Gisèle Becker, music director of the Cantate Chamber Singers since 1994, is one of the Washington area’s leading choral conductors. Her vision of musical excellence and her commitment to imaginative programming have earned for her the highest admiration and respect from her professional colleagues and audiences alike. Her extensive experience in choral preparation has included the Folger Consort’s 1995 production of Dido and Aeneas, the Cathedral Choral Society’s production of Hindemith’s When Lilacs in the Dooryard Bloomed for guest conductor Robert Shaw, and the Washington Bach Consort’s performance of Charles Ives’ Symphony No. 4 with the National Symphony under Leonard Slatkin.

A graduate of the Catholic University of America, Gisèle Becker has served on the faculties of Trinity College in Washington and the Shenandoah Conservatory of Music in Winchester, Virginia. She is also active as a singer, adjudicator, and clinician.

Concerts at the National Gallery of Art
Under the direction of George Manos
December 2002 and January 2003

December
29 Luigi Piovano, cellist
   Brahms: Sonata No. 1
Luisa Prayer, pianist
   Schumann: Adagio and Allegro
   Martucci: Two Romances

January
5 National Gallery Orchestra Gala Viennese New Year Concert
George Manos, conductor

The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.

For the convenience of concertgoers
the Garden Café remains open until 6:30 p.m.

The Sixty-first Season of
THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL and F. LAMMOT BELIN CONCERTS

National Gallery of Art

2439th Concert

CANTATE CHAMBER SINGERS
GISELE BECKER, music director

KATE HAZZARD ROGERS, harpist
ERIC PLUTZ, pianist

MEMBERS OF THE
THOMAS PYLE MIDDLE SCHOOL CHORUS

Christmas Concert

Sunday Evening, 22 December 2002
Seven O’clock
West Building, West Garden Court
Admission free
Program

Benjamin Britten
(1913–1976)

Procession
Anonymous, 14th century

Hodie Christus natus est: hodie Salvator apparuit,
Hodie in terra canunt angeli laetantur archangeli,
Hodie exsultant justi dicentes: gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia!
Wolcum Yole!
Wolcum, wolcum, wolcum be thou hevene king,
Wolcum Yole! Wolcum, born in one morning,
Wolcum for whom we sail sing!
Wolcum be ye, Stevene and Jon,
Wolcum, Innocentes every one,
Wolcum be ye good Newe Yere,
Wolcum seintes2 lefe and dere,
Wolcum Yole, wolcum!1
Candelmesse, quene3 of bliss,
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.
Wolcum, wolcum, wolcum be ye that are here,
Wolcum Yole, wolcum alle and make good cheer.
Wolcum alle another yere, wolcum Yole. Wolcum!

1. Yule, 2. saints, 3. queen

There Is No Rose
Anonymous, 14th century

There is no rose of such vertu
As is the rose that bare Jesu. Alleluia.
For in this rose containèd was
Heaven and earth in lite1 space. Res miranda.
By that rose we may well see
There be one God in persons three.
Pares forma.

The aungels sungen the shepherds to:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!
Gaudeamus. Leave we all this worldly mirth,
And follow we this joyful birth.
Transeamus.
Alleluia, res miranda, pares forma,
gaudemus, transeamus.

A Ceremony of Carols
(1942)

That Yongë Child
Anonymous, 14th century
John Wicking, countertenor

That yongë child when it gan1 weep
With song she fullèd him asleep:
That was so sweet a melody
It passed alle minstrelsye.
The nightingale sang also:

1. began to

Balulalow
James, John, and Robert Wedderburn, 1561
Marjorie Coombs Wellman, soprano

O my deare hert, young Jesu sweit,
Prepare thy credid1 in my sprit,2
And I sail rock thee to my hert,
And never mair from thee depart.

1. cradle, 2. spirit

But I sail praise thee evermoir
With sanges sweit unto thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sail I bow,
And sing that richt1 Balulalow!

1. right

As Dew in Aprille
Anonymous, c. 1400

I sing of a maiden that is makeles:1
King of all kings to her son she ches.2
He came al so stille, there his moder was,
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the grass.
He came al so stille to his moder's bour,
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the flour.3
He came al so stille, there his moder lay,
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the spray.
Moder and mayden was never none but she:
Well may such a lady Goddes moder be.

1. immaculate, 2. chose, 3. flower
This Little Babe
Robert Southwell (1561?–1595)

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 unarmed 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 pitched 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 tight; Stick to the tents that he hath pight.1

Interlude

In Freezing Winter Night
Robert Southwell
Marilynn Flood, soprano, Lisa Velapoldi, alto

Behold, a silly tender babe, in freezing winter night, In homely manger trembling lies, Alas, a piteous sight! The 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 are parcel of his pomp, The wooden dish his plate.

Spring Carol
William Cornish (d. 1523)
Judy Dean, soprano, Christie King, alto

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

Deo Gracias
Anonymous, 15th century

Adam lay ibounden,1 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,2

Recession

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

1. pitched
2. folk
1. bound, 2. took
3. must
Carols for Choir and Audience

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Hark! The herald angels sing: “Glory to the newborn king; Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!”
Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumph of the skies,
With th’angelic host proclaim: “Christ is born in Bethlehem.”
Hark! The herald angels sing: “Glory to the newborn king.”

Hail the heav’n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the son of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings, Ris’n with healing in his wings;
Mild he lays his glory by, Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth. Born to give them second birth,
Hark! The herald angels sing: “Glory to the new-born king.”

It Came upon the Midnight Clear

It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold:
“Peace on the earth, good will to men, from heav’n’s all-gracious king!”
The world in solemn stillness lay, to hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come, with peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heav’ly music floats o’er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains they bend on hov’ring wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds the blessed angels sing.

God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen

God rest you, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan’s pow’r when we were gone astray:
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy!

From God our heav’nly father a blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born the Son of God by name:
O tidings....

Now to the Lord sing praises, all you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas doth bring redeeming grace:
O tidings....

Intermission

Benjamin Britten

A Boy Was Born

(1932–1933)

Theme: A Boy Was Born

German, 16th century

A boy was born in Bethlehem;
Rejoice for that, Jerusalem!
Alleluya.
He let himself a servant be,
That all mankind he might set free:
Alleluya.

Variation I: Lullay, Jesu

Anonymous (before 1536)

Mine own dear mother, sing lullay!
Lullay, Jesu, lullay, lullay!
Mine own dear mother, sing lullay!
So blessed a sight it was to see,
How Mary rocked her Son so free;
So fair she rocked and sang “By-by.

Then praise the Word of God who came
To dwell within a human frame:
Alleluya.

Mine own dear Son, why weepest Thou thus?
Is not Thy father King of bliss?
Have I not done that in me is?
Your grievance, tell me what it is.”
“Therefore, mother, weep I nought,
But for the woe that shall be wrought
To me, ere I mankind have bought.
Ah, dear mother! Yet shall a spear
My heart in sunder all to-tear;
No wonder though I careful were.
Now, dear mother, sing lullay.

Variation II: Herod
Anonymous, 15th century

Noel!
Herod that was both wild and wode,
Full much he shed of Christian blood,
To slay the Child so meek of mood,
That Mary bare, that clean may.¹
Herod slew with pride and sin
Thousands of two year and within;
The body of Christ he thought to win
And to destroy the Christian fay.²

1. maid, 2. faith

Variation III: Jesu, as Thou Art Our Saviour
Anonymous, 15th century

Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, Jesu,
Save us all through Thy virtue.
Jesu, as Thou art our Saviour
That Thou save us fro dolour!
Jesu is mine paramour.

Blessed be Thy name, Jesu.
Jesu was born of a may,
Upon Christemas Day,
She was may befor and ay,
Blessed be Thy name, Jesu.

Variation IV: The Three Kings
Anonymous, 15th century

There came three kings fro Galilee
Into Bethlehem, that fair city,
To seek Him that should ever be
by right-a,
Lord and king and knight-a.
They took their leave, both old and ying,
Of Herod, that moody king;
They went forth with their offering
by light-a,

By the star that shone so bright-a.
Till they came into the place
Where Jesus and His mother was,
Offered they up with great solace
in fere-a¹

Gold, incense, and myrrh-a.
Forth then went these kinges three,
Till they came home to their country;
Glad and blithe they were all three
Of the sight that they had see
bydene-a.²

1. together, 2. together

Variation V: In the Bleak Midwinter; Lully, Lulley
Anonymous, 15th century

In the bleak midwinter
Christina G. Rossetti

In the bleak midwinter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;

Lully, lulley, lully, lulley
Anonymous, 15th century

Lully, lulley, lulley,
The falcon hath borne my make' away.
He bare him up, he bare him down,
He bare him into an orchard brown.
In that orchard there was an hall
That was hangèd with purple and pall.
And in that hall there was a bed,
It was hangèd with gold so red.

1. mate

In that bed there lieth a knight,
His woundes bleeding, day and night.
By that bedside kneeleth a may,
And she weepeth both night and day.
And by that bedside there standeth a stone,
Corpus Christi written thereon.
Variation VI (Finale): Noel! Wassail!; Get Ivy and Hull; Welcome Be Thou, Heaven-king; Glory to God on High

Noel! Wassail!
*Anonymous, 15th century*

Good day, good day,  
My Lord Sir Christemas, good day!  
Good day, Sir Christemas our King,  
For every man, both old and ying,  
Is glad of your coming.  
Good day.

Get Ivy and Hull
*Anonymous, 15th Century*

Get ivy and hull,1 woman, deck up thine house,  
And take this same brawn for to seethe and to souse;  
Provide us good cheer, for thou knowest the old guise,  
Old customs that good be, let no man despise.  
At Christmas be merry and thank God of all,  
And feast thy poor neighbours, the great and the small.

Yea, all the year long have an eye to the poor,  
And God shall send luck to keep open thy door.  
Good fruit and good plenty do well in thy loft,  
Then lay for an orchard and cherish it oft.  
The profit is mickle, the pleasure is much;  
At pleasure with profit few wise men will grutch.  
For plants and for stocks lay aforehand to cast,  
But set or remove them, while Twelve-tide do last.

1. holly

Welcome Be Thou, Heaven-king
*Anonymous, 15th century*

Welcome be Thou, heaven-king,  
Welcome born in one morning,  
Welcome for whom we shall sing  
Welcome Yule.

Welcome be ye that are here,  
Welcome all, and make good cheer,  
Welcome all another year!  
Welcome Yule.

Glory to God on High
*Francis Quarles (1592–1644)*

Glory to God on high, and jolly mirth  
'Twixt man and man, and peace on earth!

Wassail, Wassail!...  
Lully, lulley, lulley,...  
Noel! Noel!...  
Herod that was so wild and wode.  
Mine own dear mother...  
Jesu, Jesu!...  

This night a Child is born;  
This night a Son is given;  
This Son, this Child  
Hath reconciled  
Poor man that was forlorn,  
And the angry God of heaven.  
Hosanna, sing Hosanna!

Musicians

*Cantate Chamber Singers*, one of the Washington metropolitan area’s prime chamber ensembles, is dedicated to artistically exciting performances of distinctive choral music. In addition to maintaining high standards of musical excellence, the singers promote local talent through collaboration with other area artists and ensembles and creating educational outreach for both adults and students. The singers perform both a cappella and accompanied chamber choral works, spanning five centuries of repertoire. Their strong commitment to twentieth-century repertoire results in many commissions and premiere performances. Recent performances have included Beethoven’s *Ninth Symphony* with the Washington Chamber Symphony under Stephen Simon, concerts with the National Chamber Orchestra under Piotr Gajewski, and performances at the Kennedy Center, Epiphany Episcopal Church in Washington, and Christ Episcopal Church in La Plata, Maryland.