



Camerata California

December 20, 2011 Holiday Soiree

Mary Anne James – soprano / alto voice, recorders
Ted Lorraine – baritone voice, bells, percussion
Mike Megas – recorders, percussion
Margee Wheeler – alto / tenor voice, recorder
Jennifer Randolph – soprano voice, recorder, guitar

- ❖ Nowell, out of your sleep arise Anonymous English carol, 15th cent.

- ❖ Der Wald hat sich entlaubet Anon., Lochaimer Liederbuch, 1450
- ❖ Entlaubet ist der Walde Ludwig Senfl, c.1492-1555

- ❖ Resonet in laudibus Jacob Handl (Jacobus Gallus), 1550-1591
- ❖ Sweet was the song the Virgin sang Anonymous, c. 1615 (This version edited by John Rutter)

- ❖ Dixit Maria Hans Leo Hassler, 1564 - 1612
- ❖ Angelus ad pastores ait Hans Leo Hassler

- ❖ J-08 Riu riu chiu Anonymous (Mateo Flecha?), c.1550
- ❖ A-22 Gloucester Wassail Traditional, arranged c.1864

Traditional song to celebrate the vigil of Christmas. The Anglo-Saxons (5th century) wished wes hal or wes ge hale, 'be whole or be ye well' toasting one's drinking companions with spiced ale.

Please join us in singing the final verse (we will let you know which one it is):

Wassail, Wassail, all over the town!
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown,
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree;
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

❖ Nowell, out of your sleep arise Anonymous English carol, 15th cent.

In England of the Middle Ages, a carol was a song in English or Latin with a refrain (burden) and several verses. These carols could be on any subject, though most were about the Virgin Mary or the Saints of Christmas, and some were even secular. The form stemmed from the French carole, a form of choreographed song that was popular in the 12th to 14th centuries.

'Nowell, out of your sleep' is a 15th-century processional carol that incorporates three polyphonic lines.

Out of your sleep arise and wake,
For God mankind hath now y-take.
All of a maid without any make;
Of all women she beareth the bell.
Nowell!

And through a maidè fair and wise,
Now man is made of full great price;
Now angels knelen to man's service,
And at this time all this befell.
Nowell!

❖ Der Wald hat sich entlaubet Anon., Lochaimer Liederbuch, 1450

Der Wald hat sich entlaubet
gen diesem Winter kalt,
mein Freud bin ich beraubet,
Gedanken machen mich alt.

The leaves have fallen, I feel cold and my
heart feels cold, because I miss my love.

❖ Entlaubet ist der Walde Ludwig Senfl, c.1492-1555

Entlaubet ist der Walde
gen diesem Winter kalt.
Beraubet werd ich balde,
mein Lieb, das macht mich alt.
Dass ich die Schön' muss meiden,
die mir gefallen tut,
bringt mir heimliches Leiden
und macht mir schweren Mut.
Was lässt du mir zur Letze
mein brauns schwarz Meidelein
das mich die Weil ergetze
so ich von dir muß sein?
Hoffnung muß mich ernähren
nach dir so wird ich krank
Thu bald herwieder kehren
die Zeit wird mir zu lang

The wood is stripped of leaves at the
approach of winter cold, and I shall soon be
robbed of my love,
which makes me moan.
That I must shun my sweetheart whom I
love causes me suffering and makes me
sad

Why do you leave me, my fair brown maid,
to give me joy while I must be away from
you?
Hope nourishes me, I languish for you.
Come back quickly, I find waiting
wearisome.

❖ Resonet in laudibus

Jacob Handl (Jacobus Gallus), 1550-1591

Resonet in laudibus,
cum jucundis plausibus.
Sion confidelibus
apparuit quem genuit Maria.
sunt impleta quæ prædixit Gabriel.
Eia, eia.
Virgo Deum genuit,
quod divina voluit clementia.
Hodie apparuit in Israel,
Ex Maria virgine est natus rex

Let praises ring out
and joyful acclaim:
the one whom Mary bore has appeared
to the faithful in Zion.
what Gabriel foretold has been fulfilled.
Eia, eia,
A virgin has given birth to God,
as He wished in His divine mercy.
This day appeared in Israel,
a king, born of the virgin Mary

❖ Sweet was the song the Virgin sang Anonymous, c. 1615

Sweet was the song the Virgin sang,
When she to Bethlehem Juda came
And was delivered of a Son,
That blessed Jesus hath to name:
'Lullaby, Lullaby, sweet Babe,' quoth she,
'My Son, and eke a Saviour born,
Who hath vouchsafèd from on high
To visit us that were forlorn.
Lulla, Lulla, Lullaby, sweet Babe,' sang she;
And sweetly rocked him on her knee
(eke = also)

❖ Dixit Maria

Hans Leo Hassler, 1564 – 1612

Dixit Maria ad angelum,
Ecce ancilla Domini
Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum

And Mary said unto the Angel,
'Behold the handmaid of the Lord;
Be it done according to thy word.'

❖ Angelus ad pastores ait

Hans Leo Hassler

Angelus ad pastores ait:
Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum,
quia natus est vobis hodie
salvator mundi.
Alleluia.

The angel said to the shepherds:
"I announce to you a great joy,
that today is born for you
the savior of the world."
Hallelujah.

❖ J-08 Riu riu chiu

Anonymous (Mateo Flecha?), c.1550

Riu, riu, chiu
La guarda rivera
Dios guarda el lobo
De nuestra cordera
El lobo rabioso la quiso morder
Mas Dios poderoso la supo defender
Quisole hacer que no pudiese pecar
Ni aun original la Virgen no tuviera
Este qu'es nacido es el gran monarca
Cristo patriarca de carne vestido
Hemos redimido con se hacer chiquito
Aunqu'era infinito, finito se hiciera
Muchas profecias lo han profetizado,
Y aun en nuestros dias lo hemos alcanzado.
A Dios humanado vemos en el suelo
Y al hombre nel cielo porqu'er le quisiera.
Riu, riu, chiu, etc.

Riu, riu, chiu (nightingale's sounds)
The river bank protects it,
As God kept the wolf from our lamb

The rabid wolf tried to bite her
But God Almighty knew how to defend her
He wished to create her impervious to sin
Nor was this maid to embody original sin
He who is born is a great monarch
Christ, our father, clothed in flesh
We have redemption from this tiny creation
Though infinite, finite he was made
(approximate - via an online translation)
Many prophets have prophesied it,
and in our days we have even sung it.
God made man we see on

❖ A-22 Gloucester Wassail

Traditional, arranged c.1864

Wassail, wassail all over the town
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.

So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek
Pray God send our master a good piece of
beef
And a good piece of beef that may we all see
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.

And here is to Fillpail and to her left ear,
Pray God send our master a happy New Year,
And a happy New Year as e'er he did see,
With our wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

Come butler, come fill us a bowl of the best
Then we hope that your soul in heaven may
rest
But if you do draw us a bowl of the small
Then down shall go butler, bowl and all.

And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye
pray God send our master a good Christmas
pie
a good Christmas pie that may we all see.
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee!

And here is to Colly and to her long tail
Pray God send our master he never may fail
A bowl of strong beer! I pray you draw near
And our jolly wassail it's then you shall hear.

Then here's to the maid in the lily white smock
Who tripped to the door and slipped back the
lock
Who tripped to the door and pulled back the
pin
For to let these jolly wassailers in.