



V OICES, VOICES, GLORIOUS VOICES!

What's everyone singing about? Have you ever felt so happy that you wanted to shout from the rooftops? Or how about feeling so sad or disappointed that you had to cry out loud? Well, in the operas you're about to hear, many of the characters feel all those things, so they sing about them. Opera is filled with voices that express every kind of human emotion in songs about almost every kind of human adventure. Pay attention and you'll hear all kinds of stories about hopes, dreams, fears, and joy... all expressed in a heartfelt way through music. And, said very simply, that's what opera is. So, we hope that you enjoy these special opera selections over and over again. And, someday if you're lucky enough to go to a live opera performance, then you'll *really* find out what everyone's singing about!

1 CHILDREN'S MARCH from *Carmen* by Bizet

Children often imitate what grown-ups do, and in the Spanish town of Seville the boys like to make flags and wooden rifles and pretend they are marching soldiers. As you can hear, they're having a great time! During the changing of the guard, the real soldiers are too busy to notice this rag-tag gang of boys. But, we can't help tapping our feet to the **Children's March**, as they loudly sing ta-ra-ta-ta-ta!, imitating the sound of bugles blowing.

2 THE DOLL SONG from *Tales of Hoffmann* by Offenbach

Hoffmann is a poet with a very active imagination. He is in love with a woman named Stella, an opera singer. Hoffmann has a dream in which he meets three women who are each a different version of Stella. One is very sweet, another very cunning and clever, and the third is a mechanical girl, a wind-up doll, named Olympia who says whatever Hoffmann wants her to say. In **The Doll Song**, we hear Olympia sing a lovely tune about the birds and stars and moon and, of course, love. But since she's only a wind-up doll, her voice eventually droops and she has to be rewound. After that, she sounds good as new.

3 ANVIL CHORUS from *Il Trovatore* by Verdi

"Give me the hammer!" shouts the group of gypsies in **Anvil Chorus**. All they want to do is bang and clang away with their hammers and sing their heads off. Why do they want to do such a thing? Because it's been a long, dark night, and they are happy to see the first light of morning. They sing that as the darkness of night goes, it is like mother nature throwing off her sad, drab clothes, and putting on a colorful new dress. So wake up and celebrate the glorious new day...clang, clang, clang!

4 A BIRD CATCHER AM I; PAPAGENA! PAPAGENA!

5 PAPAGENA! PA, PA, PA, PA from *The Magic Flute*

6 Feathers, feathers, feathers. That's what Papageno is wearing – a bird costume! Why is he wearing such a get-up you might ask? Well, you see, Papageno is a bird catcher, and what he's telling us in the song **A Bird Catcher Am I** is that he is, indeed, a silly fellow who likes to trick birds into his cage just for fun. How does he do it? He does it by whistling a five-note melody that the birds can't resist. They hear his loud whistle and fly to him. Then... gotcha! Into his cage they go. But, as Papageno tells us, what he would really love to catch is a wife! **Papa-**

gena, Papagena, Papagena... That's the name of the girl that Papageno has fallen in love with. He wants desperately to marry her, but, alas, she wants nothing to do with him. So, Papageno begins to make a complete fool of himself, crying that life is not worth living without his dearest Papagena, and vowing to end it all if she won't come back to him. What a dramatic fellow! When she doesn't answer his call, he decides that actually any girl could save him from his fate. All she needs to do is answer his familiar whistle by the count of three. So, Papageno whistles and waits... and waits, counting out loud: "one... two... three". There's no reply. But don't worry, all is not lost. Papageno and Papagena are soon in each other's arms, happily singing **Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa**, a song about living together in a big birdcage and raising "little Papagenos". They do make a perfect couple. You see, Papagena loves wearing feathers, too!

7 FLOWER DUET from *Lakmé* by Delibes

What does it feel like to drift lazily in a boat on a river, under a lush covering of roses and jasmine flowers? If you can imagine what an enchantingly peaceful experience this would be, then you know what Lakmé and Mallika are singing about in **Flower Duet**. They are two young girls who live in India during the time of British rule. Lakmé is the daughter of a

high priest and Mallika is her attendant. Together they are enjoying the timeless serenity and beauty of the river. If you listen closely, you can even hear them splashing along as they glide on the flowing water, leaving flowers as they go.

8 LARGO AL FACTOTUM
from *The Barber of Seville*
by Rossini

We find ourselves once again in Seville—the same town the children were marching in. Get ready because you are about to meet Figaro, the town barber. Oh, but Figaro does so much more than just cut hair, as he proudly proclaims in **Largo al factotum**. The title of this song literally means make room for the man who can do everything. Wow! And Figaro is just such a man. He tells us everything he does for his customers: he shaves gentlemen, coifs elegant ladies, and applies ointments where needed. But more than this, he delivers secret messages for lovers and schemers, and cleverly arranges happy endings. Ah, what a busy life he leads! Everyone wants Figaro's services. In fact, according to Figaro, the city couldn't function without him...and he wouldn't want it any other way.

9
10
11 THREE LITTLE MAIDS
FROM SCHOOL; THE SUN
WHOSE RAYS ARE ALL
ABLAZE;
TIT-WILLOW
from *The Mikado*
by Gilbert & Sullivan

In the Japanese town of Titipu lives a girl named Yum-Yum. She is betrothed to marry Ko-Ko, who is her boss, and a man she really doesn't love. But, as she is bound by the rules of her society there is nothing she can do about it. Yum-Yum has two sisters, Peep-Bo and Pitti-Sing, who are both very high-spirited girls. Together the three of them are forever giggling and playing jokes on people just for the fun of it. They burst on the scene, introducing themselves to everyone in the song, **Three Little Maids From School**. Now, Yum-Yum is secretly in love with a wandering musician by the name of Nanki-Poo, who is really the son of a high government official in disguise. He left his hometown, pretending to be a musician to escape marrying a woman *he* didn't love. Rules, rules, rules! Through a number of twists and turns of fate, as you would guess it, Yum-Yum and Nanki-Poo finally get together and are to be married. On her wedding day, Yum-Yum, making no apologies for her lovely radiance, compares herself in beauty and boldness to the sun and moon, singing **The Sun Whose Rays Are All Ablaze**. Meanwhile, Yum-Yum's old boss, Ko-Ko is trying to per-

suade another woman to marry him. He sings her the song, **Tit-Willow**, which is the tale of a little bird who died because it was not loved. Ko-Ko sings that if his love is not accepted, he too will perish just like the tiny bird.

12
13
14 BROTHER, COME DANCE
WITH ME;
I AM THE LITTLE SANDMAN;
CHILDREN'S PRAYER
from *Hansel & Gretel*
by Humperdinck

So the well-known story goes that Hansel and Gretel's mother comes home after a hard days work only to find her children raising a ruckus —dancing, singing and teasing each other instead of doing their chores. In the song, **Brother, Come Dance With Me**, you can hear Hansel and Gretel as they frolic their time away. Their mother, of course, gets very upset at the sight of this and sends them off into the forest to gather berries for supper. Because there is no food in the house, they are told not come home until they have successfully gathered a basket-full of berries. While walking in the forest, they get hungry and end up eating all the berries they picked for supper. Too frightened to return home with an empty basket, they stay out until after dark. But, now they can no longer find their way home. They're lost! Can you imagine how scared they felt, alone in a

cold, dark, spooky forest? Lucky for them a kind little man finds them and introduces himself by singing the song, **I Am the Little Sandman**. He gently sprinkles sand on the children's eyes, and as they grow drowsy, their fears seem to disappear and they settle down to sleep. But, before Hansel and Gretel drift off to dreamland, you can hear them begin to say their prayers. In the **Children's Prayer**, they sweetly sing about the fourteen angels that will watch over them as they sleep. (Of course, the rest of this opera goes on to tell the whole story of the children's adventure in the gingerbread house with the witch, and their safe return home.)

Libretto

1 CHILDREN'S MARCH from *Carmen*

We are soldiers proudly marching.
Here we come to change the guard.
Boys, blow your bugles loudly.

See us march our heads held high,
and never do we miss a beat. Fol-
lowing the waving flag, going "one-
two, and one-two-three!"

Side by side all in a line with
shoulders back and heads up high.
We raise our trusty sabers and
salute as you go by.

We are soldiers proudly marching.
Here we come to change the guard.
Boys, blow your bugles loudly...

See us march, our heads held high,
and never do we miss a beat. Fol-
lowing the waving flag going "one-
two, and one-two-three!"

Side by side all in a line with
shoulders back and heads up high.
We raise our trusty sabers and
salute as you go by.

Company halt! Stand at ease!

2 THE DOLL SONG from *Tales of Hoffmann*

All the birds up in the trees.
All the stars that I can see.
Sun and moon and trees and
flowers all speak to this
young girl only of love.

They speak of love.
So here is my lovely song...
The song of Olympia...
(of) Olympia.

So here is my lovely song...
The song of Olympia...
The song of Olympia.

Voices in the air resounding.
Songs of lark and dove abound-
ing. Stir my heart and set it singing.
Move my heart with thrilling feel-
ings of love. With feelings of love.

So here is my lovely song...
The song of Olympia...
(of) Olympia.
So here is my lovely song...
The song of Olympia...
The song of Olympia.

3 ANVIL SONG from *Il Trovatore*

See how the first light of morning
dissolves all the darkness away from
the heavens above.

Nature throws off all her black
clothes of sadness, and shines as the
morning for sadness is done.

Wake up, fellas!
Give me the hammer!

CHORUS
We cheer the glory of the dawning
of a new day.
Striking the hammer, we proclaim
this is a new day.
Hey! It's a glo-ri-ous new day.

We sing the glory, and tell the story
of such a bright, new day!

Oh, see the sun rising higher and
higher, and see how his rays make a
dazzling display.

Come on, fellas...

CHORUS
We cheer the glory of the dawning
of the new day.
Striking the hammer, we proclaim
this is a new day.

Hey! It's a glo-ri-ous new day.
We sing the glory, and tell the story
of such a bright, new day!

4 A BIRD CATCHER AM I
from *The Magic Flute*

I'm a very odd sort of man, you see.
A bird catcher — yes, that's me. Yet
they love this odd fellow, oh, I'm
held quite dear by young and old
from far and near.

I spread my net and blow these notes,
and catch the birds as they come
close. And I'm as pleased as I can be
For all the birdies belong to me!

I'm a silly kind of man, you see. A
bird catcher — yes, that's me. But
this silly bird catcher is a welcome
sight, to young and old in day or
night.

I whistle loudly so the birds come
near, then place them in this cage
right here. Yes, I'm just as pleased as I
can be for all the birds belong to me!

But there's one sweet bird that's
escaped me yet, though many've
come into my net. So I'll need to
use my skills and set a trap, you see,
to catch a pretty wife for me.

I'll spread my nets and whistle
clear until a maiden does appear.
Then I'll share this cozy little cage
with her, and be such a happy bird
catcher.

5 PAPAGENA! PAPAGENA! PAPAGENA!
from *The Magic Flute*

Come then, dearest one, Papagena.

It's useless... Ah, why can't I find
her? Guess I've been born to be
unhappy.

I chattered on... rattled on
all day and night—drove her away,
it serves me right, I must say, it
serves me right.

Oh, ever since I drank that wine,
since I beheld that maiden fine, my
heart's on fire — there is no time.
I will go mad, if she's not mine.
Papagena, have you flown now?
Papagena, I'm alone now.

What's the use, for you can't hear
me. I can live no more without you.
I think better I should die,
Papagena, I bid you goodbye.

From this tree I'll meet my end.
Tie the rope, goodbye, my friends.
There's no reason to carry on
without a wife to call my own.

No more feathers, no more song,
this bird catcher soon is gone, and
so, I'll say farewell to thee—All you
girls remember me, pretty maids,
remember me.

But it's not too late to save me,
if just one kind maid will take me,
I will live another day.

Hear me call. What do you say?
Yes or no. What do you say?
I don't hear you. All is quiet.
Not a word I'm hearing.
Does this mean the end is nearing?

Papageno, it's goodbye.
Now it's time — get ready to
die. Might as well just do it now.
Thought that someone would save
me somehow.
Wait! Hold on now.
Just wait. There's still a chance
— y'see? I'll wait 'til I'm done
counting: One, Two, Three. One...
Two... Three!

6 PA, PA, PA, PA
from *The Magic Flute*

PAPAGENO (HE)
Caught at last — be mine forever.
PAPAGENA (SHE)
Yes, let's share your cage together.
HE: We are love-birds of a feather.
SHE: Yes, we are love-birds of a
feather, and love-birds always stick
together.
HE: Yes, love-birds always stick
together.
HE: How delightful it will be.
SHE: How delightful, you will see.
HE: Now it is time for little birdies.
SHE: Yes, it is time for little birdies.
BOTH: Now that we have come to
rest inside this cage of happiness,
it's only right to fill our nest.
Fill our nest... Fill our nest.
Fill our nest with little birds from
up above, a nest of little birds to

love.

HE: First, comes a little Papageno.

SHE: Then, comes a little Papagena.

HE: Then, comes a little Papageno.

SHE: Then, comes a little Papagena.

BOTH: Papageno, Papagena, Papageno, Papageno, Papageno!

HE: What more could make us oh so happy...

SHE: As such a flock...

HE: As such a flock of Papagenos, Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-pagenos.

BOTH: Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-pagenos

HE: And they will be our greatest joy. What else could make us oh, so happy...

SHE: What else could make us oh, so happy...

HE: As such a flock...

SHE: Such a flock of Pa-pa-gen-os.

BOTH: And they shall be our greatest joy Papageno, Papageno, Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Papageno. And they will be our greatest joy. Papageno, Papageno, Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-pageno, And they will be our greatest joy. And they will be our greatest joy. And they will be our greatest joy.

SHE: Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-pageno.

HE: Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-pageno.

BOTH: Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-pageno. Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-pageno!

7 FLOWER DUET from *Lakmé*

Under a lush canopy of sweet, white jasmine all the roses are gathering. In the fresh morning, lovely stream murmuring. Deep peace is calling us.

Gently, let us glide smoothly and flow.

Following the current, we feel alive in swelling waters, lulled into surrender.

Gently, on the shore, we hear the birds singing.

Calling, sweetly calling us.

Under a lush canopy of sweet, white jasmine, calling us together.

8 LARGO AL FACTOTUM from *The Barber of Seville*

I am the chief of the city so please make way! La, la, la, la...

Rushing to open my barber shop this day.

La, la, la, la...

I love the life I lead.

Ah, isn't it special?

Yes, isn't it grand, for such a man who's right at the top, tippity-top!

Ah, bravo, Figaro, way to go, Figaro.

Well done!

La, la, la, la...

I am the luckiest man in the world.

What fun! La, la, la, la....

Fortune is mine on this bright, shiny day. Fortune is mine and it's here to stay.

La, la, la, la....

I'm in a hurry, no time to linger.

I have my finger in every pie.

Life is exciting, what an adventure.

There's not a barber happy as I.

La, la, la, la....

Razor in hand, and at my command.

Yes, I'm quite at home with scissors and comb.

Leave it to me, for as you can see oh, I am the king of lather and foam.

Then there's the business more confidential: secret connections, communications, delicate errands...

la, la, la, la...

and happy endings...la, la, la, la....

I love the life I lead, my occupation.

Ah, what a vocation.

In my profession,

I'm at the top, tippity-top!

Oh, they all ask for me.

"I need you, Figaro!"

Elegant ladies...elderly dandies.

"Make an appointment!

Hurry and shave me!"

"Give me some ointment"! "Quickly, this message."

I'm needed everywhere, wanted by everyone. I'm needed everywhere, wanted by everyone.

“Make an appointment! Hurry and shave me!” “Carry a message!”
Hey! Figaro, Figaro, Figaro, Figaro...
Oh no! Hold on — how crazy this is! I beg you, would you please just form a line.

One at a time, one at a time!

Do me a favor, do me a favor...
One at a time, for goodness sake.

“Psst, Figaro!” Say what?

“Hey Figaro!” I’m here!

Figaro here, Figaro there.

Figaro run! Figaro where?

Figaro yes, Figaro no.

Figaro come, Figaro go!

Faster than lightning, it’s almost frightening.

Ready and willing, leave it to me
— here is your man!
Oh, what a man! Oh what a man!
Oh, what a man!

Way to go, Figaro, bravo, bravissimo!

Way to go, Figaro, bravo, bravissimo!

You are incredibly fortunate,
as fortunate la, la, la, la, la, la... as
a man can be!

You are incredibly fortunate,
as fortunate as a man can be!
I am the man for all the city.
(I’ll) solve any problem,
just come see me work.
It’s such a thrill —

The barber of Seville!

9 THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM
SCHOOL *from The Mikado*

THE THREE:

Three little maids from school are
we, pert as a school-girl well can be.

Filled to the brim with girlish glee,
three little maids from school!

YUM-YUM: Everything is a source of
fun. (giggles)

PEEP-BO: Nobody’s safe, for we care
for none! (giggles)

PITTI-SING: Life is a joke that’s just
begun! (more giggles)

THE THREE: Three little maids from
school!

Three little maids who, all unwary,
come from a ladies’ seminary,
Freed from its genius tutelary—
Three little maids from school!
Three little maids from school!

YUM-YUM: One little maid is a bride,
Yum-Yum—

PEEP-BO:

Two little maids in attendance
come—

PITTI-SING: Three little maids is the
total sum.

THE THREE: Three little maids from
school! Three little maids from
school!

YUM-YUM: From three little maids
take one away.

PEEP-BO: Two little maids remain,
and they—

PITTI-SING: Won’t have to wait very
long, they say—

THE THREE: Three little maids from
school! Three little maids from
school!

Three little maids who, all unwary,
come from a ladies’ seminary.
Freed from its genius tutelary—
Three little maids from school!
Three little maids from school!

10 THE SUN, WHOSE RAYS ARE
ALL ABLAZE
from The Mikado

The sun, whose rays

are all ablaze with ever-living glory,
Does not deny
His majesty—
He scorns to tell a story!
He don’t exclaim,
“I blush for shame,
so kindly be indulgent.”
But, fierce and bold,
In fiery gold,
He glories effulgent!
I mean to rule the earth,
as he the sky.
We really know our worth,
The sun and I!

I mean to rule the earth, as he the

sky—We really know our worth,
the sun and I!

Observe his flame,

That placid dame,
The moon's Celestial Highness;
There's not a trace
Upon her face
Of diffidence or shyness.
She borrows light
That, through the night,
Mankind may all acclaim her!
And, truth to tell,
She lights up well,
So I, for one, don't blame her!
Ah, pray make no mistake,
We are not shy;
We're very wide awake,
The moon and I!

Ah, pray make no mistake,
We are not shy;
We're very wide awake,
The moon and I!

11 TIT-WILLOW from *The Mikado*

On a tree by a river a little tom-tit
sang "Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird,
why do you sit singing,
'Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow?'"

"Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?"
I cried, "Or a rather tough worm in
your little inside?" With a shake of
his poor little head, he replied,
"Oh, willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!"

He slapped at his chest, as he sat
on that bough, singing "Willow,
tit-willow, tit-willow!"

And a cold perspiration bespangled
his brow, "Oh, willow, tit-willow,
tit-willow!" He sobbed and he
sighed, and a gurgle he gave,
then he plunged himself into the
billowy wave.

And an echo arose from the
suicide's grave—"Oh, willow,
tit-willow, tit-willow!"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure
that my name isn't Willow,
tit-willow, tit-willow, that 'twas
blighted affection that made him
exclaim "Oh, willow, tit-willow,
tit-willow!"

And if you remain callous and
obdurate, I shall perish as he did,
and you will know why, though
I probably shall not exclaim as I
die, "Oh, willow, tit-willow,
tit-willow!"

12 BROTHER, COME DANCE WITH ME from *Hansel & Gretel*

GRETEL: Brother, please come dance
with me. Take my hand and then
you'll see. Stepping to, stepping fro,
turn around and there you go!

HANSEL: I'm too clumsy, I do fear.
Please forgive me, sister, dear.
You must show me what to do,

so that I can dance like you.

G: With your foot, you tap, tap, tap.
With your hands you clap, clap, clap.
Stepping to, stepping fro,
turn around and there you go!

H: With your foot, you tap, tap, tap.
With your hands you clap, clap, clap.
Step like this, now like that,
turn and it's a snap!

G: I must say, you do it well.
I'm surprised, I have to tell.
Now just watch me and you'll learn
how to dance and take a turn.

With your head you nick, nick, nick.
With your fingers you click, click,
click. Stepping to, stepping fro,
turn around and there you go!

H: With your head you nick, nick,
nick. With your fingers you click,
click, click. To and fro, just like that.
Turn...
and it's a snap!

G: Brother, please, now do take care.
Watch how Gretel moves and where.
Arm in arm, we'll dance together
turning 'round, it's such a pleasure...
Come.

H: I love to dance and sing so
happily, with my friends all day.

H & G: (And) I have no time for
misery, no time to feel that way.
(I) love to dance so happily
with my friends all day...
(For) I have no time for misery,
I love to dance and play.

Tra la la la la la, etc.

G: Turn around and 'round my dearest Hansel, turn around again, my dearest Hans. Come here to me, come here to me and join me in this dance.

H: Away from me, away from me. I have to say, "no chance!" I'll dance no more with little girls they're boring, that's for sure.

G: You foolish Hans, you silly boy. You're really immature! Tra la la la la la, turn around and 'round my dearest Hansel. Turn around again, my dearest Hans.

H: Oh sister dear, oh Gretel, dear, your stocking's got a hole.

G: Oh brother, dear, oh Hansel, dear you're such a naughty soul. I'll dance no more with naughty boys, they're boring, that's for sure.

H: Oh sister, dear, my sister, dear you're far too immature!

G: Tra la la la... Turn around and 'round my dearest Hansel. Turn around and 'round, my dearest Hans.

H: Tra la la la...

H & G: Hooray, hooray! Let's dance and sing. Who cares what's in store. And if our stockings all get torn, then mother will make more.

H: Tra la la la ...

G: Turn around and 'round my dearest Hansel, turn around and 'round, my dearest Hans.

H & G: Tra la la la la la ...

I AM THE LITTLE SANDMAN;

13 CHILDREN'S PRAYER
from Hansel & Gretel

14 SANDMAN: The little Sand-
man calls you...shhh!
I'll see no harm befalls
you...shhh!

I love you children deeply,
I'll care for you so sweetly...shhh!

My little magic grains of sand will
take you off to slumberland.
For when your eyes grow tired and
close, I'll give you peace and sweet
repose.

So, if you're good and sleep all
through the night...then, as stars
awaken, blinking; high from heaven
looking down and twinkling, angels
will bring you dreams until the
morning comes.

Now slumber, slumber, children
slumber, while angels bring you
sweet, sweet dreams until morning
comes.

HANSEL/GRETEL:

When at night I go to sleep,
fourteen angels watch over me:
two are here beside me,
two stand there to guide me,

two are on my right hand,
two are on my left hand,
two more come to wake me,
two more come to take me,
two more gently call to me and light
the path to heaven.

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PRINCIPAL SINGERS

Grant Doyle (baritone), songs 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 11

Rachel Fisher (mezzo soprano), 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14

Natasha Marsh (soprano), 7, 8, 9, 12, 14

Gabriella Santinelli (coloratura soprano), 3, 6, 7, 9, 13

ADDITIONAL SINGERS

The Children's March chorus: **Felix Cloke,**

Emma Lindars, David Wigram & Timothy Webb.

Children's chorus conducted by **Susan Singh.**

Hansel & Gretel's spoken voices: **Anna Jacobs & Ellen Daly.**

MUSICIANS

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Michael Streijffert, trumpet

Bo-Gustaf Thorell, violin

Libretti translations by **Anastasi Mavrides** with assistance from **Louise Asherson, Anna Jacobs, Jean-Michel Joulie & Marcus Kern.**

Liner notes by **Anastasi Mavrides.**

Digitally recorded at **Hoxton Studios**, London, UK/

Danny Sykes, engineer and at **HagaSound Studios**,

Stockholm, Sweden/**Erik Mattsson**, engineer.

Mixed by **Anastasi Mavrides.** Mastered at **Polar Studios**, Stockholm by **Åsa Winzell.**

Additional engineering by **David Ginnane** and **Niklas Gustavsson**

SPECIAL THANKS TO

Nigel Douglas, Jerome Flynn, Peter Kay,

Patty O'Sullivan, Bill Ohrström, Thomas and

Sonny at Estrad Musik, Stockholm



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