School of Music
University of Washington

"Medieval Chant and Carols from Cornwall"

Friday, December 16, 2011  8:00 PM
Mary Gates Hall

COLLEGIUM MUSICUM
Directed by JoAnn Taricani

MADELINE  TARO  CÉCILE  JOCELYN
BERSAMINA, soprano  KOBAYASHI, guitar  LAURENCE, soprano  MCCURTAIN, alto

CD # 161359

PROGRAM

1. "Alleluia, natus est nobis," chant from the Third Mass for Christmas, 9th century
2. "Ave maris stella," Marian hymn, 9th century
3. "Dies salutis oritur," conductus, 12th century
4. "Virgo Dei genetrix," Marian hymn, 11th century
5. "Conditor alme siderum," Advent hymn, 4th century
7. "Culpe purgator," conductus, 12th century
8. "Ave regina celorum," Marian antiphon, 9th century
9. "Resurrexit libere," conductus, 12th century
10. "Festa dies agitur," conductus, 12th century

- PAUSE -

11. "The Annunciation" - a medieval liturgical drama, 12th-century France
- PAUSE -

12. "When Righteous Joesph Wedded Was," carol, Cornwall, 18th century
13. "Whilst Shepherds Watch’d their Flocks," carol, Cornwall, 18th century
14. "Tomorrow Shall Be My Dancing Day," carol, Cornwall, 18th century
15. "Pavane," by Luis de Milan (ca. 1500-1561)
16. "A Virgin Most Pure," carol, Cornwall, 18th century
17. "Let All that Are to Mirth Inclin’d," carol, Cornwall, 18th century
18. "Joseph was an Old Man" ("The Cherry Tree"), carol, Cornwall, 18th century

- PAUSE -


Please hold applause until the conclusion of each section, at the pauses.
The first section of the concert includes some of the earliest preserved chant, copied around 1000 AD, and often existing centuries earlier. This section also includes several examples of rhythmic conductus, composed for the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris in the late 12th century, music well suited to the open spaces of Mary Gates Hall.

The conductus are not strictly liturgical pieces, so we have added guitar accompaniment to some of them to emphasize the rhythm.

The liturgical drama “The Annunciation” is found in a late 12th-century manuscript known as the Fleury Playbook, copied for the Abbey at Saint Benoît sur-Loire (the Fleury Abbey), a Benedictine monastery in France, founded around 630 AD. The play is in the style of chant, and could have been performed liturgically, perhaps preceding a Mass related to the Christmas season.

The third section of the concert presents carols from 18th-century Cornwall, published in the early 1800s as a memory of childhood music from that region. Some are new to us, while others are still well-known today, such as “Tomorrow will be my Dancing Day.” We have added guitar accompaniment to several of the carols, along with a Pavane for a plucked string instrument by Luis de Milan.

Finally, we are closing the concert with a two-voice setting of “In dulci jubilo” by Michael Praetorius, who published numerous chorale settings in the Musae Sionae in the 17th century.

Translations

Alleluia (from a manuscript copied at the Abbey of Yrieix in Limoges, ca. 1025)

Alleluia.
Natus est nobis hodie parvulus filius que ex utero Mariae angelus ac voce ait ad pastores parvulus natus est vobis in terris et vocabitur nomen eius hemmanuel.

Alleluia.
Today is born to us a little son from the womb of Mary, and an angel’s voice said to the shepherds: “A little child is born on earth for you, and his name will be called Emmanuel.”

Alleluia.
Ave maris stella (Mariàn hymn from the Codex Sangallis, copied ca. 900 AD)

Ave maris stella,
Dei Mater alma,
Atque semper Virgo,
Felix cæli porta.

Sumens illud “Ave”
Gabrielis ore,
Fundá nos in pace,
Mutáns “Hvá” nomen.

Solve vincula reis,
Profer lumen cæcis:
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce.

Monstra te esse matrem:
Sumat per te preces,
Qui pro nobis natus,
Tulit esse tuus.

Virgo singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos,
Mites fac et castos.

Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum:
Ut videntes Iesum,
Semper collaetemur.

Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritui Sancto,
Tribus honor unus. Amen.

Hail, star of the sea
Blessed Mother of God,
And always a virgin,
Happy gate of heaven.

Taking that sweet “Ave”
From the mouth of Gabriel,
Confirm us in peace,
Reversing the name of “Eva” into “Ave”.

Break the captives’ chains,
Pour light on blindness,
Expel all our evils,
Implore all blessings.

Show yourself as a Mother;
May the word divine,
Born for us in your infant,
Hear our prayers through yours.

O singular virgin,
Of all, the most mild,
Free from original sin, preserve us,
Pure and undefiled.

Keep our life spotless,
Make our way secure,
So that when we see Jesus,
We may always rejoice.

Let there be praise to God the Father,
And honor to His Son,
And to the Holy Spirit,
The one glory in three. Amen.

Dies salutis oritur (Conductus, 12th-century Paris)

Dies salutis oritur,
In lingo vita moritur,
Dies salutis oritur,
Et culpe nox deletur;
In lingo vita moritur,
Ut morti dominetur.

Adam secunduns patitur,
In lingo vita moritur,
Adam secunduns patitur,
Ut primus suscitetur.
In lingo vita moritur,
Ut morti dominetur.

The day of salvation is arisen,
Life dies on the tree,
The day of salvation is arisen,
And the night of sin is destroyed;
Life dies on the tree,
That death might be conquered.

A second Adam suffers,
Life dies on the tree,
A second Adam suffers,
That the first may be raised up.
Life dies on the tree,
That death might be conquered.

[END OF TEXT]
Virgo Dei Genitrix (Marian hymn, composed ca. 1290)

Virgo Dei Genitrix,  
quam totus non capit orbis:  
In tua se clausit viscera  
factus homo.

Vera fides Geniti  
purgavit crimina mundi,  
Et tibi virginitas  
inviolata manet.

Te matrem pietatis,  
opem te clamitat orbis:  
Subvenias famulis,  
O benedicta, tuis.

Gloria magna Patri,  
compar sit gloria Nato,  
Spiritui Sancto  
gloria magna Deo.  
Amen.

O Virgin Mother of God,  
he whom the whole world does not contain,  
Enclosed himself in your womb,  
being made man.

True faith in your begotten Son  
has cast out the sins of the world,  
And for you virginity  
remains inviolate.

You are the mother of pious love,  
to whose power the world cries out:  
Come in aid of your servants,  
O blessed one.

Great glory be to the Father,  
equal glory to the Son,  
Great glory to God  
the Holy Spirit.  
Amen.

Conditor alme siderum (Advent hymn, copied in 1147 at a monastery in Citeaux)

Conditor alme siderum,  
æterna lux credentium,  
Christe, redemptor omnium,  
exaudi voces supplicum.

Qui condolens interitu  
mortis perire saeculum,  
salvasti mundi languidum,  
donans reis remedium.

Vergente mundi vespere,  
uti sponsus de thalamo,  
egressus honestissima  
virginis matris clausula.

Cujus forti potentiae  
genu curvantur omnia;  
caelestia, terrestria  
nuti fatentur subdita.

Te, Sancte, fide quaesumus,  
venture judex saeculi,  
conserva nos in tempore  
hostis a telo perfidi.

Virtus, honor, laus, gloria  
Deo Patri cum Filio,  
sancto simul paraclito,  
in saeculorum sæcula. Amen.

Generous creator of the stars,  
everlasting light of believers,  
Christ, redeemer of us all,  
hear now our prayers.

You, who, mourning that our world  
Would perish in the finality of death,  
you have saved the weary world,  
helping those in despair.

As the world turned to evening,  
like a bridegroom from his chamber  
you came forth from the most pure  
cloister of the virgin mother.

Before your mighty power  
all creatures kneel down -  
in heaven and on earth,  
all accept your command.

So we pray, holy judge  
of all the world to come,  
that you will keep us safe  
when we face the armed enemy.

Might, honor, praise, and glory  
be to God the Father, the Son  
and the holy comforter,  
for all eternity. Amen.
Alma Redemptoris Mater (Marian antiphon, composed ca. 1050 A.D.)

Alma Redemptoris Mater,
quae pervia caeli
porta manes,
et stella maris,
succurre cadenti,
sugere qui currat, populo:
tu quae genuisti natura mirante,
tuum sanctum Genitorem
virgo prius ac posterius,
Gabrielis ab ore sumens illud
Ave, peccatorum miserere.

Loving mother of the Redeemer,
who is the pathway to heaven,
gate of the morning,
and star of the sea,
assist the fallen,
you who cures, lift up the people:
you who bore, to nature's surprise,
your holy Creator,
virgin before and after,
who heard from Gabriel that joyful greeting.
“Ave,” have mercy on us sinners.

Culpe purgator veteris (Conductus, 12th-century Paris)

Culpe purgator veteris,
*Christus redit ab inferis;*
Quos filii redemit passio,
*Letificat nos resurrectio!*

He who purges old sins,
*Christ, returns from the dead;*
To us whom the Son’s passion redeems,
*Let the resurrection begin!*

Auctor humani generis
*Christus redit ab inferis;*
Nec propio pepercit filio,
*Letificat nos resurrectio!*

The author of the human race
*Christ, returns from the dead;*
Did not spare his only son,
*Let the resurrection begin!*

Qui crucem tulit humeris,
*Christus redit ab inferis;*
Nos sanguine mundavit propio,
*Letificat nos resurrectio!*

He who bore the cross on his shoulders,
*Christ, returns from the dead;*
Washed us in his own blood.
*Let the resurrection begin!*

Prostrato rege sceleris,
*Christus redit ab inferis;*
Nos a mortis solvit imperio,
*Letificat nos resurrectio!*

With the prince of evil cast down,
*Christ, returns from the dead;*
He sets us free from the domination of death.
*Let the resurrection begin!*

Egressum pandens miseris,
*Christus redit ab inferis;*
Revertitur victor de prelio,
*Letificat nos resurrectio!*

Opening a way to the wretched,
*Christ, returns from the dead;*
The victor returns from the battle.
*Let the resurrection begin!*

Ave, Regina cælorum (Marian antiphon)

Ave, Regina cælorum,
Ave, Domina angelorum,
Salve radix, salve porta,
ex qua mundo lux est orta.

Gau de, Virgo gloriosa,
Super omnes speciosa;
Vale, o valde decora,
et pro nobis Christum exora.

Hail, Queen of the heavens,
Hail, Lady of the angels,
Hail, root [of Jesse], hail gate [of heaven],
from whom light has come into the world.

Rejoice, glorious Virgin,
Above all most beautiful;
Hail, O most highly honored,
and entreat Christ for us.  

[END OF TEXT]
**Resurrexit libere** *(Conductus, 12th-century Paris)*

Resurrexit libere  
Filius puerperae;  
*Die tertia, Eya! Gaudeat ecclesia nova colens sollemnia.*  

He has risen spontaneously,  
The Son born of a woman:  
*On the third day, Eya! Let the church rejoice,*  
*Observing these new solemnities.*

Nos volens redimere  
Ab inferni carcerem  
*Die tertia, Eya! Gaudeat ecclesia nova colens sollemnia.*  

He wishes to redeem us  
From the prison of hell:  
*On the third day, Eya! Let the church rejoice,*  
*Observing these new solemnities.*

Festina iam credere,  
Iudee gens misere,  
*Die tertia, Eya! Gaudeat ecclesia nova colens sollemnia.*  

Make haste to believe,  
Unhappy people of Judah:  
*On the third day, Eya! Let the church rejoice,*  
*Observing these new solemnities.*

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**Festa dies agitur** *(Conductus, 12th-century Paris)*

Festa dies agitur,  
*Mundo salus redditor,*  
In qua sol exoritur,  
*Qui mundum replete lumine: Mundo salus redditor,*  
*Christo nato de virgine.*

The festive day is celebrated,  
*Salvation is given back to the world,*  
In which the sun is arisen,  
*Which fills the world with light,*  
*Salvation is given back to the world,*  
*Christ is born of a virgin.*

Gaudeamus igitur,  
*Mundo salus redditor,*  
In sole qui dicitur,  
*Verus Deus in homine: Mundo salus redditor,*  
*Christo nato de virgine.*

Therefore let us rejoice,  
*Salvation is given back to the world,*  
In the sun, which is said to be  
True God in man:  
*Salvation is given back to the world,*  
*Christ is born of a virgin.*

O quam deUx creditor,  
*Mundo salus redditor,*  
Mater, ad quam mittitur,  
*Vox de celorum culmine: Mundo salus redditor,*  
*Christo nato de virgine.*

O happy is one who trusts,  
*Salvation is given back to the world,*  
Mother, to whom is sent,  
The voice from the loftiness of heaven:  
*Salvation is given back to the world,*  
*Christ is born of a virgin.*

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— **PAUSE (one minute)** —
"The Annunciation" – a medieval liturgical drama (12th-century France)

Gabriel: Cécile Laurence  
Mary: Madeline Bersamina  
Elizabeth: Jocelyn McCurtain

Introduction – the prophecy:

Behold, a virgin will conceive and will bear a son,  
And his name will be called Emmanuel.

The angel Gabriel:

Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you.  
Blessed are you among women.  
Do not be afraid, Mary,  
You have found favor with the Lord.  
Behold, you will conceive in your womb and  
will bear a son,  
And his name will be called Jesus.  
This will be great, and he will be called  
the son of the highest.  
And God will give to him the throne of  
David, his ancestor,  
And he will reign in the house of Jacob forever.  
And his reign will have no end.

Mary:

How can this be, Angel of God?  
I have not allowed a man to impregnate me.

The angel Gabriel:

Listen, Mary, virgin of Christ,  
The Holy Spirit shall come into you,  
And the power of the highest will overshadow you.  
And therefore what is born from you will be holy,  
Will be called the son of God.  
And behold Elizabeth, your cousin,  
And she herself will conceive a son in her old age,  
And this is her sixth month,  
she who had been called sterile, for  
Nothing is impossible with God,  
in all truth.

[Mary travels to visit her cousin Elizabeth]
Elizabeth:

Salve, cara, Deo grata,
Te saluto, sis beata.
Tecum sitque Dominus.

Benedicta tu in mulieribus,
Et benedictus fructus ventris tua,
Et unde de hoc mihi
Ut veniat mater Domine mei ad me?

Ecce enim ut facta est,
vox salutationis tuae in:
auribus meis,
Exultavit in gaudio
infans in utero meo.
Et beata es que credidisti,
quoniam perfidientur ea,
que dixta sunt tibi a Domino.

Mary:

Magnificat anima mea Dominum.

My soul magnifies the Lord.

Et exultavit spiritus meus
in Deo salutari meo.

And my spirit has rejoiced
in God my savior.

Quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae:
ecce enim ex hoc beatam me
dicent omnes generationes.

For he has regarded the humility of his handmaid:
behold, henceforth
all generations shall call me blessed.

Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est:
et sanctum nomen ejus.

For he that is mighty has done great things to me:
and holy is his name.

Et misericordia ejus a progenie
in progenies timentibus eum.

And his mercy is from generation
unto generations, to them that fear him.

Fecit potentiam in brachio suo
dispersit superbos mente cordis sui.

He has shown might in his arm:
has scattered the proud in their heart's conceit.

Deposuit potentes de sede,
et exaltavit humiles.

He has put down the mighty from their seat
and has exalted the humble.

Esurientes implevit bonis:
et divites dimisit inanes.

He has filled the hungry with good things:
and has sent away the rich he empty.

Suscepit Israel puerum suum,
recordatus misericordiae suae.

He has received Israel his servant,
being mindful of his mercy.

Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros
Abraham et semini eius in saecula.

As he spoke to our fathers:
to Abraham and to his seed for ever.

Gloria Patri, et Filio,
et Spiritui Sancto.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost.

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper,
et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

As it was in the beginning, is now,
and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.
Carols from 18th-century Cornwall

When Righteous Joseph Wedded Was

When righteous Joseph wedded was
To Israel’s Hebrew maid,
The Angel Gabriel came from Heav’n,
And to the Virgin said:
Hail, blessed Mary, full of grace,
The Lord remain on thee;
Thou shalt conceive and bear a Son,
Our Saviour for to be.

Chorus.
Then sing you all, both great and small,
Now well, now well, now well;
We may rejoice to hear the voice
Of the Angel Gabriel.

’Tis wondrous strange, said Mary then,
I should conceive and breed,
Being never touched by mortal man,
But pure in word and deed.
The Angel Gabriel thus replied,
’Tis not the work of man,
But as the Lord in Heav’n decreed,
Before the world began.

Chorus.
Then sing you all, both great and small,
Now well, now well, now well;
We may rejoice to hear the voice
Of the Angel Gabriel.

Then Joseph he to shun the shame,
Thought her for to forsake,
But then God’s Angel in a dream
His mind did undertake.
Fear not, just Joseph, this thy wife
Is still a spotless maid;
And not consent of sin, said he,
Against her can be laid.

Chorus.
Then sing you all, both great and small,
Now well, now well, now well;
We may rejoice to hear the voice
Of the Angel Gabriel.

Whilst Shepherds Watch’d their Flocks

Whilst Shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone all around.
"Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

“To you in David’s town this day
Is born of David’s line
A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin and never cease.”

Medieval Bestiary, Kongelige Bibliotek, Gl. kgl. S. 1633
Tomorrow Shall Be My Dancing Day

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day;
I would my true love did so chance
To see the legend of my play,
To call my true love to my dance;

Chorus
Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love,
my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

Then was I born of a virgin pure,
Of her I took fleshly substance
Thus was I knit to man's nature
To call my true love to my dance.

Chorus
Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love,
my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

Pavane, by Luis de Milan

A Virgin Most Fair

A virgin most pure, as the Prophets do tell,
Hath brought forth a baby, as it hath befell,
To be our Redeemer from death, hell and sin,
Which Adam's transgression had wrapped us in.

Refrain
Aye, and therefore be you merry,
Rejoice and be merry,
Set sorrow aside;
Christ Jesus was born on this tide.

But, when they had entered the city so fair
A number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could get at the Inn there no lodging at all.

Refrain
Aye, and therefore be you merry,
Rejoice and be merry,
Set sorrow aside;
Christ Jesus was born on this tide.

Then were they constrained in a stable to lye,
Where horses and asses they us'd for to tie;
Their lodging so simple they held it no scorn,
But against the next morning Christ Jesus was born.

Refrain
Aye, and therefore be you merry,
Rejoice and be merry,
Set sorrow aside;
Christ Jesus was born on this tide.

Then God sent an Angel from Heaven so high,
To certain poor Shepherds in fields where they lye,
And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that Christ Jesus was born on this day.

Refrain
Aye, and therefore be you merry,
Rejoice and be merry,
Set sorrow aside;
Christ Jesus was born on this tide.
Let All that are to Mirth Inclin'd

Let all that are to mirth inclin'd,
Consider well, and bear in mind,
What our good God for us has done,
In sending his beloved Son.

Chorus
For to redeem our souls from thrall,
Was Jesus Christ born to us all.

The twenty-fifty day of December
We have good cause for to remember:
In Bethlehem upon that morn,
There was the bless'd Messiah born.

Chorus
For to redeem our souls from thrall,
Was Jesus Christ born to us all.

Joseph Was an Old Man ("The Cherry Tree")

Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he,
When he wedded Mary
In the land of Galilee.

Joseph and Mary walked
Through an orchard green,
Where were all the cherries
As thick as might be seen.

O then bespoke Mary,
So meek and so mild,
Pluck me one cherry, Joseph,
For I am with child.

O then bespoke Joseph
With words most unkind,
Let him pluck thee a cherry
That brought thee with child.

O then bespoke the Babe
Within his Mother's womb—
Bow down then the tallest tree
For my Mother to have some.

Then bowed down the highest tree
Unto his Mother's hand:
Then she cried. See, Joseph,
I have cherries at command!

Near Bethlehem some Shepherds keep
Their flocks and herds of feeding sheep;
To whom God's Angel did appear,
Which put the shepherds in great fear.

Chorus
For to redeem our souls from thrall,
Was Jesus Christ born to us all.

O then bespoke Joseph,
I have done Mary wrong,
But cheer up, my dearest,
And be not cast down.

Then Mary took her Babe
And sat him on her knee,
Saying, My dear Son, tell me
What this world will be.

O, I shall be as dead, Mother,
As the stones in the wall;
O, the stones in the streets, Mother.
Shall mourn for me all.

Upon Easter-day, Mother,
My uprising shall be;
O, the sun and the moon, Mother,
Shall both rise with me.

Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he,
When he wedded Mary
In the land of Galilee.

—PAUSE—
**In dulci jubilo** *(16th-century chorale tune, set by Michael Praetorius)*

In dulci jubilo, nun singet und seid froh.
Unsers Herzen Wonne leit in præsepio,
Leuchtet als die Sonne,
matris in gremio
Alpha es et O!

O Jesu parvule, nach dir ist mir so weh
Tröst mir mein Gemüte
O puer optime,durch alle deine Güte
O princeps gloriae
Trahe me post te.

In sweet jubilation, now sing and be joyful.
Our heart’s delight lies in a manger
And shines like the sun
in his mother’s lap.
He is the Alpha and Omega!

O little Jesus, I always yearn for you,
Comfort me and stay with me,
O best of boys, through your great goodness,
O prince of glory,
Draw me closer to you.

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**MOSAIC OF THE MAGI, BASILICA DI SANT'APOLLINARE NUOVO, RAVENNA, ITALY (CA. 430 AD)**