

**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**

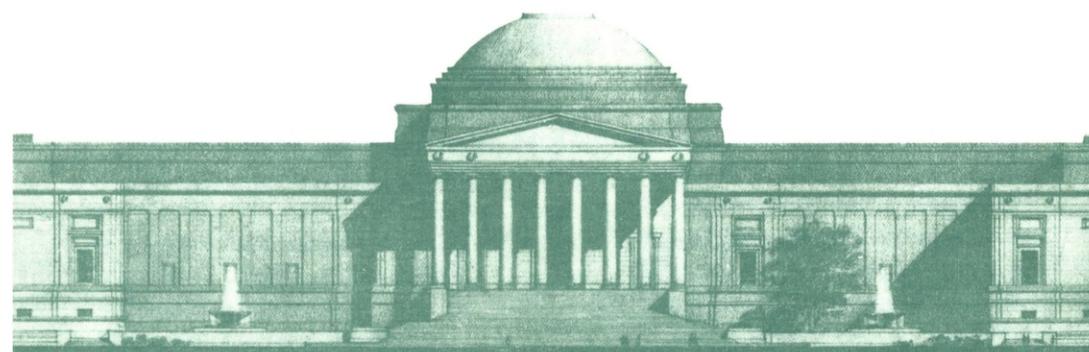
*The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.*

*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**  
**GISÈLE 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 hevenè king,  
Wolcum Yole!<sup>1</sup> Wolcum, born in one morning,  
Wolcum for whom we sall sing!  
Wolcum be ye, Stevne and Jon,  
Wolcum, Innocentes every one,  
Wolcum, Thomas marter one,  
Wolcum be ye good Newe Yere,  
Wolcum, Twelfthe Day both in fere,  
Wolcum seintes<sup>2</sup> lefe and dere,  
Wolcum Yole, wolcum!<sup>1</sup>  
Candelmesse, quene<sup>3</sup> 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 lite<sup>1</sup> 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 werldly  
mirth,  
And follow we this joyful birth.  
Transeamus.  
Alleluia, res miranda, pares forma,  
gaudeamus, transeamus.

### A Ceremony of Carols (1942)

#### That Yongë Child

*Anonymous, 14th century*  
John Wieking, *countertenor*

That yongë child when it gan<sup>1</sup> weep  
With song she lulled him asleep:  
That was so sweet a melody  
It passèd alle minstrelsy.  
The nightingalë 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 creddil<sup>1</sup> in my spreit,<sup>2</sup>  
And I sall rock thee to my hert,  
And never mair from thee depart.

1. cradle, 2. spirit

#### As Dew in Aprille

*Anonymous, c. 1400*

I sing of a maiden that is makèles:<sup>1</sup>  
King of all kings to her son she ches.<sup>2</sup>  
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.<sup>3</sup>  
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

Her song is hoarse and nought thereto:  
Whoso attendeth to her song  
And leaveth the first, then doth he  
wrong.

But I sall praise thee evermoir  
With sanges sweit unto thy gloir;  
The knees of my hert sall I bow,  
And sing that richt<sup>3</sup> Balulalow!

3. right

### **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 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.<sup>1</sup>  
Within his crib is surest ward;  
This little Babe will be thy guard.  
If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy,  
Then flit not from this heavenly Boy.

1. pitched

### **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.

The persons in that 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.

1. folk

### **Spring Carol**

*William Cornish (d. 1523)*

*Judy Dean, soprano, Christie King, alto*

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.

### **Deo Gracias**

*Anonymous, 15th century*

Adam lay ibounden,<sup>1</sup> 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,<sup>2</sup>

1. bound, 2. took

As clerkès finden written in their book.  
Deo gracias!  
Ne had the appil takè ben,  
Ne haddè never our lady a ben hevenè  
quene.  
Blessèd be the time that appil takè was.  
Therefore we moun<sup>3</sup> singen,  
Deo gracias!

3. must

### **Recession**

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

*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'nly 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.

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

Mine own dear Son, why weepst 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.<sup>1</sup>  
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.<sup>2</sup>

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.

**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.

And put away all heaviness;  
Into this world I took the way,  
Again to heav'n I shall me dress,  
Where joy is without end ay,  
Mine own dear mother, sing lullay!”  
Lullay, Jesu, lullay, lullay!  
Mine own dear mother, sing lullay!

Mary with Jesu forth yfraught,<sup>3</sup>  
As the angel her taught,  
To flee the land till it were sought,  
To Egypt she took her way.  
Now Jesu that didst die for us on the  
Rood,  
And didst christen innocents in their  
blood,  
By the prayer of Thy mother good,  
Bring us to bliss that lasteth ay.  
3. laden

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

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-a<sup>1</sup>

**Variation V: In the Bleak Midwinter; Lully, Lulley**

**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, lully, 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 hangēd with purple and pall.  
And in that hall there was a bed,  
It was hangēd with gold so red.

1. mate

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

1. together, 2. together

Snow had fallen, snow on snow,  
Snow on snow,  
In the bleak mid-winter  
Long ago.

In that bed there lieth a knight,  
His woundēs 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 Christēmas, good day!  
Good day, Sir Christēmas our King,  
For every man, both old and ying,  
Is glad of your coming.  
Good day.

Godēs Son so much of might  
From heaven to earth down is light  
And born is of a maid so bright.  
Good day.  
Noel! Our King! Hosanna!  
This night a Child is born.

**Get Ivy and Hull**

*Anonymous, 15th Century*

Get ivy and hull, ' 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, lully, 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!

Now, now that joyful day,  
That blessed hour is come,  
That was foretold  
In days of old,  
Wherein all nations may  
Bless, bless the virgin's womb.  
Hosanna, sing Hosanna!

Let heaven triumph above,  
Let earth rejoice below;  
Let heaven and earth  
Be filled with mirth,  
For peace and lasting love  
Atones your God and you.  
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.