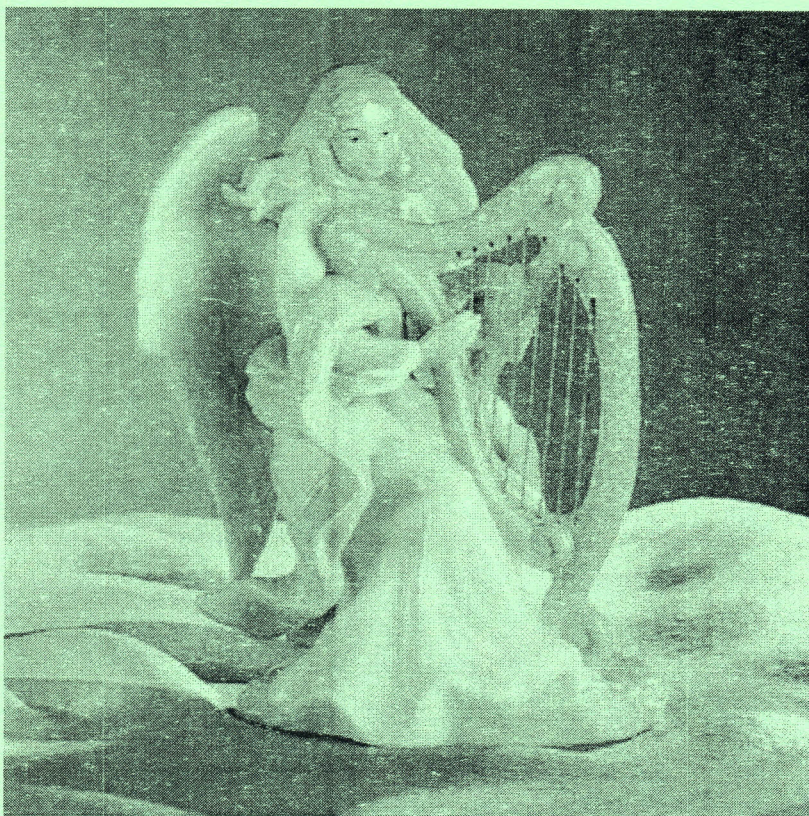


Peninsula Cantare

Janice Gunderson, Music Director

A Ceremony of Carols

Benjamin Britten



Choral and Instrumental Works of the Season

Anna Maria Mendieta, Harp

Alex Bootzin, Piano

Pamela Ravenelle, Flute

First Baptist Church of Palo Alto

Saturday, December 4, 2004

A Ceremony of Carols

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Anna Maria Mendieta, harp
Judith Tauber-Lovik, soprano
Vicki Hanson, soprano

1. Procession

Hodie Christus natus est:
Hodie Salvator apparuit:
Hodie in terra canunt angeli
Laetantur archangeli:
Hodie exsultant justi dicentes:
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Alleluia!

2. Wolcum Yole!

Wolcum, be thou hevenè king,
Wolcum, Yole!
Wolcum, born in one morning,
Wolcum for whom we sall sing!
Wolcum, Thomas marter one,
Wolcum, seintes lefe and dere
Wolcum, Innocentes every one,
Wolcum, Twelfth Day both in fere,
Wolcum be ye good Newe Yere,
Wolcum, Yole!
Candelmesse Quene of bliss,
Wolcum, bothe to more and lesse.
Wolcum, be ye that are here,
Wolcum alle and make good cheer.
Wolcum, alle an other yere,
Wolcum Yole!

3. There is no Rose

There is no rose of such vertu
As is the rose that bare Jesu.
Alleluia, alleluia.
For in this rose containèd was
Heaven and earth in litel space,
Resmiranda, Resmiranda.
By that rose we may well see
There be one God in persons three.
Pares forma, pares forma.
The aungels sungen the shepherds to:

Gloria in excelsis Deo! Gaudamus
Leave we all this werdly mirth,
And follow we this joyful birth.
Alleluia, Resimranda, Paresforma,
Gaudeamus, Transeamus.

4. That yongë child

That yongë child when it gan weep
With song she lulled him asleep:
That was so sweet a melody
It passèd alle minstrelsy.
The nightingalë sang also:
Her song is hoarse and nought thereto:
Whoso attendeth to her song
And leaveth the first then doth he wrong.

4b. Balulalow

O my deare hert, young Jesu sweit,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee to my hert,
And never mair from thee depart.
But I will sall praise thee evermoir
With sanges sweit unto thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that rich Balulalow!

5. As dew in Aprille

I sing of a maiden That is makèles:
King of all kings To her son she ches.
He came also stille As dew in Aprille
To his moder's bour, As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the flour.
Moder and mayden was never none but she.
Well may such a lady Goddes moder be.

6. This Little Babe

This little Babe so few days old,
Is come to rifle Satan's fold;

All hell doth at his presence quake,
 Though he himself for cold do shake;
 For in this weak unarmèd wise
 The gates of hell he will surprise.
 With tears he fights and wins the field,
 His naked breast stands for a shield;
 His battering shot are babish cries,
 His arrows looks of weeping eyes,
 His martial ensigns Cold and Need,
 And feeble Flesh his warrior's steed.
 His camp is pitchèd in a stall,
 His bulwark but a broken wall;
 The crib his trench, haystalks his stakes;
 Of shepherds he his muster makes;
 And thus, as sure his foe to wound,
 The angels' trumps alarum sound.
 My soul, with Christ join thou in fight;
 Stick to the tents that he hath pight.
 Within his crib is surest ward;
 This little Babe will be thy guard.
 It thou wilt foil thy foes with joy,
 Then flit not from this heavenly Boy.

7. Interlude

8. In Freezing Winter Night

Behold, a silly tender babe,
 In freezing winter night,
 In homely manger trembling lies,
 Alas, a piteous sight!
 This inns are full; no man will yield
 This little pilgrim bed.
 But forced he is with silly beasts
 In crib to shroud his head.
 This stable is a Prince's court,
 This crib his chair of State;
 The beasts a parcel of his pomp,
 The wooden dish his plate.
 The persons in the poor attire
 His royal liveries wear;

The Prince himself is come from heav'n;
 This pomp is prizèd there.
 With joy approach, O Christian wight,
 Do homage to thy King,
 And highly praise his humble pomp,
 Which he from Heav'n doth bring.

9. Spring Carol

Pleasure it is to hear iwis, the Birdès sing,
 The deer in the dale, the sheep in the vale,
 The corn springing
 God's purvayance For sustenance,
 It is for man.
 Then we always to him give praise,
 And thank him than.

10. Deo Gracias

Deo gracias!
 Adam lay ibounden, bounden in a bond:
 Four thousand winter thought he not to long.
 Deo gracias!
 And all was for an appil, an appil that he tok.
 As clerkès finden written in their book.
 Deo gracias!
 Ne had the appil takè ben,
 Ne hadde never our lady
 A ben hevене quene.
 Blessed be the time That appil take was.
 Therefore wè moun singen.
 Deo gracias!

11. Recession

Hodie Christus natus est:
 Hodie Salvator apparuit:
 Hodie in terra canunt angeli
 Laetantur archangeli:
 Hodie exsultant justi dicentes:
 Gloria in excelsis Deo.
 Alleluia!

◆◆◆ *Intermission* ◆◆◆

En natus est Emanuel

Michael Praetorius
1571-1621

En natus est Emanuel,
Dominus, quem dixit Gabriel,
Dominus, Dominus, Salvator noster est.

Hic jacet in praesepio,
Dominus, puer admirabilis,
Dominus, Salvator noster est.

Haec lux est orta hodie,
Dominus, ex Maria Virgine:
Dominus, Salvator noster est.

*Born is the Lord Emanuel,
Lord, as proclaim'd by Gabriel
Who is our Savior.*

*Here lies the Babe within a stall,
Dominus, wondrous Child
And Lord of all,*

*For on this day shines forth a flame,
Dominus, From the Virgin's womb He came:
Dominus, He is our Savior.*

Lo! How a Rose

Hugo Distler
1908-1942

Lo! How a Rose e'er blooming
From tender stem hath sprung,
Of Jesse's lineage coming
As men of old have sung.

It came a Flow'ret bright
Amid the cold of winter,
When half-spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
The Rose I have in mind.
With Mary we behold it,
The Virgin Mother kind.

Through God's eternal will,
She bore to men a Savior
At midnight calm and still.

This Flow'r whose fragrance tender
With sweetness fills the air,
Eia! Eia! Eia!
Dispels with glorious splendor
The darkness ev'rywhere
Eia! Eia! Eia!

True man, yet very God!
From sin and death He saves us,
From sin and death, and lightens ev'ry load.
Eia! Eia! Eia!

I Saw a Fair Maiden

Brian W. Holmes
(1946-)

I saw a fair maiden
Sitten and sing,
She lulled a little child,
A sweet lordling.

Lullay, my liking,
My dear son, my sweeting,
Lullay my dear heart,
Lullay, my own dear darling.

That same Lord
Is that Lord that made ev'ry thing.
Of ev'ry Lord he is the Lord,
Of ev'ry King the King.

There was a merry melody
At that baby's birth;
All who were in heaven's bliss,
They sang with joy and mirth,

The angels bright they sang
That night and said unto that child,
Blessed be thou and so be she
That is both meek and mild.

Pray we now to that child
And to his mother dear,
May he grant his blessing,
To all who make good cheer.

The Boar's Head Carol

English traditional carol
Arr. by Elizabeth Poston

Nowell, nowell
Tidings good I think to tell.
The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary.
And I pray you, my masters, be merry
Quot estis in convivio.
Caput apri defero, Reddens laudes Domino.

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the bravest dish in all the land,
When thus be-deck'd with a gay garland.
Let us *servire cantico.*
Caput apri defero, Reddens laudes Domino.

The boar's head that we bring here
Betokeneth a prince without peer
Is born this day to buy us dear;
Nowell, nowell
Tidings good I think to tell.
Caput apri defero, Reddens laudes Domino.

This boar's head we bring with song,
In worship of him that thus sprang
Of virgin to redress all wrong;

Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of Bliss,
Which on this day to be served is,
In Reginensi Atrio.
Caput apri defero, Reddens laudes Domino.

Variation Pastorales sur un Vieux Noel

Samuel-Rousseau

Anna Maria Mendieta, Harp



December Stillness

Text: Siegfried Sassoon

Music: Paul Fetler

Anna Maria Mendieta, Harp
Pamela Ravenelle, Flute

December stillness, teach me through your trees
That loom along the West, one with the land,
The veiled evangel of your mysteries.

While nightfall, sad and spacious, on the down
Deepens and dusk imbues me, where I stand,
With grave diminishings of green and brown,
Speak, roofless Nature, your instinctive words;
And let me learn your secret from the sky.

Following a flock of steadfast, journeying birds.
In lone remote migration beating by.

December stillness, crossed by twilight roads,
Teach me to travel far and bear my loads.

A Musicological Journey Through the Twelve Days of Christmas

Craig Courtney

Alex Bootzin, piano
Pamela Ravenelle, flute

- A* partridge from 6th century Rome
- Two* Turtle Doves from 15th century France
- Three* French Hens from 16th century Italy
- Four* Calling Birds from 17th century Italy
- Five* gold rings from 18th century Germany
- Six* geese a-Laying from 18th century Austria
- Seven* Swans a-Swimming from 19th century France
- Eight* maids a-Milking from 19th century Germany
- Nine* Ladies Dancing from 19th century Austria
- Ten* Lords a-Leaping from 19th century Italy
- Eleven* Pipers Piping from 19th century Russia
- Twelve* Drummers Drumming from 19th century USA

Peninsula Cantare (www.peninsulacantare.org) is now a California non-profit corporation. Donations to Peninsula Cantare are tax-deductible as allowed by federal and state tax regulations pertaining to 501(c)(3) organizations. We sincerely thank you for your consideration and support!

Please join us for a reception in the Fellowship Hall following the concert.

About the *Ceremony of Carols*



Benjamin Britten, 1913-1976

On 4 May 1942, a few weeks after arriving back in the UK from America, Britten wrote to his friend Elizabeth Mayer to tell her that on the voyage he had completed the *Hymn to Saint Cecilia* (words by W. H. Auden, and dedicated to Mrs. Mayer), as well as “7 Christmas Carols,” wryly observing that “one had to alleviate the boredom!” The carols were the earliest version of Britten’s popular *A Ceremony of Carols*, for treble voices and harp.

The texts are from *The English Galaxy of Shorter Poems*, the discovery of which appears to have sparked off the idea for the carol sequence. The volume contains five of the poems which appear in the finished piece (Nos. 3, 5, 6, 8 and 10), and at least one other poem in the anthology was marked by Britten although not set. In addition, further texts are transcribed in Britten’s and Pears’ hands on the flyleaf and inside back cover, one of which is “Balulalow” (No. 4b). The other carol from the seven Britten composed at this time was a version of what we now recognize as “Wolcum Yole!” (No. 2) but using the Latin text “Hodie Christus natus est.”

After his return home, Britten substituted the plainsong “Procession”/“Recession” (Nos. 1 and 11) for the original “Hodie”; but the music of the discarded number was used for a new carol, “Wolcum Yole!” Britten added one further number at this time, “Spring Carol” (No. 9). In this form – that is, without “That yongē child” (No. 4a) and the harp interlude (No. 7) – the work received its first performance in 1943.

Janice Gunderson has enjoyed a rich a varied musical life in the Bay Area working as a teacher, Choral director, and Professional Accompanist. She was chosen as Director of Peninsula Cantare in January of 1997, and under her leadership, Cantare has become a choir that sings with excitement and musicality, in repertoire ranging from the Renaissance to the Twentieth Century. Her extensive choral experience includes serving as Assistant Conductor for the Masterworks Chorale and directing church choirs and musical productions. Janice has also taught on the music faculty at Cañada College. Under her direction, Peninsula Cantare has toured Spain, France, and Germany. Janice studied at Lewis & Clark College and holds a Bachelor of Music degree from the University of Oregon with continuing studies at Cal State Haward and San Jose State. Janice also directs the Peninsula Choraliers, a women’s ensemble.



If you would like to be on our mailing list, please leave your name and address on your way out.

Name _____

Address _____

Peninsula Cantare

Janice Gunderson, Music Director
Alexander Bootzin, Accompanist

SOPRANO	ALTO	TENOR	BASS
Virginia Boyd	Kathy Bond	Larry Baer	Bernard Buice
Shirley Fitzgerald	Marge Cox	Max Capestany	Ronald Clazie
Debby Hamburger	Bobbi Dean	Emery Gordon	John Friesen
Vicki Hanson	Ellen Hill	Joseph Kresse	Peter Gunderson
Kristine Klein	Victoria Jayswal	Paul Reeve	Ron Hodges
Mary Ann Notz	Paula Ondricek	Ruthie Wilkins	Gene Hogenauer
Sharon Rice	Diane Reeve		Robert Janssen
Barbara Scott	Pamela Schwarz		Steve Pursell
Ruth Sitton	Brenda Siddall		Jack Runte
Judith Tauber-Lovik	Patricia Steuer		Jay Siedenburg

Peninsula Cantare dedicates this concert to the memory of Angela Ludé

Angela Ludé 1922-2004

Angela Ludé was a splendid alto, an enthusiastic Peninsula Cantare member since its inception, a teacher of Music for Minors, and a faithful music lover who sang with the choir on three tours abroad.

She was also the wonderful wife of Ted Ludé (who never missed a concert!) and the mother of Peter, Michael and Karen, as well as a loving grandmother. One of her points of pride was her grandson who sings in Ragazzi.

Anyone who knew Angela was aware of her love of roses and her incredible green thumb. A Consulting Rosarian, she was the president of the Peninsula Rose Society twice and was an active and enthusiastic gardener who raised prize-winning roses and begonias with apparent ease.

Angela was a teacher. She taught children to read, to learn to appreciate music and the arts, and to love and respect each other. Her memory is an inspiration.

Michael Ludé has asked that tax-deductible contributions in her memory be addressed to

Peninsula Cantare
c/o Janice Gunderson
2524 Read Ave.
Belmont, CA 94002

Donations will also be accepted at the Reception following the concert.