



Festival Singers

A Ceremony of Carols

Director: Ingrid Schoenfeld

Accompanist: Jonathan Berkahn

Harp — Michelle Velvin

7.00pm Saturday 20 November 2021

St John's on the Hill
18 Bassett Road, Johnsonville

Programme

Tomorrow Shall Be My Dancing Day

Op 75 No 2
John Gardner (1917-2011)

Love is Born

Jonathan Berkahn (2017)
Words: Michael Leunig

Bogoróditse Djévo

Arvo Pärt (1990)

O magnum mysterium

Morten Lauridsen (1994)

Saviour, Tear the Heavens Open

Jonathan Berkahn (2021)
Words: Friedrich Spee von Langenfeld
(1591-1635)

O magnum mysterium

Jonathan Berkahn (2021)

Lully, Lulla, Lullay

Philip Stopford (2011)

Four Christmas Songs

Jonathan Berkahn (2021)

1. Unto us a Son is given

Words: Alice Meynell (1901)

2. Meditation

Words: Alice Meynell (1903)

3. And art thou come with us to dwell?

Words: Dora Greenwell (1874)

4. How sweet the angels' song

Words: Anon.

Interval

A Ceremony of Carols

Op 28 (1942-3)
Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Silent night / Stille Nacht

Franz Gruber (1818)
Arr. Eusebius Mandyczeewsky
and Jonathan Berkahn

Welcome to our Christmas concert.

Today you'll hear inventive settings of timeless Christmas texts, including two modern settings of *O magnum mysterium*, Britten's sparkling *A Ceremony of Carols*, a setting of *Lully, Lulla, Lullay* by Philip Stopford, and new Christmas and Advent music by Jonathan Berkahn.

Benjamin Britten wrote his iconic *A Ceremony of Carols* in 1942, on his ocean voyage from England to the United States. Originally scored for harp and three-part treble choir, the piece was later arranged for harp and SATB choir, which is the version you'll hear today. Britten took the poems from *The English Galaxy of Shorter Poems* (ed. Gerald Bullett), and the texts are a fascinating mix of Middle English, Latin, and modern English, on various sacred Christmas themes.

The lyrical ingenuity and motivic clarity of the music, which made it ideal and approachable for a children's choir, shines with an SATB choir and a skilled harpist.

Jonathan's pieces, born of a long career of being a professional church musician and knowing what works for a choir, are comprised of attractive and meaningful Christmas texts, ranging from Medieval Latin to 17th century German, to 20th century Australian.

Ingrid Schoenfeld
Director

Michelle Velvin — Harp

Michelle Velvin is a Wellington based harpist, composer and teacher.

As a musician her explorations have led to diverse collaborations over wide-ranging genres and disciplines. Most recently in 2021 she has been working closely in duo 'Tamira Pūoro' to record their first album. This duo features Ruby Solly (taonga pūoro, cello, vocals) and Michelle Velvin (harp, vocals). Instrumental tracks explore the relationship between taonga pūoro and harp, and vocal tracks look into the history of Aotearoa New Zealand's social landscape.

In 2019/2020 Michelle won the SOUNZ Community Commission to create a new work for the Auckland Harp Orchestra and live dancers. In 2020 Michelle developed music with artists Mara TK, Cory Champion, Lucien Johnson, Deva Mahal, and Nikau Ni Weera.

During lockdown Michelle created new music for Covid Colab, and her composition *Bones* for solo harp and electronics was featured on the NZSO livestream video *Speed*.

In 2019, Michelle had her composition *When I was a bird* premiered at the Melbourne International Saxophone Festival. Michelle completed her PgDip in harp performance at Te Kōkī New Zealand School of Music in 2015.

She performs as part of all of New Zealand's major orchestras and regularly with various chamber music groups.

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;

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.

In a manger laid, and wrapped I was
So very poor, this was my chance
Betwixt an ox and a silly poor ass
To call my true love to my dance.

Then afterwards baptized I was;
The Holy Ghost on me did glance,
My Father's voice heard from above,
To call my true love to my dance.

Love is born

Love is born
with a dark and troubled face,
When hope is dead
and in the most unlikely place
Love is born:
Love is always born.

When the night is longest,
when the fear is strongest
When the dark is all that we can see,
When the soul is broken,
When the heart is frozen,
Into our aloneness and our pain:

With the angels singing,
heavens voices ringing
joy on joy and heaven to earth come down,
Or within the stillness,
Deep within the silence,
in the place that none has ever seen:

Bogoróditse Djévo / Rejoice, O Virgin Theotokos

Rejoice, O Virgin Theotokos,
Mary full of grace, the Lord is with Thee.
Blessed art Thou among women,
and blessed is the fruit of Thy womb,
for Thou hast borne the Saviour of our souls.

O magnum mysterium

O magnum mysterium
et admirabile sacramentum,
ut animalia viderent Dominum natum
jacentem in praesepeio.

O beata Virgo, cujus viscera meruerunt
portare Dominum Jesum Christum.
Ave Maria, gratia plena: Dominus tecum.
O beata Virgo, cujus viscera meruerunt
portare Dominum Jesum Christum. Alleluia!.

O great mystery

O great mystery and wonderful sacrament,
that animals should see the new-born Lord
lying in a manger!

O blessed is the Virgin, whose womb
was worthy to bear Christ the Lord.
Hail Mary, full of grace: the Lord is with you.
Blessed is the Virgin whose womb
was worthy to bear Christ the Lord. Alleluia!

Saviour, tear open the heavens open

Saviour, O tear the heavens open:
come down, come down, come down!
Saviour, O tear the heavens open:
Shatter the locks, let the door stand open wide.

O God pour down your dew from heaven,
Saviour like the dew descend.
You clouds on high release your showers
and send to Jacob's house their King.

O earth break forth, break forth,
and turn the mountains and the valleys green,
O earth bring forth your flower here:
O Saviour on the earth appear.

Lully, Lulla, Lullay

Lully, lullay, Thou little tiny Child,
Bye, bye, lully, lullay.
Lullay, thou little tiny Child,
Bye, bye, lully, lullay.

O sisters too, how may we do,
For to preserve this day
This poor youngling for whom we do sing
Bye, bye, lully, lullay.

Herod, the king, in his raging,
Charged he hath this day
His men of might, in his owne sight,
All young children to slay.

That woe is me, poor Child for Thee!
And ever mourn and sigh,
For thy parting neither say nor sing,
Bye, bye, lully, lullay.

Unto us a Son is given

Given, not lent,
and not withdrawn – once sent,
this Infant of mankind, this One,
is still the little welcome Son.

Unto us a Son is given,
unto us a Child is born.

New every year,
new born and newly dear,
He comes with tidings and a song,
The ages long, the ages long;
Even as the cold
keen winter grows not old;
As childhood is so fresh, foreseen,
And spring in the familiar green.

Sudden as sweet
come the expected feet.
All joy is young, and new all art,
and He, too,
Whom we have by heart.

Meditation

No sudden thing of glory and fear
was the Lord's coming;
but the dear slow Nature's days
followed each other to form
the Saviour from his Mother;
one of the children of the year.

The earth, the rain, received the trust,
the sun and dews, to frame the Just.
He drew his daily life from these,
according to his own decrees,
Who makes man from the fertile dust.

Sweet summer and the winter wild,
these brought him forth, the Undeified.
The happy Springs renewed again
his daily bread, the growing grain,
The food and raiment of the Child.

And art thou come with us to dwell?

And art thou come with us to dwell,
Our Prince, our guide, our love, our Lord?
And is Thy Name Emmanuel,
God present with his world restored?

The heart is glad for thee!
it knows that none shall bid it err or mourn;
and o'er its desert breaks the rose
in triumph o'er the grieving thorn.

Thou bringest all again;
with thee is light, is space, is breadth and room
for each thing fair, beloved,
and free to have its hour of life and bloom.

The world is glad for thee!
the heart is glad for Thee!
because thou art,
whose name is called Emmanuel.

How sweet the angels' song

How sweet the angels' song
that night on Bethlehem's plain!
O could we see the light
and hear those notes again!
The angels come no more,
but their sweet hymn of praise
still on the plains of earth,
our grateful hearts may raise.

Gloria in excelsis! Gloria in excelsis!
In excelsis Deo!

How sweet the angels' song
that night on Bethlehem's plain!
O could we see the light
and hear those notes again!
But we can join that song,
which echoes still above:
"Glory to God on high!
on earth sweet peace and love."

A Ceremony of Carols

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! Alleluia! Alleluia!

2. Wolcum Yole!

Wolcum, Wolcum, Wolcum be thou hevenè king,
Wolcum Yole! Wolcum, born in one morning,
Wolcum for whom we sall sing!
Wolcum be ye, Stevene and Jon,
Wolcum, Innocentes every one,
Wolcum, Thomas marter one,
Wolcum be ye, good Newe Yere,
Wolcum, Twelfth Day both in fere,
Wolcum, seintes lefe and dere,
Wolcum Yole, Wolcum Yole, Wolcum!
Candemesse, Quene 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!

3. There is no Rose

There is no rose of such vertu
as is the rose that bare Jesu.
Alleluia, alleluia.
For in this rose containèd
was heaven and earth in litel space,
Res miranda, res miranda.
By that rose we may well see
there be one God in persons three,
Pares forma, pares forma,
The aungels sungen the shepherds to:
Gloria in excelsis,
gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gaudeamus, gaudeamus.
Leave we all this worldly mirth,
and follow we this joyful birth.
Transeamus, transeamus, transeamus.
Alleluia, res miranda, pares forma, gaudeamus,
Transeamus, transeamus, transeamus.

4. That yongë childe and Bulalow

That yonge childe when it gan weep
with song she lulled him asleep:
That was so sweet a melody
it passèd 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.

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

5. As dew in Aprille

I sing of a maiden that is makèles:
King of all kings to her son she ches
He came also stille there his moder was,
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the grass.
He came also stille to his moder's bour,
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the flour.
He came also 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.

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 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 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.

7. Interlude (harp solo)

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 heaven;
This pomp is prized there.
With joy approach, O Christian wight,
Do homage to thy King,
And highly praise his humble pomp,
wiche from Heaven doth bring.

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.
God's purveyance for sustenance,
It is for man, it is for man.
Then we always to give him praise,
And thank him than.

10. Deo Gracias

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
Adam lay ibounden, bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter thought he not to long.
Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
And all was for an appil, an appil that he tok,
As clerkes finden written in their book.
Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
Ne had the appil take ben, the appil take ben,
Ne hadde never our lady a ben hevene quene.
Blessed be the time that appil take was.
Therefore we moun singen.
Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
6 Deo gracias! Deo gracias!

11. Recessional

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

Silent night / Stille Nacht

Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht
Alles schläft; einsam wacht
Nur das traute hochheilige Paar.
Holder Knabe im lockigen Haar,
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh!
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh!

Silent night, holy night!
All is calm, all is bright.
Round yon Virgin, Mother and Child.
Holy infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight.
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ the Saviour is born!
Christ the Saviour is born.

Silent night, holy night!
Son of God love's pure light.
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth.

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For more details contact:

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Festival Singers

Musical Director: Ingrid Schoenfeld

Accompanist: Jonathan Berkahn

Sopranos: Robyn Bridge, Heather Garside,
Anne Neal, Jo Rothbaum*,
Helen Willberg*

Altos: Cathy Edge, Karen Espersen, Valerie
Hagan-Pratt, Jan Hamill, Kenda Kittelty,
Margaret Seconi, Rita Urry.

Tenors: Joe Fecteau, Martin Haua*,
Paul Kilford

Basses: Jonathan Berkahn, Philip Garside,
Alex Jeune, Ian Livingstone,
Brian Patchett.

* Soloists

Our Programme for the remainder of 2021

“This is why the Angels sing”
Jonathan Berkahn’s
Christmas songbook launch

3pm Sunday 28 November 2021
St James’ Anglican Church
71 Woburn Road, Lower Hutt

Jonathan Berkahn has compiled the
Advent/Christmas music he has written
over the last 25 years into a new
music book.

Join the St James Choir and the Festival
Singers and sing some of these songs, and
buy your copies of the book.