

TEXAS EARLY MUSIC PROJECT

DANIEL JOHNSON, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

An Early Christmas

PROGRAM

FINLAND & FRANCE

Gaudete! ♪ Anonymous, 15th century, Finland; *Piae cantiones*, 1582; arr. D. Johnson (2014, 2015)
Ensemble

Il est né le divin Enfant! ♪ Traditional, France, 18th century; arr. D. Johnson (2009, 2014, 2015)
Ensemble

TRADITIONAL IRELAND, SCOTLAND & MEDIEVAL ENGLAND

A Leanbh Ghil Mhilis ♪ Ireland; traditional
Abby Green, soloist, with Therese Honey, harp

Good people all, this Christmas time (The Wexford Carol) ♪ Ireland, traditional;
arr. D. Johnson (2010, 2013, 2015)
Cayla Cardiff, soloist

Mary's Lullaby (Mairi bhan og) ♪ Scotland, Anonymous; 17th century;
arr. D. Johnson (2007, 2011, 2103, 2015)
Instrumental

Lullay, lullay: Als I lay on Yoolis night ♪ Anonymous, 14th c., Cambridge University MS
Poem by John Grimestone, 1372: National Library of Scotland; arr. D. Johnson (2011, 2013, 2015)
Jenny Houghton, soloist

FRANCE: TRADITIONAL & SACRED BAROQUE

Noël nouvelet! ♪ France, traditional; 17th century; arr. D. Johnson (2008, 2010, 2014)
Meredith Ruduski & Jenifer Thyssen, soloists

Quelle est cette odeur agréable? ♪ France, traditional; 17th century; arr. D. Johnson (2012, 2015)
Jeffrey Jones-Ragona, soloist

MARC-ANTOINE CHARPENTIER, 1643-1704

Excerpts from: In nativatem Domini canticum, H.414 &
Pastorale sur la Naissance de Notre Seigneur Jesus Christ, H.483
Jenifer Thyssen & Meredith Ruduski, soloists

INTERMISSION

GERMANY: IN DULCI JUBILO

Instrumental, à3 ♪ Michael Praetorius, 1571-1621 ~ *Therese Honey, Bruce Colson, & Jane Leggiere, soloists*
Verse 1, à2 ♪ Michael Praetorius
Verse 2, à4 ♪ Michael Praetorius
Verse 3, à3 ♪ Dietrich Buxtehude, 1637-1707 ♪ *Meredith Ruduski, Stephanie Prewitt, & Brett Barnes, soloists*
Verse 4, à8 ♪ Hieronymus Praetorius, 1560-1629 ♪ *Chorus*

LOWLANDS

Angelus ad pastores ait ♪ Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck, 1562-1621
Chorus

TRADITIONAL SCOTLAND & IRELAND

D'on óiche úd i mBeithil & Dia Do Bheatha ♪ Ireland; traditional

Abby Green & Cayla Cardiff, soloists

Balooloo, my lammie ♪ Scotland, traditional; 17th century; arr. D. Johnson (2007, 2015)

Stephanie Prewitt, soloist

Ye sons of men, with me rejoice ♪ Ireland, traditional, 18th century; arr. D. Johnson (2008, 2012)

Daniel Johnson & Jeffrey Jones Ragona, soloists

SPAIN

Pues a Dios humano vemos ♪ Anonymous, *Cancioneiro de Belém*, 16th c.

Daniel Johnson, soloist

O magnum mysterium ♪ Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)

Chorus

TRADITIONAL SCOTLAND

Táladh ar Slánaigheir (Lullaby of our Saviour) ♪ Scotland, traditional; text by Fr. Ranald Rankin, 1855; arr. D. Johnson (2013, 2015)

Jenifer Thyssen, soloist

AND ON TO THE NEW YEAR IN ENGLAND

Loath to depart ♪ After settings by John Dowland, c. 1563-1626, & Giles Farnaby, c. 1563-1640; arr. D. Johnson (2015)

Brett Barnes, soloist

Drive the cold winter away ♪ England, traditional; arr. John Playford (1623-c.1687), *The English Dancing Master* (1651); arr. D. Johnson (2011, 2014, 2015)

David Lopez, soloist

The old yeare now away is fled ♪ England, traditional; 16th–18th centuries; Dance versions by John Playford, 1652; arr. D. Johnson (1999, 2008, 2012, 2014)

Jenifer Thyssen, soloist

FINE

THE PERFORMERS

SPECIAL GUESTS:

Abby Green, *alto*

Therese Honey, *harps*

Brett Barnes, *baritone*

Amy Bearden, *alto*

Cayla Cardiff, *mezzo-soprano*

Bruce Colson, *vielle & violin*

Tom Crawford, *alto*

Scott Horton, *lutes & guitar*

Jenny Houghton, *soprano*

Daniel Johnson, *tenor*

Eric Johnson, *bass*

Jeffrey Jones-Ragona, *tenor*

Robbie LaBanca, *tenor*

Jane Leggiero, *bass viol*

David Lopez, *baritone*

Marcus McGuff, *flute*

Brian Pettey, *bass*

Stephanie Prewitt, *alto*

Susan Richter, *alto & recorders*

Meredith Ruduski, *soprano*

Thann Scoggin, *baritone*

Lisa Solomon, *soprano*

Jenifer Thyssen, *soprano*

John Walters, *mandolin, vielle, & bass viol*

Please visit www.early-music.org to read the biographies of TEMP artists.

NOTES, TEXTS, & TRANSLATIONS

The Advent and Christmas seasons have been wonderful sources of inspiration for composers and poets for centuries. Some of the most memorable and iconic works in the history of music have been created to honor the spirit of Christmas. As we looked at the cultural antecedents of our own musical traditions brought to us by immigrants from across Europe who helped create our rich cultural blend, we also found wonderful examples of distinctive seasonal works from many of those countries. We celebrate this diversity of musical ritual for Advent through the New Year from c.1300-c.1900 with our own style, in our own musical language, inspired by those who came before. In honor of this year's theme—Postcards from the Past: A TEMP Eurotour—and in honor of a couple of memorable trips with Eurail Pass in hand, we skip blithely but with rationale from country-to-country, time frame-to-time frame. There are musical and thematic connections, of course, but really: It's About Time.

Daniel Johnson
December, 2015

FINLAND & FRANCE

For many of us, the introduction to *Gaudete!* was the wonderfully gnarly and spirited version that the British folk-rock group Steeleye Span recorded in the 70s, though their pronunciation left choral conductors and educators a little exasperated. Its provenance is a little more veiled than the straightforwardness the recording might suggest. It was published in 1582 in the *Piae Cantiones*, a collection of late Medieval songs from about 1430, many of which were Czech traditional songs. The melody is also known as a current Czech folksong, as a chorale tune in Germany, and was also used as a grace before meals in Martin Luther's time. *Il est né le divin enfant* was first printed in the mid-19th century as an 'ancien air de chasse' (old hunting song) and the text was first published twenty-five years later, in 1875-76. Its rustic nature and hunting song background calls for a rather rowdy arrangement, with the instruments imitating bagpipes, hurdy-gurdies, and percussive rhythmic sounds.

Gaudete! & Anonymous, 15th century, Finland; *Piae cantiones*, 1582

Refrain: Gaudete! Gaudete!

Christus est natus ex Maria virgine. Gaudete!

Refrain: Rejoice! Rejoice!

Christ is born of the Virgin Mary. Rejoice!

Tempus adest gratiae, hoc quod optabamus;
Carmina laetitiae devote reddamus.

Refrain: Gaudete! Gaudete!

The time of grace has come, for which we have prayed;
Let us faithfully offer a song of praise.

Refrain: Rejoice! Rejoice!

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

Refrain: Gaudete! Gaudete!

God is made human, while nature wonders;
The world is cleansed through the rule of Christ.

Refrain: Rejoice! Rejoice!

Ezechiellis porta clausa pertransitur;
Unde lux est orta,
Salus invenitur.

Refrain: Gaudete! Gaudete!

The gate of Ezekiel now opens to us,
Sending forth transforming light
Through which holiness is found.

Refrain: Rejoice! Rejoice!

Ergo nostra contio psallat iam in lustro;
Benedicat Domino; salus regi nostro.

Refrain: Gaudete! Gaudete!

Therefore we meet in pure songs of joy;
We bless the Lord, greetings to our King.

Refrain: Rejoice! Rejoice!

Il est né le divin Enfant! & Traditional, France, 18th century

Il est né le divin enfant,
Jouez hautbois, résonnez musette.

Il est né le divin enfant,
Chantons tous son avènement.

He is born the divine child,
Play oboe, resonate bagpipe.

He is born the divine child,
Let's all sing his accession.

Depuis plus de quatre mille ans
Nous le promettaient les prophètes,
Depuis plus de quatre mille ans
Nous attendions cet heureux temps.

Refrain: Il est né le divin enfant...

For more than four thousand years
The prophets have promised us,
For more than four thousand years
We've been waiting for this happy time.

Refrain: He is born the divine child...

Ah! qu'il est beau, qu'il est charmant!
Ah! que ses grâces sont parfaites!
Ah! qu'il est beau, qu'il est charmant!
Qu'il est doux, ce divin Enfant!
Refrain: Il est né le divin enfant...

O Jésus, ô roi tout puissant,
Tout petit enfant que vous êtes,
O Jésus, ô roi tout puissant,
Régnez sur nous entièrement.
Refrain: Il est né le divin enfant...

Ah! He is so beautiful, so charming!
Ah! His grace is such perfection!
Ah! He is so beautiful, so charming!
He is so sweet, the divine child!
Refrain: He is born the divine child...

O Jesus, o all powerful king,
Such a little child you are,
O Jesus, o all powerful king,
Rule completely over us.
Refrain: He is born the divine child...
Additional translation by Valérie Chaussonnet

TRADITIONAL IRELAND, SCOTLAND & MEDIEVAL ENGLAND

From Abby Green: "Irish song is a truly living tradition. The songs are continually passed on from person to person (rather than in a written format) and continually adapted to the singer's time. Rather than keeping antiquated words generation after generation, the words are altered slightly. It is hard to date traditional songs because of this. It is a fairly modern idea to write the words and melodies down. There are probably half a dozen slightly different versions of each of these songs. Depending on who wrote them down and when, some versions seem older than others by the word usage and grammar that was used in a particular time and region."

A Leanbh Ghil Mhilis 🌀 Ireland; traditional

A Leanbh Ghil Mhilis, do tháinig ón bhflaitheas anuas
Chun scéala dea-mhéine 's síochána
(Ón neamh do bhraith uainn)?
Nach mór é an t-ionadh le raibh thú
Id' lúí ins an bhfuacht
's gur tusa, a Shlánaitheoir Ghrámhar,
Tiarna na gCumhacht

Féach orainn, muintir na hÉireann,
Ag teacht ós do chomhair
Mar thánadar aingil 's aoirí
An oíche úd fadó
Ó molaimid d'ainm ró-naofa,
A Dhia na Slua
Agus beirimid leatsa ár mbuíochas anois 's go deo.

Go bhfóirese orainn, a Íosa,
A thug dochas don tsaol
Impímid gach uile d'ár muintir
Do chosaint ar bhaol
Déan ainsprid na deighilte
Do dhíbirt amach uainn i gcéin
'Gus is gearr go mbeadh áitreabh ár sinsir
Faoi rath 's faoi réir

Sweet Bright Child who has come down from heaven
In order to bring news of good will
And peace from heaven
It is a surprise to speak of you
Lying in the cold
It is you, loving savior,
Lord of power.

See us, the Irish people,
Standing before you,
As came the angels and shepherds
On that night long ago.
We praise your holy name,
God of hosts,
And we give you our gratitude now and forever.

May you help us, Jesus,
Who brought hope to the world.
We humbly implore you to defend
Our people from danger.
Banish the evil spirit
Of separation far away
And soon the land of our fathers
Will prosper at your command.

Good people all, this Christmas time (The Wexford Carol) 🌀 Ireland, traditional

The Wexford Carol, also called The Enniscorthy Carol, (Carúl Loch Garman) is a traditional carol originating from County Wexford and specifically, Enniscorthy. It is one of the oldest extant Christmas carols in the Old World tradition: the text dates to the 12th century.

Good people all, this Christmas time, consider well and bear in mind
What our good God for us has done in sending his beloved son.
With Mary holy we should pray to God with love this Christmas Day:
In Bethlehem upon that morn there was a blessed Messiah born.

Near Bethlehem did shepherds keep their flocks of lambs and feeding sheep,
To whom God's angel did appear, which put the shepherds in great fear.
"Prepare and go," the angels said, "to Bethlehem, be not afraid,
For there you'll find this happy morn, a princely babe, sweet Jesus, born."

With thankful heart and joyful mind the shepherds went the babe to find,
And as God's angels had foretold they did our Saviour, Christ, behold.
Within a manger he was laid, and by his side the Virgin Maid
Attending on the Lord of Life, who came on earth to end all strife.

Mary's Lullaby (*Mairi bhan og*) ♪ Scotland, Anonymous; 17th century

Mairi bhan og is simply one of the most beautiful melodies I have encountered. Our current version is the seventh or eighth incarnation of my original version of this 17th-century violin air, and uses two countermelodies, or non-imitative polyphony, one of which is passed around by the various instruments and one which is heard just in the bass viol.

Lullay, lullay: Als I lay on Yoolis Night ♪ Anonymous, 14th c., Cambridge University MS

This mystical poem by the Franciscan friar John Grimestone in 1372 is preserved in the National Library of Scotland. There are thirty-seven verses in all, though some parts in the middle may have been added later. The melody, not present in the Scottish source, is found in a separate English manuscript that gives the refrain and first verse. Our arrangement adds some polyphony, first for the mother's reply and then for the Christ-Child's responses; the responses of the Angel are in *fauxbourdon* style.

Lullay, lullay, mi deere moder, synge lullay.

Als I lay on Yoolis Night, alone in my longynge,
Me thought I saw a well faire sight,
A may hir child rockynge.
Lullay, lullay, mi deere moder, synge lullay.

The maiden wold withouten song,
Hir childe o'slepe to brynge.
The Childe, him thought sche ded him wrong,
And bad his moder synge.
Lullay, lullay, mi deere moder, synge lullay.

"Synge, nou, Moder," sayed the Childe,
"Wat schal to me befall heerafter,
Wan I com to eld, For so doon modres all."

"Ich a moder trewely,
That kan hir credel kepe,
Is wun to lullen luvly
And sing hir childe o slepe."
Lullay, lullay, mi deere moder, synge lullay.

"Swete moder, fair and fre, because that it is so,
I pray thee that thou lulle me, and sing sumwat therto."

"Swete sune," saide sche, "Weroff schuld I synge?
Ne wist I nere yet more of thee
But Gabriele's gretynge."
Lullay, lullay, mi deere moder, synge lullay.

Serteynly this sight I say, this song I herde sing,
Als I me lay this Yoolis Day, alone in my longynge.
Lullay, lullay, mi deere moder, synge lullay.

Lullay, lullay, my dear mother, sing lullay.

As I lay on Christmas Night, alone in my desire,
I thought I saw a very lovely sight,
A maid rocking her child.
Lullay, lullay, my dear mother, sing lullay.

The maiden wanted, without singing,
To put her child to sleep.
To the child it seemed that she wronged him,
And he told his mother to sing.
Lullay, lullay, my dear mother, sing lullay.

"Sing now, mother," said the child,
"What is to befall me in the future,
When I am grown up, for all mothers do that."

"Every mother, truly,
Who knows how to watch over her cradle,
Knows how to lull lovingly
And sing her child to sleep."
Lullay, lullay, my dear mother, sing lullay.

"Sweet mother, fair and free, since that is so,
I pray you lull me and sing something as well."

"Sweet son," said she, "Of what should I sing?
I never knew anything more about you
Than Gabriel's greeting."
Lullay, lullay, my dear mother, sing lullay.

Certainly I saw this sight, I heard this song sung,
As I lay this Christmas Day, alone in my desire.
Lullay, lullay, my dear mother, sing lullay.

FRANCE: TRADITIONAL & SACRED BAROQUE

Noël nouvelet! 🌀 France, traditional; 17th century

By the 16th century, the word *noël* had become linked to Christmas and also the New Year, though its meaning originally indicated “news.” Similarly, *nouvelet* can mean “news,” so this popular 17th-century song with a text that dates to the 15th century could mean “to bring news of the New Year” or of the ‘newborn’ King.

Noël nouvelet! Noël chantons icy;
 Dévotes gens, rendons à Dieu merci;
 Chantons Noël pour le Roi nouvelet:
 Noël nouvelet! Noël chantons icy!

Noël nouvelet! Sing we this new Noël!
 We thank our God, and of His goodness tell;
 We sing Noël to greet the newborn King:
 Noël nouvelet! Sing we this new Noël!

Quand m’esveille et j’eus assez dormy,
 Ouvris mes yeux, vis un arbre fleury,
 Dont il issait un bouton vermeillet.
 Noël nouvelet! Noël chantons icy;

Waking from sleep, this wonder did I see:
 In a garden fair there stood a beauteous tree;
 Whereon I spied a rosebud opening.
 Noël nouvelet! Sing we this new Noël!

Quand je le vis, mon coeur fut resjouy
 Car grande clarté resplendissait de luy,
 Comme le soleil qui luit au matinet.
 Noël nouvelet! Noël chantons icy!

How my heart rejoiced to see that divine sight,
 For with rays of glory did the rosebud shine,
 As when the sun rises at break of day.
 Noël nouvelet! Sing we this new Noël!

D’un oysillon après le chant j’ouy,
 Qui aux pasteurs disait: ‘Partez d’ici!
 En Bethléem trouverez l’Agnelet!’
 Noël nouvelet! Noël chantons icy!

Then a tiny bird left off its song, to say
 Unto certain shepherds: ‘Haste you away!
 In Bethlehem you’ll see the Lamb of God!’
 Noël nouvelet! Sing we this new Noël!

Quelle est cette odeur agréable? 🌀 France, traditional; 17th century

This tune appears in English sources as early as 1710 so it was probably popular in France for at least a decade before that. It was used in John Gay’s *The Beggar’s Opera* in 1728 as well. The text is a variant of the annunciation to the shepherds in Luke.

Quelle est cette odeur agréable,
 Bergers, qui ravit tous nos sens?
 S’exhale t’il rien de semblable
 Au milieu des fleurs du printemps?
 Quelle est cette odeur agréable,
 Bergers, qui ravit tous nos sens?

Whence is that goodly fragrance flowing,
 Shepherds, to steal the senses all away?
 Was there ever such a fragrance as this
 In the midst of spring flowers?
 Whence is that goodly fragrance flowing,
 Shepherds, to steal the senses all away?

Mais quelle éclatante lumière
 Dans la nuit vient frapper nos yeux?
 L’astre de jour, dans sa carrière,
 Fût-il jamais si radieux!
 Mais quelle éclatante lumière
 Dans la nuit vient frapper nos yeux?

Whence comes this dazzling light
 That hits our eyes in the dark night?
 The morning star, in its passage,
 Was never so brilliant as now!
 Whence comes this dazzling light
 That hits our eyes in the dark night?

Ne craignez rien, peuple fidèle,
 Écoutez l’Ange du Seigneur;
 Il vous annonce une merveille
 Qui va vous combler de Bonheur.
 Ne craignez rien, peuple fidèle,
 Écoutez l’Ange du Seigneur.

Fear not, faithful people,
 Hear the Angel of the Lord;
 He announces news of a great marvel
 That will fill you with happiness.
 Fear not, faithful people,
 Hear the Angel of the Lord.

MARC-ANTOINE CHARPENTIER, 1643-1704

(Excerpts) In *nativitatem Domini canticum*, H.414, & *Pastorale sur la Naissance de Notre Seigneur Jesus Christ*, H.483

Though he was overshadowed by Lully, who enjoyed royal patronage and who conspired against him, Charpentier was renowned in his day for the freshness and daring of his music. In his studies with Carissimi, he learned the sensuousness of melodic line and the importance of dissonance and the vitality it lends to both harmony and rhythm. He was able to combine this lesson with the graceful and transparent qualities of French court music and the flamboyant exuberance of theater music, creating his own distinctive style, which was influential on future generations of French composers and has been strongly influential on the rediscovery of French Baroque music in the last forty years. Charpentier had a particular skill and enjoyment of both the Nativity Pastoral literature in French and the Latin oratorio: Both were partly urban, partly rustic, and full of theatricality and invention. We have created our own format, a combination of the two genres, that embraces the formal beauty of the oratorio and the ebullience of the pastorate.

Salve, puerle, salve, tenellule,
O nate parvule, quam bonus es!
Tu caelum deseris,
Tu mundo nasceris
Nobis te ut miseris assimiles.

O summa bonitas: excelsa deitas
Vilis humanitas fit hodie.
Aeternus nascitur,
Immensus capitur
Et rei tegitur sub specie.

Salve, puerle, salve, tenellule,
O nate parvule, quam bonus es!
Tu caelum deseris,
Tu mundo nasceris
Nobis te ut miseris assimiles.

Gloire dans les hauts lieux,
Gloire sans fin, gloire éternelle.
Louange à jamais dans les cieus,
Louange à l'essence immortelle.

Chantez donc à l'envie,
Chantez à la naissance de ce Roi glorieux.
Un si rare présent, un don si précieux
Ne veut être reçu qu'avec réjouissance.
Chantez donc à l'envie,
Chantez à la naissance de ce Roi glorieux.

Gloire dans les hauts lieux,
Gloire sans fin, gloire éternelle.
Louange à jamais dans les cieus,
Louange à l'essence immortelle.

Virgo puerperal, beata viscera
Dei cum opera dent filium,
Gaude flos virginum,
gaude spes hominum,
Fons lavans criminum proluvium.

Hail, little child, hail, tender little boy,
O tiny newborn child, how good you are!
You forsake heaven,
You are born into the world
To share the lot of us poor mortals.

O highest goodness: the supreme deity
Has become base humanity on this day.
The eternal is born,
His immensity is contained
And wrapped in human form.

Hail, little child, hail, tender little boy,
O tiny newborn child, how good you are!
You forsake heaven,
You are born into the world
To share the lot of us poor mortals.

Glory in the highest,
Glory without end, eternal glory.
Praise in heaven for evermore,
Praise to the Immortal Being.

Then sing unceasingly,
Sing of the birth of this glorious King.
So rare a present, so precious a gift
Cannot be greeted with anything but rejoicing.
Then sing unceasingly,
Sing of the birth of this glorious King.

Glory in the highest,
Glory without end, eternal glory.
Praise in heaven for evermore,
Praise to the Immortal Being.

The virgin has given birth, her blessed womb
Through the workings of God has yielded a son.
Rejoice, flower of virgins,
Rejoice, hope of mankind,
Fountain that washes away our abundant guilt.

INTERMISSION

GERMANY: IN DULCI JUBILO

In dulci jubilo ☞ Michael Praetorius, Dietrich Buxtehude, ☞ Hieronymus Praetorius

The text of this famous carol, attributed to the German mystic Heinrich Seuse in the early 14th century, features alternation of Medieval German and Latin (a *macaronic* device). The tune was first published around 1400, with one verse, although it probably existed well before that date, probably in the form of a round dance. By the 1500s there were four verses and already many arrangements, evidence of the popularity of the tune and its potential for variety. We are using three versions by Michael Praetorius: complicated imitative à2 and à3 versions for the first verse and an instrumental verse and a chorale version of the second verse. In the setting for the third verse and the “coda,” Dietrich Buxtehude alternates vocal and instrumental passages in his trademark lyrical, mellifluous style. The fourth verse setting by Hieronymus Praetorius is a rich setting for eight voices with counter-melody type descants, and we return to the Buxtehude setting for the coda.

In dulci jubilo, nu singet und seid froh!
Unsers Herzens Wonne leit *in praesepio*,
Und leuchtet als die Sonne *Matris in gremio*,
Alpha es et O!

O *Jesu parvule* nach dir ist mir so weh!
Tröst' mir mein Gemüte, o *puer optime*,
Durch alle deine Güte, o *princeps gloriae*.
Trabe me post te!

O *Patris caritas!* O *Nati lenitas!*
Wir wären all verloren *per nostra crimina*,
So hat er uns erworben *coelorum gaudia*.
Eia, wärn wir da!

Ubi sunt gaudia nirgend mehr denn da!
Da die Engel singen *nova cantica*,
Und die Schellen klingen *in regis curia*.
Eia, wärn wir da!

In quiet joy now sing with hearts aglow!
Our delight and pleasure lies in a manger;
Like sunshine is our treasure in the mother's lap.
Thou art Alpha and Omega!

O tiny Jesus, for thee I long alway;
Comfort my heart's blindness, o best of boys,
With all Thy loving kindness, o prince of glory
Draw me after Thee.

O love of the Father! O gentleness of the Son!
Deeply were we stained through our sins,
But Thou for us hast gained the joy of heaven.
O that we were there!

Where are joys in any place but there?
There are angels singing new songs,
And there the bells are ringing in the king's court.
O that we were there!

LOWLANDS

Angelus ad pastores ait ☞ Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck, 1562-1621

Sweelinck, the most important composer of the culturally rich “golden era” of the Netherlands, was known as the *Orpheus of Amsterdam*. Known primarily as an organist, he also excelled on the carillon and the harpsichord, and his improvisational skills were legendary. His vocal music, from casual two-voice *bicinia* to more formal motets, are complex and, not unexpectedly, use many of the same compositional skills he pioneered in his organ works. The ebullient *alleluia* section sequences through a number of surprising tonal centers with ease and grace.

Angelus ad pastores ait:
“Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum,
Quia natus est vobis hodie
Salvator mundi.” Alleluia.

The angel said to the shepherds:
“I bring you tidings of great joy,
For the Saviour of the world has been born
To you today.” Alleluia.

TRADITIONAL IRELAND ☞ SCOTLAND

D'on oíche úd i mBeithil ☞ Ireland; traditional

D'on oíche úd i mBeithil
Beidh tagairt fé ghrian go brách.
D'on oíche úd i mBeithil
Go dtáinig an Briathar slán;
Tá gríosa ghrua ar spéartha
's an talamh 'na chlúdach bán;
Féach Íosagán sa chliabhán,
'San Mhaighdean in aoibhneas grá.

To that night long ago in Bethlehem
There will forever be a reference under the sun.
To that night long ago in Bethlehem
When the word was made flesh.
There is a hot glow in the sky
And the land covered in white,
Look at Jesus in the cradle
And the Virgin in the joy of love.

Ar leaca loma sléibhe ‘sé On the bare rocks of the hillside
A ghlacann na haoirí scáth,
Ar oscailt gheal na spéire
Tá teachtaireacht Dé ar fáil;
Céad glóire anois don Athair
’Sna flaithis huas go hard!
Is feasta fós ar talamh
D’fhearaibh dea-mhéin’ siocháin!

The shepherds took cover,
With the radiant opening of the skies
God’s message was received;
A hundred glories now to the Father
In the heavens up so high,
From now on, on earth,
May men move toward peace.

Dia Do Bheatha 🌀 **Traditional Irish**

The words to this traditional Irish song are by Aodh MacCathmhaoil, fl. c.1600. The melody can be found in the Petrie Collection of Ancient Music of Ireland published in 1855.

Dia do bheatha, a Naí anocht
Do ghabh id Dhiagacht daonnacht
D’ár saoradh a chrú chroí
As broinn mhaoth ghlan Maighdine.

Hail God, oh infant tonight
Who came for our freedom
In both divine and human form
From the womb of the Virgin.

’Nocht dob iséal
D’ár bhFlaith i gcró chúng an asail
Mochean l’er tháinig dá thoil
D’ár fhagaibh Neamh um Nollaig.

Tonight it was a humble one
Who was our ruler in a narrow donkey’s stable
It is fortunate for us that it is your will
To leave Heaven for us at Christmas.

Gaol is grá, tróc’re is toil le dtug,
Dia a Mhac dá mhalairt
Dár ndíon ar chathair na gciach,
A Rí is Athair is Aon Dia.

Kinship and love, mercy and will,
God gave his Son as an exchange
For our protection in the gloomy city,
King and Father and the One God.

Balooloo, my lammie 🌀 Scotland, traditional; 17th century; text by Carolina Nairne?, 1766-1845
Balooloo, my lammie, balooloo my dear, sleep sweetly wee lammie; ain Minnie is here.
The King of Creation now lies on the hay, with Mary as mother, so prophets did say.

This day to you is born a wee Child, of Mary so meek, a maiden so mild.
That blessed Bairn so loving and kind, is lulled by sweet Mary in heart and mind.

And now shall Mary’s wee little Boy forever and aye be our hope and joy.
Eternal shall be His reign here on Earth, rejoice then, all nations, in His holy birth.

Sleep soundly, sweet Jesus, sleep soundly my dear, while Angels adore and watch Thee here.
God’s Angels and Shepherds, and kine in their stalls, and Wise Men and Joseph, Thy guardians all.

Ye sons of men, with me rejoice 🌀 Ireland, traditional, 18th century

This tune, also from the *Wexford Carols*, is part of an oral tradition handed down through the Devereux family of Kilmore, Ireland. The text is by Fr. William Devereux, fl. 1728; unlike our version, the *Wexford Carols* version contains twenty-seven verses.

Ye sons of men, with me rejoice, and praise the heavens with heart and voice!
For joyful tidings you we bring of this heavenly Babe, the newborn King.

Who from his mighty throne above came down to magnify his love
To all such as would him embrace and would be born again in grace.

The mystery for to unfold: when the King of Kings he did behold
The poor unhappy state of man, He sent His dear beloved Son.

Within a manger there he lay; His dress was neither rich nor gay.
In Him you truly there might see a pattern of humility.

Give Him your heart the first of all, free from all malice, wrath, and gall;
And, now He’s on His throne on high, He will crown you eternally.

SPAIN

Pues a Dios humano vemos ♪ Anonymous, *Cancioneiro de Belém*, 16th c.

The wonderment of the shepherds at the angelic annunciation (combined with healthy fear) has captured the imagination of both musicians and painters through the centuries. Many texts go to the next phase, of course, and the shepherds are pictured visiting the Christ Child at the manger. This anonymous Christmas *villancico* from the mid-16th c. comes from the *Cancioneiro de Belém*, a rare collection of music from Renaissance Portugal.

Pues a Dios humano vemos
Venid, venid adorarleemos.
Venid adorar el chiquito
I gram Dios de lo criado
Pues quiso ser humanado
Pera alegrar nuestro spirito.
I por Dios le confessemos
Venid, venid adorarleemos.

As human God we behold
Come you all, let us praise Him.
Come, praise the little child
And great God of the created
Who wanted to become a human
To cheer up our spirits.
And let us confess ourselves by God
Come you all, let us praise Him.

O magnum mysterium ♪ Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)

O magnum mysterium is one of the more well-known and celebrated Christmas motets from the Renaissance and has been a favorite among choirs since Victoria's music became known in the early 20th century. It is thought to have been composed during Victoria's time in Rome, when he was in contact with Palestrina and other great masters of composition. Our performance is in accordance with 16th century performance practice, thus the pitch for this piece is approximately a third or fourth lower than is found in most modern editions.

O magnum mysterium
Et admirabile sacramentum,
Ut animalia viderent Dominum
Natum jacentem in praesepio.
O beata Virgo, cujus viscera meruerunt
Portare Dominum Jesum Christum.
Alleluia!

O great mystery
And wonderful sacrament
That animals should see the new-born Lord
Lying in a manger!
O blessed is the Virgin, whose womb
Was worthy to bear Christ the Lord.
Alleluia!

TRADITIONAL SCOTLAND

Tàladh ar Slànaigheir (Lullaby of our Saviour) ♪ Scotland, traditional; text by Fr. Ranald Rankin, 1855

Though there is some confusion about the origins of the tune of *Tàladh ar Slànaigheir*, it is known that Fr. Ranald Rankin wrote the 29 verses of the hymn in 1855 before he left his parish in Scotland and immigrated to Australia. The song became popular among 20th-century folk-singers by the title "The Christ-Child Lullaby," or *Tàladh Chrìosda*, and remains popular internationally due to its lilting modal melody and easy-to-remember refrain. See the inserted song-sheet for further instructions!

Mo ghaol, mo ghràdh, is m'eudail thu,
M'iunntas ùr is m'èibhneas thu,
Mo mhacan àluinn, ceutach thu,
Chan fhiù mi fhèin bhi 'd dhàil. Aleluia.

My love, my pride, my joy, are You,
My treasure and my joy are You,
My lovely, becoming son are You,
I'm not worthy to be near You. Alleluia.

Mo ghaol an t-suil a sheallas tlà,
Mo ghaol an cridh 'tha liont 'le gràdh,
Ged is leanamh thu gun chàil though
'S lionmhor buaidh tha ort a' fàs. Aleluia.

My love whose eye has tender gaze!
My love whose heart is filled with love,
You are a babe without fault,
You grow in victory. Alleluia.

Fair fa's the licht that hails the daw,
An scales the mirk frae yin and a';
Ye banish ilka care awa
An set oor herts alow. Aleluia.

Fair falls the light that hails the dawn,
And disperses the darkness from one and all;
You banish every care away
And set our hearts on fire. Alleluia.

AND ON TO THE NEW YEAR IN ENGLAND

Loath to depart ♪ After settings by John Dowland, c.1563-1626, & Giles Farnaby, c.1563-1640

A *Loth to depart* was the common term for a song sung, or a tune played, on taking leave of friends in Elizabethan times. The popular tune, of unknown origin, was treated to a number of settings, both vocal and instrumental, and the tune and text were referred to in a number of plays in the 17th century. In modern times, the New York-based early music group Ex Umbris sang an arrangement of *Loath to depart* by Grant Herreid at the end of their performances. Our friend and colleague Tom Zajac was a co-founder of Ex Umbris; about thirty musicians and two hundred congregants sang and played *Loath to depart* for Tom at his memorial service in New York City, November 6, 2015.

Sing with thy mouth, sing with thy heart,
Like faithful friends, sing *Loath to depart*;
Though friends together may not always remain,
Yet *Loath to depart* sing once again.

Drive the cold winter away ♪ England, traditional; arr. John Playford (1623-c.1687)

This popular tune, first known as *When Phoebus did rest*, was set and arranged by John Playford for his 1651 country dance primer, *The English Dancing Master*. Related versions of it are also found in the Samuel Pepys collection of broadsides under the title “A pleasant Countrey new ditty: Merrily shewing how To drive the cold winter away.” It has remained one of the more popular English ballads in its several incarnations.

All hayle to the days that merite more praise then all the rest of the year;
And welcome the nights, that double delights as well for the poor as the peer:
Good fortune attend each merry man’s friend that doth but the best that he may,
Forgetting old wrongs with Carrols and Songs to drive the cold winter away.

Thus none will allow of solitude now, but merrily greets the time,
To make it appeare of all the whole yeare that this is accounted the Prime,
December is seene appareld in greene and January, fresh as May,
Comes dancing along with a cup or a Song to drive the cold winter away.

This time of the yeare is spent in good cheare, kind neighbours together to meet;
To sit by the fire, with friendly desire, each other in love to greet:
Old grudges forgot are put in a pot, all sorrows aside they lay;
The old and the young doth carrol this Song, to drive the cold winter away.

When Christmas tide comes in like a Bride, with Holly and Ivy clad,
Twelve dayes in the yeare much mirth and good cheare in every household is had:
The Countrey guise is then to devise some gambols of Christmas play;
Whereas the yong men do best that they can to drive the cold winter away.

The old yeare now away is fled ♪ England, traditional; 16th–18th centuries;

The old yeare now away is fled first appeared as *Greensleeves* in settings by Byrd, Dowland, and in anonymous lute versions. The earliest sources are from the 1580s; by the end of the 17th century, the song had developed many variants in melody, harmony, and meter. We use several sources to create our performance, including versions by William Cobbold from the early 17th century, John Playford’s 1652 version, and others, both improvisatory and speculative. It is set to popular Continental ground bass patterns (repeating harmonic patterns) often used for dances; the *passamezzo antico* is used in the first half of the melody and the *romanesca* is the pattern for the second part, the refrain.

The old yeare now away is fled, the new year it is entered:
Then let us now our sins downe tread, and joyfully all appeare!
Let’s merry be this holy day, and let us now both sport and play;
Hang sorrow! Let’s cast care away! God send you a happy new yeare!

And now let all the company in friendly manner all agree,
For we are here welcome, all may see, unto this jolly good cheere;
I thanke my master and my dame, the which are founders of the same;
To eate and drink now is no shame: God send us a merry new yeare!

SPECIAL GUEST ARTISTS



Abby Green has been a performer at heart since childhood, when she would present shows for family, some of whom would fall asleep during the performance. She maintained this love of acting and singing in high school and college, where she performed in choirs, variety shows, musical theater productions, and operas. She graduated from Sam Houston State University in 1997 with many musical awards in hand.

In 2004, she began performing with Istanpitta Early Music Ensemble (Houston) at festivals and concerts nationwide. In 2006, she began performing with Texas Early Music Project and in 2007 she was selected by the San Francisco Early Music Society to be the Artist-in-Residence for the Medieval summer workshop. She has also performed with the Austin Troubadors and Passing Measures.

The 2008 release of her first solo cd, “Éíníní,” announced her presence on the Irish music scene. (Her second cd, “Fig for a Kiss,” was released in 2011.) Abby is known for her rich, soaring voice and for being a ‘story-teller’ in song, whether the tale is in Irish, Scots Gaelic, or English, and for the intimacy of accompanying herself on the bouzouki (Irish cittern). As a native Texan, her love of Celtic songs, languages and tunes has been a true journey of discovery. She currently travels to festivals and workshops across the country as a performer, teacher, and student.



Therese Honey began to specialize in Medieval and Renaissance music after attending Historical Harp Society Conferences and hearing early music played on reproductions of historical harps. She draws her repertoire from many sources, including the music of Hildegard von Bingen, the *Cantigas de Santa Maria*, the *Llibre Vermell*, the *Faenza Codex*, and Renaissance vocal and dance music. She also plays continuo with Baroque ensembles. Her performances utilize historical harps appropriate to the music and bring her performances to life with anecdotal and humorous stories, garnered from her vast

knowledge of harp lore and legend.

Therese presents solo concerts of Medieval and Renaissance music on historical harps, as well as traditional Celtic harp music. She performs and records with the Texas Early Music Project and tours with Houston-based Istanpitta.

Ms. Honey tours throughout the US as a clinician and adjudicator. She has an active teaching studio in the Houston area, is a registered Suzuki harp teacher and is the co-director of the annual Houston Baptist University Summer Harp Festival. She teaches workshops on Medieval, Renaissance and Celtic repertoire, arranging and style, and harp ensemble, as well as such practical matters as harp purchase and maintenance, technique and posture, and performance attitude and preparation. She is a dynamic teacher who inspires and motivates her students to learn more about the harp, its technique, repertoire and history.

TEMP FOUNDER & ARTISTIC DIRECTOR



Daniel Johnson has performed and toured both as a soloist and ensemble member in such groups as the New York Ensemble for Early Music, Sotto Voce (San Francisco), and Musa Iberica (London). He has been the artistic director of the Texas Early Music Project since its inception in 1987. Johnson was also the director of the UT Early Music Ensemble, one of the largest and most active in the U.S., from 1986 to 2003. He was a member of the Higher Education Committee of Early Music America from 1996–2000. In 1998, he was awarded Early Music America’s Thomas Binkley Award for university ensemble directors and he was also the recipient of the 1997 Quattlebaum Award at the College of Charleston. Johnson serves on the faculty, staff, and the Executive Advisory Board of the Amherst Early Music

Festival and has directed the Texas Toot workshops since 2002. He was inducted into the Austin Arts Hall of Fame in 2009.

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