

Peninsula Cantare

38th Season

Janice Gunderson, Music Director

Alexander Bootzin, Piano

Nucleus Jazz Quartet



An Uncommon Christmas

Music of Howells, Kodaly, Rutter and Dello Joio
International Carols

“Musicological Journey through the
Twelve Days of Christmas”

*This concert is dedicated to the memory of
our dear friend in music Marge Cox*

Sunday, December 7, 2008 at 3:00 pm

Cañada College Theatre

4200 Farm Hill Blvd., Redwood City



Program

Torches! John Joubert (b. 1927)
Translated from the Galician by J. B. Trend

O Be Joyful Jeffrey Van

Of a Rose, a Lovely Rose Arr.: John Rutter (b. 1945)
Lyrics: 15th century English

Venez, Mes Enfants Arr.: Donald Patriquin
(Sung in French) Noël d'Alsace

O Men From the Fields! Arnold Cooke (1908-2005)
Lyrics: Padraic Colum

Wiegenlied der Hirten Arr.: Max Bruch (1838–1920)
(Sung in German) Lyrics: Unknown author, (1604)

A Christmas Carol Arr.: Zoltán Kodály (1882-1967)
(All Men Draw Near) Lyrics: Clement F. Rogers
Hungarian traditional tune

Fum, Fum, Fum! Arr.: Mack Wilberg
Catalonian Carol

Jazz Combo Medley Nucleus Jazz Quartet

Here is the Little Door Herbert Howells (1892-1983)
Lyrics: Francis Chesterton

My Song Composer & Guest Conductor: Steve Cardiasmenos
Poem: Rabindranath Tagore

Prince of Peace David McKay
Text and melody 19th century Shaker sources

A Christmas Carol Norman Dello Joio (1913-2008)
Lyrics: G. K. Chesterton
Soloists: Sharon Rice and Carla von Merz

Intermission

Angels We Have Heard On High

Paul Laubengayer

Good King Wenceslas

Arr.: Reginald Jacques
Lyrics: John M. Neale (1818-1866)
Tune from Piae Cantiones

Gloucestershire Wassail

English Traditional Carol
Arr.: for the Men of Cantare by J. Gunderson
Speakers: Steve Pursell and Mark Loy

A Musicological Journey Through
the Twelve Days of Christmas

Arr.: Craig Courtney
Traditional carol

We've Been a-while a-wandering (Yorkshire Wassail)

Arr. R. Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
Traditional English

Christmas Sing-along

Program Notes

Welcome to *Peninsula Cantare's* opening concert of our 38th season! This dedicated group of singers has prepared a rich pot-pourri of musical delights for your holiday enjoyment. You will hear familiar carols with sparkling arrangements, such as "Fum Fum Fum" and beautiful poetry illuminated in harmony and melody, as in Dello Joio's "Christmas Carol" and "My Song" of local composer Steve Cardiasmenos. Members of the Jazz Quartet *Nucleus* will add their instrumental color to several of our pieces, offer their own medley, and accompany all of us in our Sing-a-long!

Our second concert of the season celebrates the 150th Anniversary of the death of Haydn, with his lovely *Mass in B flat*. The program also includes the Pergolesi *Magnificat*, and our four professional soloists will each thrill you with a special number. In June we are excited to be a part of Redwood Symphony semi-staged concert version of Bernstein's *Candide*.

The talented members of *Cantare* work hard to prepare each concert for our friends and supporters. We join together each Tuesday night and immerse our voices, hearts and spirits in great choral literature. Our wish is that our performance will touch you, delight you, challenge you, and interest you. That is the power and joy of music!

With best wishes,
Janice Gunderson

Torches

Torches!

John Joubert (b. 1927)
Translated from the Galician
by J. B. Trend

Torches, torches, run with torches
All the way to Bethlehem!
Christ is born and now lies sleeping;
Come and sing your song to him!

Ah, Roro, Roro my baby,
Ah, Roro, my love Roro;
Sleep you well, my heart's own darling,
While we sing you our Roro.

Sing my friends and make you merry,
Joy and mirth and joy again;
Lo, he lives the King of heaven,
Now and ever, evermore, Amen.

O Be Joyful

Jeffrey Van

When the King of heaven came to earth so fair,
There was none to greet him, just a stable bare.
There was none to greet him; O that we were there.

O be joyful all ye lands for the Savior is at hand.
Sing we now alleluia.

Angels in the heavens, singing of his birth,
Shepherds in the darkness, did they see his worth
As the Prince of heaven laid his glory by for earth?

Born to conquer Satan, sin and death to bind,
All God's love and power now in him we find;
Freedom for the captives, vision for the blind.

As the King of heaven comes to earth so fair,
May we rise to greet him in the stable bare;
As he comes to meet us, O may we be there.

Of a Rose, a Lovely Rose

Arr.: John Rutter (b. 1945)

Lyrics: 15th century English

Of a Rose, a lovely Rose,
Of a Rose is all my song.

Hearken to me, both old and young,
How this Rose began to spring;
A fairer rose to mine liking
In all this world ne know I none.

Five branches of that rose there been,
The which be both fair and sheen;
The rose is called Mary, heaven's queen.
Out of her bosom a blossom sprang.

The first branch was of great honour:
That blest Marie should bear the flow'r;
There came an angel from heaven's tower
To break the devil's bond.

The second branch was great of might,
That sprang upon Christmas night;
The star shone over Bethlem bright,
That man should see it both day and night.

The third branch did spring and spread;
Three kinges then the branch gan led
Unto Our Lady in her child-bed;
Into Bethlem that branch sprang right.

The fourth branch it sprang to hell,
The devil's power for to fell:
That no soul therein should dwell,
The branch so blessedfully sprang.

The fifth branch it was so sweet,
It sprang to heav'n, both crop and root,
Therein to dwell and be our bote:
So blessedly it sprang.

Pray we to her with great honour,
She that bare the blessed flow'r,
To be our help and our succour,
And shield us from the fiendes bond.

Venez, Mes Enfants

Arr.: Donald Patriquin

Noël d'Alsace

Venez, mes enfants,
Accourez, venez tous:
Merveilles divines
Se passent chez nous.
Voyez dans la Crèche
L'Enfant nouveauté
Que dans la nuit fraîche
Dieu nous a donné.

Come, my children,
Hasten, come all:
Marvelous divine things
Happen here.
See in the Cradle
The new born Child
Whom God has given us
This night.

Une pauvre étable
Lui sert de maison.
Ni chaise ni table,
Rien que paille et son.
Une humble chandelle
Suffit à l'Enfant
Que le monde appelle
Le Dieu Tout Puissant.

A poor stable
Serves as His home.
No chair or table,
Nothing but straw and hay.
A humble candle
Suffices for the Child
Whom the world calls
The Almighty God.

On n'a vu personne
Monter au clocher,
Mais la cloche sonne
Pour le nouveauté.
L'oiseau sur sa branche
S'est mis à chanter.
L'oeil de la pervenche
S'en est éveillé.

No one has seen anyone
Climbing the tower,
But the bell is sounding
For the newborn Child.
The bird on her branch
Is perching to sing.
The bud of the periwinkle
Is awakened in itself.

Bergers et bergères
Portent leurs présents.
"Dodo, petit frère,"
Chantent les enfants.
Mille anges folâtrant
Dans un rayon d'or:
Les Mages se hâtent vers
Jésus qui dort.

Shepherds and shepherdesses
Bring their gifts.
"Sleep, little brother,"
Sing the children.
A thousand angels frolic
In a ray of golden light:
The Magi hasten towards
The sleeping Jesus.

O Men From the Fields!

Arnold Cooke (1908-2005)

Lyrics: Padraic Colum

O Men from the fields!
Come gently within.
Tread softly, softly,
O men coming in!

From reek of smoke,
And cold of the floor,
And the peering of things
Across the half door.

Mavourneen is going
From me and from you,
Where Mary will fold him
Within mantle of blue!

O men from the fields!
Soft, softly come through-
Mary puts round him
Her mantle of blue.

Wiegenlied der Hirten

Arr.: Max Bruch (1838–1920)

Lyrics: Unknown author, (1604)

Laßt uns das Kindelein wiegen,
Das Herz zum Krippelein biegen!
Laßt un sern Geist erfreun,
Das Kindelein benedein!

Let us rock the little child,
Our hearts bend over the manger!
Let our spirits gladden,
Bless the little child!

O Jesulein süß, O Jesulein süß!

O sweet Lord, O sweet Lord!

Laßt uns dem Kindelein singen,
Ihn unser Opfer bringen,
Ihm alle Ehr beweisen
Mit Loben und mit Preisen!

Let us sing to the little child,
Bring our gifts to him,
Show him all honor
With praise and glory!

Laßt unser Stimm erschallen,
Es wird dem Kindel gefallen;
Laßt ihm ein Freudlein machen,
Das Kindlein wird eins lachen!

Let our voices resound,
It will please the child.
Let us make him happy,
The little child will smile!

A Christmas Carol (All Men Draw Near)

Arr.: Zoltán Kodály (1882-1967)

Lyrics: Clement F. Rogers

Hungarian traditional tune

| | |
|---|---|
| All men draw near, Christmas is here, All the welkin rings. Tell the story, Sing all glory To the King of kings. | Tell the story Of his glory, Christ by all adored. Songs upraising, Praise him, praise him, All men praise the Lord. |
| He who of old Prophets foretold, Now is come to birth, Come one and all To the ox stall: He brings peace on earth! | Babe all holy, Whom all lowly Ox and ass adore, Bless our cattle, Bless our harvest, Bless each house and store. |
| See where the star, Gleaming afar, Guides us through the dark, God's holy dove Brings back in love Sinners to his ark. | Jesu, hear us, Christ, be near us, Make us holy all, With joyful praise Fill all our days, Hear us when we call. Amen. |

Fum, Fum, Fum!

Arr.: Mack Wilberg

Catalonian Carol

On December twenty five, sing fum, fum, fum!
On December twenty five, sing fum, fum, fum!
He is born the Holy Child,
 the little babe, the infant mild.
He is born of Virgin birth
 and He shall be the joy of earth,
Sing fum, fum, fum!

Little birds fly from the sky, sing fum, fum, fum!
Little birds fly from the sky, sing fum, fum, fum!
Little creatures great and small,
 come to the stable one and all,
Come and form a tiny nest,
 all for the Holy Child to rest
Sing fum, fum, fum!

Little stars that shine above, sing fum, fum, fum!
Little stars that shine above, sing fum, fum, fum!
See the infant as He sleeps,
 He brings to all goodwill and peace.
O let the night shine lightly,
 With a flame burn clear and brightly,
Sing fum, fum, fum!

Here is the Little Door

Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

Lyrics: Francis Chesterton

Here is the little door, lift up the latch, oh lift!
We need not wander more but enter with our gift;
Our gift of finest gold,
Gold that was never bought nor sold;
Myrrh to be strewn about his bed;
Incense in clouds about his head;
All for the Child who stirs not in his sleep.
But holy slumber holds with ass and sheep.

Bend low about his bed, for each he has a gift;
See how his eyes awake, lift up your hands, O lift!
For gold, he gives a keen-edged sword
(Defend with it Thy little Lord!),
For incense, smoke of battle red.
Myrrh for the honoured happy dead;
Gifts for his children terrible and sweet,
Touched by such tiny hands and
Oh such tiny feet.

My Song

Steve Cardiasmenos
Poem: Rabindranath Tagore

This song of mine will wind its music around you,
my child, like the fond arms of love.

The song of mine will touch your forehead
like a kiss of blessing.

When you are alone it will sit by your side and
whisper in your ear, when you are in the crowd
it will fence you about with aloofness.

My song will be like a pair of wings to your dreams,
it will transport your heart to the verge of the unknown.

It will be like the faithful star overhead
when dark night is over your road.

My song will sit in the pupils of your eyes,
and will carry your sight into the heart of things.

And when my voice is silenced in death,
my song will speak in your living heart.

Prince of Peace

David McKay
Text and melody 19th century Shaker sources

We have found the promised Savoir,
Who hath been so long foretold;
We have found the Christian goodness,
Which is worth a hundred fold.

And we'll spread the gladsome tidings,
'Till the sound of war shall cease;
'Till the homes of all are brightened
By the glorious Prince of Peace.

And ere we meet the hour of slumber,
Or breathe the last goodnight,
We'll softly whisper, sweetly sing,
In a chorus united to kindred here,
Peace! Peace.

A Christmas Carol

Norman Dello Joio (1913-2008)

Lyrics: G. K. Chesterton

Soloists: Sharon Rice and Carla Von Merz

The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light.
(O weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's breast,
His hair was like a star.
(O stern and cunning are the kings,
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's heart,
O, His hair was like a fire.
(Weary, weary is the world,
But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown.
And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down.

Angels We Have Heard On High

Paul Laubengayer

Gloria, in excelsis Deo!

Angels we have heard on high
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,
And the mountains in reply,
Echoing their joyous strains.

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be,
Which inspire your heavenly song?

Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee,
Christ the Lord, the newborn King.

Good King Wenceslas

Arr.: Reginald Jacques
Lyrics: John M. Neale (1818-1866)
Tune from Piaf Cantiones

Good King Wenceslas looked out on the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel.

“Hither, page, and stand by me, if thou knowst it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?”
“Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes’ fountain.”

“Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither,
Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither.”
Page and monarch, forth they went, forth they went together,
Through the rude wind’s wild lament and the bitter weather.

“Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger,
Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no longer.”
“Mark my footsteps, good my page, tread thou in them boldly,
Thou shall find the winter’s rage freeze your blood less coldly.”

In his master’s steps he trod, where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure, wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing.

Gloucestershire Wassail

Traditional English Carol
Arr.: for the Men of Cantare by J. Gunderson
Speakers: Steve Pursell and Mark Loy

Wassail, wassail all over the town!
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown,
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.

So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek,
Pray God send our master a good piece of beef,
And a good piece of beef that may we all see;
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.

And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye,
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie
And a good Christmas pie that may we all see;
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.

So here is to Broad Mary and to her broad horn,
May God send our master a good crop of corn,
And a good crop of corn that may we all see;
With our wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.

And here is to Fillpail and to her left ear,
Pray God send our master a happy New Year,
And a happy New Year as e'er he did see;
With our wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.

And here is to Colly and to her long tail
Pray God send our master he never may fail
A bowl of strong beer! I pray you draw near
And our jolly wassail it's then you shall hear.

Come butler, come fill us a bowl of the best,
Then we hope that your soul in heaven may rest;
But if you draw us a bowl of the small,
Then down shall go butler, bowl and all.

Then here's to the maid in the lily white smock,
Who tripped to the door and slipped back the lock!
Who tripped to the door and pulled back the pin,
For to let these jolly wassailers in.

Important Note!!:
Cherry and Dobbin are horses;
Broad May, Fillpail and Colly are cows

A Musicological Journey Through the Twelve Days of Christmas

Arr.: by Craig Courtney
Traditional carol

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|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. A Partridge in a Pear Tree | from 6th Century Rome |
| 2. Two Turtle Doves | from 15th Century France |
| 3. Three French Hens | from 16th Century Italy |
| 4. Four Calling Birds | from 17th Century Italy |
| 5. Five Gold Rings | from 18th Century Germany |
| 6. Six Geese a-Laying | from 18th Century Austria |
| 7. Seven Swans a-Swimming | from 19th Century France |
| 8. Eight Maids a-Milking | from 19th Century Germany |
| 9. Nine Ladies Dancing | from 19th Century Austria |
| 10. Ten Lords a-Leaping | from 19th Century Italy |
| 11. Eleven Pipers Piping | from 19th Century Russia |
| 12. Twelve Drummers Drumming | from 20th Century United States |

We've Been a-while a-wandering (Yorkshire Wassail)

Arr.: R. Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)
Traditional English

We've been a-while a-wandering
Amongst the leaves so green.
But now we come a wassailing
So plainly to be seen,

Call up the butler of this house,
Likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table go;

We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door;
We are your neighbors' children,
For we've been here before;

Bring us out a table
And spread it with a cloth,
Bring us out a mouldy cheese
And some of your Christmas loaf;

We've got a little purse;
Made of leathern ratchin skin;
Please share with us a farthing
To line it well within;

Good master and good mistress,
While you're sitting by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
That's wandered in the mire;

For it's Christmas time, when we travel far and near;
May God bless you and send you a happy New Year.



Marge Cox

Our friend Marge passed away on November 20th. She had been a member of *Cantare* for seven years, singing alto. She toured Germany and France with the group in 2001. Marge was a fine pianist and accompanist, and was blessed with perfect pitch. Her musicality and friendship will be sorely



Steve Cardiasmenos

Steven Cardiasmenos was born in Oakland and has spent most of his life living in the Bay Area. For well over 30 years, Steve has written choral music for the Greek Orthodox Church and has received numerous awards from the church nationally.

Steve is a composer member of the American Society for Composers Authors and Publishers (ASCAP), and has won composition awards from that organization numerous times over the past 15 years. Many of his compositions have been published and have been performed by religious and educational institutions as well as professional choral groups throughout the country and internationally. His work, "O Come All Ye Faithful" was recently recorded on CD by the Catholic Concert Choir of Vladivostok Russia.

Currently, Steve sings tenor in Sine Nomine, a 30-voice choral group based out of San Mateo. Since 1985, he has served as the Choir Director at the Church of the Holy Cross in Belmont. Steve also teaches woodwinds and brass to over 70 students. He continues to compose extensively for a variety of ongoing choral, classical and jazz instrumental projects. Steve resides in San Carlos.

Nucleus Jazz Quartet

The jazz quartet "Nucleus" is so named, because the four musicians comprise a core group that has appeared together in a variety of musical settings over the years. They have performed as a unit in many jazz venues, in musical theater productions, in classical concerts, with tango singers and dancers, in theme shows (50's rock, the Great American Songbook, Broadway Revue) at Max's Opera Cafe, and in celebrations and services at churches and synagogues. They are, in a word, versatile. Their CD, "Yuletide Jazz" includes 12 arrangements of holiday classics, and is available here today.

Nucleus is: Alex Bootzin, Piano

Steve Cassinelli, Guitar and electric bass

Ruben Salcido, Flute and soprano, alto, and tenor saxophone

Kevin McAuliffe, Drums and percussion

Peninsula Cantare

Janice Gunderson, Music Director
Alexander Bootzin, Accompanist

Soprano

Rebecca Dashiell
Shirley Fitzgerald
Roxanne Fornells
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Upcoming Concerts

Sunday, March 22, 2009, 3 P.M., Cañada Main Theater
Pergolesi: Magnificat
Haydn: Mass in B flat (Theresienmesse)
Professional soloists and orchestra

Saturday, June 6, 2009, 8 P.M., Cañada Main Theater
Bernstein: Candide
With Redwood Symphony