

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART
WASHINGTON, D. C.

975th Concert

Sunday, December 13, 1964
8:00 P. M.
In The East Garden Court

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA GLEE CLUB
Donald Loach, Director

Program

Cantate Domino canticum novum Hans Leo Hassler

The Annunciations

Ave Maria	Plainsong
Ave Maria (a Round)	Adam Gumpelzhaimer
Ave Maria	T. L. da Vittoria
Ave Maria (a Round)	W. A. Mozart
Ave Maria	Igor Stravinsky
Ave Maria	Josquin des Prez

Magnificat anima mea Dominum Marc-Antoine Charpentier

I N T E R M I S S I O N

Three Christmas Madrigals David Kraehenbuehl

Welcome, Yule
I sing of a maiden
What Cheer?

Three English Carols of the 15th Century Anonymous

The Boar's Head
No Rose of such virtue
Welcome, Sir Christmas

Two Carowles for Christmas Day William Byrd

An earthly tree a heavenly fruit
From Virgin pure this day did spring

Five Noels French Traditional

Touro-louro-louro
Pat-a-pan
Un Flambeau, Jeannette
Marche des Roix
Les Anges dans nos campagnes

Cantate Domino canticum novum Hans Leo Hassler

Rex Britton and Thomas Bridge, violins;
Ruth Erb, viola; June Nolte, cello;
Michael Kilpatrick, recorder; Henry Baskerville,
Peter Zwanzig, and Douglas Miller, guitars;
and Jan Owen, harpsichord.

This concert is broadcast by Station WGMS 570 AM and 103.5 FM

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PROGRAM OF CHRISTMAS MUSIC

PROGRAM

Psalm Ninety-Six

Cantate Domino canticum novum

Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612)

O sing unto the Lord a new song;
sing unto the Lord, all the whole earth.
Sing unto the Lord, and praise his Name;
be telling of his salvation from day to day.
Declare his honour unto the heathen,
and his wonders unto all peoples.

The Annunciation

Ave Maria

Plainsong

Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee;
Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the
fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, Mother of God, prayer for us sinners,
now and in the hour of our death. Amen.

Ave Maria (a Round)

Adam Gumpelzhaimer (1559-1625)

Ave Maria

T. L. da Vittoria (1545-1611)

Ave Maria (a Round)

W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Ave Maria

Igor Stravinsky (1882-)

Ave Maria

Josquin des Prez (1440-1521)

Hail Mary,
Full of grace,
The Lord is with Thee,
Virgin fair.

Hail, blessed humility.
Inviolable fecundity,
Whose Annunciation
Became our salvation.

Hail, Mistress of the Heavens,
Mary, full of grace,
With heavenly and earthly joy
Thou fill'st the world.

Hail, true virginity,
Unspotted chastity,
Whose purification
Became our expiation.

Hail Thou, whose birth
Became our feast,
As the morning star, a rising light,
Thou predest the true sun.

Hail Thou, who shinest
With all angelic virtues,
Whose Assumption
Became our glorification.

O Mother of God,
Be mindful of me.
Amen.

Magnificat anima mea Dominum

Marc-Antoine Charpentier (1634-1704)

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit hath rejoiced in
God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded the lowliness
of His handmaid, for behold, from
henceforth all generations shall call
me blessed.
For he that is mighty hath magnified
me; and holy is His name.
And His mercy is from generation un-
to generations, unto them that fear
Him.
He hath showed strength with His arm;
He hath scattered the proud in the
imagination of their heart.

He hath put down the mighty from
their seat, and hath exalted the
humble.
He hath filled the hungry with good
things; and the rich He hath sent
empty away.
He hath received Israel His servant,
being mindful of His mercy.
As He spake to our forefathers,
Abraham and his seed for ever.
Glory be to the Father, and to the
Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now,
and ever shall be, world without end.
Amen.

INTERMISSION

Three Christmas Madrigals:

David Kraehenbuehl (1923-)

Welcome, Yule

Welcome, Yule, thou merry man,
In worship of this holy day.

Welcome, be thou, Heaven King,
Welcome, born in one morning,
Welcome, for him we shall sing.

Welcome, Yule, thou merry man.

Welcome be ye, Stephen and John,
Welcome, Innocents ev'ryone,
Welcome, Thomas, martyr one.

Welcome be ye, good New Year.
Welcome, Twelfthday, both in fear,
Welcome saints, lief and dear,
In worship of this holy day.

Welcome be ye, Candlemas,
Welcome be ye, queen of bliss,
Welcome, both to more and less.

Welcome be ye, that aren't here,
Welcome all and make good cheer,
Welcome all another year.

Welcome, Yule, thou merry man,
In worship of this holy day.

I sing of a Maiden

I sing of a Maiden who is matchless,
King of all kings, to her Son she chose.

He came all so still where his mother was,
As dew in April that falls on the grass.
He came all so still to his mother's bower,
As dew that falls in April.
He came all so still where his mother lay,
As dew in April that falls on the spray.

Mother and maiden was never none but she;
Well may such a lady God's mother be.

What cheer?

What cheer?

Good cheer, good cheer, good cheer,
Be merry and glad this good New Year.

Lift up your hearts and be glad
In Christ's birth, the angel bade;
Say, one to the other, if any be sad:
What cheer?

Now the King of Heaven His birth hath
take.

Joy and mirth we ought to make.
Say, one to the other, for His sake:
What cheer?

Good cheer, good cheer, good cheer,
Be merry and glad this good New Year.

I tell you all with heart so free,
Right welcome be ye to me.
Be glad and merry for charity.

The goodman of this place in fear,
You to be merry, he prayeth you here,
And with good heart he doth to you say:
What cheer?

Good cheer, good cheer, good cheer,
Be merry and glad this good New Year!

Three Medieval English Carols

Anonymous, 15th century

The Boar's Head

Noel, noel, noel, noel!
Tidings good I think to tell.

The boar's head that we bring here
Betokeneth a prince without peer
Is born this day to buy us dear.
Noel, noel!

This boar's head we bring with song
In worship of Him that thus sprang
Of a Virgin to redress all wrong.
Noel, noel!

No rose of such virtue

There is no rose of such virtue,
As is the rose that bare Jesu.

For in this rose contained was
Heaven and earth in little space,
Res miranda.

The angels sung the shepherds to:
Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Gaudeamus.

Leave we all this worldly mirth,
And follow we this joyful birth,
Transeamus.

Welcome, Sir Christmas

Noel, noel, noel, noel!

Who is there that singeth so: Noel?

I am here, Sir Christmas!

Welcome, my lord, Sir Christmas!
Welcome to us all, both more and less!
Come near. Noel!

Dieu vous garde, beaux sieurs,
Tidings I you bring:
A maid hath borne a child full young.
The which causeth you for to sing:
Noel!

Buvez bien par toute la compagnie,
Make good cheer and be right merry
And sing with us now joyfully:
Noel!

An Earthly tree

An earthly tree a heavenly fruit it bare,
A case of clay contained a crown immortal,
A crown of crowns, a King whose cost and care
Redeemed poor man, whose race before was thrall
To death, to doom, to pains of everlasting,
By his sweet death, scorns, stripes and often fasting.

Cast off all doubtful care,
Exile and banish tears;
To joyful news divine
Lend us your listening ears.

Then let us sing the lullabys of sleep
To this sweet babe, born to awake us all
From drowsy sin, that made old Adam weep,
And by his fault gave to mankind the fall.
For lo, this day, the birth day, day of days,
Summons our songs to give him laud and praise.

From Virgin's womb

From Virgin's womb this day, this day, did spring
The precious seed that only saved man;
This day let man rejoice and sweetly sing
Since on this day salvation first began;
This day did Christ man's soul from death remove
With glorious saints to swell in heaven above.

Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and voice,
In Christ his birth this day rejoice.

O sing unto this glittering glorious King;
O praise his name let every living thing;
Let heart and voice like bells of silver ring
The comfort that this day to man doth bring;
Let lute and shalm with sound of sweet delight
These joys of Christ his birth this day recite.

Touro-louro-louro!

Touro-louro-louro! cocks are waking,
And the day is not yet here.
For the Holy Land I'm making,
There to see our Saviour dear.

Touro-louro-louro! cold winds drive me,
Make me on my fingers blow.
Surely I am full of trouble,
I shall die of cold, I know.

You'll come with me?
No, no, no, no!
You will come, then!
No! I'll not go!

Ho! In the lodge!
Who knocks below?
Lodgings, I pray!
Too late. Away!

Good William! If I never come again,
Have them say the Seven Psalms, then.
Ah, me, alas! What should I do?
Timid as a child am I when I'm alone.

Ho! Farmer! Open pray, I'm frozen quite!
Give me shelter in the hayloft!
Ah me, alas! What should I do?
Wretched I! Where shall I go? I
soon shall die!

Touro-louro-louro! by good fortune
All my evil plight is past;
Yes, of that there's no denying!
I've the manger found at last.

Goodday to all!
The same to thee!
What do you here?
Look thou, and see!

Ah! Mary! Thee I laud for thy dear Son,
Behold the true Messiah!
Saint Joseph, good, trust me, I pray;
Let me behold this wondrous Child, whom I so love.

Pat-a-pan

Willie take your little drum,
Robin, get your fife and come;
Now these instruments we play,
For a joyful Christmas day!

When the men of olden days
Sought to bring their Maker praise,
On these instruments they'd play,
And their hearts were light and gay.

God and man this day are one,
Even more than fife and drum;
So these instruments we play
For a joyful Christmas day!

Un flambeau, Jeannette, Isabelle

Bring a torch, Jeanette, Isabella!
Bring a torch, to the cradle run!
It is Jesus, good folk of the village;
Christ is born and Mary's calling:
Ah! Ah! Beautiful is the Mother
Ah! Ah! Beautiful is her Son!

It is wrong when the Child is sleeping,
It is wrong to talk so loud;
Silence all, as you gather around;
Lest your noise should waken Jesus:
Hush! Hush! See how fast He slumbers;
Hush! Hush! See how fast He sleeps!

Softly to the little stable,
Softly for a moment come;
Look and see how charming is Jesus,
How He is white, His cheeks are rosy:
Hush! Hush! See how the Child is sleeping;
Hush! Hush! See how He smiles in dreams!

Marche des Rois

This morning I met the procession of three great Kings who were on a journey; this morning I met the procession of three great Kings on the highway.

All laden with gold there followed first great warriors, and the guardians of treasure; all laden with gold there followed first great warriors with their shields.

Les anges dans nos campagnes

Angels o'er the fields were flying,
Sounded a hymn from heav'n on high;
Mountain echoes all replying
Cast far and wide the glad some cry:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Shepherds, for whom this laudation,
Wherefore do all these anthems ring?
What victor, what conqu'ring nation
Calls forth this festal caroling?
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

They announce the birth and glory
Of Him who saves all Israel;
And to spread the joyful story,
Thus to the Lord their anthem swell:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Seek we all the happy dwelling
That has beheld His birth today;
Unto Him our praises telling
Bid we our hearts and voices say:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Psalm Ninety-Six

Cantate Domino canticum novum

Hans Leo Hassler