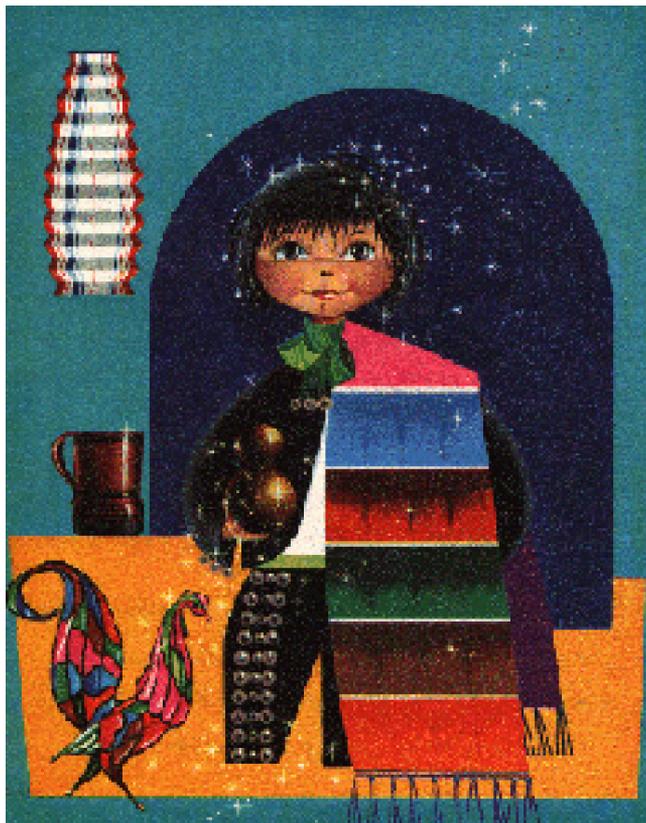


Peninsula Cantare

36th Season

Janice Gunderson, Music Director



SPANISH-AMERICAN CHRISTMAS

John Imholz, guitar
Anna Maria Mendieta, harp
Kent Reed, marimba

Sunday, December 3rd at 3:00 pm
St Peter's Episcopal Church
Redwood City
\$15 General, \$12 Student/Senior

Program

Gloria a Dios Michael D. Mendoza (b. 1944)
Gaylon Babcock, tenor; Vicki Hanson, soprano
Judith Tauber-Lovik, soprano, and Ron Hodges, bass
Anna Maria Mendieta, harp

Alleluia from Brazilian Psalm

E la Don Don Jean Berger (1909-2002)
16th Century Spanish
Noah Greenberg, editor
Riu, Riu, Chíu 16th Century Spanish
Noah Greenberg, editor

Gaylon Babcock, tenor
O Magnum Mysterium Tomás Luis de Victoria
(1549-1611)

Ya Viene la Vieja Traditional Spanish
Arr. Alice Parker and Robert Shaw

Prelude from Suite 1 BWV 1007 J. S. Bach (1685–1750)
Kent Reed, marimba

Ballad of Befana Kirke Mechem (b. 1935)
John Imholtz, guitar

Salmo 150 Ernani Aguiar (b. 1950)

Intermission

Ave Maria Ástor Piazzolla (1921-1992)
Anna Maria Mendieta, harp

Carols and Lullabies—Christmas in the Southwest

Conrad Susa (b.1935)
Debbie Hamburger, soprano
John Imholz, guitar
Anna Maria Mendieta, harp
Kent Reed, marimba

¡Oh, mi Belén!	Campana Sobre Campana
El Desembere Congelat	En Belén Tocan A Fuego
Alegría	El Noi de la Mare
A la Nanita Nana	Chiquirriquitín
Las Posadas	El Rorro

Program Notes

Ballad of Befana

By Kirke Mechem (b. 1935)

Kirke Mechem is a prolific composer with a catalog of over 250 works. His opera, *Tartuffe*, had been staged 300 times in six countries. Educated at Stanford and Harvard, he has also taught at Stanford and the University of San Francisco. His extensive choral works have garnered him the title of “dean of American choral composers”. Mechem will be honored at the 2007 American Choral Directors' Convention for his contribution to the Choral art.

Salmo 150

By Ernani Aguiar (b. 1950)

Aguiar is one of the best known of the younger generation of Brazilian composers. In addition to this choral music, he has also written many short instrumental pieces. This Salmo 150 is very characteristic of his style which is very rhythmic with rapid articulations.

Carols and Lullabies—Christmas in the Southwest

By Conrad Susa (b.1935)

About 18 years ago, Philip Brunelle suggested to composer Conrad Susa that he write a companion to Britten's *A Ceremony of Carols*. To a composer, this tempting offer was another way of asking “How about writing us a hit?” After several years of the composer writhing in doubt, a friend, Gary Holt, showed Susa a collection of traditional Spanish carols he had sung as a boy in Arizona. Excited, Susa juggled them around to form a narrative. He noted their many connections with Renaissance music along with their homey, artful simplicity. Finally, the overriding image of a Southwestern piñata party for the new baby led him to add guitar and marimba to Britten's harp and to compose connective music and totally re-conceive the carols.

In an often overlooked detail in the Christmas story, the New Baby bawls loudly as the shepherds leave in the final bars of *Chiquirriquitín*. (You may hear him in your mind.) His parents now must dandle and soothe him to sleep. Tired themselves, they drift off as the angels hover about them in protective adoration.

Susa's *Carols and Lullabies* was commissioned by and dedicated to Philip Brunelle and the Plymouth Music Series of Minnesota, who premiered the work on December 6, 1992.

Conrad Susa has been composing since 1955 and is on the faculty of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music.

Texts

Gloria a Dios

Gloria en las alturas.
Gloria a Dios.
Y en la tierra
Paz a los hombres
Que ama El Señor

Glory in the highest.
Glory to God.
And on earth
Peace to men
Loved by God.

Te alabamos.
Te bandecimos.
Te adoramos.
Te glorificamos.
Te damos gracia.
Todo en esa gloria.

We praise Thee.
We bless Thee.
We adore Thee.
We glorify Thee.
We give Thee thanks.
All in Thy glory.

Señor hijo único Jesu Cristo
Señor Dios cordero de Dios,
Hijo del Padre
Tú que quitas los pecados
Del mundo,
Ten piedad de nosotros.
Tú que quitas los pecados
Del mundo,
Atiende nuestra súplica.
Tú que reinas con el Padre
Ten piedad de nosotros.

Lord Jesus, only begotten son
Lord God, Lamb of God,
Son of the Father
Who takest away the sins
Of the world,
Have mercy on us.
Thou who takest away the sins
Of the world,
Hear our prayer.
Thou who reignest with the Father
Have mercy on us.

Porque Tú
Sólo eres Santo,
Sólo Tú
Estás en tu Gloria.
Tú sólo altísimo Jesu Cristo
Con el Espíritu Santo,
En la Gloria de Dios Padre.
Amen.

For Thou
Alone art Holy,
Thou alone
Art in Thy Glory,
Thou alone, most high Jesus Christ
With the Holy Spirit,
In the Glory of God the Father.
Amen.

Alleluia from Brazilian Psalm

Alleluia, Alleluia

Cymbals and the sounding harp I do not have
But I'll make a fair procession for you, O blessed Lord.
Alleluia, Alleluia

We have no cymbals for your praise, no harps to praise you,
But I'll praise you with waving of palms.
Alleluia, Alleluia

Accept them, I implore you.
I will dance and sing your praises!
Alleluia, Alleluia

Cymbals and sounding harp I do not have
But I'll make a fair procession for you, O blessed Lord
Alleluia, Alleluia,
O Lord!

E la Don Don (Spanish)

E la don don, Verges María,
E la don don,
Peu cap desanque
 que nos dansaron,
Peu cap desanque
 que nos dansaron.

O garçanos, aquesta nit
 una verges na parit
Un fillo qu'es tro polit
 que non aut au en lo mom.

Digasnos qui t'ho la dit
 que verges n'haja parit,
Que nos mai havem ausit
 lo que tu diu giranthom.

A eo dian los argeus
 que cantaven altas veus,
La grolia necelsis Deus
 qu'en Belem lo trobaron.

E la don don, sweet Virgin Mary,
E la don don,
Let's all dance and sing,
 let's all dance and sing,
For our loving Queen,
 let's all dance and sing

Listen, lads, tonight on earth
 has a virgin given birth,
To a son of peerless worth,
 like none other ever seen.

Tell us who has spread this word,
 that a virgin birth occurred,
For we never yet have heard
 such a thing, you silly sheep.

Angles told us this is true,
 singing joyful at the news,
Glory in excel' Deus,
 there in Bethlehem he sleeps.

Riu, Riu, Chiu (Spanish)

Riu, Riu, Chiu, la guarda ribera
Dios guardó el lobo de nuestra cordera

Riu, Riu, Chiu, Guard our homes in safety
God has kept the black wolf from our lamb,
 our Lady

El lobo rabioso la quiso morder,
Mas Dios poderoso la supo defender;
Quísola hazer que no pudiesse pecar
Ni aun original esta
Virgen no tuviera.

Raging mad to bite her, there the wolf did steal,
But our God Almighty defended her with zeal.
Pure He wished to keep her So she could never sin;
That first sin of man
Never touched this virgin sainted

Este qu' es nascido es el gran monarca,
Christo patriarca de carne vestido;
Hanos redimido con se hazer chiquito,
Aunqu' era infinito, finito se hiziera.

He who's now begotten is our mighty Monarch,
Christ our Holy Father in human flesh embodied.
He has brought atonement by being born so humble;
Though He is immortal, as mortal was created.

Muchas profeçias lo han profetizado
Ya unen nuestros días
do hemos alcançado
A Dios humanado vemos en elsuelo
Y al hombre nel cielo porqu' el le quisiera.

Many ancient prophets told that He would come;
Now within our own
time we know it has come true.
God in shape of human we see on earth's domain,
Man in Heaven reigns, so He wished it done
to aid us.

O Magnum Mysterium

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

O great mystery
and wondrous sacrament,
that animals should see
the newborn Lord
lying in their manger.

O Beata virgo,
cujus viscera
meruerunt portare
Dominum Jesum Christum.
Alleluia!

O Blessed Virgin,
in whose unblemished womb
was carried the
Lord Jesus Christ.
Alleluia!

Ya Viene la Vieja (Spanish)

Ya viene la vieja
Con el aguinaldo,
Le parece mucho,
Le viene quitando.

Here comes the old lady
With a little gift,
It seems so much to her,
That she takes some of it away.

Pampanitos verdes,
Hojas de limón,
La Virgen María,
Madre del Señor.

Little green leaves,
Lemon leaves,
The Virgin Mary
Mother of the Savior.

Ya vienen los Reyes
Por el arenal,
Y le traen al Niño
Un torre real.

Here come the Kings
Through the desert,
And they bring to the Child
A royal tower.

Ya vienne los Reyes
Por aquel camino,
Y le traen al Niño
Sopitas en vino.

Here come the Kings
Down this road,
And they bring to the Child
Sweet-cakes in wine.

Ballad of Befana

Befana the Housewife, scrubbing her pane,
Saw three old sages ride down the lane,
Saw three gray travelers pass her door -
Gaspar, Balthazar, Melchior.

“Where journey you, sirs?” she asked of them.

Balthazar answered, “To Bethlehem,
For we have news of a marvelous thing.
Born in a stable is Christ the King.”

“Give Him my welcome!”

Then Gaspar smiled,
“Come with us, mistress, to greet the Child.”

“Oh, happily, happily would I fare,
Were my dusting through and I'd polished the stair.”

Old Melchior leaned on his saddle horn.
“Then send but a gift to the small Newborn.”

“Oh, gladly, gladly I'd send Him one,
Were the hearthstone swept and my weaving done.
As soon as ever I've baked my bread,
I'll fetch Him a pillow for His head,
And a coverlet too,” Befana said.
“When the rooms are aired and the linen dry,
I'll look at the Babe.”

But the Three rode by.

She worked for a day and a night and a day,
Then, gifts in her hands, took up her way.
But she never could find where the Christ Child lay.

And still she wanders at Christmastide,
Houseless, whose house was all her pride,
Whose heart was tardy, whose gifts were late;
Wanders, and knocks at every gate,

Crying, “Good people, the bells begin!
Put off your toiling and let love in.”
“Let love in.”

Salmo 150 (Brazilian)

Laudate Dominum in sanctis eius Laudate eum in firmamento virtutis eius.	Praise the Lord in his sacred places Praise him in the firmament of his power.
Laudate eum in virtutibus eius Laudate eum secundum multitudinem magnitudinis eius.	Praise him for his might acts, Praise him according to his excellent greatness.
Laudate eum in sono tubae Laudate eum in psalterio et cithara.	Praise him with the sound of the trumpet, Praise him with the psaltery and the harp.
Laudate eum in timpano et choro Laudate eum in chordis et organo.	Praise him with the timbrel and the dance, Praise him with strings and pipes.
Laudate eum in cymbalis benesonantibus Laudate eum in cymbalis jubilationis.	Praise him with high-sounding cymbals, Praise him with cymbals of joy.
Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum!	Let everything that has breath praise the Lord!

Carols and Lullabies—Christmas in the Southwest

¡Oh, mi Belén! (Biscayan)

¡Oh, mi Belén! Llegó tu hora bienamada ¡Oh, mi Belén!	Oh, Bethlehem! Blest is the hour the Savior comes to you, Oh Bethlehem!
La luz que irradas sinesar, Es como un faro que nos quía En nuestra ruta, noche y día.	Light from your city shines so bright, Burns like a beacon guiding us safely Straight on our way, in dark and day light.
¡Oh, mi Belén!	Oh, Bethlehem!

El Desembre Congelat (Catalonian)

On December's frozen ground,
Fear and doubt denying.
April wears a flower crown,
All the world admiring
From a garden filled with love
Springs a blossom from above
With a lovely flower
Comes the blessed hour.

God the Father made the night, All in darkness shrouding Hiding from all human sight, Worry, fear and doubting. Shining through the midnight clear, Brightest light of all the year With a light so bright With a light outpouring Heaven stands adoring.	Blooming at our humble feet, Winter's chill defying Springs a lily pale and sweet, Fragrant and inspiring. All the world can feel its power, Shining in our darkest hour, All the sweetest fragrance, Bless us with your radiance.
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Alegría (Puerto Rican)

Hacia Belén se encaminan
María con su aman te esponso,
Llevando en su compañía
Un todo un Dios poderoso.

¡ Alegría placer!
Que la Virgen va de paso
Con su esposo hacia Belén

En cuanto Belén llegaron,
Posada el punto pidieron,
Nadie les quiso hospedar,
Porque tan pobres les Vieron.

Los pajarillos del bosque
Al ver pasar los esposos,
Les cantaban melo días
Con sus trinos armoniosos.

Walking slowly unto Bethlehem,
Holy Mary, with her husband;
Traveling with them tho' in secret,
Is the Savior of all nations.

¡ Alegría placer!
For the Virgin passes by us
With her husband unto Bethlehem.

When to Bethlehem they had traveled,
They were searching for a haven,
All the innkeepers refused them,
Dressed so poor and heavy laden

As they see Mary and Joseph
All the songbirds of the forest
Serenade them with their singing;
Precious gifts come from the poorest.

A la Nanita Nana (Spanish)

A la nanita nana, nanita ea

Mi Jesús tiene sueño bendito
sea nanita sea.
Fuentecilla que corres clara
y sonora,
Ruiseñor q'en la selva,
cantando lloras,
Callad mientras la cuna se balancea.

A la nanita nana, nanita ea
Bendito sea, nanta ea

A la nanita nana, nanita ea

Blest be my baby Jesus, now
go to sleep.
Crystal fountain resounding clearly
and brightly,
Nightingale in the forest,
weeping so sweetly,
Hush, while the child is sleeping
laid in a cradle.

A la nanita nana, nanita ea
Bendito sea, nanta ea

Las Posadas (Spanish)

¿Quieres que te quite, mi bien, de las pajas? Shall I have them open the stabel before you?
¿Quieres que te adoren todos los pastores? Shall I bring the shepherds to praise and adore
you?

A la ruru, niño chiqueto, ya está arrulladito A la ruru, hush now, my darling; see the boy
el niño. is almost sleeping.

Mi querido Padre, mi Dios y señor, My beloved Father, my Goe and my savior,
Que sufriste alegre del frio su rigor. Happily you sleep through the harshness
of the winter.

A la ruru, niño chiquito, ya está A la ruru, hush now, my darling; see the boy
arrulladito el niño. is almost sleeping.

Campana sobre Campana (Andalucian)

¡Campana sobre campana,
y sobre campana una!
Asómete a la ventana,
y verás al Niño en la cuna.
Belén, campanas de Belén
¿Que los ángeles tocan?
¿Que nuevas me traéis?

Recogido tu rebaño,
¿Adónde vas pastor cito?
Voy a llevar al portal requesón,
manteca y vino.
Belén, campanas de Belén
¿Que los ángeles tocan?
¿Que nuevas me traéis?

Siaún las estrellas alumbran,
¿Pastor dónde quieres ir?
Voy al portal por si el Niño.
Con El me deja dormir.
Belén, campanas de Belén
¿Que los ángeles tocan?
¿Que nuevas me traéis?

Recogido tu rebaño,
¿A dónde vas pastorcito?
Voy a llevar al portal requesón,
manteca y vino.
Belén, campanas de Belén
¿Que los ángeles tocan?
¿Que nuevas me traéis?

Bell after bell after bell is heard,
gathering all who are able!
Come to the window and hear the word;
you'll see a child in a cradle.
Oh, ring the bells of Bethlehem,
What are the angels singing?
What news do they bring?

Now that all your flock is gathered,
Tell me shepherd, what's the matter?
We shall carry to the manger cheese and
wine and sweetest butter.
Oh, ring the bells of Bethlehem,
What are the angels singing?
What news do they bring?

Stars in the heavens are shining,
Shepherd, where will you go tonight?
Run quickly run to the baby.
Watch him slumber so sweetly.
Oh, ring the bells of Bethlehem,
What are the angels singing?
What news do they bring?

Now that all your flock is gathered,
Tell me shepherd, what's the matter?
We shall carry to the manger cheese and
wine and sweetest butter.
Oh, ring the bells of Bethlehem,
What are the angels singing?
What news do they bring?

En Belén Tocan A Fuego (Castilian)

En Belén tocan a fuego,
Del portal salen las llamas.
Porque dicen que ha nacido
El Redentor del las almas.

Brincan y bailan los peces en el río,
Brincan y bailan de ver a Dios nacido.
Brincan y bailan los peces en el agua,
Brincan y bailan de ver nacida el alba.

En el portal de Belén
Nació un clavel encarnado
Que por redimir el mundo
Se ha vuelto lirio morado.

La Virgen lava panales
Y los tiende en el romero.
Los pajarillos cantaban
Y el agua se iba riendo.

There's a fire in Bethlehem,
In the stable see the flames!
For they say that born of the Virgin
From heaven to earth He came!

Fish in the river are glistening and dancing,
Dancing and leaping to celebrate his birthday.
Fish in the river are glistening and dancing,
Dancing and leaping to celebrate his birthday.

In Bethlehem's humble stable
There's a lovely white carnation,
It will grow into a purple Lily.
Greet the savior of the nations!

Virgin Mary, by the river
Hangs the swaddling clothes of Jesus,
All the birds around her are singing
And the river flows rejoicing.

El Noi de la Mare (Catalonian)

What shall we give to the Child of the Mother?
What can we bring that will give him delight?

Bring to him raisins in kingly abundance,
Bring him the offerings he richly deserves.

What shall we bring to the child of the mother?
What shall we bring to the beautiful boy?

Raisins and honey and olives and walnuts,
Raisins and honey and figs that are ripe.

What shall we do if the figs do not ripen?
What shall we do if the figs are still green?

Gifts that we offer the Child should be perfect;
Mild for a baby, yet fit for a King.

Chiquiriquitín (Andalucian)

Chiquiriquitín, chiquiriquitín,
Ay, del chiquiriquitín,
 metidito entre pajas,
Ay, del chiquiriquitín,
 Queridí, queridito del alma.

Chiquiriquitín, chiquiriquitín,
Ay, del chiquiriquitín,
 He is laid in a manger bed
Ay, del chiquiriquitín,
 Follow us, follow us to the manger.

Por debajo del arco
 Del portaliño
Se descubre a María, José y el Niño.

Find them all through the doorway,
 there in the stable,
Mary, Joseph and Jesus, their holy baby.

Entry el buey y la mula
 Dios ha nacido,
Y en un pobre pesebre lo han recogido.

Ox and mule are His guardians
 sleeping beside Him,
In the poorest of stables humbly abiding.

El Rorro (Mexican)

A la rururru, niño chiquito,
Duermase ya mi Jesucito.
Del elefante hasta el mosquito
Guarden silencio no le hagan ruido.

A la rururru, my precious baby,
Please go to sleep now my tiny Jesus.
The buzzing bee and elephants that lumber;
Be silent now, do not disturb His slumber.

A la rururru, niño chiquito,
Duermase ya mi Jesucito.
Noche venturosa,
 noche de alegría,
Bendita la dulce divina María.

A la rururru, my precious baby,
Please go to sleep now my tiny Jesus.
Come, oh night of blessing,
 night of great rejoicing.
We gather to bless the sweet and holy Virgin.

A la rururru, niño chiquito,
Duermase ya mi Jesucito.
Coros celestiales con
 su dulce acento,
Canten la ventura
 de este nacimiento.

A la rururru, my precious baby,
Please go to sleep now my tiny Jesus.
Choirs in heaven raise your voices
 now to praise Him,
Sing for joy the blessings that
 this night has given

Peninsula Cantare

Janice Gunderson, Music Director
Alexander Bootzin, Accompanist

Soprano

Susan Breuer
Shirley Fitzgerald
Debby Hamburger
Vicki Hanson
Linda Litz
Sharon Rice
Ruth Sitton
Judith Tauber-Lovik

Alto

Kathy Bond
Bobbi Dean
Kay Johnson
Katie Graham
Marilyn Michaelson
Paula Ondricek
Diane Reeve
Pamela Schwarz

Tenor

Gaylon Babcock
Larry Baer
Max Capestany
Emery Gordon
Peter Hartzell
Joseph Kresse
Paul Reeve

Bass

Bernard Buice
Ron Clazie
John Friesen
Peter Gunderson
Ron Hodges
Gene Hogenauer
Robert Janssen
Mark Loy
Steve Pursell
Jay Siedenburg
Paul Wendt

Postcard: Emery Gordon

Program: Gene Hogenauer

Coming Events

Peninsula Cantare is happy to announce that we will return to Canada College in 2007. Experienced choral singers are invited to audition for the Spring semester. Visit our website, www.peninsulacantare.org, for further information.

Saturday March 10, 2007 at 7:30 pm

In Windsor Forest music of Ralph Vaughan-Williams and Songs of Travel, Leland Morine, Baritone. Featuring music selected for our Brazilian Tour in June. Cañada College, Main Theater, 4200 Farm Hill Blvd., Redwood City.

Saturday, June 2 at 8 pm and Sunday, June 3 at 4 pm

Carmina Burana by Carl Orff. Joint concert with the Masterworks Chorale. Carrington Hall, Sequoia High School, 1201 Brewster Avenue, Redwood City.

If you would like to be on our mailing list, please leave your name and address in the lobby after the concert. Peninsula Cantare is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization; tax-deductible contributions are gratefully accepted.

Name _____

Address _____
