies, mend them well! A new German tune!
Turnips! My fine brooms! Sweet radishes, radishes!
Hay! Hay from Brie! A garland for the tournament!
Chestnuts from Lyon! Root vegetables! My fine peas!
Tinder, tinder, dry kindling! New wine!
Need some coarse salt? Hot little cabbages!
Need some firewood? Frosty cabbages!
And who will take the big logs?
Scalding water! Dry bundles!
Hoops, fine hoops! Let the candle burn! Shellfish!
At Petit Pont in Paris – straw-covered hens!
If you'd hear more, then seek them out yourself!

Kamarate
Ah!
(Pica pau, pi pampi, popi, popi pau
Pica pau, popi pau, pi pau, pi pau)
Eh!
Nozani na orekua, kua, kua
Pau, pipo, papi
(Pau, po, pi)
Kepica pao-pi
Pau pipo papi
(Para, para, pata, Eh!
Para, para, Macumba, eh!
Para, Macumba, eh!)
Vuzfzfzf
Eh!
(Nozani noterahan, rahan
O lo ni ti, ui ti
Noterahan, koze, tozá, tozá
Notera, tera, kenakiá, kiá
Ne é éná, éná
Ua lalo, lalo
Gira halo, halo)
Papi páo
Papi páo, Brasil!

No translation available

The Girl from Ipanema

Tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes
Each one she passes goes – ah

When she walks, she's like a samba
That swings so cool and sways so gentle
That when she passes
Each one she passes goes – ooh

Ooh, but I watch her so sadly
How can I tell her I love her
Yes I would give my heart gladly
But each day, when she walks to the sea
She looks straight ahead, not at me

Tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, I smile
But she doesn't see
She just doesn't see, she never sees me.

Tico Tico no Fubá

O tico tico tá, tá outra vez aqui,
o tico tico tá comendo o meu fubá.
Se o tico tico tem, tem que se alimentar,
Que vá comer umas minhocas no pomar.
O tico tico tá, tá outra vez aqui,
o tico tico tá comendo o meu fubá.
Eu sei que ele vem viver no meu quintal,
e vem com ares de canário e de pardal.
Mas por favor tira esse bicho do celeiro,
porque ele acaba comendo o fubá inteiro.
Tira esse tico de lá, de cima do meu fubá.
Tem tanta fruta que ele pode pinicar.
Eu já fiz tudo para ver se conseguia.
Botei alpiste para ver se ele comia.
Botei um gato um espantalho e um alçapão,
mas ele acha que o fubá é que é boa alimentação.

Mambabo!

Mambabo! Ngiyabona vuvumakazi,
Lalela wemama,ngiyabona intothamba.
Ngiyabona imiqingqi, Yebo!
Izithelo zivuthukela phansi,
Ngiyafuna ukuqinis'izandla.
Lento imalanga'nami,
Yikho okufunekay' omalukwata. Shaya!

Ngiyabona imiqingqi, Mambabo! Vuvumakazi.

Lala mntwana

Lala mntwana, Liyashon'ilanga
U bab'u yahamba
U bab'u yeGoli
U ye Mgodini
Welala mntwana, Liyashon'ilanga

Ugibe l'isitimela
Sititize l'emaweni
Unyawo yi mpuuthe

*The tico tico is here, it is here again,
the tico tico is eating my cornmeal.
If that tico tico has to feed itself,
it better eat a few earthworms at the orchard.
The tico tico is here, it is here again,
the tico tico is eating my cornmeal.
I know that it comes to live in my yard,
and that it puts on airs like a sparrow and a canary.
But please take this animal off my granary,
because it will end up eating all the cornmeal
Throw that tico out of here, from the top of the cornmeal (heap),
there is so much fruit to eat from.
I have done everything to see if I could,
Threw it canary feed to see if it ate it.
Let a cat loose, set up a scarecrow and a trap,
but it finds cornmeal to be good nutrition.*

*Wow! I see, the one who echoes power,
Listen, mother, I see the gentle one.
I see the strong ones, yes!
The fruits are ripening to the ground,
I want to strengthen my hands.
This is my day to rise.
That's what the brave ones need. Strike!*

I see the strong ones, wow! The one who echoes power.

*Sleep now, little one, the sun has gone down.
Your father has left —
He went to Johannesburg,
To the deep mine shafts.
Sleep, child, the sun is setting.*

*He boarded the train,
It rattled through the stony hills.
Now his foot is in a work boot.*

Horizons

Sleep, my springbok baby,
sleep for me, my springbok child.
When morning comes, I'll go out hunting, for you are
hungry and thirsty (Hai!)
thirsty and hungry (Hishe!)

Small moon,
Hai! young moon,
when the sun rises you must speak to the Rain,
charm her with herbs and honeycomb,
o speak to her, that I may drink ...

She will come across the dark sky:
mighty Rain-cow, sing you a song for me
that I may find you on the far horizon, far horizon.

Sleep, my springbok baby,
sleep for me, my springbok child.
When morning comes, we'll go out hunting, for you are
hungry and thirsty (Hai!)
thirsty and hungry (Hishe!)

O Star,
Hai! Hunting Star,
when the sun rises
you must blind with your light the Eland's eyes,
o blind his eyes, that I may eat,
this little thing, that I may eat ...

He will come across the red sands:
mighty Eland, dance your dance for me
that I may find you on the far horizon, far horizon.

Sleep, my springbok baby,
sleep for me, my springbok child.
When morning comes, they'll come a-hunting, for they are
hungry and thirsty,
thirsty and hungry ...

They will come across the waters:
mighty saviours in their sailing ships,
and they'll show us new and far horizons,
far horizons ...

And they came, came across the waters:
gods in galleons bearing bows of steel,
then they killed us on the far horizon.

The Rhythm of Life

Daddy started out in San Francisco
Tootin' on his trumpet loud and mean
Suddenly a voice said, 'Go forth, Daddy
Spread the picture on a wider screen'
And the voice said, 'Daddy, there's a million pigeons
Ready to be hooked on new religions
Hit the road, Daddy, leave your commonlaw wife
Spread the religion of the rhythm of life'
And the rhythm of life is a powerful beat
Puts a tingle in your fingers and a tingle in your feet
Rhythm in your bedroom, rhythm in the street
Yes, the rhythm of life is a powerful beat

To feel the rhythm of life
To feel the powerful beat
To feel the tingle in your fingers
To feel the tingle in your feet
And the rhythm of life is a powerful beat
Puts a tingle in your fingers and a tingle in your feet
Rhythm in your bedroom, rhythm in the street
Yes, the rhythm of life is a powerful beat

Daddy spread the gospel in Milwaukee
Took his walkie-talkie to Rocky Ridge
Blew his way to Canton then to Scranton
'Til he landed under the Manhattan Bridge
Daddy was the new sensation
Got himself a congregation

Built up quite an operation down below
With the pie-eyed piper blowing
While the muscatel was flowing
All the cats were go, go, going down below
Daddy was the new sensation
Got himself a congregation
Built up quite an operation down below
With the pie-eyed piper blowing
While the muscatel was flowing
All the cats were go, go, going down below

Flip your wings and fly to Daddy.

To feel the rhythm of life
To feel the powerful beat
To feel the tingle in your fingers
To feel the tingle in your feet

Daddy I got the rhythm of life!

It's a new world

How wonderful that I'm beholding
A never-never land unfolding
Where we polish up the stars
And mountains we move
In a life where all the pleasures we will prove
It's a new world I see
A new world for me
The tears have rolled off my cheek
And fears fade away every time you speak
A new world, though we're in a tiny room
What a vision of joy and blossom and bloom

A newfound promise, one that will last
So I'm holding on and I'm holding fast
New world, a new world to me
And that it'll always, always be.

Oh, I can't sit down

Oh, I can't sit down! Got to keep a-goin'
Like the flowin' of a song
Oh, I can't sit down!
Guess I'll take my honey and her sunny smile along

Today I am gay an' I'm free
Just a bubbling, nothing troubling me
Oh, I'm going to town
I can't sit down!
Happy feeling, in my bones a-stealing,
No concealing that it's picnic day
Sure is dandy, got the liquor handy
Me an' Mandy, we are on our way
Because it's picnic day
Oh, I can't sit down! Got to keep a-jumpin'
To the thumping of the drum
Oh, I can't sit down! Full of locomotion
Like an ocean full of rum.

Today I am gay an' I'm free
Just a bubbling, nothing troubling me
Oh, I'm going to town
I can't sit down!