

THE PERFORMERS

KAREN BURCIAGA (Renaissance violin) discovered early music while an undergraduate at Vanderbilt University. In 2004, she earned a Master of Music in Early Music Performance from the Longy School of Music in Cambridge, MA, studying violin with Dana Maiben and viol with Jane Hershey. She has performed with the King's Noyse, Newport Baroque, Newton Baroque, the Arcadia Players, and other period ensembles, including appearances at the Boston, Bloomington, and Amherst Early Music Festivals. Karen is on the string faculty of the Texas TOOT in Austin, TX, where she also leads The Killer Bees, a baroque ensemble. Other musical interests include traditional Scottish fiddle and dance, American shape-note singing, and Italian Renaissance dance.

DANIEL MEYERS (recorders, flutes, percussion, bagpipes) Dan holds a BA degree in music and English literature from Whitman College, and an MM in Early Music Performance from the Longy School of Music. He is a native of Washington state, but has lived in Boston since 2003. He spent two seasons as a musician with the Utah Shakespearean Festival, and has been a performer at several early music venues in the UK and Ireland, including the York and Galway Early Music Festivals. In 1999/2000, he was the recipient of a Watson Fellowship for ethnomusicology studies. He coaches recorder ensembles for the Boston Recorder Society, Early Music MetroWest, and the Worcester Hills Recorder Society, and is Assistant Music Director at the UU Church of Greater Lynn in Swampscott, MA. He also performs Irish traditional music on uilleann pipes, whistle, and flute; his uilleann piping was recently featured on the soundtrack of the nationally released film *Rooters: The Birth of Red Sox Nation*. He is also a member of the 7 Hills Renaissance Wind Band.

MICHAEL BARRETT (tenor) is active in the Boston area as a singer and choral conductor. After completing studies in voice and early music at the Royal Conservatory in The Hague, Michael returned to the United States in 2004 to take up conducting positions at Harvard University. While in Europe he was a member of the Huelgas Ensemble and the Netherlands Bach Society. In the U.S. Michael has worked with Blue Heron Renaissance Choir, Cut Circle, and Ensemble Trinitas (dir. Tom Zajac), and appeared in the Boston Early Music Festival's 2005 and 2007 operas. He served as assistant conductor of Harvard's Collegium Musicum and is currently director of the Holden Chamber Ensembles and the Dudley Chorus. Michael also sings regularly with the Church of the Advent in Boston.

JOSH SCHREIBER SHALEM (viola da gamba) grew up playing the 'cello, and studied 'cello at Bennington College with Maxine Newman, graduating with a BA in 1994. While at Bennington, he played in the Bennington 'Cello Quartet, and was also a member of the Early Music Ensemble, where he first became acquainted with the viola da gamba. Chronic hand pain necessitated a hiatus in his playing activities, until he discovered the Feldenkrais Method®, first with Olivia Cheever at the Longy School of Music, and later in professional training. Now a Guild-Certified Feldenkrais Practitioner, Josh is currently building a private practice with an emphasis on functional movement for musicians. He invites anyone with an interest in the Feldenkrais Method to investigate it further at www.discover-yourself.com. Currently, Josh studies viola da gamba with Jane Hershey and voice with Laurie Monahan. In addition to his performance and Feldenkrais activities, Josh is active in Boston's Jewish community as an educator and cantorial soloist.

MATTHEW WRIGHT (lute, cittern) is a native of Maryland. He attended the Peabody Conservatory, Baltimore, as an undergraduate and studied classical guitar with Ray Chester and lute with Mark Cudek. Upon moving to Cambridge in 1999, Matt began concentrating on the lute, studying with Douglas Freundlich at the Longy School of Music, and subsequently receiving an MM in Early Music Performance. He has performed as a solo lutenist and continuo player for various ensembles and soloists throughout the Eastern U.S. and Europe. He is currently tenor section leader at Eliot Church of Newton. To enhance the repertoire of lute and voice, Matt has arranged several works that transcend tradition. Also an accomplished electric bass player, he does freelance work in rock bands, as well as teaching the instrument. As a teacher of guitar, he currently has students at Indian Hill Music School in Littleton and Riverside Theater Works in Hyde Park.

SEVENTIMES SALT

Good Ale and True



Tuesday, December 18, 2007 at 8:00 pm
Cambridge Friends Meeting House
5 Longfellow Park, Cambridge, MA 02138

Good Ale And True

Jesus Born in Beth'ny	Appalachian trad.
Quando nascette Ninno (The Bagpiper's Carol)	Neapolitan trad.
Herders hy is gheboren	Anonymous ca.1645, arr. K. Burciaga
Bransles de village	Jean-Baptiste Besard (c. 1567–1625)
O herders laet u bocxkens en schaeppen	Anon 17 th c., tune M. Praetorius (1571-1621)
Farewele Advent, to the tune of "Stanes Morris"	16 th c. English, arr. M. Wright
The Leeds Waits Wassail	English trad.
Allisons Knell	Richard Alison (fl.1580-1610)
Tarlton's Jigg	Anonymous 16 th -c.
While shepherd watched their flocks	consort setting by R. Alison
Cradle Pavan / Lullabie Galliard	Anthony Holborne (1550-1602)
My Master and Dame, to the tune of "Jack's Health"	17 th c. broadside ballad/Playford

INTERMISSION

Past Three O'clock	English trad., arr. Charles Wood (1866-1926)
Beata es Virgo	Giovanni Gabrieli (1555-1612)
El noi de la mare	Catalan trad., arr. M. Wright
New Year's Eve (for Aimee)	pub. John Playford 1687, arr. D. Douglass
The Wassail Song	English trad., arr. Fairport Convention
Oíche Nollaig/The Wise Maid/Branle L'Officiel	Irish trad./Thoinot Arbeau

Please hold your applause until the end of each set.

SEVEN TIMES SALT

Karen Burciaga, Renaissance violin
Daniel Meyers, recorders, tin whistle, bagpipes, percussion
Josh Schreiber Shalem, bass viol
Matthew Wright, lute & cittern

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

Michael Barrett, tenor & lute

and

THE 7 HILLS RENAISSANCE WIND ENSEMBLE

Rigel Lustwerk, cornetto; Elizabeth Hardy, bass dulcian; Daniel Meyers, sackbut;
Cathy Stein, tenor dulcian & recorder; Matthew Stein, tenor & bass dulcian

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Seven Times Salt would like to thank Chris Leslie of Fairport Convention for permission to perform "Wassail Song," David Douglass for allowing us to perform "New Year's Eve (for Aimee)," Jola Komornicka for insights on "Farewele Advent," John Field and Friends Meeting Cambridge, and our guests Michael Barrett and the 7 Hills Renaissance Wind Band.

Seven Times What?

"Tears seven times salt, burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!" Our name is taken from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, but refers in a broader sense to the "melancholic musick" that was so popular in Elizabeth's court. Elizabethan composers elevated the musical portrayal of tears and melancholy to a high art, especially composers such as John Dowland.

About the Band

Seven Times Salt is an early music chamber ensemble formed in February 2003. Since that time, they have performed for the The Society For Historically Informed Performance, the Boston Recorder Society, Plimoth Plantation, The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, the Ken Pierce Dance Company, New England Folk Festival, Longy School of Music, Harvard University, the Amherst, Bloomington (IN), and Boston Early Music Festivals, and WGBH radio. They are based in Cambridge, MA, and specialize in the English consort repertoire of the 16th and 17th centuries.

THE 7 HILLS RENAISSANCE WIND ENSEMBLE

Formed at the Longy School of Music in 2004, the group originated as a chamber ensemble under the direction of Daniel Stillman. They are devoted to historically-informed performance of sacred and secular music from the 15th - 17th centuries played on cornetto, sackbut, shawm, dulcian, and recorder. In the tradition of the Spanish ministriles, Italian piffari, and English waits, they perform a variety of polyphony in courtyards and churches, and are nearly always up for a "libation" afterwards.

Upcoming Events

February 21, 2008: STS performs in the beautiful atrium of the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, one of Boston's cultural treasures. Come view one of the finest private art collections in Boston's history, with Seven Times Salt for background music! 5:00 to 7:00 p.m. at the Gardner Museum, 2 Palace Rd., Boston. \$12 general adm./\$5 students...unless your name is Isabella, in which case you get in for free (no joke!). For directions and more information, see www.gardnermuseum.org.

March 8, 2008: STS presents a concert for the 2008 Indian Hill Music School. Our first appearance in Littleton; we'll be presenting a concert of our favorite consort repertoire at Camilla Blackman Hall. See www.indianhillmusic.org.

For more information, visit www.seventimesalt.com.

NOTES

Jesus Born in Beth'ny is an 18th-century American Christmas carol from the Appalachian tradition—possibly the first ever American piece performed by STS. This early American carol is strong and rustic, much like the people who first played it. **Quando Nascette Ninno**, with text in the Neapolitan dialect, is traditionally played in southern Italy at the Christmas dawn mass, usually by a procession of bagpipers dressed as shepherds and playing the zampogna, the sweet-sounding bagpipe native to Reggio Calabria (Dan has relatives in this part of Italy!). Handel borrowed part of the melody for the aria “And He Shall Feed His Flock” in *The Messiah*. **Herders hy is gheboren** comes from the 17th-century *cantiones natalitiae*, a body of Dutch and Latin Christmas songs from the southern Netherlands. Usually narrated by eyewitness shepherds, these strophic songs generally are set to a catchy folk tune and would have been sung by multiple voices with instrumental accompaniment; we've taken the liberty of reconstructing the three inner voices ourselves. The **Branles de village** were originally published by Robert Ballard in 1614 as a suite of solo dances for lute to which Besard added a second lute part, or *contrepavie* (played here in two parts by Josh and Karen). A branle (pronounced “brawl”) was a popular French circle dance characterized by simple side steps; this particular branle contains a number of harmonic clashes that emphasize the rustic character of the dance. **O Herders laet u bocckens en schaepen** is an infectious tune with a strong *coranto* rhythm, harmonized by Michael Praetorius. This proves that Dutch shepherds are every bit as enthusiastic as their Italian counterparts! In **Farewele Advent**, Advent itself is anthropomorphized, and is thus the addressee of the carol. While the fasting that occurred during Advent in the Middle Ages wasn't as strict as that of Lent, it still forbade the eating of meat. Thus, the song is aimed at the expectation of the upcoming Christmas feast. Please join us on the chorus!



The **Leeds Waits Wassail** is one of many English luck-visit songs. This particular tune is perhaps the most recognizable of the wassail songs, wherein a roving group of singers would perform for various households in hopes of gaining a bit of food, drink, and money. **Tarlton's Jegg** comes from the Cambridge Consort books, copied by Matthew Holmes around 1595. Richard Tarlton, born in 1530, was an actor, fencing master, and court fool to Elizabeth I. He was known for his devastating wit and improvised banter. After his death, his best-known jokes were published under the title *Tarlton's Jestes*.



RICHARD TARLTON

While Shepherds Watched their Flocks has a long and varied history. The text is a paraphrase of Luke, chapter 2, and first appeared in Nahum Tate's 1696 *New Version of the Psalms of David*. However, the tune is the much earlier “Winchester Old” psalm tune, dating from at least the early 16th-century. Any other common meter tune would also be suitable, but Richard Alison chose this particular one to publish in the 1592 *Psalms of David in Meter* which was “to be sung and playde upon the lute, orpharyon, citterne or bass violl.” Over the centuries since the first pairing of this tune and text, many other tunes have been used, most notably George Frideric Handel's familiar setting in his 1728 opera *Sirve, Rè di Persia*. We treat Alison's setting as a typical consort piece, adding florid divisions to the tune. **Alisons Knell** is one of our old favorites from Morley's *Consort Lessons* of 1599. This wistful and introspective pavan perhaps foreshadows Alison's own demise. Listen for the clanging of church bells in the final section, hidden in the violin and bass viol parts. Anthony Holborne's 1599 publication *Pavans, Galliards, Almains, and other short Aires* contains pieces for five-part consort. When they were published, there existed lute solos of the same pieces, albeit in different keys than the consort settings. Here we present the **Cradle Pavan** for lute solo followed by the gently rocking **Lullabie Galliard** for consort. **My Master and Dame** needs little other explanation than to say that Karen found a 17th-century ballad and set it to the rousing English country dance tune “Jack's Health.” Much merriment has ensued ever since.

The tune of **Past three o'clock** was included in Playford's *English Dancing Master* under the title “The Waits.” From the 14th - 19th centuries, town waits (night watchmen) patrolled the city streets all night while playing dance tunes and singing ballads to keep themselves awake and warm. The night watch became more of a roving music party during the festive weeks leading up to Christmas, when musicians of all sorts took to the streets performing for money or gifts. The poem comes from a 17th-century broadside ballad by a Mr. Durden. **Beata es virgo** is a complex motet by the Venetian master Giovanni Gabrieli. The Cathedral of San Marco in Venice (where Gabrieli was music master) was justly famous in the 17th century for its extraordinary wind players, and services often included the sounds of cornetto, sackbut, and dulcian. **El noi de la Mare** is a plaintive song about peasant children trying to come up with the finest gifts for the son of the Virgin (the finest things in their view are raisins, figs, sweet honey, and cheese). As with “Farwele Advent,” this song foreshadows Christ's passion and resurrection. David Douglass' setting of the country dance tune **New Year's Eve** often reminds us of an old cowboy song. David's composed tenor lines (two recorders) provide long fantasia-like episodes over the ground bass, and later the violin enters with the dance tune proper. This beautiful piece is in memory of David's mother Aimee. Fairport Convention's **Wassail Song** is based on the traditional Somerset Wassail tune and is presented in an infectious 5/4 meter. The lyrics draw on several different traditional wassail songs. We follow this with a lively pair of reels from the west of Ireland, **Oíche Nollaig/The Wise Maid** (the title of the first translates as “Christmas Eve”), followed by our “Hibernified” version of **Branle l'Officiel** from Arbeau's *Orchesographie*, better known to revelers in the British Isles and America as “Ding Dong Merrily On High.”

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

QUANDO NASCETTE NINNO a Bettelemme,
Era notte apare a mmiezo juorno!
Maje le stelle lustere belle,
Se vedettero accusi!
La chiù lucente
Jette a chiammà li Magi in Oriente.

No ‘n cerano nemice ppe la terra,
La pecora pascia co lo lione,
Co le crapette Se vedette,
Lo liopardo pazzià:
L’urzo e o vitiello,
Eco lu lupo’n pace u pecoriello.

Guardavano le pecore lu pasture;
E l’angelo, sbrennente chiù de lu sule,
Comparette, e le dicette:
“Nòve, spaventate nò!
Contento e riso;
La terra é arrenventata paradiso!”

HERDERS HY IS GHEBORNEN, in’t midden van den nacht,
Die soo langh van te voren, de wereldt heeft verwacht.
Vrolijck ô Herderkens, songhen ons d’Engeltjens,
Songhen met blijde stem, haest u naer Bethlehem.

Wy arm, end slechte liekens, ghelijck de boern sijn,
Ontweecten ons gebuerkens, en in de maneschijn.
Liepen met blij’ gheschal, naer desen armen stal,
Daer ons den Engels sanck, altemael toe bedwanck.

Als wy daer sijn gecomen, siet een kleyn kindeken,
Laydt op ‘t stroy nieu geboren, soet als een Lammeken.
D’oogskens van stonden aen, sachmen vol traenen staen,
‘t Weenden uyt druck en rou, in dese felle cou.

Ick mijn fluytjen, een ander, die nam sijn moeseltjen,
En dus fluyten en songhen, voor ‘t soete Kindeken,
Na na na Kintjen teer, sus sus en kryt niet meer,
Doet u kleyn ooghskens toe, sy sijn van krijten moe.

‘T Kint begost nu te slaepen, de Moeder sprack ons aen,
Lieve Herderkens t’saemen, wilt soetjens buyten gaen.
U lie sy peys, en vré, dat brengt mijn kint u mé,
Want ‘t Is Godt uwen Heer comt morgen noch eens weer.

When the little baby was born in Bethlehem,
That night seemed bright as midday.
All the stars shone beautifully
over those who came to that place;
The brightest one showed the way for the Magi from the
East.

No creature on earth had any enemy,
The sheep laid down with the lion,
The goat was seen walking peacefully with the leopard,
The bear with the calf,
Behold, even the wolf was at peace with the lamb.

The shepherds were watching their flocks,
When an angel, burning brighter than the sun,
Appeared and said to them:
“Do not be afraid! I have pleasant and happy news!
Earth has been visited by Heaven.”
—trans. Dan Meyers

Shepherds, He is born in the middle of the night,
He, for whom the world has waited so long.
“Be glad, o shepherds,” the angels sang to us
With happy voices, “Hurry to Bethlehem.”

We poor and simple people, just as farmers are,
Woke up our neighbors, and in the moonlight
We walked with happy sounds to the poor stable,
Which the angels’ singing prompted us to do.

As we arrived, we saw a little child
Lying on straw, newly born, sweet as a lamb.
We could see the eyes full of tears,
Weeping from distress in the bitter cold.

I took my flute, the other his bagpipes,
And thus we played and sang for the little child.
“There, there, little child, hush, hush, don’t cry,
Close your little eyes; they’re tired of crying.”

The child asleep, the mother spoke to us,
“Dear shepherds, go gently outside.
The peace that brings my child to me be with you too,
For it is the Lord your God. Come again tomorrow.”
—trans. Bertie Palenstijn

O HERDERS, LAET U BOCXKENS EN SCHAEPEN,
den Godt en heer, diet al heeft geschapen,
is voor u gehoren,
die waert verloren,
in cribbe geleijt in eene stal.
Godt mensche door Adams val,
in doecxkens gewonden,
sal worden gevonden;
de moeder en maget is een;
Godt vaeder is vaeder alleen.
Sa, ras, herderkens, op de been!
Herderkens loopt, loopt, herderkens loopt,
herderkens, noch eenen keer;
morgen comen wy weer!

Comt, laet ons gaen besoecken, in doecken,
dat kindeken teere, des werelts heere,
die van onse kudden
den wolf sal schudden,
die voor ons in een cribbe leijt,
soo heeft ons den Engel geseijt.
Die herders songen,
die lammerkens sprongen,
die aerde was vol van vreucht;
sij songen Godts glori en deucht,
voor de menschen, peys ende jeught.
Kindeken slaept, slaept, kindeken,
na, na, na, kindeken teer,
sus, sus, sus, en crijt niet meer.

Maer eer wy gaen al dander opwecken,
eer wy van hier naer Bethleem trecken,
wat sullen wy geven,
om niet te beven
in desen seer langen couden nacht?
Soo dient hem een velleken sacht.
Soo tcrijten sal willen,
wy sullen het stillen
met spelen en met gesanck,
en singen, den geheelen nacht lanck,
onder ons, al mit soet geclanck:
zingen na, na, na, singen,
na, na, na, kindeken teer,
sus, sus, sus, en crijt niet meer.

O shepherds, leave your goats and sheep,
Our God and Lord, who has created all,
Has been born for you
who were lost,
And is laid in a manger in a stable.
People of Adam’s fall,
Wrapped in swaddling clothes
you shall find God;
Mother and virgin are one and the same,
God the father is the only father.
Come quickly, shepherds, on your feet!
Run, shepherds, run;
Keep going, shepherds,
You can return [to your sheep] tomorrow.

Come, let us visit this tender child
In swaddling clothes, the Lord of the world,
Who shall drive away the wolf
from our flocks,
Who lies in a manger for our sake;
Thus we were told by the angel.
The shepherds sang,
the lambs milled about,
The earth was full of joy;
They sang of God’s glory and virtue,
Peace and rebirth for all people.
Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep;
Now now, sweet little child,
Don’t cry anymore.

But before we go and wake all the others,
Before we go from here to Bethlehem,
What shall we give him
to stop him shivering
In this long and cold night?
A soft sheepskin will do well;
If he starts to cry,
We will soothe him
With music and songs.
And we shall sing all night long,
All together with sweet sounds:
Sing na, sing na, na, na;
Hush, little baby, hush, hush,
Don’t cry anymore.

—Trans. Paul Rans, adapted Dan Meyers

FAREWELL, ADVENT; Christmas is come;
Farewell from us both all and some.

With patience thou hast us fed
And made us go hungry to bed;
For lack of meat we were nigh dead.
While thou hast been within our house
We ate no puddings nor no sauce,
But stinking fish not worth a louse.
Farewell, Advent...

Thou hast us fed with plaices thin,
Nothing on them but bone and skin;
Therefore our love thou shalt not win.
Our bread was, our ale was thin,
Our bred was musty in the bin,
Our ale sour or we did begin.
Farewell, Advent...

Thou art of great ingratitude,
Good meat from us for to exclude;
Thou art not kind but very rude.
Above all things thou art a mean
To make our cheeks both bare and lean.
I would thou were at Boughton Bleane!*

Farewell, Advent...

Thou may'st not dwell with none estate;
Therefore with us thou play'st checkmate.
Go hens or we will break thy pate!
Thou may'st not dwell with knight nor squire,
For them thou may'st lie in the mire;
They love not thee nor Lent, thy sire.
Farewell, Advent...

This time of Christ's feast natal
We will be merry, great and small,
And thou shalt go out of this hall.
Farewell, Advent...

*hamlet near Kent known for its
lazarhouse (leper colony)—a suitable
fate for the miserly Advent of this
caroll!

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS by night all seated on the ground
The angel of the Lord came down and glory shone around.
"Fear not," he said, for mighty dread had seized their troubled minds,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring to you and all mankind."
"To you in David's town this day is born of David's line
The Savior who is Christ the Lord and this shall be the sign."
"The heavenly Babe you there shall find to human view displayed
And meanly wrapped in swathing bands and in a manger laid."
Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high and to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men begin and never cease!"

MY MASTER AND DAME, I well perceive, are purposed to be merry tonight,
And willingly hath given me leave to combat with a Christmas knight.
Sir Pig, I see, comes prancing in and bids me draw if that I dare;
I care not for his valour a pin, for Jack of him will have a share.

My Lady Goose among the rest upon the table takes her place,
And piping-hot bids do my best, and bravely looks me in the face;
For pig and geese are gallant cheer, God bless my master and dame therefore!
I trust before the next new year to eat my part of half a score.

I likewise see good minced-pie here swaggering on the table;
The lofty walls so large and high I'll level down if I'm able;
For they be furnished with good plums, and spiced well with pepper and salt,
Each prune as big as both my thumbs to drive down bravely the juice of malt.

Fill me some of your Christmas beer, your pepper sets my mouth on heat,
And Jack's a-dry with your good cheer, give me some good ale to my meat.
And then again my stomach I'll show, for good roast-beef here stoutly stands;
I'll make it stoop before I go, or I'll be no man of my hands.

Come pray thee, butler, fill the bowl, our bowl which is made of the maplin tree,
And let it round the table troll, so here, good fellow, I'll drink to thee.
And for the plenty of this house God keep it thus well-stored away;
Come, butler, fill me a good carouse, and so we'll end our Christmas day.



*In a winter's morning, long before the dawning,
 Ere the cock did crow, or stars their light withdraw,
 Wak'd by a hornpipe pretty, play'd along York city,
 By th'help of o'ernight's bottle, Damon made this ditty...*
*In a winter's night, by moon or lanthorn light,
 Through hail, rain, frost, or snow, their rounds the music go;
 Clad each in frieze or blanket (for either heav'n be thanked),
 Lin'd with wine a quart, or ale a double tankard.
 Burglars scud away, and bar guests dare not stay,
 Of claret, snoring sots dream o'er their pipes and pots,
 Till their brisk helpmates wake 'em, hoping music will wake 'em
 To find the pleasant Cliff, that plays the Rigadoon...*
*...Candles, four in the pound, lead up the jolly Round,
 Whilst cornet shrill i' th' middle marches, and merry fiddle,
 Curtal with deep hum, hum, cries, we come, we come, come,
 And theorbo loudly answers, thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum.*
*But, their fingers frost-nip't, so many notes are o'erslipt,
 That you'd take sometimes the Waits for the Minster chimes:
 Then, Sirs, to hear their music would make both me and you sick,
 And more to hear a roopy fiddler call
 (with voice, as Moll would cry, "Come, shrimps or cockles buy"),
 "Past three, fair frosty morn, good morrow, my masters all!"*

PAST THREE O'CLOCK, *and a cold, frosty morning,
 Past three o'clock: Good morrow, masters all!*

Born is a Baby, gentle as may be,
 Son of th'eternal Father supernal.
Past three o'clock...

Seraph quire singeth, angel bell ringeth:
 Hark how they rime it, time it and chime it!
Past three o'clock...

Mid earth rejoices hearing such voices
 Ne'ertofores so well carolling "Nowell."
Past three o'clock...

Hinds o'er the pearly, dewy lawn early
 Seek the high stranger laid in the manger.
Past three o'clock...

Thus they: I pray you, up, sirs, nor stay you
 Till ye confess him likewise, and bless him.
Past three o'clock...

QUÉ LI DAREM A N'EL NOI DE LA MARE?

Qué li darem que li sápigá bon?
 Li darem panses en unes balances,
 Li darem figues en un paneró.

Qué li darem el fillet de Maria,
 Qué li darem a l'hermós Infantó?
 Panses I figues I nuez I olives,
 Panses I figues I mel I mató.

Tam patantam, que les figues son verdes,
 Tam patantam, que ja madurarán.
 Si no maduren el dia de Pasqua,
 Madurarán en el dia del Ram.

What shall we give to the son of the Virgin?
 What can we give him that he will enjoy?
 First, we shall give him a tray full of raisins,
 then we shall offer sweet figs to the boy.

What shall we give the beloved of Mary?
 What can we give to her beautiful Child?
 Raisins and olives and figs and sweet honey,
 candy and figs and a cheese that is mild.

What shall we do if the figs are not ripened?
 What shall we do if the figs are still green?
 If by Palm Sunday they still have not ripened,
 yet shall that ripeness at Easter be seen.

--trans. George K. Evans

WASSAIL SONG

Wassail and wassail all over the town,
 Our cup it is white and our ale it is brown,
 Our wassail is made of the good ale and true,
 Some nutmeg and ginger, the best that we could brew.
*It's your wassail, it's our wassail,
 Love and joy come to you and a jolly wassail.*

Our wassail is made of an elderberry bough,
 And so my good neighbor we'll drink unto thou;
 Besides all on earth, we have apples in store
 So let us come for it's cold by the door.
*It's your wassail, it's our wassail,
 Love and joy come to you and a jolly wassail.*

We know by the sky that we are not too high,
 We know by the stars that we are not too far,
 We know by the moon that we are not too soon,
 We know by the ground that we are within sound.
*It's your wassail, it's our wassail,
 Love and joy come to you and a jolly wassail.*

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