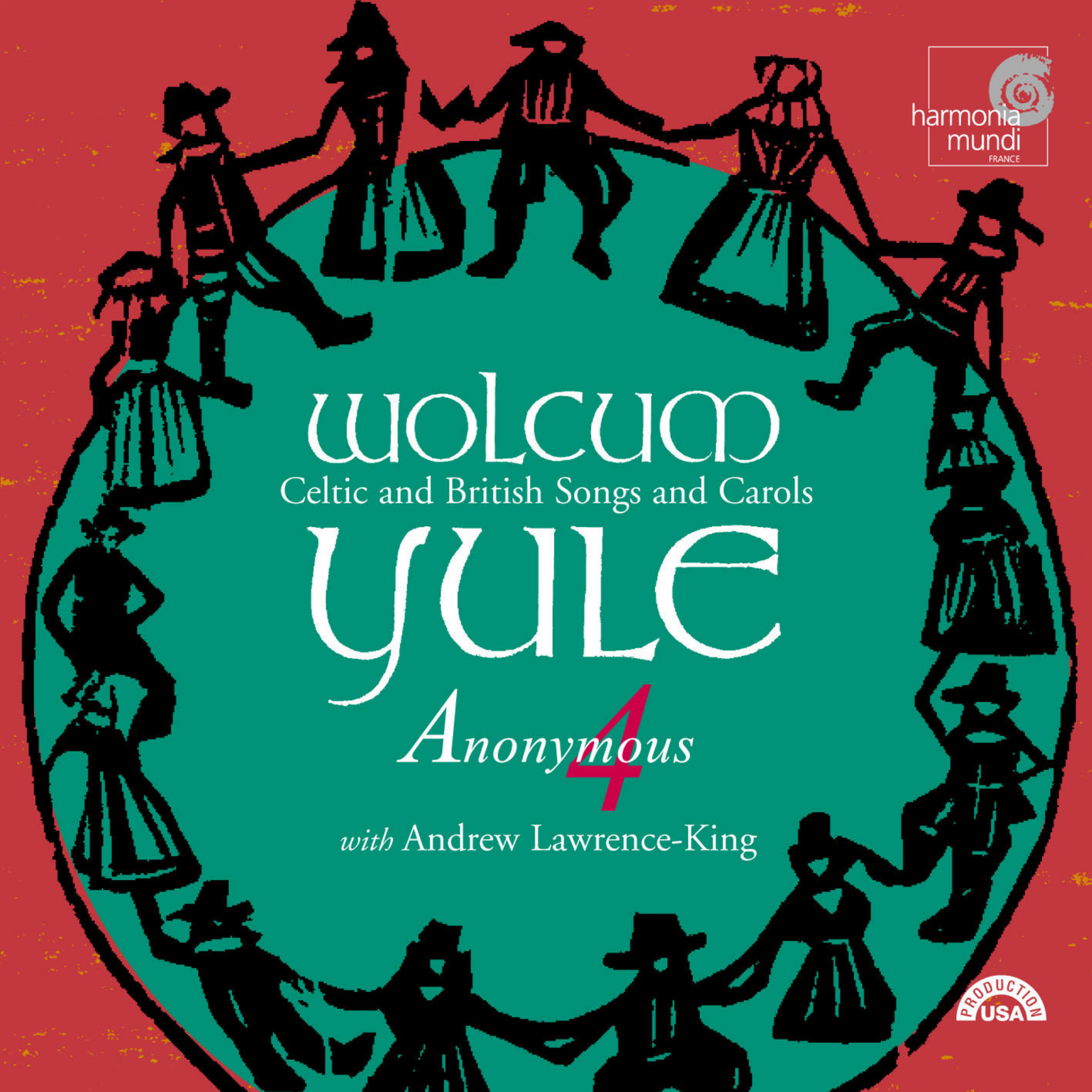
harmonia mundi
FRANCE
wolcum
Celtic and British Songs and Carols
yule
Anonymous 4
with Andrew Lawrence-King
PRODUCTION USA

wolcum yule

Celtic and British Songs and Carols

1	**Awake, and join the cheerful choir** **	Trad. English	4:09
2	**Good people all** (*vocal solo* MG)***	Trad. Irish	6:05
3	**The seven rejoices of Mary** *	Trad. Irish	3:43
4	**The Lamb** *(a cappella)*	John Tavener	3:01
5	**A Scots Lilt** *(instrumental)* **	Anon., 17th c.	3:33
6	**Balulalow** (*vocal solo* JMR)**	Trad. Scottish	3:37
7	**Balulalow** *(a cappella)*	Richard Rodney Bennett	1:39
8	**The holly and the ivy** *(a cappella)*	Trad. English	3:14
9	**The Reel of Tullochgorum** *(instrumental)* *	Trad. Scottish	3:45
10	**I saw three ships** *	Trad. English	2:54
11	**A Calendar of Kings** *(a cappella)* • first recording •	Peter Maxwell Davies	6:02
12	***Air:*** **Lá fuar geimhreadh** *(instrumental)* *** (On a cold winter's day)	Trad. Irish	4:13
13	**An teicheadh go hÉigipt** (*vocal solo* JH)*** (Flight into Egypt)	Trad. Irish	3:21
14	**A god, and yet a man?** *(a cappella)* • first recording •	Geoffrey Burgon	1:25

15	**Grene growith the holy** *(a cappella)*	Henry VIII	3:51
16	**Wel, dyma'r borau gorau** ** (Behold, here is the best morning)	Trad. Welsh	3:15
17	**The Cherry Tree Carol** (*vocal solo* SH) **	Trad. English	2:38
18	**Can wassel** (Wassail Song) *	Trad. Cornish	2:48
19	**A New Year Carol** **	Benjamin Britten	2:14
		TOTAL TIME	66:27

Anonymous 4

Marsha Genensky · Susan Hellauer · Jacqueline Horner · Johanna Maria Rose

with **Andrew Lawrence-King** *Irish harp****, Baroque harp***, psaltery**

Irish harp (thick brass strings) by Tim Hobrough, after the "Queen Mary" harp, 16th c., Edinburgh Museum of Antiquities, Scotland.
Baroque harp (gut strings) by Tim Hobrough; 27-string single-row harp, after 16th-c. and 17th-c. models.
Psaltery (red brass strings) by Colin Booth, after 16th-c. models.

wolcum yulc Celtic and British Songs and Carols

Many of the symbols and practices of the Celtic midwinter celebration known as Yule (probably several thousand years older than the festival of Christmas) have come down to us in a curious amalgamation of mythologies, pagan and Christian. Yule marks the time of the winter solstice, around 21st December—the longest and darkest night of the year, when the coming of spring seems a faint hope. To fortify that hope, the ancient Celts, who dwelt throughout Britain, held a celebration of lights, to give power to the returning sun. They brought evergreens into their homes to symbolize life at the time when most of nature seemed dead and dark, and they gave and received gifts to represent wisdom gained from looking inward during the long winter nights. These symbols, and many other elements of ancient pagan ceremonies, were absorbed into the early Christian festivals, blending into a multi-layered expression of the universal cycle of life, death, and rebirth.

The traditional music associated with the mid-winter festival is also interwoven with threads of pre-Christian ritual and folk customs. The concerns of an ancient people dependent upon the whims of nature for food and shelter are expressed not only in imagery of the natural world, but even in the form of the songs themselves. The word "carol" (from Old French *carole*) originally meant a dance performed in a circle, the dancers also singing a verse with a recurring refrain. This was probably derived from ancient ritual dances with

call-and-response chanting, used at magical ceremonies throughout the cycle of the year. Even by the Middle Ages, the carol was not limited to the winter season; only much later did the term take on its present meaning of a song for the Christmas season.

In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, collectors began to rescue from obscurity many folk tunes, songs and carols. In Edinburgh, poet Allan Ramsay (1686–1758) collected and published Scottish tunes, and Edward Bunting (1773–1843), a classically-trained musician in Belfast, produced three volumes of Irish airs. Crucial figures in the folk-song revival were Davies Gilbert (1767–1839) and William Sandys (1792–1874), both gentleman scholars from Cornwall, an area of Britain that had remained comparatively isolated until the shift from an agricultural society to an industrial one, and whose folk customs and songs remained more intact than in other areas of the country. Although the carols published by Gilbert and Sandys were relatively few in number, these collections were seminal because they were the first to include both tunes and words. Some of our best-loved Christmas carols were preserved through their efforts, and their momentum was carried forward by the early twentieth-century collectors of folk song, Cecil Sharp (1859–1924) and Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958), as well as later collectors working throughout the British Isles.

For this program, we have interwoven traditional Christmas songs with contemporary carols (ranging from the early twentieth century to the beginning of the twenty-first: a newly commissioned work by Peter Maxwell Davies), showing that the need never dies to express the most basic human fears and joys, and to keep that expression always fresh with the turning of each year.

– Johanna Maria Rose

1 Awake, and join the cheerful choir

Text: *The Puddletown MSS* (W.C. Cocker Puddletown October 15 1827), Dorset County Records Office.
Music: *George Hansfords Book* (1830), Dorset County Museum, Box 2, Item 11.

This engaging four-voice setting is one of a large body of "gallery choir" carols composed in a primitive tradition and sung and played in English parish churches in the 18th- and 19th centuries. These carols and the rustic musicians who performed them were immortalized in Thomas Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree*. The Hardys, who themselves were village musicians in Puddletown, Dorset, in the 1840s, kept manuscripts of dance tunes and songs. The carols were typically accompanied by a bass instrument, such as serpent, bassoon, or double bass, and treble instruments such as flute, oboe, and violin. Much doubling of octaves among both voices and instruments was common practice, which probably created quite a robust impression!

Simon Warren

Andrew Lawrence-King, *harps*

Awake, and join the cheerful choir
Upon this joyful morn
And glad hosannah loudly sing
For joy a Saviour born.

Let all the choirs on earth below
Their voices loudly raise
And sweetly join the cheerful band
With angels in the skies.

The shining host in bright array
Descend from heaven to earth,
And joyful news to us they brought
Of our dear Saviour's birth.

But let us join the cheerful song
With joy and pious mirth
And all with grateful heart and voice
Proclaim a Saviour's birth.

2 Good people all

Text: Diarmaid Ó Muirithe, *The Wexford Carols,* 1983.
Tune: W.H. Grattan Flood, *The Oxford Book of Carols,* 1928.

This lovely Irish melody, with words telling the Nativity story simply and touchingly, was published in *The Oxford Book of Carols* as "The Wexford Carol," although, according to Diarmaid Ó Muirithe, it is not found in any of the Wexford carol books. A version, collected in Enniscorthy around 1912, was printed by the County Wexford Museum and headed "The Enniscorthy Christmas Carol."

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.

The night before the happy tide
the noble Virgin and her guide
were a long time seeking up and down
to find a lodging in the town.
But hark how all things come to pass:
from every door repelled, alas!
As long foretold, their refuge all
was but an humble ox's stall.

Near Bethlehem did shepherds keep
their flocks of lambs and feeding sheep;
to whom God's angels 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.

There were three wise men from afar,
directed by a glorious star,
came boldly on and made no stay
until they came where Jesus lay.
And when they came unto that place,
and looked with love on Jesus' face,
in faith they humbly knelt to greet,
with gifts of gold and incense sweet.

3 The seven rejoices of Mary

Text & Tune: Alice Milligan Fox, "Folk Song Collecting in County Waterford," *Journal of the Irish Folk Society*, vol. 12.

This rollicking carol was collected by the founder of the Irish Folk Song Society, from Mrs. Lines of Portlaw, Waterford, who had learned it from her mother. Poems enumerating the five joys of Mary were extremely popular in the Middle Ages and were probably used as devotional petitions to the Virgin. The number of joys gradually increased and varied from seven to ten or even twelve in folk carols. Songs such as these may contain echoes of ancient numerological systems and symbols.

The first rejoice our Lady got,
it was the rejoice of one:
it was the rejoice of her dear son
when he was born young.
Glory may he be, and blessed now is she,
and those who sing the seven long verses
in honour of our Lady.

The second rejoice our Lady got,
it was the rejoice of two:
it was the rejoice of her dear son
when he was sent to school.
Glory may he be…

The third rejoice our Lady got,
it was the rejoice of three:
it was the rejoice of her dear son
when he led the blind to see.
Glory may he be…

The next rejoice our Lady got,
it was the rejoice of four:
it was the rejoice of her dear son
when he read the Bible o'er.
Glory may he be…

The next rejoice our Lady got,
it was the rejoice of five:
it was the rejoice of her dear son
when he raised the dead to life.
Glory may he be…

The next rejoice our Lady got,
it was the rejoice of six:
it was the rejoice of her dear son
when he carried the crucifix.
Glory may he be…

The next rejoice our Lady got,
it was the rejoice of seven:
it was the rejoice of her dear son
when he opened the gates to heaven.
Glory may he be…
Sing alleluia, sing alleluia.
Sing allelu, the heavens are true,
Sing alleluia.

4 The Lamb

Text: William Blake, *Songs of Innocence*, 1789.
Music: Sir John Tavener, 1982.

In his *Songs of Innocence*, transcendental poet William Blake intended to illuminate, in both paintings and words, innocence as a state of being. John Tavener (b. 1944), whose works since the early 1980s have been imbued with both the mysticism and musical language of the Orthodox church, has composed a setting which ideally reflects the unadorned simplicity of Blake's text.

Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Gave thee life & bid thee feed
By the stream & o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing wooly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice:
Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee.

Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee;
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb:
He is meek & he is mild,
He became a little child:
I a child & thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little Lamb God bless thee.
Little Lamb God bless thee.

5 A Scots Lilt *(instrumental)*

Music: Anonymous, Wemyss Manuscript, 1643.

The Wemyss Manuscript is an anthology of poems, English songs, Scottish and French instrumental solos in the handwriting of the young Lady Margaret Wemyss. The manuscript dates from 1643 when Lady Margaret was only twelve; she died in her eighteenth year. This lullaby, given the title "My Lady Binnis Lilt," is notated in lute tablature, in a tuning known as "harp sharp." – Andrew Lawrence-King

6 Balulalow

Text: John Wedderburn, *Ane compendious buik of godlie psalmes and spirituall sangis,* Edinburgh, 1578.
Tune: Traditional Scottish.

This luminous Annunciation-like poem in old Scots, titled in the manuscript "Ane sang of the birth of Christ to be sung with the tune of Balulalow," contains two verses made famous by Benjamin Britten in *A Ceremony of Carols*. The complete fifteen-verse poem is a paraphrase of Martin Luther's "Vom Himmel Hoch," from a collection of hymns published by the Wedderburn brothers (John, James, and Robert) of Dundee. Several traditional tunes have been associated with the poem; this lovely melody, probably 17th-century, is a gently lilting "balu," or lullaby.

I come from hevin [heich] to tell,
The best nowellis that euer befell:
To ȝow thir tythingis trew I bring
And I will of them say and sing.
This day to you is born ane Chylde,
Of Marie meik and Virgin mylde,
That blyssit bairne bening and kynde,
Sall ȝow reioyce baith hart and mynde.
My saull and life stand up and se,
Wha lyis in ane Cribe of tre,
What Babe is that, sa gude and fair,
It is Christ Goddis Sone and air.
O my deir hart ȝoung Jesus sweit,
Prepair thy Creddill in my Spreit,
And I sall rocke the in my hart,
And never mair fra the depart.
Bot I sall praise the euer moir,
With sangis sweit unto thy gloir,
The kneis of my hart sall [I] bow
And sing that richt Balulalow.

I come from heaven high to tell
the best news that ever was:
to you these true tidings I bring
and I will of them speak and sing.
This day to you is born a child
of Mary meek, and mother mild;
that blessed babe, humble and kind,
shall you rejoice with heart and mind.
My soul and life, stand up and see
who lies in a crib of wood;
what babe is that, so good and fair;
it is Christ, God's son and heir.
Oh my dear heart, young Jesus sweet,
prepare thy cradle in my spirit,
and I shall rock thee to my heart,
and never more from thee depart.
But I shall praise thee evermore
with sweet songs unto thy glory;
the knees of my heart shall I bow,
and sing that fitting lullaby.

Translation: Johanna Maria Rose

7 Balulalow

Text: John Wedderburn, *Ane compendious buik of godlie psalmes and spirituall sangis,* Edinburgh, 1578.
Music: Richard Rodney Bennett, 1963.

Richard Rodney Bennett (b.1936) has made a delicate three-voice setting of the two best-known verses from the Wedderburns' 16th-century poem. Known for his "refined feeling for line and texture," Bennett sets the text with great sensitivity, introducing hints of chromaticism which heighten the heartfelt quality of the words.

O my dear heart, young Jesu sweet,
Prepare thy cradle in my spreit,
And I shall rock thee in my heart,
And nevermore from thee depart.

But I shall praise thee evermore,
With songis sweet unto thy gloir.
The knees of my heart shall I bow
And sing that sweet Balulalow.

8 The holly and the ivy

Text & Tune:
Cecil Sharp, *English Folk-Carols,* 1911.

Collected by Sharp from Mrs. Mary Clayton of Chipping Camden, Gloucestershire, the verses of this well-known carol seem at odds with its usual, somewhat later-sounding refrain. We have taken the suggestion of the editors of *The New Oxford Book of Carols* in treating the first verse as the refrain, arranging it for two, three and four *a cappella* voices. Holly and ivy were potent symbols from the time of the ancient Celts well through the Middle Ages. Holly was a male symbol; its red berries represented the sacrificial blood of the Holly King, whose power grew during the autumn and culminated at mid-winter solstice, when he was both crowned and sacrificed, and his rival and counterpart, the Oak King, was born. Ivy symbolized the feminine; its growth pattern represented the spiral of life, and it was also associated with innocence and purity. In medieval poetry, ivy was often linked with the Virgin Mary; in this carol, however, it is holly's white blossom that symbolizes the Virgin, while its red berries represent the sacrificial blood of Jesus.

The holly and the ivy
when they are both full grown,
of all the trees that are in the wood,
the holly bears the crown.

The holly bears a blossom,
as white as the lily flower,
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
to be our sweet Saviour.
The holly and the ivy…

The holly bears a berry,
as red as any blood,
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
for to do us sinners good.
The holly and the ivy…

The holly bears a prickle,
as sharp as any thorn,
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
on Christmas day in the morn.
The holly and the ivy…

The holly bears a bark,
as bitter as any gall,
and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
for to redeem us all.
The holly and the ivy…

9 The Reel of Tullochgorum

(instrumental)

Tune: J. Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, Edinburgh, 1795–1802.

This tune was already known as a "traditional" dance tune when Robert Burns (1759–1796) was persuaded to set words to it. His witty text compares the traditional dance with "dull Italian lays...Allegros and a' the rest" which "cannot please a Scottish taste, compared with Tullochgorum." According to Burns, this dance-tune will compel you to "lay your disputes all aside" and to "spend this night wi' mirth and glee."

– Andrew Lawrence-King

10 I saw three ships

Text & Tune:
William Sandys, *Christmas Carols Ancient and Modern,* 1833.

The origins of this and other "ship" carols, some dating from the 14th century, are unknown, though clearly of a mystical quality. The question-and-answer form and repetitive chanting seem to hearken back to the ritual call-and-response of ancient ceremonial round dances.

I saw three ships come sailing in,
on Christmas day, on Christmas day,
I saw three ships come sailing in,
on Christmas day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three?
on Christmas day…

Our Saviour Christ and his lady,
on Christmas day…

Pray whither sailed those ships all three?
on Christmas day…

O they sailed into Bethlehem,
on Christmas day…

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
on Christmas day…

And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing,
on Christmas day…

And all the Souls on Earth shall sing,
on Christmas day…

Then let us all rejoice amain,*
on Christmas day…

**greatly*

11 A Calendar of Kings

Text: George Mackay Brown, *Following a Lark,* 1996.
Music: Sir Peter Maxwell Davies.

Commissioned by Anonymous 4 and Abendmusik: Lincoln Fine Arts Series, and premiered on November 30, 2002 at First Plymouth Church, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Composer's note:
"A Calendar of Kings" sets a George Mackay Brown poem concerning the journey of the three Magi from the East to the scene of Christ's nativity. From the imagery, with ice, snowdrops, and daffodils, it is clear that the journey lasts a season, and that the poet has transplanted the setting from the Middle East to his native land and seascape in Orkney, bringing the nativity home in a very vivid way. In setting these lines, I was aware of the idea of a journey: the music sets out and returns to the key of F minor, taking modulatory turns which slowly affect the way we interpret this key, and drawing to an inevitable-seeming conclusion. The rising figure of the main thematic material also suggested the idea of a quest, in what I hoped would be a vivid and powerful way. Throughout I tried to vary the "orchestration"—the tessitura and density of texture—as much as possible working with four women's voices, as well as pacing events to suggest a ritual journey.

– Peter Maxwell Davies
(b. 1934)

They endured a season
Of ice and silver swans.

Delicately the horses
Grazed among snowdrops.

They traded for fish, wind
Fell upon crested waters.

Along their track
Daffodils lit a thousand tapers.

They slept among dews.
A dawn lark broke their dream.

For them, at solstice
The chalice of the sun spilled over.

Their star was lost.
They rode between burnished hills.

A fiddle at a fair
Compelled the feet of harvesters.

A glim on their darkling road.
The star! **It was their star.**

In a sea village
Children brought apples to the horses.

They lit fires
By the carved stones of the dead.

A midwinter inn.
Here they unload the treasures.

12 *Air:* Lá fuar geimhreadh *(instrumental)*

(On a cold winter's day)

Tune: Francis O'Neill, *O'Neill's Music of Ireland,* 1903.

Born in West Cork, O'Neill emigrated to the United States at the age of sixteen, eventually becoming Chief Superintendent of Police in Chicago in the early 1900s. His comprehensive collection of Irish tunes has become one of the standard resources for traditional musicians and remains so to this day.

13 An teicheadh go hÉigipt

(Flight into Egypt)

Text & Tune: Traditional Irish.

Haunting and rhythmically free, this wonderfully dramatic traditional Irish hymn recalls the storytelling of the ancient bards, though here the story is that of Joseph and Mary's flight into Egypt with the Christ child. Although the source of the tune is unknown, the poem may have been written in English and later translated into Irish.

Trath chuala Herod bhí laige's gruaim air
go rugadh an Rí a bhéarfadh bua air,
in onóir, in uaisleacht, i gcumhacht's i méadacht,
do líon lán-channcar fuatha's éad' é.
'S nach trua sin!

As soon as Herod heard that the King was born
who would outdo him in honor, nobility, and power,
he became weak and despondent;
a cancerous hatred and jealousy filled his heart.
Isn't that pitiful!

Ba ghearr go dtáinig an t-aingeal 'na dhéidh sin
agus labhair go modhail leis an fhaoileann déid-ghil:
"O! caithfidh sibh teicheadh le céile go hÉigipt
nó is gairid go gcluinidh sibh feall is éigeart."
'S nach trua sin!

The angel came soon afterwards
and spoke mildly to the sweet-mouthed maiden:
"Oh! you must flee together to Egypt,
or 'tis soon that you'll hear of treachery and injustice."
Isn't that pitiful!

D'imigh an Triúr ar shiúl na hoíche—
an Naomh, an Mhaighdean agus Rí na Ríthe;
gan charaid, gan stór, gan ór, gan éadail
ach Rí na bhFlaitheasgeal, an Leanbhán Gléigeal.
'S nach trua sin!

The Three walked through the night:
the Saint, the Virgin, and the King of Kings;
no friend, no provisions, no money...nothing,
only the King of Heavens, the Radiant Child.
Isn't that pitiful!

Translation: Una McGillicuddy

14 A god, and yet a man?

Text: Anonymous, 15th century.
Music: Geoffrey Burgon, 1984.

Geoffrey Burgon (b. 1941), well-known in Britain for his many film and television scores, is prolific in a number of different genres, and writes frequently for the voice. The anonymous 15th-century poem he has set is similar to other medieval riddle poems, but here the riddles are philosophical and mystical paradoxes, essentially unanswerable.

A god, and yet a man?
A maid, and yet a mother?
Wit wonders what wit can
Conceive this? Or the other.

A god, and can he die?
A dead man, can he live?
What wit can well reply?
What reason, reason give?

God, truth itself doth teach it;
Man's wit sinks too far under,
By Reason's pow'r to reach it
Believe, and leave to wonder.

Christian Steiner

From left to right:
Susan Hellauer, Jacqueline Horner,
Marsha Genensky, Johanna Maria Rose

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15 Grene growith the holy

Text & Music: Henry VIII, British Museum, Add. MS. 31922, *c.* 1515 *(Henry VIII's Book).*

This carol is one of thirty-three pieces ascribed to King Henry VIII in an early Tudor songbook, which contains secular music from the early part of his reign. Possibly written for a Christmas revel, the poem likens the evergreen holly and ivy to the speaker's undying love for his lady. Only the *burden*, or refrain, is set (in three voices) to music, so we have furnished a two-voice verse in the style of the period.

Grene growith the holy,	*Green grows the holly,*
So doth the ive,	*So does the ivy,*
Thow wynter blastys blow never so hye,	*Though winter blasts blow never so strong,*
Grene growth the holy.	*Green grows the holly.*
As the holy grouth grene	*As the holly grows green*
And never chaungeth hew,	*And never changes hue,*
So I am, ever hath bene	*So I am, ever have been,*
Unto my lady trew.	*Unto my lady true.*
Grene growith the holy…	*Green grows the holly…*
As the holy grouth grene	*As the holly grows green*
With ive all alone	*With ivy all alone,*
When flowerys cannot be sene,	*When flowers cannot be seen*
And grenewode levys be gone.	*And greenwood leaves are gone.*
Grene growith the holy…	*Green grows the holly…*
Now unto my lady	*Now to my lady,*
Promyse to her I make,	*Promise to her I make,*
Frome all other only	*Apart from all others, only*
To her I me betake.	*To her I give myself.*
Grene growith the holy…	*Green grows the holly…*
Adew, myne own lady,	*Farewell, my own lady,*
Adew, my specyall,	*Farewell, my sweetheart,*
Who hath my hart trewly,	*Who has my heart truly,*
Be suere, and ever shall.	*It is sworn, and ever shall.*
Grene growith the holy…	*Green grows the holly…*

Translation: Johanna Maria Rose

16 Wel, dyma'r borau gorau

(Behold, here is the best morning)

Text & Music: D. Roy Saer, "The Christmas carol-singing tradition in the Tanad Valley," in *Folk Life*, vol. 7.

From the northern Welsh "plygain" (matins) tradition stemming from the 17th century, this carol and many others would be sung at a lengthy matins service early on Christmas morning, following the midnight mass. Usually sung by mixed quartets or trios of men, plygain carols were originally improvisatory in nature, with free-meter texts, often based upon the scriptures, using elaborate patterns of alliteration and rhyme. These texts were traditionally set to popular tunes, such as the one heard here, "Ffarwel Ned Puw," (Ned Puw's Farewell), which bears a distinct resemblance to the infectious West Country carol "Tomorrow shall be my dancing day."

Wel, dyma'r borau gorau i gyd
Y rhoed i'r byd wybodaeth,
O eni'r gwaraidd Iesu gwyn
I'n dwyn o'n syn gamsyniaeth.

Fe ddaeth ein Brenin mawr a'n Brawd
Dan wisg o gnawd genedig;
Rhyfeddol gweled Mab Duw Nêr
Ar fronnau pêr Forwynig.

Rhyfeddod na dderfydd yw hon yn dragywydd,
O, rhoed y Dihenydd i bob dawn adenydd
Llawenydd a gwenydd i ganu;
Nid caniad plygeiniol a'i naws yn hanesol
I'r enaid crediniol sydd gynnes ddigonol
Ond dwyfol ddewisol wedd Iesu.

Agorwyd ffordd i'r nefol wlad
Drwy'r meddyg rhad caredig;
Hwn ydyw'r gwr sy'n maddau bai
Iachawdwr rhai sychedig.

Y sawl sy'n byw drwy Dduw a'i ddawn
Wrth reol iawn athrawiaeth,
O fewn i hwn mae ysbryd briw
A delw Duw'n dystiolaeth.

Mae heddwch cydwybod drwy waed y cyfamod
A thân o'r nef uchod yn golau'n y gwaelod
Fel nôd wedi ei osod i'w dwyso;
Newidir yn fuan y meddwl brwnt aflan
Mae'r tyniad a'r amcan at fuchedd sancteiddlan
Croes anian i hunan yw honno.

Behold, here is the best morning of all;
the world has been given knowledge
of the birth of blessed, gentle Jesus
to bring us out of our unconscious error.

Our great King and Brother has come,
born clothed in flesh;
it is wonderful to see the Son of the Lord God
on the breast of a fair little Maiden.

This is a wonder that will remain for all eternity;
O, may the Ancient One give wings to every talent,
joy and delight in singing:
[yet] it is not a dawn song
that is most satisfying to the believer's soul,
but the divine, chosen face of Jesus.

A way to the heavenly land has been opened
through the generous, beloved physician;
this is the man who forgives sin,
the healer of those who thirst.

Whoever lives through God and [his] gift,
according to the rule of right doctrine,
in him is a tamed spirit
and the image of God as witness.

Peace of conscience comes through the blood of the covenant,
and fire from heaven above, shining in the depths,
is like a sign placed there, urging one on;
unclean, impure thought is quickly transformed,
one's desire and goal is a holy life;
this is nature opposed to selfishness.

Translation: Alexei Kondratiev

17 The Cherry Tree Carol

Text & Tune: Cecil Sharp, *English Folk-Carols*, 1911.

One of the most widespread and captivating of traditional carols, "The Cherry Tree" exists in innumerable variants of both tune and text, each one casting a slightly different slant on the enchanting miracle story. Learned by Ralph Vaughan Williams in his childhood, it inspired his later interest in folk song collecting. Our version, collected by Sharp from Mrs. Mary Anne Clayton, at Chipping Camden, is particularly concise, distilling a story that frequently is told in ten or twelve verses into a mere six; yet none of the essential dramatic quality is lost. The story is likely derived from a 15th-century Coventry play *(Ludus Coventriae)* ; the cherry tree that miraculously gives its fruit to Mary is probably related both to the Tree of Life in the garden of Eden, and to the ancient Irish Tree of Wisdom.

Joseph was an old man,
and an old man was he,
and Joseph married Mary,
the Queen of Galilee.

Mary and Joseph
together did go,
and there they saw a cherry tree,
both red, white and green.

Then up speaks Mary,
so meek and so mild:
O gather me cherries, Joseph,
for I am with child.

Then up speaks Joseph
with his words so unkind:
Let them gather thee cherries
that brought thee with child.

Then up speaks the little Child
in his own mother's womb:
Bow down, you sweet cherry tree,
and give my mother some.

Then the top spray of the cherry tree
bowed down to her knee:
And now you see, Joseph,
there are cherries for me.

18 **Can wassel** (Wassail Song)

Text & Tune: Peter Kennedy, ed., *Folksongs of Britain and Ireland*, 1975.

One of the customs surviving from early agrarian rites was the musical "luck-visit," when groups of young men or children went begging from house to house, singing of hope that the next year's harvest would be bountiful. In return for bringing this blessing of abundance to the family, the singers' *wassail* bowl would be filled with beer or cider, and their pockets lined with a few pennies. The wooden wassail bowl or cup, usually ash or maple, was probably a holdover from ancient tree magic associated with fertility.

Nadelek yū gyllys ha'n bledhen noweth ow-tōs
Ygereugh darrajow h'aberveth gwren dōs.
Gans agan Wassel
Wassel, Wassel, Wassel,
Lowena dh'agan jolyf Wassel.

Christmas is gone and the New Year is coming,
Open the doors and in we shall come.
With our jolly wassail,
Wassail, wassail, wassail,
Joy to our jolly wassail.

A vēstres ha mēster, owth-esedha yn chȳ
Rag drē lȳs nȳ mebyon y travalyn-nȳ
Gans agan Wassel…

O mistress and master, sitting in the house,
for it's through the mud we lads are trudging.
With our jolly wassail...

Nȳ a wayt agas avallenow bōs spēdys dhe dhōn
Drȳ newodhow mōs arta omma pan ōn
Gans agan Wassel…

We hope your apple trees will bear plenty of fruit,
And bring good news when we visit again.
With our jolly wassail...

Nȳ a wayt agas barlys bōs spēdys yn tēk
Ma 'gas bo lanwes gans helder mar plēk.
Gans agan Wassel…

We hope that your barley will prosper greatly,
So that you'll have plenty, and more if you please.
With our jolly wassail...

A vēstres ha mēster, fatel yllough hepcor
Orth lenwel agan cogen a sȳder ha cor'.
Gans agan Wassel…

O mistress and master, how can you refrain
from filling our bowl with cider and beer.
With our jolly wassail...

Bennath warnough lemmyn ha bewnans fest hȳr
Aban veugh mar güf h'agas helsys mar vür.
Gans agan Wassel…

A blessing on you now, and a very long life,
since you've been so kind, and your generosity so great.
With our jolly wassail...

Translation: Alexei Kondratiev

19 A New Year Carol

Text: Walter de la Mare, *Tom Tiddler's Ground*, 1931.
Music: Benjamin Britten (1913–1976), *Friday Afternoons,* 1933–35.

One of twelve songs written for children, Britten's simple, folksong-like setting perfectly suits this enchanting anonymous poem, collected by Walter de la Mare, with its evocation of the supernatural and echoes of ancient mythology.

Here we bring new water from the well so clear,
For to worship God with, this happy New Year.
Sing levy dew, sing levy dew,
the water and the wine;
The seven bright gold wires
and the bugles that do shine.

Sing reign of Fair Maid, with gold upon her toe,
Open you the West Door, and turn the Old Year go.
Sing levy dew…

Sing reign of Fair Maid, with gold upon her chin,
Open you the East Door, and let the New Year in.
Sing levy dew…

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WOLCUM YULE Chansons et *carols* celtes et britanniques

C'est sous la forme d'un curieux mélange de mythologies païenne et chrétienne que se sont transmis jusqu'à nous de nombreux symboles et coutumes issus des célébrations celtes du solstice d'hiver. Connues sous le nom de *Yule* et probablement antérieures de plusieurs millénaires à la fête de Noël, elles avaient lieu autour du 21 décembre – la nuit la plus longue et la plus sombre de l'année, quand la venue du printemps semble un vain espoir. Établis dans toute la Bretagne, les Celtes allumaient alors des lampes pour fortifier cet espoir et donner de la puissance au retour du soleil. Ils garnissaient leurs maisons de rameaux d'arbres à feuillage persistant pour symboliser la vie à un moment où presque tout dans la nature semblait mort, et ils se faisaient des cadeaux représentatifs de la sagesse acquise dans l'isolement des longues nuits d'hiver. Ces symboles, ainsi que de nombreux autres éléments d'antiques cérémonies païennes, furent amalgamés aux premières fêtes chrétiennes et fusionnèrent en une expression plurielle du cycle universel de la vie, de la mort et des renaissances.

Dans la musique traditionnelle associée aux fêtes du solstice d'hiver apparaissent aussi des traces de rites préchrétiens et de coutumes populaires. Les préoccupations d'un peuple dépendant des caprices de la nature pour sa subsistance et sa sécurité s'expriment non seulement dans les images de nature, mais jusque dans la forme des chansons elles-mêmes. À l'origine, le mot « carol » (de l'ancien français « carole ») désigne une danse exécutée en cercle et chantée sur une poésie à refrain. Elle dérive sans doute des antiques danses rituelles avec chant alterné que comprenaient les cérémonies magiques pratiquées tout au long du cycle annuel. Même au Moyen Âge, le *carol* n'était pas limité à la saison d'hiver, et ce n'est que bien plus tard que le terme a pris son sens actuel de chant pour le temps de Noël.

De nombreux airs, chansons et *carols* populaires furent sauvés de l'oubli avec le travail de collecte commencé au XVIII^e^ siècle et au début du XIX^e^ siècle. Le poète Allan Ramsay (1686-1758) recueillit et publia des airs écossais à Édimbourg, tandis qu'Edward Bunting (1773-1843), musicien classique formé à Belfast, faisait paraître trois volumes d'airs irlandais. Le renouveau de la chanson populaire dut beaucoup à deux érudits originaires de Cornouailles, Davies Gilbert (1767-1839) et à William Sandys (1792-1874), car, du fait du relatif isolement où resta cette région rurale jusqu'à l'avènement de l'ère industrielle, les chants et traditions populaires y résistèrent mieux au temps qu'ailleurs. Si les *carols* qu'ils ont publiés en recueil sont assez peu nombreux, Gilbert et Sandys ont l'immense mérite d'en avoir donné pour la première fois les airs et les paroles. C'est grâce à leurs efforts que certains de nos noëls favoris nous sont parvenus. Reprenant le flambeau au début du XX^e^ siècle, Cecil Sharp (1859-1924) et Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958) ainsi que d'autres continuateurs s'attachèrent à recueillir des chansons populaires partout dans les îles Britanniques.

Les *carols* contemporains, composés entre le début du XX^e^ siècle et celui du XXI^e^, que nous avons mêlés aux noëls traditionnels montrent que jamais ne s'éteignent le besoin d'exprimer les peurs et les joies humaines les plus simples ni celui de garder toute sa fraîcheur à cette expression à chaque nouvelle année.

– Johanna Maria Rose

Traduction Elsa Beaulieu

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wolcum yule Keltische und britische Lieder und Carols

Viele Symbole und Bräuche des keltischen Mittwinterfestes, Julfest genannt (wahrscheinlich mehrere tausend Jahre älter als das Weihnachtsfest), sind uns in einer seltsamen Verschmelzung heidnischer und christlicher Mythen überliefert. Das Julfest wird um den 21.Dezember, den Tag der Wintersonnenwende gefeiert, also in der Zeit der längsten und dunkelsten Nächte des Jahres, wenn der Frühling noch fern und nur eine schwache Hoffnung ist. Um diese Hoffnung zu verstärken, feierten die alten Kelten, die in ganz Britannien siedelten, ein Lichterfest, das der wiederkehrenden Sonne Kraft verleihen sollte. Sie schmückten ihre Häuser mit immergrünen Pflanzen als Sinnbild des Lebens in einer Zeit, in der die Natur trostlos dalag und wie tot, und sie machten sich gegenseitig Geschenke als Zeichen der Weisheit, an der der Mensch zunimmt, wenn sich der Blick in den langen Winternächten nach innen wendet. Diese Symbole gingen neben vielen anderen Erscheinungsformen alter heidnischer Bräuche in die frühchristlichen Festtagsbräuche ein und verschmolzen zu einem vielschichtigen Ausdruck des ewigen Kreislaufs von Leben, Tod und Wiedergeburt.

Auch die traditionell dem Fest der Wintersonnenwende zugehörige Musik ist durchdrungen von vorchristlichem Brauchtum. Die Belange eines Volkes alter Zeit, das in Nahrung und Behausung von den Launen der Natur abhängig war, kommen nicht nur in der Metaphorik mit Bildern aus dem Reich der Natur zum Ausdruck, sondern auch in der Form der Lieder selbst. Das Wort *"carol"* (von altfranzösisch *"carole"*) war ursprünglich die Bezeichnung für einen Rundtanz, zu dem die Tanzenden selbst ein Strophenlied mit regelmäßig wiederkehrendem Refrain sangen. Diese Tanzform ging wahrscheinlich auf alte rituelle Tänze mit Wechselgesang zurück, die bei Beschwörungszeremonien im gesamten Jahreskreislauf gebräuchlich waren. Noch im Mittelalter war das Carol nicht auf den Winter beschränkt; erst sehr viel später änderte sich der Sprachgebrauch und der Begriff nahm seine heutige Bedeutung als Lied zur Weihnachtszeit an.

Im 18. und frühen 19.Jahrhundert setzte eine systematische Sammeltätigkeit ein, durch die viele Volksweisen, Lieder und Carols der Vergessenheit entrissen wurden. In Edinburgh sammelte und veröffentlichte der Dichter Allan Ramsay (1686-1758) schottische Weisen, Edward Bunting (1773-1843), ein in Belfast lebender Musiker mit humanistischer Bildung, brachte drei Bücher mit irischen Volksweisen heraus. Herausragende Persönlichkeiten dieser Erneuerungsbewegung der Volksliedforschung waren Davies Gilbert (1767-1839) und William Sandys (1792-1874), beide Privatgelehrte aus Cornwall, einer Region Großbritanniens, die bis zu der Zeit, als sich der Wandel von der Agrargesellschaft zur Industriegesellschaft vollzog, ziemlich abgeschieden gewesen war, so daß sich das Brauchtum und Volksliedgut dort länger unverfälscht erhalten konnte als in anderen Regionen des Landes. Es war nur eine verhältnismäßig kleine Anzahl von Carols, die Gilbert und Sandys veröffentlicht haben, dennoch entfalteten diese Sammlungen eine große Wirkung, weil sie die ersten waren, die neben den Texten auch die zugehörigen Melodien enthielten. Durch ihre Sammeltätigkeit sind uns nicht nur einige der beliebtesten englischen Weihnachts-Carols erhalten, ihr Vorbild wirkte auch weiter bei den Volksmusiksammlern des frühen 20.Jahrhunderts, Cecil Sharp (1859-1924) und Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958), wie auch bei späteren Sammlern überall auf den britischen Inseln.

Das Programm der vorliegenden Einspielung ist eine Mischung aus altüberlieferten Weihnachtsliedern und zeitgenössischen Carols (entstanden zwischen dem frühen 20. und Anfang des 21.Jahrhunderts), die zeigen, dass es ein dringendes und niemals nachlassendes Bedürfnis des Menschen ist, seine elementaren Ängste und Freuden zu äußern und ihnen von Jahr zu Jahr in immer wieder neuer Gestalt Ausdruck zu verleihen.

– Johanna Maria Rose

Übersetzung: Heidi Fritz

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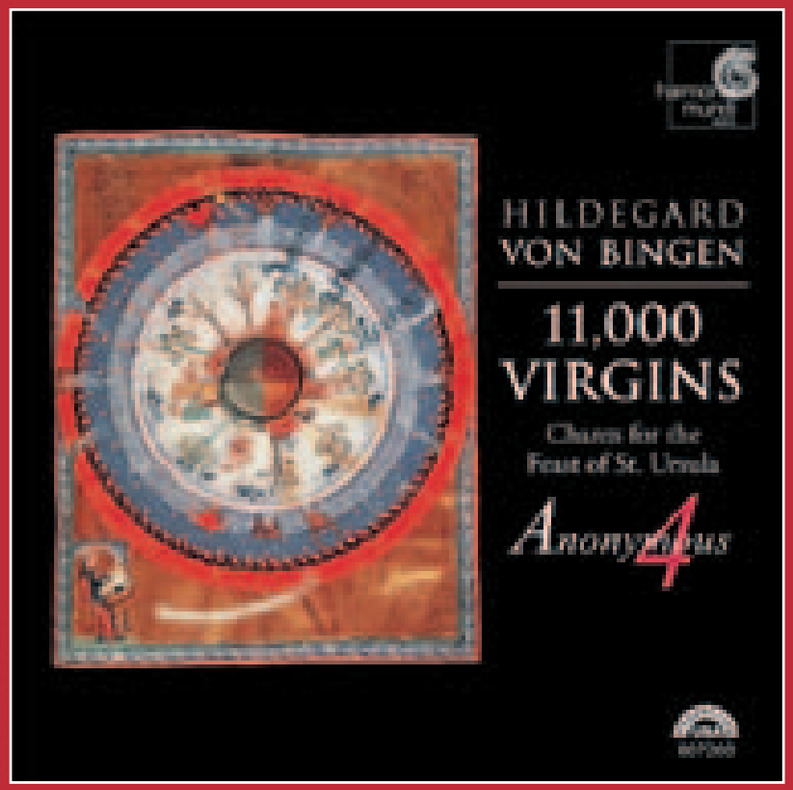

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