

# CLERESTORY

“Eight distinctive voices blending in a gorgeous

## *Ceremony of Carols*

*A concert of Britten, Distler, Poulenc,  
and other familiar carols of the season*

Saturday, December 13 - 8:00 pm

St. Mark's Lutheran Church

1111 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

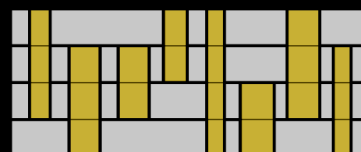
Sunday, December 14 - 7:00 pm

First Congregational Church

2345 Channing Way, Berkeley

Tickets: \$17 advance, \$20 general admission, \$10 student/senior (door only)

Listen, learn more, join our email list, and buy tickets at  
[www.clerestory.org](http://www.clerestory.org)



## *A message from Clerestory . . .*

Greetings and happy holidays!

We are pleased to welcome you to our first-ever concerts in the heart of the Christmas season. As all of us who have sung and heard so many concerts during Christmastime know, in the midst of a busy time there is a hopeful stillness and a quiet joy that only voices can bring.

This evening's program is a journey among the Christmas traditions of France, Germany, and England. Each country is represented by a seasonal work by a significant 20th-century composer – Francis Poulenc, Hugo Distler, and Benjamin Britten, respectively – as well as some traditional carols from the region. Britten's *A Ceremony of Carols* -- after which our program is named – is the most noteworthy in that our performance is a new version for tenor and bass voices, and also that it marks Clerestory's first instrumental collaboration. We are pleased to welcome Doug Rioth, principal harpist for the San Francisco Symphony, into our fold for this much-loved setting of medieval Christmas texts.

This weekend, Clerestory observes another milestone in the release of our first, self-titled CD. This disc is a compilation of the best of our live performances from our first two seasons. With thanks to Clerestory singer John Bischoff, who also serves as our recording engineer, and to our graphic design wizard Tim Warner (at clerestory.com), we can now offer the opportunity to take our music home with you when the concert ends. Of course, our current season (including, soon, this concert) will continue to be available for online listening as well. We might add that our \$10 CDs, particularly the slim eco-design we chose from our friends at Oasis, fit neatly into stockings.

We would be remiss not to mention that Clerestory is only able to provide these affordable concerts and recordings because of the philanthropic support of our audience. During this season of giving, please consider what it means to you to have music of this caliber – made by members of your own community -- available in your town and at your fingertips. Please see the envelope tucked into this program, and know that with donations of \$50 or more, we'd be happy to give you a CD.

Thanks again for joining us this evening, and until we see you at our next concerts on March 7 in Berkeley and March 8 in San Francisco, have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!

*The Men of Clerestory*

### Spring 2009 Clerestory Concerts:

#### ***Spring Concerts***

Saturday, March 7, 8:00 p.m.  
St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Berkeley

Sunday, March 8, 5:00 p.m.  
St. Mark's Lutheran Church, San Francisco

#### ***Special Collaboration Concerts***

Friday, May 15, 8:00 p.m.  
Berkeley (venue TBA)

Saturday, May 16, 8:00 p.m.  
Pacific Cultural Center, Santa Cruz

Sunday, May 17, 5:00 p.m.  
St. Mark's Lutheran Church, San Francisco

# Program

## Three Traditional French Carols

*Quelle Est Cette Odeur Agréable?*

*Il Est Né Le Divin Enfant*

*Un Flambeau, Jeannette, Isabelle!*

arr. David Willcocks

arr. Andrew Parrott

arr. David Willcocks

## From *Un Soir De Neige*

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

*De Grandes Cuillers de Neige*

*La Bonne Neige*

*La Nuit Le Froid La Solitude*

## From *Die Weihnachtsgeschichte*

Hugo Distler (1908-1942)

*Es ist ein Ros entsprungen*

*Das Röslein, das ich meine*

*Meine Seele erhebt Gott den Herren*

*Das Blümelein so kleine*

*Die hirten zu der Stunden*

*Lob, Ehr sei Gott dem Vater*

*So singen wir all Amen*

## Three Traditional German Carols

*Drei Könige*

*O Tannenbaum*

*In Dulci Jubilo*

Peter Cornelius, arr. Ivor Atkins

arr. Hugh Keyte and Naji Hakim

arr. R.L. Pearsall

## Intermission

### *A Ceremony of Carols*

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

1. Procession
2. Wolcum Yole!
3. There is no Rose
4. That yongë child
5. Balulalow
6. As dew in Aprille
7. This little Babe
8. Interlude
9. In Freezing Winter Night
10. Spring Carol
11. Deo Gracias
12. Recession

with Doug Rioth, harp

## Four British Carols

*King Herod and the Cock*

*What Child Is This? (Greensleeves)*

*The First Nowell*

*What Cheer?*

William Walton

arr. David Willcocks

arr. David Willcocks

William Walton

## Texts and Translations

**Quelle est cette odeur agréable,**  
bergers, qui ravit tous nos sens?  
S'exhale t'il rien de semblable  
au milieu des fleurs du printemps?  
Quelle est cette odeur agréable  
bergers, qui ravit tous nos sens?

A Bethléem, dans une crèche  
Il vient de vous naitre-un Sauveur  
allons, que rien ne vous empêche  
D'adorer votre redempteur  
A Bethléem, dans une crèche,  
Il vient de vous naitre-un Sauveur.

Dieu tout puissant, gloire éternelle  
vous soit rendue jus-qu'aux cieux.  
Que la paix soit universelle  
que la grace a bonde en tous lieux.  
Dieu tout puissant, gloire éternelle  
vous soit rendue jus-qu'aux cieux

### **Un flambeau, Jeannette, Isabelle**

Un flambeau, courons au berceau.  
C'est Jésus, bonnes gens du hameau,  
Le Christ est né, Marie appelle  
Ah! Ah! Ah! que la mère est belle  
Ah! Ah! Ah! que l'Enfant est beau.

C'est un tort quand l'Enfant sommeille  
C'est un tort de crier si fort.  
Taisez-vous l'un et l'autre d'abord,  
Au moindre bruit Jésus s'éveille  
Chut! Chut! Chut! Il dort à merveille  
Chut! Chut! Chut! voyez comme Il dort.

Doucement, dans l'étable close,  
Doucelement, venez un moment!  
Approchez! Que Jésus est charmant,  
Comme Il est blanc, comme Il est rose  
Do! Do! Do! Que l'Enfant repose  
Do! Do! Do! Qu'il rit en dormant.

### **Il est ne, le divin Enfant,**

Jouez, hautbois, résonnez, musettes;  
Il est ne, le divin Enfant;  
Chantons tous son avènement!

Depuis plus de quatre mille ans,  
Nous le promettaient les Prophetes;  
Depuis plus de quatre mille ans,  
Nous attendions cet heureux temps.

Ah! qu'il est beau, qu'il est charmant,  
Que ses graces sont parfaites!  
Ah! qu'il est beau, qu'il est charmant,  
Qu'il est doux le divin Enfant! *Chorus*

Une etable est son logement,  
Un peu de paille, sa couchette,  
Une etable est son logement,  
Pour un Dieu, quel abaissement!

O Jesus! O Roi tout puissant!  
Tout petit enfant que vous etes,  
O Jesus! O Roi tout puissant!  
Regnez sur nous entierement! *Chorus*

Whence is the goodly fragrance flowing,  
Stealing our senses all away,  
never the like did come a-blowing,  
Shepherds, in flow'ry fields of May,  
Whence is that goodly fragrance flowing,  
Stealing our senses all away.

Bethlehem! there in manger lying,  
Find your Redeemer haste away,  
Run ye with eager footsteps vieing!  
Worship the Saviour born today.  
Bethlehem! there in manger lying,  
Find your Redeemer haste away.

Almighty God, eternal glory  
shall you return to the heavens.  
May peace be universal  
May grace abound everywhere.  
Almighty God, eternal glory  
shall you return to the heavens.

Bring a torch, Jeanette, Isabella  
Bring a torch, to the cradle run!  
It is Jesus, good folk of the village;  
Christ is born and Mary's calling;  
Ah! ah! beautiful is the Mother  
Ah! ah! beautiful is her Son!

It is wrong when the Child is sleeping  
It is wrong to talk so loud;  
Silence, all, as you gather around.  
Lest your noise should waken Jesus.  
Hush! hush! see how fast He slumbers!  
Hush! hush! see how fast He sleeps!

Softly to the little stable.  
Softly for a moment come;  
Look and see how charming is Jesus  
How He is white, His cheeks are rosy!  
Hush! hush! see how the Child is sleeping;  
Hush! hush! see how He smiles in his dreams.

He is born, the divine Christ child.  
Play on the oboe and bagpipes merrily.  
He is born, the divine Christ child.  
Sing we all of the Savior's birth

Through long ages of the past,  
Prophets have foretold his coming;  
Through long ages of the past,  
Now the time has come at last.

Oh, how lovely, oh, how pure.  
Is this perfect child of heaven.  
Oh, how lovely, oh, how pure,  
Gracious gift of God, to man. *Chorus*

A stable is his lodging,  
A bit of straw his bed,  
A stable is his lodging,  
How humble for the Lord!

Jesus, Lord of all the world,  
Coming as a child among us,  
Jesus, Lord of all the world,  
Grant to us Thy heav'nly peace. *Chorus*



**Un soir de neige ('Night of Snow') – Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)**

The music Poulenc wrote for voice is generally considered to be his best work. Although he had scant formal musical training, Poulenc's knack for writing lyrical melodies and tightly expressive songs brought him great acclaim. As a member of the innovative cabal of young composers 'Les Six,' Poulenc aimed to establish a new anti-Romantic style of French music that borrowed from popular idioms like jazz and drew inspiration from everyday life. In the 1930s a personal tragedy led Poulenc to rediscover his Catholic faith and concentrate on writing sacred music. Still, his compositions retained a directness and even a pertness, leading one critic to label him 'half bad boy, half monk.'

When writing vocal music, Poulenc frequently turned to the poetry of his friend Paul Éluard, one of the founders of the surrealist movement. Eluard's poems juxtapose images of serene beauty with brutal, sometimes absurd depictions of reality. This aesthetic must have appealed to Poulenc, who always enjoyed mixing the sacred and profane. Eluard fought as a partisan in the French underground resistance during the Second World War. Several of his wartime poems form the basis of the a cappella choral cantata *Figure humaine* (1943), one of Poulenc's landmark works.

Poulenc wrote the chamber cantata *Un soir de neige* between December 24-26, 1944. The pieces depict both the serene beauty of mid-winter and the threat of imminent death brought on by cold, hunger and solitude.

**De grandes cuillers de neige**

Ramassent nos pieds glacés  
Et d'une dure parole  
Nous heurtons l'hiver têtue  
Chaque arbre a sa place en l'air  
Chaque roc son poids sur terre  
Chaque ruisseau son eau vive  
Nous nous n'avons pas de feu

Our freezing feet collect  
Great lumps of snow  
And with deep groans  
We confront the onset of winter  
Each tree has its place in the air  
Each rock its place on the earth  
Each stream its flowing water  
We have no fire

**La bonne neige le ciel noir**

Les branches mortes la détresse  
De la forêt pleine de pièges  
Honte à la bête pourchassée  
La fuite en flèche dans le cœur  
Les traces d'une proie atroce  
Hardi au loup et c'est toujours  
Le plus beau loup et c'est toujours  
Le dernier vivant que menace  
La masse absolue de la mort

The beautiful snow, the black sky  
The dead branches, the pain  
Of the forest full of traps  
Disgrace to the hunted creature  
Fleeing as an arrow in the heart  
The tracks of a cruel hunt  
Courage to the wolf which is always  
The finest wolf and is always  
The last survivor threatened by  
The inevitable burden of death

**La nuit le froid la solitude**

On m'enferma soigneusement  
Mais les branches cherchaient leur voie dans la prison  
Autour de moi l'herbe trouva le ciel  
On verrouilla le ciel  
Ma prison s'écroula  
Le froid vivant le froid brûlant m'eut bien en main

The night the cold the loneliness  
I was locked in carefully  
But the branches sought their way into the prison  
Around me grass found the sky  
The sky was bolted  
My prison crumbled  
The living cold the burning cold had me in its grip

PAUL ELUARD (1895–1952)



A number of interesting parallels exist between Hugo Distler and his two contemporaries, Benjamin Britten and Francis Poulenc, featured prominently in tonight's program. Like Britten in particular (whose *War Requiem* is among his masterpieces), Distler was profoundly affected by World War II -- albeit, as a German, from the other side. Indeed, Distler ultimately took his own life at the age of 34 as a result of the psychological exhaustion of Allied bombings, from fear of being drafted into the German army, and from the frustration of having his own music labeled by the Nazis as "degenerate art" for its religious themes and melismatic lines. Like Poulenc, Distler was deeply religious for most of his life, and he was conflicted about (and persecuted for) incorporating his faith into his music. The musical styles of all three men frequently combine, in an anachronistically successful way, modern, modal harmonies and ancient, austere themes and texts. (The similarities between the composers ends with their sexuality: Britten and Poulenc were famously among the first openly gay composers, and in fact Poulenc was bisexual; Distler was married with children.)

What we refer to in the program as Distler's "Es Ist Ein Ros' Entsprungen" suite of variations is actually excerpts from his larger Christmas cantata, *Die Weihnachtsgeschichte* ("The Christmas Story"). The full cantata combines these choral variations on the well-known "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming" carol with other choral movements and an extended set of plainchant-style "recitative" narration. The seven "Es Ist Ein Ros' Entsprungen" variations range from four to eight vocal parts and span a wide range of tempos, styles, and affects in the telling of the nativity tale.

Es ist ein Ros' entsprungen, aus einer Wurzel zart,  
Wie uns die Alten sungen, von Jesse kam die Art,  
Und hat ein Blümlein bracht mitten im kalten Winter  
Wohl zu der halben Nacht.

Das Röslein, das ich meine, davon Jesaias sagt,  
Ist Maria die Reine uns das Blümlein bracht.  
Aus Gottes ew'gen Rat hat sie ein Kind geboren  
Und blieb ein' reine Magd.

Maria: Meine Seele erhebt Gott, den Herren,  
und mein Geist freut sich Gottes, meines Heilands,  
denn er hat die Niedrigkeit seiner Magd angesehen.  
Siehe von nun an werden mich preisen alle Kindeskind,  
denn er hat große Dinge an mir getan,  
der da mächtig ist, und des Name heilig ist.  
Seine Barmherzigkeit währet immer, für und für,  
bei denen, die ihn fürchten.

Wir bitten dich von Herzen, Du edle Königin,  
Bei deines Sohnes Schmerzen, Wenn wir einst fahren hin  
Aus diesem Jammerthal; Du wollest uns geleiten  
bis in der Engel Saal.

Das Blümlein, so kleine, das duftet uns so süß,  
Mit seinem hellen Scheine vertreibt's die Finsternis.  
Wahr' Mensch und wahrer Gott, hilft uns aus allen Leiden,  
Rettet von Sünd' und Tod.

Die Hirten zu der Stunden machten sich auf die Fahrt;  
das Kindlein sie bald funden mit seiner Mutter zart.  
Die Engel sangen schon, sie lobten Gott, den Herren,  
in seinem höchsten Thron.

Lob, Ehr' sei Gott dem Vater, dem Sohn und heiligen Geist.  
Maria, Gottes Mutter, dein Hilf' an uns beweis,  
und bitt' dein liebes Kind, daß es uns woll' behüten,  
verzeihen unser Sünd.

So singen wir all' Amen, das heißt: nun werd' es wahr,  
was wir begeh'r'n all'samen. O Jesu, hilf uns dar  
in deines Vaters Reich, d'rin wollen wir dich loben.  
O Gott, uns das verleih!

Lo, how a Rose has sprung up from a tender stem,  
Of Jesse's lineage coming, as men of old have sung.  
It came, a floweret bright, amid the cold of winter,  
When half spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it, the Rose I have in mind;  
With Mary we behold it, the virgin mother kind.  
To show God's love aright, she bore to men a Savior,  
When half spent was the night.

Mary: My soul praises God, the Lord  
and my soul rejoices in God, my savior,  
for he has seen the lowliness of his handmaiden.  
From now on, all children of children will praise me,  
for he has done great things through me  
who is mighty, and whose name is holy.  
His mercy endures for ever and ever  
For those who stand in awe of him.

We beseech thee from our hearts, you honored queen,  
Through the pain of your son, may we travel soon  
Out of this vale of tears; May you will us to be carried  
to the hall of the angels.

This Flower, whose tender fragrance fills the air,  
Dispels with glorious splendor the darkness;  
True Man, yet truer God, lighten our burdens,  
And save us from sin.

The shepherds hurried to the anointed hour,  
They soon found the child and his sweet mother.  
Just as the angels had sung, they praised God the Lord,  
In the highest.

Praise and honor to God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.  
Mary, God's Mother, render us your aid,  
and bid your beloved child that he may protect us,  
and pardon us our sins.

So sing we all Amen, that is: oh make it true,  
that which we all desire. Oh, Jesus, help us attain  
your Father's kingdom, therein we wish to praise you.  
Oh, God, grant this to us.



## Die Könige

Drei Könige wandern aus Morgenland;  
Ein Sternlein führt sie zum Jordanstrand.  
In Juda fragen und forschen die drei,  
Wo der neugeborene König sei?  
Sie wollen Weihrauch, Myrrhen und Gold  
Dem Kinde spenden zum Opfersold.

Und hell erglänzet des Sternes Schein:  
Zum Stalle gehen die Kön'ge ein;  
Das Knäblein schau'n sie wonniglich,  
Anbetend neigen die Könige sich;  
Sie bringen Weihrauch, Myrrhen und Gold  
Zum Opfer dar dem Knäblein hold.

O Menschenkind! halte treulich Schritt!  
Die Kön'ge wandern, o wandre mit!  
Der Stern der Liebe, der Gnade Stern  
Erhelle dein Ziel, so du suchst den Herrn,  
Und fehlen Weihrauch, Myrrhen und Gold,  
Schenke dein Herz dem Knäblein hold!

*Choral:* Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern  
Voll Gnad und Wahrheit von dem Herrn,  
Die süße Wurzel Jesse!  
Du Sohn Davids aus Jakobs Stamm,  
Mein König und mein Bräutigam,  
Hast mir mein Herz besessen,  
Lieblich, Freundlich, Schön und herrlich,  
groß und ehrlich, reich von Gaben,  
Hoch und sehr prächtig erhaben.

**O Tannenbaum**, o Tannenbaum,  
wie treu sind deine Blätter!  
Du grünst nicht nur zur Sommerzeit,  
Nein auch im Winter, wenn es schneit.  
O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum,  
wie treu sind deine Blätter!

O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum!  
Du kannst mir sehr gefallen!  
Wie oft hat nicht zur Weihnachtszeit  
Ein Baum von dir mich hoch erfreut!  
O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum!  
Du kannst mir sehr gefallen!

O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum!  
Dein Kleid will mich was lehren:  
Die Hoffnung und Beständigkeit  
Gibt Trost und Kraft zu jeder Zeit.  
O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum!  
Das soll dein Kleid mich lehren.

## In dulci jubilo

Let us our homage shew:  
Our heart's joy reclineth  
In praesepeio;  
And like a bright star shineth  
Matris in gremio,  
Alpha es et O!

O Jesu parvule,  
My heart is sore for Thee!  
Hear me, I beseech Thee,  
O puer optime;  
My praying let it reach Thee,  
O princeps gloriae.  
Trahe me post te.

## The Kings

Three kings are traveling from the East;  
a small star leads them to Jordan.  
In Judea they ask and search, these three,  
where the new-born king is.  
They wish to bring incense, myrrh and gold  
as an offering to the child.

And the light of the star shines brightly:  
the kings go into the stall;  
gazing with wonder at the child,  
the kings bow low in worship.  
They bring incense, myrrh and gold  
as an offering to the sweet baby boy.

O Sons of Man! keep faith!  
The kings are journeying - travel with them!  
The star of love, the star of grace  
shine on your goal as you seek the Lord,  
and if you lack incense, myrrh and gold,  
give instead your heart to that sweet baby boy!

*Chorale:* How beautifully the morning star shines,  
full of grace and truth from the Lord,  
the sweet branch of Jesse!  
You, the Son of David from the root of Jacob,  
my King and my bridegroom,  
have possessed my heart;  
loving, friendly, beautiful and glorious,  
great and noble, rich with gifts,  
exalted and most magnificently sublime.

O Christmas tree, o Christmas tree  
How loyal are your leaves/needles!  
You're green not only in the summertime,  
No, also in winter when it snows.  
O Christmas tree, o Christmas tree  
How loyal are your leaves/needles!

O Christmas tree, o Christmas tree  
You can please me very much!  
How often has not at Christmastime  
A tree like you given me such joy!  
O Christmas tree, o Christmas tree,  
You can please me very much!

O Christmas tree, o Christmas tree  
Your dress wants to teach me something:  
Your hope and durability  
Provide comfort and strength at any time.  
O Christmas tree, o Christmas tree,  
That's what your dress should teach me.

O patris caritas!  
O Nati lenitas!  
Deeply were we stained.  
Per nostra crimina:  
But Thou for us hast gained  
Coelorum gaudia,  
Qualis gloria!

Ubi sunt gaudia,  
If that they be not there?  
There are Angels singing  
Nova cantica;  
And there the bells are ringing  
In Regis curia.  
O that we were there!



Perhaps the most enchanting and haunting feature of Benjamin Britten's *A Ceremony of Carols* is its simplicity. What could be more sublimely austere than medieval carols in middle English, sung by robed choirboys, accompanied by the plucked strains of a lone harp? The picture and the sound evoke the hopeful, watchful sense of the days leading up to Christmas.

All of this goes a long way to understanding *A Ceremony of Carols'* enduring popularity, and the piece is indeed all of these things that it appears to be. But as is often the case with much-loved music -- particularly when much is known about the composer's life and times -- there is more to the story. Britten wrote *Ceremony* in 1942 while crossing the Atlantic aboard a Swedish cargo ship -- a dangerous proposition at any time, but much more so during wartime while German submarines prowled the ocean. (Britten actually intended to use the monthlong voyage to complete what would become his well-known *Hymn to St. Cecilia*, but these early sketches were confiscated by customs authorities who feared that the music was in fact a secret code.) Britten had departed his native England at the outset of the war in 1939 and headed for the United States, where his fame was growing quickly, and where, it must be noted, he was unlikely to be conscripted into the British army. After several years abroad, he and his partner, the acclaimed tenor Peter Pears, found it time to return home, and they embarked on this voyage not knowing if Britten's return home would be greeted by admiration for his boldness, anger at his flight, mere indifference, or -- as it turned out -- a mixture of the three.

Shortly before departing the U.S., Britten had received a commission to compose a harp concerto, and in the meantime he had begun to familiarize himself with the instrument. This provided the basis and probably the inspiration for his choice of harp to accompany the vocal parts in *Ceremony*. Although the first published edition of the work recommended that boy sopranos -- not an uncommon lot in Britain -- sing the three treble lines that comprise the chorus, Britten's early manuscripts show that he originally conceived of them as women's parts. Some years later, Britten authorized an arrangement of the piece for four-part mixed voices (possibly at the suggestion of his publisher). To be sure, Britten's notion of exactly who should sing the piece was not as concrete as contemporary practice has borne out.

*A Ceremony of Carols* consists of eight polyphonic settings of mostly anonymous 15th- and 16th-century poems, which Britten had discovered in a handbook called *The English Galaxy of Shorter Poems* that he found in Nova Scotia while the ship was in port. These eight carols are bookended by statements of the Gregorian chant "Hodie Christus Natus Est" ("Christ is born today"), and midway through the set is an astounding interlude for harp solo that features this same plainchant tune. The carols themselves show a remarkable diversity of styles, from the jubilant exultations of "Wolcume Yule" and "Deo Gracias", to the pastoral solos of "That yongë child" and "Balulalow," to the to the martial urgency of "This Little Babe's" expanding canon -- and whose vivid "holy war" between the infant and Satan must surely have been inspired by the real-life world war.

Many of us in Clerestory fondly remember singing *A Ceremony of Carols* as boys, so -- perhaps a bit unexpectedly, since our roster of voices would allow us to undertake either the original soprano-alto or the soprano-alto-tenor-bass version -- we endeavored to try the piece down a full octave in our tenor-bass range. We were immediately pleased at the new and interesting sound of the initial results, and we are pleased now to present this old favorite in a new light. We owe a debt of gratitude to the incomparable harpist Doug Rioth of the San Francisco Symphony, who joins us for these performances.

## **Britten: A Ceremony of Carols, op. 28**

### **1. Procession**

*Hodie Christus natus est:*

*hodie Salvator apparuit:*

*hodie in terra canunt angeli:*

*laetantur archangeli:*

*hodie exsultant justi dicentes:*

*gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia!*

Today Christ is born;

today the Savior has appeared.

Today the angels sing on earth;

the archangels rejoice.

Today the righteous exult, saying:

Glory to God on high! Alleluia!



## 2. Wolcum Yole!\*

Wolcum be thou hevене king,  
Wolcum Yole!  
Wolcum, born in one morning,  
Wolcum for whom wesall\*\* sing!  
Wolcum be ye Stevene and Jon,  
Wolcum innocentes every one,  
Wolcum Thomas marter one.  
Wolcum be ye good Newe Yere,  
Wolcum, Twelfth the Day both in fere,  
Wolcum, seintes lefe and dere,  
Wolcum Yole!  
Candelmesse, Quene of bliss,  
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.  
Wolcum be ye that are here,  
Wolcum, wolcum, make good cheer.  
Wolcum alle another yere.  
Wolcum!

\*Welcome, Yule!    \*\*wassail

## 4a. That yongë child

That yongë child when it gan weep  
With song she lulled him asleep:  
That was so sweet a melody  
It passed alle minstrelsy.  
The nightingalë sang also:  
Her song is hoarse and nought thereto:  
Whoso attendeth to her song  
and leaveth the first then doth he wrong.

## 5. As dew in Aprille

I sing of a maiden  
That is makèless.\*  
King of all kings  
To her son she ches.\*\*  
*\*matchless    \*\*chese*  
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.\*\*  
*\*bower    \*\*flower*  
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  
Goddess moder be.

## 3. There is no Rose

There is no rose of such vertu  
As is the rose that bare Jesu.  
*Alleluia.*  
For in this rose contained was  
Heaven and earth in litel space,  
*Res miranda. [Marvelous thing.]*  
By that rose we may well see  
There be one God in persons three,  
*Pares forma. [Equal in nature.]*  
The aungels sungen the shepherds to  
Gloria in excelsis Deo,  
*Gaudeamus. [Let us rejoice.]*  
Leave we all this werldly merth  
And follow we this joyous birth,  
*Transeamus. [Let us pass over.]*

## 4b. Balulalow

O my deare hert, young Jesu sweet,\*  
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,\*\*  
And I sall rock thee to my hert,  
And never mair from thee depart.  
*\*sweet    \*\*spirit*  
But I sall praise thee evermoir  
with sanges\* sweet unto thy gloir;  
The knees of my hert sall I bow,  
And sing that richt\*\* Balulalow.  
*\*songs    \*\*right*

## 6. This little Babe

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 surprize.  
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 fight;  
Stick to the tents that he hath pight.\*  
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.  
*\*pitched*

### 8. In Freezing Winter Night

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 prized 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.

\*helpless, pitiable      \*\*being

### 10. Deo Gracias

Deo gracias! [Thanks be to God!]  
Adam lay i-bounden,  
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,\*\*  
As clerkes finden  
written in their book.  
\*too      \*\*took

### 11. Recession

*Hodie Christus natus est. . .*

### 9. Spring Carol

Pleasure it is  
to hear iwis,\*  
the Birdes sing,  
The deer in the dale,  
the sheep in the vale,  
the corn springing.

\*certainly

God's purvayance  
For sustenance,  
It is for man;  
Then we always  
to give him praise,  
And thank him than.\*

\*then

Deo gracias!  
Ne\* had the appil take ben,  
The appil take ben,  
Ne hadde never our lady  
a ben hevене quene.  
Blessed be the time  
That appil take was.  
Therefore we moun\*\* singen  
Deo gracias!

\*never      \*\*must



**Clerestory is**  
(from L to R,  
front to back)

Fernando  
Tarango,  
Justin  
Montigne,  
Kevin Baum,  
Tom Hart,  
Dan  
Cromeenes,  
John Bischoff,  
Chris Fritzsche,  
Clifton Massey,  
Jesse Antin

Visit  
[clerestory.org](http://clerestory.org)  
for full bios.

## An interview with singer Tom Hart

*Clerestory's Editor-At-Large recently sat down with founding member Tom Hart to ask him a few things about how the group got started, what makes it different, and the side effects of singing low notes all the time...*

**CS:** Tom, let's cut to the chase. We know you have several singing gigs around the Bay Area. How does Clerestory fit into the picture of your musical life?

**TH:** First, I was greatly flattered to be asked to join the ensemble. When I accepted the offer I was not sure "where it would fit" in my life. After the first set of concerts, I still wasn't sure where it would fit, but certainly knew it HAD to.

**CS:** Sounds good. So how would you say Clerestory fits into the musical life of the Bay Area?

**TH:** It would be presumptuous for anyone in the group to say where we fit at this point. We are a relatively young group, this being our third year. Although our audiences started modest in size, there is steady growth and we have received very favorable reviews from the beginning. I do think we individually, and as a group, bring a wealth of Bay Area musical experiences to the table. We try to offer programs from US, rather than following a traditional formula. So far, our audience trusts us and finds it appealing.

**CS:** The group talks about how it is "democratic," and doesn't feature a conductor or artistic director. Pretty unusual approach -- how did the group get started this way, and how does it work?

**TH:** The group, so far, has been as democratic as the individuals want it to be. True, there is no director or musical director, but we all have individual strengths and interests and the members seem to rise to their individual calling. We are not the first group to start out this way. The trick is keeping it that way. A group, after a while, begins to assume a life of its own and shepherding that growth in the direction we want requires vigilance.

**CS:** You sing the bass part along with John. What is it like being the foundation in a men's ensemble that features countertenors singing the highest parts?

**TH:** Actually, there is no difference than singing in an ensemble with female voices assuming the upper parts. Fundamental is fundamental. Clerestory, with its mature sound, allows us to sing fully (within reason) without walking on eggs. The quality of our upper voices can hold their own! I find tuning in an ensemble of male singers to be a bit easier than a typical SATB group.

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*What's in a Name?*

It is a pure coincidence that Clerestory the singing group happens to know the owner of Clerestory Creative, a local web design and digital media firm.

***But our reasons for choosing our names were similar. We both strive to inspire, to clarify, to compell.***

This summer, we will be working together to create a new site for the singers with the goal of making your Clerestory experience even more satisfying.

If you are seeking a designer for your web or media project, please give us a call at Clerestory Creative.

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**CS:** What are Clerestory's long-term ambitions? How do you balance the desire to be a successful group, whatever that looks like to you, with the demands of the busy lives its singers have outside the group?

**TH:** I don't know if "ambitions" is as appropriate as "goals". This is a very subjective question, of course. I think we all would like to achieve a level of success: larger audiences, recordings, occasional appearances outside our own concert series. But we have all toured extensively and have neither the time nor the desire for that sort of thing anymore. We all have other musical demands (and some have non-musical work) outside the group and we respect each other's schedules. The group was formed not to take over but to allow us to fit it (Clerestory) into our individual lives.

**CS:** Finally, while we've got you here, we'd be remiss if we didn't ask you about Clerestory's relationship to the group its members are alumni of, Chanticleer. How are things going?

**TH:** I don't think anyone in Clerestory feels we did this to be competitive in any way. Clerestory was borne out of the desire to sing together, to operate in a democratic fashion without a large organizational umbrella and to perform locally rather than relying on touring. I am proud of the time I spent with Chanticleer and feel I personally did a lot for that group, but this is an entirely different time and a different mission in my life.

## **Clerestory is most grateful to the following supporters:**

**\$1000 and above:** Adam Cox, Jim Meehan

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**In Kind:** Margaret Garms Esq. & Tim Warner

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**And extra special thanks** to Clerestory's volunteer Board of Trustees:

Jesse Antin  
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Adam Cox

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