



John W. Ehrlich  
*Music Director*



Saturday, November 22, 2003 at 8:00 p.m.  
First Church Congregational  
11 Garden Street, Cambridge

*Please join The Spectrum Singers  
at a post-concert reception  
in Margaret Jewett Hall.*

*Kindly turn off all cell phones, pagers,  
and wristwatch prompters.*

*Please see an usher if you would  
like a large-print program.*



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The Spectrum Singers  
John W. Ehrlich, *Music Director*

## ~ *A Christmas Prelude* ~

**The Play of Herod: Te Deum** (12th century) Noah Greenberg, ed.  
James E. Frens, *soloist*

**Noe, Noe, Noe, Psallite Noe** (1519) Jean Mouton (ca. 1459–1522)

**A Hymn to the Virgin** (1930) Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

**This have I done for my true love** (Op. 34, No. 1, 1916) Gustav Holst (1874–1934)

**A Shepherd's Carol** (1944) Britten  
Roberta Chase-Borgath, *sporano* • Sara D. Kunz, *alto*  
John Schumacher, *tenor* • Kevin R. Woller, *bass*

**A Babe is Born** (Op. 55, 1971) William Mathias (1934–1992)

## ~ *Intermission* ~

**O Clap Your Hands** (1920) Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

**Canzon Septimi Toni No. 2** (1597) Giovanni Gabrieli (ca. 1554–1612)

**Intonazione Sesto Toni** (1593)

**Canzon Vigesimaottava (#28)** (1608)

**Intonazione Secondo Toni** (1593)

**Sonata Pian' e Forte** (1597)

**O Magnum Mysterium** (1587)

**Canzon Vigesimasettima (#27)** (1608)

**Psaume XXIV** (1916) Lili Boulanger (1893–1918)  
Thomas A. Best, *tenor*

**Hail Mary!** (1945) William L. Dawson (1899–1990)  
Karen Coffmann and Jennifer Angel, *soloists*

**Christmas Cantata** (1957) Daniel Pinkham (b. 1923)

**John W. Ehrlich**, *Founder and Music Director of The Spectrum Singers*, has been active as a singer and conductor in the Boston and Cambridge areas for more than thirty years. Son of a concert pianist and a microbiologist, Mr. Ehrlich was born in Grosse Pointe Park, Michigan, and prepared for higher education at Grosse Pointe University School and the New Hampton School. He studied music and conducting while attending the Hartt School of Music, Trinity College, and both Harvard and Boston Universities. His teachers were Robert Shaw, Gregg Smith, G. Wallace Woodworth, Vytautas Marijousius, Iva Dee Hiatt, and Margaret Hillis. Also a singer, Mr. Ehrlich has sung with the Hartford Chamber Choir, Tanglewood Festival Chorus, Cambridge Society for Early Music, John Oliver Chorale, The Chicago Symphony Orchestra Chorus, Boston Baroque, and the Emmanuel Church Choir. For eight seasons he was Music Director of The Master Singers of Worcester. This is Mr. Ehrlich's 24th season as Music Director of The Spectrum Singers.

**The Spectrum Singers** gave their first concert under Music Director John W. Ehrlich in December of 1980. Mr. Ehrlich chose the group's name to highlight what he hoped would be the chorus's primary mission: to perform works from all periods of music history – pre-Renaissance through the present day – at a high level of historically-informed professionalism.

From its beginnings, the chorus has embraced “amateur singers” – gifted vocalists who willingly perform without pay. Today, people from all walks of life sing with The Spectrum Singers, many bringing to the chorus significant experience and skills as choral and solo vocal artists. As a result, the chorus has prospered artistically, and today is widely regarded as one of the finest choral ensembles in the region. In addition to its own annual subscription concert series, the 40-voice chorus has been called upon by composers and other musical ensembles to collaborate in premiere performances of significant choral works and in other concerts of other ensembles. Recent joint ventures have included appearances with the Cantata Singers, the Indian Hill Symphony Orchestra, and Emmanuel Music's widely acclaimed presentation of Schubert's opera *Alfonso und Estrella* in February, 2003.

The Spectrum Singers are admired for their nimble flexibility in performance of the entire choral spectrum. While renowned for the special skills they bring to very demanding *a cappella* repertoire, the chorus is also praised for the rich and robust tone and fleet virtuosity it brings to works accompanied by orchestra. Equally of interest is the chorus's breadth of repertoire. Music Director John W. Ehrlich is widely admired for his intriguing and adventuresome programming.

Now in their 24th season, The Spectrum Singers and Music Director John W. Ehrlich continue their mission of performing familiar and less-well-known works in programs of compelling depth and professional execution to a broad audience of appreciative listeners.

## PROGRAM NOTES

The Spectrum Singers welcome you to *A Christmas Prelude*, the first concert of their 24th season.

We begin with a setting of the *Te Deum* in chant, the text of which affirms faith and celebrates the triumph of light over darkness and good over evil. In this realization by Noah Greenberg – the pathbreaking visionary who led the New York Pro Musica, one of this country’s first and most important early music ensembles – the chant text is embellished with a cascading handbell carillon *ostinato* accompaniment, adding a mystically glowing, ethereal halo.

The excitement of the impending birth of Christ is immediately palpable in Jean Mouton’s energetic and finely wrought motet *Noe, Noe, Noe, Psallite Noe*. Indeed, if presented only with its title, this remarkable work gives evidence of its inherently ecstatic and manic declaration of the text of Psalm 24. Fortunately, we have the music, too, which is consistently and ingeniously matched to its text in a very colorful fashion, employing several contrasting means of expression. First evident is the refrainlike recurring celebratory cries of “Noel.” Next, Jerusalem is urged to rejoice and be glad in the birth of the Saviour of the World. The proverbial gates of the city – so well-remembered from Handel’s famous setting in *Messiah* – are here virtually *ordered* lifted up to admit the King of Glory with thrilling rising stepwise and imitative vocal lines. That so much invention and energy abides in so short a work is typical of this prolific composer, who in the span of his sixty-three years penned over 100 motets, at least 15 mass settings, and 20 chansons. So highly regarded was he that Petrucci, the famous Renaissance publisher, issued an entire volume of Mouton’s masses in 1515, and Le Roy & Ballard – a Parisian firm – published a posthumous volume of Mouton’s motets in 1555. Mouton was also a primary teacher of the great Franco-Flemish composer Adrian Willaert, whose work was to influence much of the direction of Italian music during the high Renaissance. Among those composers so influenced was Giovanni Gabrieli.

We leave Renaissance France for 20th century Britain, and encounter there four of its most prominent composers. Benjamin Britten’s great affinity for compellingly setting the English language has been noted by many of his admirers, and tonight’s music offers two such examples. The double-chorus *A Hymn to the Virgin* is an ingenious setting of two texts, one in English praising in eloquent fashion the Blessed Virgin, the other text, in Latin, underscoring the preceding text with poetic illumination. Innovative in its construct and ravishing in its melodic content, *A Hymn to the Virgin* is a remarkable contrast to Mouton’s much earlier motet. Where Mouton uses unbridled extrovert energy and enthusiasm to illumine his text, Britten’s music is a model of ardent, prayerful and soulful admiration of the Virgin, a very inward-looking expression of faith and admiration. Yet both works accomplish their goals in very brief but enthralling moments in time.

The surface simplicity of Britten's *A Shepherd's Carol* only momentarily distracts from the work's spiritual profundity. Auden's mysterious, symbolic verse deftly enhances the emotion of this most unusual and moving composition. When he had finished writing this brief but particularly touching work, Britten wrote to Peter Pears that he thought *A Shepherd's Carol* would "...make you smile." It must have, and so do we.

Gustav Holst is best known to concertgoers for his very popular 1919 orchestral suite *The Planets*. But church musicians know that Holst wrote a large body of very effective music for choirs. He grew up idolizing Wagner, and in 1895 while a student at the Royal College of Music met Ralph Vaughan Williams where the two became good friends. Holst later became infatuated with Hindu literature and philosophy and left his musical studies to learn Sanskrit. He returned to the College, studied trombone, played in wind ensembles, began teaching, was among the first to revive and be an advocate for the music of Purcell, and began conducting choirs in schools. His big success with *The Planets*, sadly, served only to bewilder him. He became introverted and withdrew from public life. A series of illnesses was broken by a visit to Harvard as Guest Lecturer in Music in 1932, but he fell ill again that spring and died in London — far too soon — in 1934.

The private and personal side of Gustav Holst is presented by the rhapsodic part-song *This have I done for my true love*. Rarely performed due perhaps to its somewhat controversial characterization of Christ's tormentors, it is nonetheless a real gem. Its text, too, is of the mystic, symbolic sort and tells Christ's story — couched in a first-person narrative "flashback" form — from his birth at Christmas through his ultimate triumphant resurrection. By foreshadowing the death of Christ at the very beginning, Holst's story follows an ancient precedent much like the Tristan-like metaphor employed within Benjamin Britten's *A Boy was Born* and also heard in Tchaikovsky's poignant and very Russian carol setting of *The Cherry Tree*. Though Holst's music for the church is beloved by choirs everywhere, his work remains mostly unknown in the general music community, save for *The Planets*, whose deserved popularity paradoxically seems to have inhibited further exploration of this composer's music in this country.

Welshman William Mathias imbues many of his choral compositions with irresistible rhythmic and melodic excursions and often blurs the lines between what are commonly accepted as sacred and secular "styles." His optimistic and rhythmically active setting of *A Babe is Born* is emblematic of what *New Grove* contributor Malcolm Boyd describes as having "...springy, contrapuntal textures." Brass have been added to the already extrovert organ accompaniment to provide a bit more "punch."

The brief but powerful *O Clap Your Hands* by Ralph Vaughan Williams has a text more associated with Ascensiontide than Christmastide, but the words nonetheless brilliantly celebrate praise of God, as does the irresistibly rich accompaniment of brass, organ, and percussion.

It has been traditional for brass to play the Canzonas and Sonatas of Giovanni Gabrieli, though recent scholarship has revealed that other winds, even strings, were also employed in the performance of these works in the composer's time. There is no denying the brilliant festivity of the sound of modern brass in these works, though when played by early instruments the overall volume and timbre are wholly different. Our performances tonight employ contemporary instruments, though all the players are well-versed in appropriate technique and have agreed to play in a light, agile style to more accurately echo a sound the composer might recognize.

*Canzon* in 16th Century Italy indicated a short instrumental work with dancelike components, often with swings from triple to duple meter. This is indeed what we have in the two works offered from the 1608 publication in Venice of a collection of works by Giovanni Gabrieli and others. Exuberant, joyful, spiky — these short works clearly illustrate the extrovert and rhythmically daring originality of their composer. The famous *Sonata Pian' e Forte* is best known for its dialogue between two choirs of instruments and its clear indication of contrasting dynamics for each group. Though not the first work to mark volume of sound in this fashion, this specific composition is often rightly singled out as evidence of Giovanni Gabrieli's pathbreaking role.

But it is his exploitation of antiphonal *cori spezzati* for voices as well as instruments for which he is best known. *O Magnum Mysterium*, set for eight independent voices divided four and four, is a particularly felicitous example. The two choirs are divided so that Choir One comprises most of the higher and brighter voices of the chorus, and Chorus Two the lower and darker. Each choir echoes and often further develops the music just sung by its counterpart. This technique was especially effective in the generous acoustics of San Marco in Venice, where the choir lofts are elevated and spaced widely left to right. The text of this motet concludes with delightfully bright and rhythmic *Alleluias* tossed back and forth between the two choirs, and acts tonight as our homage to this great and innovative composer who held the post of *Maestro di Cappella* at that venerable church where music has played so important a role for so long.

Nadia Boulanger spent much of her very long life in the service of music proselytizing for performances of music written by her younger sister Lili. Born in Paris in 1893, Lili Boulanger prospered musically under the tutelage of her older sister, attended the Paris Conservatory, and at age 20 was the first woman to receive the Prix de Rome. She left a considerable body of very accomplished work when she died of ill health, tragically, at age 24. Her dynamic and powerful setting of *Psaume 24* was completed in Rome in 1916.

Bristling with energy, *Psaume 24* announces its arrival with a powerful brass and organ flourish, and launches the men of the chorus into its first half. When the text refers to people of a pure heart, the music relaxes a bit and prepares a tenor solo foretelling Godly blessedness. An unusual free recitative-like passage for men, harp and organ sets up the arrival of the full chorus at the text "*Portes, élevez vos têtes,*" whereafter ensues a quickening of tempo and an almost *Le Sacre*-like dance which repeats "*Eternel*" three times with

increasing freneticism, arriving finally at an ecstatic final “*Ab.*” This certainly does not sound like the music of a frail French girl, and of course, it isn’t. It is rather the music of a person of steadfast, energetic, and unwavering faith, facing down approaching adversity with a Joan of Arc-like militancy.

William Dawson attended the pioneering Tuskegee Institute, and after graduating and spending several years teaching at various schools, returned to Tuskegee and was for many years its Director of Music and Choral Activities. His settings of African-American “spirituals” are benchmarks of the genre, and are annotated with an almost Mahler-like thoroughness. Hardly a note or measure passes without a helpful suggestion from Mr. Dawson appearing in the score. And perhaps this attention to detail is one of the important distinctions that raise his settings of this wonderful music to the heights they achieve. But it is Dawson’s fervent honesty with his material, his great gift for setting mood and vocal color, and above all, his abiding love and respect for his subjects and material that sets his music apart from others. One hesitates to call his work merely an “arrangement,” because the totality of expression he achieves is so much more. *Hail Mary* is one of Dawson’s most cherishable works, and when all his directions are followed, a glowing portrait of the Virgin and the baby Jesus is perceived.

Boston’s Daniel Pinkham is, like Gunther Schuller, a Boston musician of protean talent and accomplishment. Organist, harpsichordist, conductor, composer, Pinkham has done it all, and done it all extremely well. His 42 years (!) as Director of Music at Kings Chapel have made him familiar to thousands of Boston-area musicians and concertgoers, yet with that familiarity his music remains fresh and always full of felicities that appeal to listeners and performers alike. Pinkham’s *Christmas Cantata (Sinfonia Sacra)* is among his most well-known and often-performed works. Composed in 1957 for the Chorus of the New England Conservatory of Music and its Director, Lorna Cooke deVaron, it has enjoyed continuous popularity since its premiere performances in December of that year. In 2000/2001 the composer prepared a new edition of the work, and corrected several of the misprints that had crept into the earlier edition, and also made some significant changes to the brass parts. It is this new edition which will be played tonight, and it will be played in its double-brass choir with organ version.

Pinkham states the following in his introduction to the new score:

My debt to the Venetian composer Giovanni Gabrieli is enormous. His numerous works for chorus and instruments (*Sinfonie Sacre*) have served as models. The present work also at once reflects my enthusiasm for mediaeval plainsong, as can be heard in the opening of the second movement, and for Renaissance dance meters, as can be heard in the finale.

*Christmas Cantata* begins with an imposing introduction in which the chorus portentously asks of the shepherds what they have witnessed. Their excited answer follows with playful syncopation for brass and choir, leading to joyful *Alleluias* which wind the first movement to its ultimately quiet close. The second movement seems to suspend time with its introductory call-and-response distant trumpet fanfares, which prepare the women's voices to intone the familiar "*O magnum mysterium*" text with chantlike flowing melismas. Pinkham's special gift of creating telling mood with a minimum of means is very much in evidence. The men then address the "*Beata virgo*," and are joined shortly by the women who, with the men, develop the concept of the miracle of the virgin birth of Jesus with a growing crescendo leading to Christ's name, which the composer asks be sustained five long measures until slowly melting into a quiet reprise. The third movement begins with a jauntily syncopated "*Gloria in excelsis Deo*," marked by the composer to be sung "very softly, as if from afar." This *Gloria* returns ritornello-like, each time with more insistent energy, between each of the ensuing three verses. Its final return sets up a broadening of tempo and an extraordinary blossoming of sound and harmony leading to the work's final celebratory *Alleluias*, with *fortissimo* volume and enthusiasm urged from all participants.

~ Program Notes © 2003 by John W. Ehrlich

# THE SPECTRUM SINGERS

## Soprano

Erin N. Attfield  
Harriet Bridges  
Roberta Chase-Borgatti  
Sheri Ann Cheng  
Elizabeth Harmell Clements  
Jill Fekete\*  
Ann Ferentz  
Valerie Gibson  
Laura Serafino Harbert  
Leslie Horst  
Catherine C. Josman  
Lori Seitz Rider  
Anna Andrews Smith  
Kathi Tighe  
Ree-Ven Wang

## Alto

Jennifer Angel  
Christine E. Bishop  
Jocelyn Burke  
Karen Coffman  
Karin Denison  
Jane Farber  
Sara S. Glidden\*  
Mara Chaplan Goldberg  
Linda Ingram  
Sara D. Kunz  
Leslie A. Lanagan  
Marilyn Marlette

\*section leader

## Tenor

Thomas A. Best\*  
Richard W. Drost  
Ian Fox  
John Schumacher  
Gael Ulrich  
Maurice Wong

## Bass

Carl Bewig  
Nat Coolidge  
James E. Frens\*  
Edward A. Jacobson  
David Kilroy  
Laurence J. Krenis  
Steven Solomon  
Kevin R. Woller

## INSTRUMENTALISTS

### Trumpet

Mary Lynne Bohn  
Bruce Hall  
Paul Perfetti  
Daryl Robbins

### Trombone

Darren Acosta  
Hans Bohn  
Robert Couture

### Organ

James Barkovic

### Bass Trombone/Euphonium

Mark Cantrell

### Tuba

Mark Fabulich

### Horn

Frederick Aldrich  
Richard Menaul

### Timpani

John Grimes

### Harp

Judy Saiki

## Members of the Christ Church Cambridge Handbell Choir

Melissa Hirshson, *Director*

## The Play of Herod

Te Deum laudamus:  
te Dominum confitemur.  
Te aeternum Patrem  
omnis terra veneratur.  
Tibi omnes Angeli,  
tibi caeli et universae potestates:  
Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim  
incessabili voce proclamant:  
Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus:  
    Dominus Deus Sabaoth.  
Pleni sunt caeli et terra  
majestatis gloriae tuae.  
Te gloriosus  
    Apostolorum chorus:  
Te Prophetarum  
    laudabilis numerus:  
Te Martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus.  
Te per orbem terrarum sancta  
    confitetur Ecclesia:  
Patrem immensae majestatis:  
Venerandum tuum verum,  
    et unicum Filium:  
Sanctum quoque Paraclitum Spiritum.

Tu Rex gloriae, Christe.  
Tu Patris sempiternus es Filius.  
Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem,  
non horuisti Virginis uterum.  
Tu de victo  
    mortis aculeo,  
aperuisti credentibus regna  
    caelorum.  
Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes,  
    in gloria patris.  
Iudex crederis esse venturus.  
Te ergo quaesumus, tuis famulis subveni,  
quos pretioso sanguine  
    redemisti.  
Aeterna fac cum sanctis tuis  
    in gloria numerari.

*We praise thee, O God:  
we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.  
All the earth doth worship Thee,  
the Father everlasting.  
To Thee all Angels cry aloud,  
the Heavens and all the powers therein.  
To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim  
continually do cry:  
Holy, Holy, Holy:  
    Lord God of Sabaoth.  
Heaven and earth are full of  
the Majesty of Thy Glory.  
The glorious company of the Apostles  
    praise Thee.  
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets  
    praise Thee.  
The noble army of Martyrs praise Thee.  
The holy Church throughout all the world  
doth acknowledge Thee;  
The Father of an infinite Majesty;  
Thine honorable, true,  
    and only Son;  
Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.*

*Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.  
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.  
When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man,  
Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.  
When Thou hadst overcome the  
    sharpness of death,  
Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven  
    to all believers.  
Thou sittest at the right hand of God  
    in the glory of the Father.  
We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.  
We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants,  
whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy  
    precious blood.  
Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints  
    in glory everlasting.*

Salvum fac populum tuum Domine,  
et benedic haereditati tuae.  
Et rege eos, et extolle illos usque  
in aeternum.  
Per singulos dies, benedicimus te.  
Et laudamus nomen tuum in saeculum,  
et in saeculum saeculi.  
Dignare Domine die isto sine peccato  
nos custodire.  
Miserere nostri Domine, miserere nostri.  
Fiat misericordia tua, Domine super nos,  
quem admodum speravimus in te.  
In te Domine speravi:  
non confundar in aeternum.

*O Lord, save Thy people,  
and bless Thine heritage.  
Govern them and lift them up  
for ever.  
Day by day we magnify Thee.  
And we worship Thy Name,  
ever world without end.  
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day  
without sin.  
O Lord, have mercy upon us.  
O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us:  
as our trust is in Thee.  
O Lord, in Thee have I trusted:  
let me never be confounded.*

## **Noe, Noe, Noe, Psallite Noe**

*Jean Mouton*

Noe, noe, noe, psallite noe!  
Jerusalem, gaude et laetare,  
quia hodie natus est Salvator mundi.  
Noe, noe, noe!  
Jacet in praesepio,  
fulget in caelo.  
Noe, noe, noe!  
Attollite portas,  
principes vestras,  
et elevamini portae aeternales,  
et introibit rex gloriae.  
Noe, noe, noe!  
Quis est iste rex gloriae?  
Dominus virtutum  
ipse est rex gloriae.  
Noe, noe, noe!

*Noel, noel, noel, sing noel!  
Jerusalem, rejoice and be glad,  
for today the Saviour of the world is born.  
Noel!  
He lies in a manger,  
he shines in heaven.  
Noel!  
Lift up your heads,  
O ye gates,  
and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors,  
and the king of glory shall come in.  
Noel!  
Who is this king of glory?  
The Lord of hosts,  
he is the king of glory.  
Noel!*

## A Hymn to the Virgin

*Benjamin Britten*

Of one that is so fair and bright

*Velut maris stella,*

*[As is the star of the sea]*

Brighter than the day is light,

*Parens et puella:*

*[Mother and maiden]*

I cry to thee, thou see to me,

Lady, pray thy Son for me,

*Tam pia, [So tender]*

That I may come to thee.

*Maria!*

All this world was forlorn

*Eva peccatrice,*

*[Eve having been a sinner]*

Till our Lord was y-born

*De te genetrice.*

*[Of you, his mother]*

With *ave* it went away

Darkest night, and comes the day

*Salutis; [Of salvation]*

The well springeth out of thee.

*Virtutis. [Of virtue]*

Lady, flow'r of ev'rything,

*Rosa sine spina,*

*[Thornless rose]*

Thou bare Jesu, Heaven's King,

*Gratia divina:*

*[By divine grace]*

Of all thou bear'st the prize,

Lady, queen of paradise

*Electa: [Chosen]*

Maid mild, mother *es Effecta.*

*Effecta. [You are fulfilled]*

~ Anonymous, 13th century

## This I have done for my true love

*Gustav Holst*

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 the 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:  
Then was I knit to man's nature,  
To call my true love to my dance.  
*Sing oh my love . . .*

In a manger laid and wrapp'd I was,  
So very poor this was my chance,  
Betwixt an ox and a silly poor ass,  
To call my true love to the dance.  
*Sing oh my love . . .*

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

Into the desert I was led,  
Where I fasted without substance:  
The Devil bade me make stones my bread,  
To have me break my true love's dance.  
*Sing oh my love . . .*

The Jews on me they made great suit,  
And with me made great variance,  
Because they loved darkness better  
than light,  
To call my true love to the dance.  
*Sing oh my love . . .*

For thirty pence Judas me sold,  
His covetousness for to advance;  
Mark whom I kiss, the same do hold,  
The same is he shall lead the dance.  
*Sing oh my love . . .*

Before Pilate the Jews me brought,  
When Barabbas had deliverance;  
They scourged me and set me at nought,  
Judged me to die to lead the dance.  
*Sing oh my love . . .*

When on the cross hanged I was;  
When a spear to my heart did glance,  
There issued forth both water and blood,  
To call my true love to the dance.  
*Sing oh my love . . .*

Then down to Hell I took my way,  
For my true love's deliverance,  
And rose again on the third day,  
Up to my true love and the dance,  
*Sing oh my love . . .*

Then up to Heav'n I did ascend,  
Where now I dwell in sure substance,  
On the right hand of God  
That man may come into the  
general dance.  
*Sing oh my love . . .*

~ *Traditional Cornish carol from  
Sandys, Christmas Carols,  
Ancient and Modern (1833)*

## A Shepherd's Carol

*Benjamin Britten*

*O lift your little pinkie,  
and touch the winter sky.  
Love's all over the mountains  
where the beautiful go to die.*

If Time were the wicked sheriff,  
in a horse opera,  
I'd pay for riding lessons  
and take his gun away—O.  
*O lift . . .*

If I were a Valentino,  
and Fortune were abroad,  
I'd hypnotise that iceberg  
till she kissed me of her own accord—O.  
*O lift . . .*

If I'd stacked up the velvet  
and my crooked rib were dead,  
I'd be breeding white canaries  
and eating crackers in bed—O.  
*O lift . . .*

But my cuffs are soiled and fraying.  
The kitchen clock is slow,  
and over the Blue Waters  
the grass grew long ago.  
*O lift . . .*

~ *W. H. Auden (1907–1973)*

## A Babe is Born

*William Mathias*

A babe is born all of a may,  
To bring salvation unto us.  
To him we sing both night and day.  
*Veni Creator Spiritus.  
[Come, Creator Spirit]*

At Bethlehem, that blessed place,  
The child of bliss now born he was;  
And him to serve God give us grace,  
*O lux beata Trinitas.  
[O light, blessed Trinity]*

There came three kings out of the East,  
To worship the King that is so free,  
With gold and myrrh and frankincense,  
*A solis ortus cardine.  
[From the sun's rising]*

The angels came down with one cry,  
A fair song that night sung they  
In worship of that child:  
*Gloria tibi Domine.  
[Glory to you, O Lord]*

A babe is born all of a may,  
To bring salvation unto us.  
To him we sing both night and day.  
*Veni Creator Spiritus.  
O lux beata Trinitas.  
A solis ortus cardine,  
Gloria tibi Domine.  
Noel!*

~ *Anonymous, 15th century*

## O Clap Your Hands

*Ralph Vaughan Williams*

O, clap your hands, all ye people;  
shout unto God with the voice of triumph.  
For the Lord most high is terrible;  
He is a great King over all the earth.  
God is gone up with a shout,  
the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.  
Sing praises to God, sing praises;  
sing praises unto our King, sing praises.  
For God is the King of all the earth;  
sing ye praises, every one that hath understanding.  
God reigneth over the heathen,  
God sitteth upon the throne of His holiness.  
Sing praises unto our King.  
Sing praises.

~ Psalm 47

## O Magnum Mysterium

*Giovanni Gabrieli*

O magnum mysterium,  
et admirabile sacramentum,  
ut animalia viderent  
Dominum natum,  
jacentem in praesepe:  
Beata virgo, cujus viscera  
meruerunt portare Dominum Christum:  
Alleluia

*O great mystery  
and wonderful sacrament  
that animals should witness  
the Lord's birth,  
lying in a manger:  
Blessed virgin, whose womb  
is worthy to bear our Lord Christ:  
Alleluia!*

## Psaume XXIV

La terre appartient à l'Éternel,  
et tout ce qui s'y trouve,  
la terre habitable et ceux qui l'habitent.  
Car il l'a fondée sur les mers,  
et l'a établie sur les fleuves.  
Qui est-ce qui montera à la montagne  
de l'Éternel  
et qui est-ce qui demeurera au lieu de sa  
sainteté?  
Ce sera l'homme qui a les mains pures et  
le coeur net  
dont l'âme n'est point portée à la fausseté  
et qui ne jure point pour tromper.  
Il recevra la bénédiction de l'Éternel  
et la justice de Dieu  
son sauveur.  
Telle est la génération de ceux qui le  
cherchent  
qui cherchent Ta face en Jacob.  
Portes, élevez vos têtes,  
Portes éternelles haussez-vous  
et le Roi de gloire entrera.  
Qui est ce Roi de gloire?  
C'est l'Éternel fort et puissant  
dans les combats.  
Portes, élevez vos têtes,  
élevez-vous aussi, portes éternelles,  
et le Roi de gloire entrera.  
Qui est ce Roi de gloire?  
C'est l'Éternel des armées,  
C'est Lui qui est le Roi de gloire.  
Éternel, Éternel, Éternel!  
Ah!

## *Lili Boulanger*

*The earth is the Lord's,  
and the fullness thereof;  
the world, and they that dwell therein.  
For he hath founded it upon the seas,  
and established it upon the floods.  
Who shall ascend into the hill  
of the Lord?  
Or who shall stand in his  
holy place?  
He that hath clean hands, and a  
pure heart;  
who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,  
nor sworn deceitfully.  
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,  
and righteousness from the God  
of his salvation.  
This is the generation of them that  
seek him,  
that seek thy face, O Jacob.  
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;  
and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;  
and the King of glory shall come in.  
Who is this King of glory?  
The Lord strong and mighty,  
the Lord mighty in battle.  
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;  
even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;  
and the King of glory shall come in.  
Who is this King of glory?  
The Lord of hosts,  
he is the King of glory.  
Lord, Lord, Lord!  
Ah!*

## Hail Mary!

*William L. Dawson*

Mary had a lit'l' baby  
Born in Bethlehem,  
Ev'ry time the lit'l' baby cried,  
She rock'd Him in a weary lan'.

*Ain't that a-rockin' for the worl',  
Oh, she rock'd an' rock'd,  
She rock'd Him in a weary lan'.*

He was born in a lowly manger,  
'Cause there was foun' no room in the Inn;  
Ev'ry time the lit'l' baby cried,  
She rock'd Him in a weary lan'.

*Ain't that a-rockin' for the worl',  
Oh, she rock'd an' rock'd,  
She rock'd Him in a weary lan'.*

Yes, there were shepherds abidin' in the field,  
Keepin' watch o'er their flock by night.  
"Unto you a Babe is born this day,"  
Said the angel of the Lord to the shepherds in the field.  
Angel called Him "Christ the Lord,"  
But I call my Jesus "King Emmanuel."  
Ev'ry time the lit'l' baby cried,  
She rock'd Him in a weary lan'.

Hail! Mary, Virgin Mary,  
Oh, Hail! Mary, Virgin Mary, Hail!  
"Chile of God." Hail!

*Ain't that a-rockin' for the worl',  
Oh, she rock'd an' rock'd,  
She rock'd Him in a weary lan'  
All night long.*

# Christmas Cantata

*Daniel Pinkham*

## I. Quem vidistis pastores?

Quem vidistis, pastores? Dicit.  
Annuntiate nobis in terris quis apparuit.  
Natum vidimus et choros angelorum  
collaudantes Dominum.  
Alleluia.

*Whom do you see, shepherds? Tell us.  
Proclaim to us: who has appeared on earth?  
We saw the newborn child and choirs of  
angels praising the Lord.  
Alleluia.*

## II. O Magnum Mysterium

O magnum mysterium  
et admirabile sacramentum  
ut animalia viderent  
Dominum natum,  
jacentem in praesepe.  
Beata virgo, cujus viscera  
meruerunt portare Dominum Christum.

*O great mystery  
and wondrous sacrament  
that animals should see  
the newborn Lord  
lying in their manger.  
Blessed is the Virgin whose womb  
was worthy to bear the Lord Jesus Christ.*

## III. Gloria in excelsis Deo

*Gloria in excelsis Deo  
et in terra pax hominibus  
bonae voluntatis.*

*Glory to God in the highest  
and on earth peace to those  
of good will.*

Jubilare Deo omnis terra,  
servite Dominum in laetitia.  
Gloria...

*O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands;  
serve the Lord with gladness.  
Glory...*

Introite in conspectu ejus, in exultatione.  
Gloria...

*Come before his presence with a song.  
Glory...*

Scitote quoniam Dominus ipse est Deus:  
Ipse fecit nos,  
et non ipsi nos.

*Be ye sure that the Lord he is God:  
it is he that hath made us  
and not we ourselves.*

*Gloria in excelsis Deo  
et in terra pax hominibus  
bonae voluntatis.*

*Glory to God in the highest  
and on earth peace to those  
of good will.*

Alleluia!

*Alleluia!*

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..... *Detach Here* .....

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