

Upcoming Events of the Seventy-Sixth Season of The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lamot Belin Concerts

Unless otherwise noted, all programs take place in the West Building, West Garden Court.

—
Tamagawa University Taiko

Drummers and Dancers

April 13, 12:10

East Building Atrium

—
Fretwork

Featuring music by Alexander Goehr and J.S. Bach

April 15, 3:30

—
Inscape Chamber Orchestra

Featuring Saint-Saëns's *Carnival of the Animals*, with new verses by

Marc Bamuthi Joseph, and Mahler's Symphony no. 4, chamber version

April 22, 3:30

—
The Westerlies

The Songs We Sang: American Vocal Music of the 20th Century

In celebration of International Jazz Day,

the Westerlies premiere four pieces by

Duke Ellington adapted for brass quartet.

April 29, 3:30

—
Julia Bullock, soprano

John Arida, piano

Music by Schubert, Barber, Fauré, and more

May 6, 3:30

Ranky Tanky

Celebrating *Outliers and American Vanguard Art*

May 13, 3:30

—
Christina and Michelle Naughton

Piano music by Mozart, Schubert, Bolcom, Bach/Kurtág, Debussy,

Chopin, and Lutosławski

May 20, 3:30

—
Admission to the National Gallery of Art and all of its programs is free of charge, except as noted.

The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that all portable electronic devices are turned off.

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Cover Michel Sittow, *Portrait of Diego de Guevara (?)* (detail), c. 1515/1518, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Andrew W. Mellon Collection

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76TH SEASON OF CONCERTS

APRIL 8, 2018 / NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

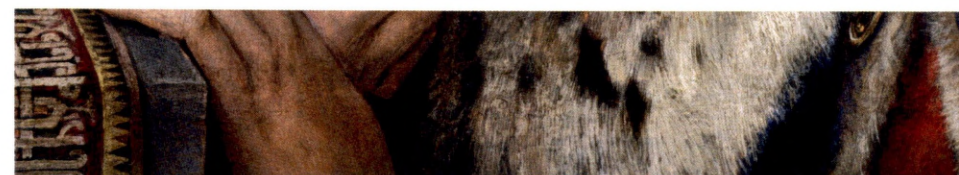




Photo by Heinavanker Ensemble

Program

Heinavanker Ensemble

Ilona Muhel, soprano

Kadri Hunt, alto

Sander Pehk, tenor

Tõnis Kaumann, baritone

Taniel Kirikal, bass

Margo Kõlar, artistic director, tenor

Celebrating *Michel Sittow: Estonian Painter at the Courts of Renaissance Europe*

APRIL 8, 2018 / 3:30

WEST BUILDING, WEST GARDEN COURT

“Oh Aadam, sinu essitus” (Oh Adam, Thy Falsehood)

Folk hymn from Otepää Parish

Kyrie, *Mass of Barcelona* (14th century)

“Nüüd ole Jeesus kiidetud” (Praised Be You, Jesus Christ)

Folk hymn from Kihnu Parish

“Mu süda, ärka üles” (Awake My Heart)

Arr. Margo Kõlar, after various versions of a folk hymn

“Rahva Õnnistegija” (Redeemer of the Folk)

Folk hymn from Suur-Pakri Parish

Sanctus, *Mass of Tournai* (14th century)

Agnus Dei, *Mass of Toulouse* (14th century)

“Ma olen maa peal võõras” (A Stranger on Earth Am I)

Folk hymn from Vormsi Parish

“Mu mano tulge latse” (Let the Children Come to Me)

After a folk hymn from Vormsi Parish

“Veni Creator Spiritus”/“Oh Jumal, Looja, Püha Vaim” (Come Creator Spirit)

Arr. Margo Kõlar, after a Gregorian chant and a folk hymn from Lääne,

Nigula Parish

Intermission

“Loomine” (Creation)

Arr. Margo Kõlar, after a traditional runic song from Ambla Parish

“Nätse Jummal, siin ma rummal“ (Here Behold Me as I Cast Me)

Folk hymn from Röpina Parish

“Imeline koda” (Wondrous House)

Arr. Margo Kõlar, after a traditional Estonian runic song from Vilo Parish

“Haned kadunud” (Missing Geese)

Arr. Margo Kõlar, after a traditional Estonian runic song from Kuusalu Parish

“Jeesuse sõit” (The Ride of Jesus)

Arr. Margo Kõlar, after a traditional Estonian runic song from Mäe, Estonia

This concert is dedicated to the centenary of the Republic of Estonia.

The Ensemble

Heinavanker is a unique meeting point for musicians active in different fields. Since 1996, the Estonian vocal ensemble, under the direction of composer Margo Kõlar, has delved into early sacred music, its ancestors’ traditions, and contemporary imagination. Ancient Estonian runic songs and folk hymns are an important part of Heinavanker’s repertoire.

The name “Heinavanker” originates from the *Haywain Triptych* of Hieronymus Bosch (1450–1516). Its allegoric scenes are as if inspired from today’s life. In this fascinating painting, there’s a huge stack of hay rolling through a land that’s laboring in greed towards destruction. In the midst of this, music arises. Both a snide demon and a praying angel are trying to get the musicians into their domain.

Program Notes

The first half of our program includes settings of the Ordinary of the Latin Mass, interspersed with some Estonian folk hymns. The second half of the concert offers a unique glimpse into the ancient runic song tradition, as presented in Margo Kõlar's "The Songs of Olden Times"—a cycle based on runic songs that enables a trip into the world of our ancestors. These songs also show a mixture of temporal and aeonian motifs, and both animatistic and Christian world views.

Estonia's strategic location has left a mark on its history, with many peoples vying for its territory—Vikings, Germans, Swedes, Danes, Slavic nations, and others. Estonia is also the crossroads between Eastern and Western Christianity, and from early on, the local tribes with their animatistic world view and ancestor worship posed barriers to the expanding influence of the Roman popes and the Eastern Orthodox patriarchs. During Estonia's fifty years under the Soviet Union, atheism was the state religion and aimed to blur the memory of national identity, as well as the meaning of the Christian Church.

It has been a joyous occasion the past decades to rediscover the records of Estonia's religious singing culture in our archives—religious folk songs. Cyrillus Kreek (1889–1962), one of Estonia's most important folk music collectors, described those songs as "twirling and ribboned" and sung on the texts of the traditional Protestant songbook with the tunes richly embellished and sometimes unrecognizable.

The origin of this folk hymn tradition is still obscure, but there is enough evidence to assume a spiritual connection to the movement of the eighteenth-century Herrnhut (Moravian) Brethren, who triggered a powerful wave of piety among the rural population. Another influence likely originated from the population of Swedish settlers on Estonian islands and coastal areas. Their strong cultural identity most certainly impacted the way their neighboring Estonians perceived the wider world. It's quite possible that the melismatic character of folk hymns derives directly from Scandinavian folk music, as the runic songs (*regilaul*)—old songs of Finno-Ugric origin—belong to a different cultural context.

Approximately five hundred folk hymns with different versions have been collected in Estonia and are in both the Estonian and the Swedish languages. The older songs indicate monodic thinking, and the more recent ones include a rising sense of harmony connected to the introduction of organs and harmoniums in churches and chapels. Most likely these songs were sung mainly in homes, which could explain the rich ornamentals, but they were also performed at church services and religious meetings. The latter location raises the question of how these various (and occasionally virtuously embellished) songs would have sounded in those times. Contemporary sources differ. Some describe the singing of the congregation as the "bleat of lambs" and the "howl of wolves." One record says: "[The] Precenter started the singing, the

other singers watched where the singing was heading and followed. There was no strict rhythm; the next note was sung when it seemed appropriate. The song was usually very slow, and quicker singers added their own embellishments while waiting for the others."

Other records offer other depictions: "Those who have not heard this singing, cannot quite imagine it. The chapel is filled with seven hundred people who are singing from the bottom of their hearts. Older people sway their heads to the rhythms of the song; young boys sing wholeheartedly, the voices of young girls ring like [w]hooping shepherds. There are times when all this singing overpowers the organ itself, although loud singing and strong effort is not an intention in itself. The song is almost like a liberation, a sacrament. The upward glances showed that most singers were no longer aware if they were sitting on wooden benches or hovering in the sky."

Often, various melodies were applied to the same lyrics, and it was usual to sing different words to the same tune. This practice seems to be characteristic of the formation of folk hymns. It is an oral tradition supported by various memories, further mixed with the choral tunes and texts written originally in German, Swedish, or Estonian. In their translations, the lyrics and the tune do not quite match. It required remarkable musical imagination to synthesize the beloved pious texts with two or three local languages and the Lutheran choral tradition.

But what would the musical world of ancient Estonians have been like at the beginning of the second millennium, an era before the onset of the crusades? We can proudly mention the archaic runic songs (songs in the poetic metre of *regivärs*) that are unique to Estonians and other Finno-Ugric peoples. According to scholars, the oral tradition of runic songs has been alive for thousands of years and currently seems to be undergoing a fresh revival. Thanks to the Estonian national awakening in the second half of the nineteenth century, these songs were gathered into what is now one of the world's largest collections of folklore. The rich, colorful, and imaginative texts of these songs are a welcome supplement to the scarce knowledge we have about Estonia's ancient history.

Arrangements of the folk hymns and runic songs exist mostly in an oral tradition and, therefore, require a certain amount of improvisation. Having an open mind toward change enables us to enjoy the charms of traditional music.

Program notes by Margo Kõlar, artistic director of Heinavanker.

“Oh Aadam, sinu essitus”

Oh Aadam, sino essitus
om meie elo riknu,
et patt om meie perändus
nink kõiki pääle tüknu.
See sivvo töö om kõigile
suurt vika pääle tõstnu,
ent Jumal, see om ausaste
kõik jälle ära päästnu.

Nii kui see sivvo kavalus
om Eevat hukutanu
nink Looja täht sai põletuss,
sest om surm meie saanu.
Es jõvva ka meid avita
ei ütsigi lood asi,
siis Jeesus Krist pääst inemist,
läts surma sisse esi.

See arm om meie näüdetü,
et poig om meie antu,
kes meie veless sündünü
nink risti pääle pantu.
Kui õigede nüüd usume
so Poja nime sisse,
siis õnnistust nink rõõmustust
saab meile tooma Esä.

Kyrie, Mass of Barcelona (14th century)**“Nüüd ole Jeesus kiidetud”**

Nüüd ole, Jeesus, kiidetud,
et Sa neistsist sündinud
kui inimene ilmale,
sest laulvad inglid rõõmsasti.
Kürieleis.

Kes suurem on kui ilmamaa,
Maarja süles magab Tä.
See on nüüd laps, kes ilma peal
kõik asjad peab veel üleval.
Kürieleis.

Oh Adam, Thy Falsehood

Oh Adam, your guilt
has spoiled our life,
sin is our inheritance
and the burden of us all.
The serpent's deed has weighed us
down with a great mistake,
but God, in all honor
saved everything again.

The serpent's cleverness
condemned Eve and
caused the creator's star to burn out,
for we have become mortal.
No natural thing
can help us, only
Jesus Christ saved mankind,
by himself going to his death.

Mercy was shown to us,
the Son was given to us,
born to our brother
and nailed to the cross.
We all truly believe
in the name of the Son,
for then the Father will bring us
happiness and joy.

Praised Be You, Jesus Christ

Praised be you, Jesus Christ
that you have been born as a man
from a virgin—this is true—
at which the host of angels rejoices.

He whom the whole globe of the earth
could not enclose
now lies in Mary's bosom;
he has become a little baby
who alone maintains everything.

Nüüd Igavene Päikene
paistab kõige ilmale.
Kesköösel Tema helendab,
meid päeva lasteks sünnitab.
Kürieleis.

Kõik tegi Tä hea meelega,
et nii heldust näidata.
Kõik ilm nüüd olgu rõõmus sest
ja kiitku Teda südamest!
Kürieleis.

“Mu süda, ärka üles”

Mu süda, ärka üles
ja kiida Loojat lauldes,
kes kõik head meile annab
ja muret ikka kannab.

Kui magama ma heitsin,
end Isa sülle peitsin,
mind saatan püüdis neelda,
kuid Jumal võttis keelda.

Tõest', Isa, kui ta vahtis,
mind kätte saada tahtis,
siis sa mind sülle võtsid
ja oma käega katsid.

“Jää rahul!” hüüdsid sina,
“Mu laps, sind kaitsen mina!
Tä ei saa kahju teha,
sa saad veel päeva näha.”

Su sõna tõeks läinud,
ma olen päeva näinud,
ei häda saand mu ligi,
mind varjas sinu vägi.

See eest ma sind nüüd tänan,
suurt au sulle annan,
sull' ohvrin õhkamisi
ja pühi palumisi.

The eternal light enters here,
it gives the world a new splendor;
it shines in the midst of the night
and makes us children of the light.

He has done all this for us
to show his great love,
at this all Christendom rejoices
and thanks him for this in eternity.

Awake My Heart

Awake my heart and sing
to the creator of everything,
to the giver of all that is good,
to the righteous guardian of mankind.

This night, when the dark shadows
have surrounded me completely,
Satan coveted what was mine
but God was my defense.

Yes, Father, when he thought
that he could harm me,
I was in your lap,
your wings enclosed me.

You said: “My child, lie down,
despite the one who would deceive you;
sleep well, do not be frightened,
you will see the sun.”

Your word has come to pass:
I can still see the light,
I have been set free from my distress,
your protection has revived me.

You wish to have an offering,
here I bring my gifts:
my incense and my ram
are my prayers and songs.

Sa näed mu südamesse
ja tead, mu Jumal, ise,
et paremat ei ole
mul anniks tuua sulle.

Mu Jumal, nii kui ööse
mind hoidis sinu käsi,
nii päeva ka mind kannan,
mull' inglid varjuks anna.

Su heldus jäägu mulle,
mu süda templiks sulle:
su sõna mind siin toitku,
teed taeva poole näitku.

“Rahva Õnnistegija”

Rahva õnnistegija,
mao ärarõhuja,
Naise seeme, neitsi poeg,
sulle laulvad kiitust kõik.

Imeviisil tõeste
tulid sina ilmale,
saadud Püha Vaimu väest,
mitte mehe tahtmisest.

Igavese järje pealt
oled sina ülevalt
armust maha astunud,
võiduteele hakanud.

Isast tuli sinu tee,
pööras jälle Isale,
enne põrguhauda, siis
üles taeva tema viis.

Kes sa Isa sarnane
ning ka meie sugune,
lihas ilmund võidumees:
võida liha meie sees!

You will not feel scorn;
you can see into my heart;
for you know that as a gift
I have indeed nothing better.

May it now be your will to perfect
your work in me, and send
one who during this day
may bear me in his hands.

Protect me with your blessing,
may my heart be your shelter,
may your word be my food
until I journey to heaven!

Redeemer of the Folk

Now come, Savior of the gentiles,
recognized as the child of the Virgin,
so that all the world is amazed
God ordained such a birth for him.

Not from man's flesh and blood
but only from the Holy Spirit
has God's Word became man
and flourishes as the fruit of a woman's body.

He went forth from his chamber,
from the royal palace so pure,
by nature God and man, a hero,
he hastens to run his way.

His course came from the Father
and leads back to the Father,
he went down to Hell
and back to God's throne.

You who are equal to the Father,
be victorious in the flesh
so that your eternal divine power
may support our weak flesh.

Oh kuis hülgab sinu sõim!
Kadund pimeduse võim!
Patuöö ei enam saa
meie usku rikkuda.

Kiitus olgu Isale,
kiitus tema Pojale,
kiitus Pühal' Vaimul' ka
ikka ilmalõpmata!

Sanctus, Mass of Tournai (14th century) Agnus Dei, Mass of Toulouse (14th century)

“Ma olen maa peal võõras”

Ma olen maa peal võõras
ja paljalt rändaja;
mu eluase taevas,
seal on mu isamaa.
Siin rändan ristirada,
seal vaimu väsinud
arm võtab kosutada:
kõik vaev on lõpetud.

“Mu mano tulge latse”

“Mu mano tulge, latse,
na mulle armsa omm,”
nii armas Jeesus kutse.
“Ma teie kilp ja kroon.
Et hukka na ei saa,
ma esi sündi latses,
et saasse mino omas,
näid ole kutsnu ma.”

“Veni Creator Spiritus”/ “Oh Jumal, Looja, Püha Vaim”

Veni, Creator Spiritus,
mentes tuorum visita,
imple superna gratia,
quae tu creasti pectora.

Oh Jumal Looja, PühaVaim!
Mu süda on nii väga tuim,
oh täida seda armuga
ja kõigest patust puhasta.

Your crib shines bright and clear,
in the night there is a new light,
darkness must not overpower it,
faith remains always radiant.

Praise be given to God the Father,
praise be to God his only Son;
praise be to God the Holy Ghost
for ever and always.

A Stranger on Earth Am I

A stranger on earth am I,
and a bare wanderer.
My dwelling is in the heavens,
there is my fatherland.
Here I wander the way of the Cross,
and there Grace salves
my weary soul;
there is all trouble ended.

Let the Children Come to Me

“Let the children come to me,
They are dear to my heart,”
Thus dear Jesus is calling.
“I am your shield and crown.
I was born a child,
So that they would not perish.
I have called them
to be mine.”

Come Creator Spirit

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
From thy bright heav'nly throne,
Come take possession of our souls,
And make them all thy own.

Thou who art called the Paraclete,
Best gift of God above,
The living spring, the living fire,
Sweet unction and true love.

Qui diceris Paraclitus,
donum Dei altissimi,
fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
et spiritalis unctio.

Sa annad andeid rahvale,
Sind Isa sõrmeks peetakse.
Sa jagad üle ilmamaa
Ta sõna tutva keelega.

Accende lumen sensibus,
infunde amorem cordibus,
infirma nostri corporis
virtute firmans perpeti.

Meid Isa tundma õpeta
ja Tema Poega Jeesust ka,
et usume kõik südamest,
et lähed välja mõlemist.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
et Filio, qui a mortuis
surrexit, ac Paraclito,
in saeculorum saecula.

Au olgu kõigest südamest
ja tänu ikka igavest
nüüd Isale ja Pojale
ja kalli Püha Vaimule.

“Loomine”

Sinisirje linnukene,
sinisirje, kuldekirje,
lendas meie kopelisse.

Kolm oli põesast kopelissa:
üks oli sinine põesas,
teine oli punane põesas,
kolmas kullal kirjutatud.

Põlgas ta sinise põesa,
põlgas ta punase põesa,
võttis kulda armaaksi.

Thou who art sev'nfold in thy grace,
Finger of God's right hand
His promise teaching little ones
To speak and understand.

O guide our minds with thy bless'd light,
With love our hearts inflame;
And with thy strength, which ne'er decays
Confirm our mortal frame.

Far from us drive our deadly foe;
True peace unto us bring;
And through all perils lead us safe
Beneath thy sacred wing.

Through thee may we the Father know,
Through thee th' eternal Son,
And thee, the Spirit of them both,
Thrice-blessed Three in One.

All glory to the Father be,
With his coequal Son;
The same to thee, great Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

Creation

A blue bird,
a blue, golden, colorful bird
flew to our meadow.

There were three bushes on the meadow:
one was a blue bush,
one was a red bush,
the third was a golden bush.

She did not care about the blue bush,
she did not care about the red bush,
she was pleased with the golden bush.

Hakkas ta pesa tegema:
tegi kuu, tegi kaksi,
tegi tüki kolmat kuuda,
nädaliku neljat kuuda,
veerendiku viiet kuuda.

Hakkas ta mune munema:
munes kuu, munes kaksi,
munes kuu kolmat kuuda,
nädaliku neljat kuuda,
veerendiku viiet kuuda.

Hakkas poegi haudumaie:
haudus kuu, haudus kaksi,
haudus kuu kolmat kuuda,
nädaliku neljat kuuda,
veerendiku viiet kuuda.

Üks sai kuuks Kuramaale,
teine päevaks Pärnumaale,
kolmas ilmale imeksi,
neljas täheks taevaaksi,
viies vikerkaareks veeremaie.

“Nätse Jummal, siin ma rummal”

Nätse Jummal, siin ma rummal,
heida enda põlvile
hinge rikmist
tooma sinole.
Las hend löüda,
minost, kes ma patane.

Kae no jälle, minno pääle,
Issand ole armulik.
Sinno püvvä
mina, mullatükk.
Las hend löüda,
ole mulle armulik.

Ei ma püvvä, ei ma nõvva
muud, kui sino halestust,
seda sa küll
näütät armastust.

The bird started to build a nest:
she built it for a month, for another month,
for a third month,
for a week on the fourth month,
a bit on the fifth month.

She started to lay eggs:
laid for a month, for another month,
for a third month,
for a week on the fourth month,
a bit on the fifth month.

She started to hatch the eggs:
hatched for a month, for another month,
for a third month,
for a week on the fourth month,
a bit on the fifth month.

One chick became the moon for Kurland,
the second became the sun for Pärnu county,
the third became the world,
the fourth became the stars,
the fifth became the rainbow.

Here Behold Me as I Cast Me

Here behold me as I cast me
At Thy throne, O glorious King!
Tears fast thronging, childlike longing,
Son of Man, to Thee I bring,
Let me find Thee—let me find Thee!
Me a poor and worthless thing.

Look upon me, Lord, I pray Thee,
Let Thy Spirit dwell in mine;
Thou hast sought me, Thou hast bought me,
Only Thee to know I pine;
Let me find Thee—let me find Thee!
Take my heart and grant me Thine.

Nought I ask for, nought I strive for,
But Thy grace so rich and free,
That Thou givest whom Thou lovest,
And who truly cleave to Thee;

Las hend löüdü,
sinost saa ma õnnistust.

Tühi kära, ilma vara,
lihahimo, au nink lust,
saadap mulle vallo,
kannatust.
Las hend löüdü,
anna õiget valmistust.

Let me find Thee—let me find Thee!
He hath all things who hath Thee.

Earthly treasure, mirth, and pleasure,
Glorious name, or richest hoard,
Are but weary, void, and dreary,
To the heart that longs for God;
Let me find Thee—let me find Thee!
I am ready, mighty Lord.

“Imeline koda” (Wondrous House)

In the temporal sense, this text is rather cryptic. The storyteller appears to travel to a divine realm where, by partaking in a strange ritual, she is included in the creation of the temporal world.

At dawn, a maiden goes to the woods where a bronze calf crosses her path. She pursues the calf and arrives at a manor where three men are building a bronze house. The men have axes with patterns inscribed on them. “Can you read ax patterns?” they ask. “No,” says the maiden, “I can read patterns of cloth.” The maiden weaves a blue fabric. “What will you make of it?” “A striped shirt for the Lord, and a long shirt for Mary.” A blue cauldron is being set on blue flames; a blue sheep is being sheared for blue wool.

“Haned kadunud” (Missing Geese)

One of the possible meanings of this song is the theme of “sacrifice.” The condition of loss at the beginning of the song gives way, after a strange quest, to a new miraculous world. The mystery of Christ’s body and blood is hinted at in the background.

A maiden goes to herd geese, but a hawk scares the geese away. The maiden comes home in tears and tells her parents what just happened. The parents want to send a servant in search of the geese, but instead the daughter herself goes after them. She walks through five rainbows and meets ten ploughmen. She asks whether any of them has seen the geese. The men take no notice of the girl until she takes the hat off one of them, whereupon they give her directions to the Muori manor. Once there, she is offered a chair made of goose bones and padded with pillows of goose feathers. She is served a meal of goose meat and a drink of goose blood. The maiden goes to pour the drink out in a meadow where it gives rise to a dense forest. Miraculous birds roost on top of the trees.

“Jeesuse sõit” (The Ride of Jesus)

A story with a harsh morale. Those who defy, on whatever grounds, God’s will, will meet a sorry end. Those who act out the will of God, whatever their motives, will see their people flourish.

Jesus rides a boat of swan bones on a river, past the banks of Holy Mary. He meets a church. Jesus asks the church to help him cross over to the dry land where he could meet Mary. The church refuses—tomorrow will be Sunday and a lot of people will be coming over. Jesus curses the church: “Your people will suffer.”

Then he meets a horse. The horse also refuses; he has a lot of work to do. Jesus curses the horse: “Once you go ploughing, you will be slaughtered. May the wolves and ravens scatter your dead body!”

Finally, he meets an ox who is willing to aid him for a price. Jesus blesses him: “When they slaughter you, the whole family will come together. They will brew beer and hold a feast.”