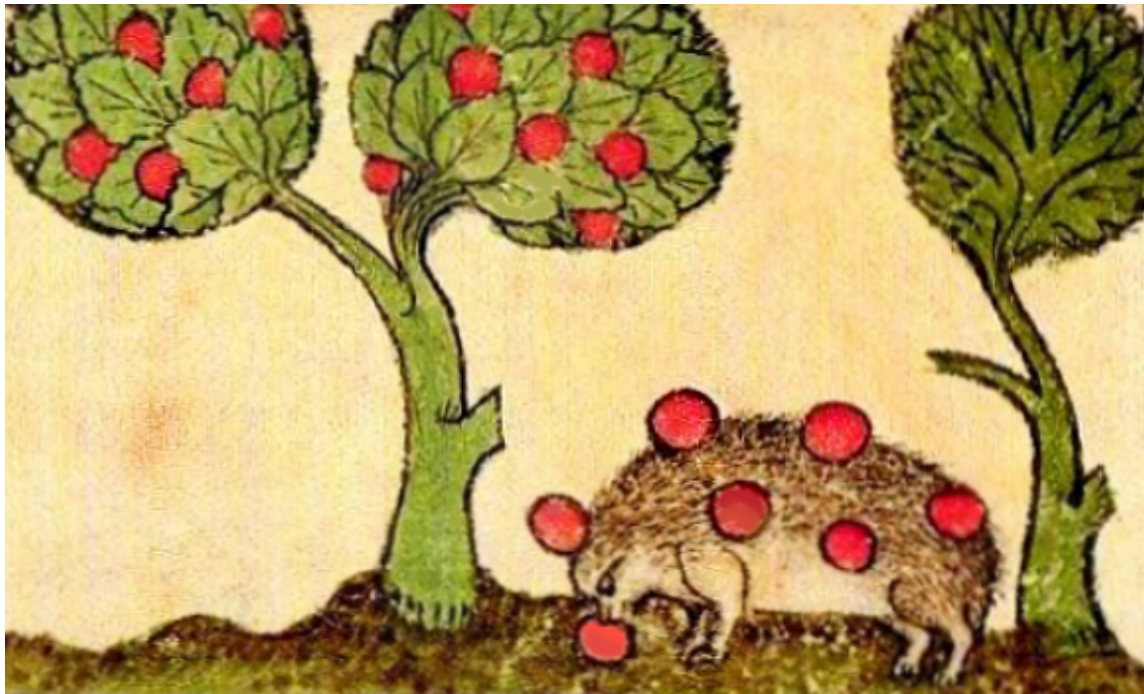


SEVENTIMES SALT

presents

The Auld Apple Tree

A Winter Solstice Celebration



SEVENTIMES SALT

Elise Groves, soprano

Karen Burciaga, violin, guitar, harp, alto

Dan Meyers, recorders, flutes, uilleann pipes, percussion, baritone

Josh Schreiber, bass viol, bass

Matthew Wright, lute, tenor

Here's to thee, old apple tree, whence thou mayst bud and whence thou mayst blow!

And whence thou mayst bear apples enow!

Hats full! Caps full! Bushel-bushel-sacks full, and my pockets full too!

Huzza!

filmed December 5, 2023 at Church of the Good Shepherd, Watertown, MA

The Auld Apple Tree

The Leeds Waits Wassail	Trad. English, arr. STS
The Sans Day Carol Es ist ein Ros entsprungen Gaudete!	trad. Cornish, arr. Wright Speyer Hymnal (1599) / M. Praetorius (1571-1621) <i>Piae Cantiones</i> (1582)
Lullabie Galliard The Hollis Berrie Drink, Boys, Drink	Anthony Holborne (1545-1602) 17th-c. English Trad. English, arr. STS
Sankt Staffan han rider (Saint Stephen was riding) Högtidsmarsch (Holiday March)	15th-c. Swedish, arr. Meyers Erik Rydvall (b. 1983), arr. Meyers
Shepherds Holyday Rorate Coeli	<i>The English Dancing Master</i> (1651) arr. Meyers trad. Scottish, arr. Meyers
Gartan Mother's Lullaby Port na pBúcaí (The Fairies' Tune) Banish Misfortune	Seosamh Mac Cathmhaoil (1879-1944) Trad. Irish Trad. Irish
Travellers' Prayer Hunter's Moon A Cornish Warzale	John Renbourn (1944-2015) John Doyle (b. 1971) Trad. Cornish, arr. Burciaga
The Piper Through the Meadow Straying The Old Bush Branle l'Officiel	trad. Irish trad. Irish <i>Orchesographie</i> (1589)

About the Program

Welcome to our annual winter solstice celebration! Seven Times Salt usually focuses on early music of Europe, but every December we take the opportunity to rove through many centuries and perform music from different places and times, including the modern day. During today's program you may recognize a familiar song or two, but it's more likely you'll hear wonderful seasonal tunes you've never encountered before. We hope they bring light into this time of year as we await the Sun's return.

We begin with our old favorite **The Leeds Waits Wassail**, one of many English luck-visit songs better known as "Here we come a-wassailing." The wassailing tradition saw singers travel from house to house to entertain the residents, be invited in to enjoy food, drink, and fire, then be paid in coins, cheese, or cider for their festive performance. After several hours of wandering in the cold, a warm drink by the fire must have been very welcome indeed. An equally ancient tradition is that of singing to apple trees in the orchard and pouring a bit of the previous year's cider into the roots to ensure a good harvest. This hallowed ritual is the source of our concert title this year, and led us to include the tune "Apples in Winter" in the middle of the wassail song.

Cornwall, in the far southwest of England, has experienced a welcome revival of its Celtic heritage in language, song, and dance. From this tradition we get the **Sans Day Carol**, which was transcribed in the 19th century from the singing of Thomas Beard, a resident of the village of St Day (“Sen Day” in Cornish). It refers to holly, known as “Christ’s thorn,” the evergreen associated with wintertime in England. Crossing the Channel we arrive in 16th-c. Germany and perform a work from Michael Praetorius’ 1609 collection *Musae Sioniae*. **Es ist ein Ros entsprungen** or “Lo how a Rose e’er Blooming” is a beloved and familiar carol to many. Its melody is a 16th-century German hymn found in the *Speierschen Gesangbuch* of 1599; Praetorius’ well-known harmonization is among the most enduring of carols. **Gaudete!** comes from another song collection, the *Piae Cantiones*, published in Germany in 1582. These medieval pieces in Latin and Swedish were collected by the Finnish clergyman Jacobus Finno, and some may have been written in Nordic locales.

Anthony Holborne’s *Pavans, Galliards, Almains, and other short Aires* of 1599 contains numerous pieces for five-part consort, among them the **Lullabie Galliard**. Holborne published his pieces for “Viols, violins, or winde instruments” —we prefer to use all of those options at once. We follow it with **The Hollis Berrie**, which comes from an early 17th-century English manuscript. Evergreens such as holly, ivy, mistletoe, and fragrant bay and rosemary were long considered sacred plants since they retained their color throughout the winter. Whether or not these tunes were intended for holiday use, their titles seem to suit the occasion. We then toast the holiday season with **Drink, Boys, Drink**, a traditional English harvest song collected by Lucy Broadwood in her 1893 *English County Songs*. She writes: At the harvest suppers, up to some twenty years ago, while the guests were seated at the table a labourer carrying a jug of beer or cider filled a horn for every two men, one each side of the table; as they drank, this old song and chorus was repeated until the beer reached the end of the table, involving some thirty repetitions of the verse...the second verse was sung in the same manner.”

Next, we journey north to Sweden. The little-known Swedish song **Sankt Staffan han rider** may date to the late 15th century. The story begins with Stephen riding his horse out on a winter’s night and spotting a bright star in the East. In some countries, the Feast of St. Stephen is celebrated on December 26, the second day of Christmas. In the present day, Swedish nyckelharpa rockstar Erik Rydvall composed the **Högtidsmarsch** and performed it on his 2019 album *Vårvindar Friska* (Fresh Spring Winds). When we asked Erik if we might perform his tune, we got the following enthusiastic affirmation: 👍🎻

Facing the north wind once more, we honor those who labor out of doors with the country dance tune **Shepherds Holyday** from Playford’s 1651 *The English Dancing Master*. We then perform the lovely **Rorate coeli desuper** by Scottish diplomat William Dunbar. His poem’s first line (“drop down, ye heavens”) comes from the Advent liturgy. Dunbar was a diverse and prolific author who produced works from hymns to satire, serene elegy to obscene comedy, with ease. His text is set to the tune “Strily Vale” attributed to 18th-c. composer James Oswald, and last year Dan arranged it anew, pairing it with another 18th-c. tune, “My Ain Kind Dearie.”

The next set begins with the beautiful **Gartan Mother’s Lullaby**, published in *Songs of Uladh [Ulster]* in 1904. Herbert Hughes collected the traditional Irish melody the previous year, and Seosamh Mac Cathmhaoil wrote the lyrics. The lullaby, sung by a mother from the parish of Gartan in County Donegal, refers to a number of figures in Irish mythology. Dan plays the haunting tune **Port na pBúcaí** (“The Fairies’ Tune”), originally collected or composed by the Blasket Islands fiddler and fisherman Seán Cheaist Ó Catháin. He (Seán, not Dan) claims that he heard the tune coming from the mist while he was out in his boat one day, and some have theorized that he might have been hearing whale songs. Whether by fairies or whales, Dan was inspired to play it on our 2020 program after hearing that Fungie, the famous bottlenose dolphin who lived in Dingle Bay in West Kerry for 37 years, had disappeared that year, to the great sadness of his (Fungie’s, not Dan’s) fans. **Banish Misfortune** was the title of that 2020 concert, unsurprisingly, and this jig provides a fitting farewell to the fairies.

We arrive at the year’s turning point. Some years back, we asked English folk icon John Renbourn if we could perform his wonderful **Travellers’ Prayer**. He was kind enough not only to immediately send us the score, but he also read all about us, listened to our sound clips, and infamously said, “You Salts sound wonderful. You should come over to the old country and shake us up.” Renbourn made Scotland his home for the last twenty years of his life; he based this piece on a traditional folk prayer called “The New Moon” collected in Scotland’s Western Isles in the 19th century. It along with several hundred folk blessings,


charms, and incantations were published in 1900 in the multi-volume *Carmina Gadelica* (Gaelic Songs), a fascinating record of pre-Christian traditions in Scotland. Another major figure in the folk world is Irish guitarist John Doyle, who has toured the world with Irish supergroup Solas. John's beautiful waltz **Hunter's Moon** comes from his album *In Play* with fiddler Liz Carroll, and he's been kind enough to let us perform it this evening. Its beautiful, melancholy lilt seems to suit a cold clear night, when we perhaps look up at the December moon. Circling back to Cornwall, we once again wassail the apple trees with the **Cornish Warzale**. We won't make you sing with a Cornish accent, but do join us on the refrain!

We bid you goodnight with one last set of tunes. The traditional Irish hornpipe **The Piper Through the Meadow Straying** bears a striking resemblance to a certain Christmas carol...we follow it with a reel in honor of winter greenery, **The Old Bush**. Our final "reel" is a familiar tune from Arbeau's 16th-century dance treatise *Orchesographie*. We hope it inspires you to get up and dance! Thank you for joining us, and Happy Solstice.

Texts & Translations

The Leeds Waits Wassail

Please join us on the refrain!



Love and joy come to you, and to you your was-sail too, and God bless you and send you a hap - py new year.

Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wandering
So fair to be seen.
*Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail too,
And God bless you and send you
A happy New Year.*

Our wassail cup is made
Of the rosemary tree,
And so is your beer
Of the best barley. *Love and joy...*

We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door,
But we are neighbours' children
Whom you have seen before. *Love and joy...*

Call up the Butler of this house,
Put on his golden ring;
Let him bring us a glass of beer,
The better we shall sing. *Love and joy...*

We have got a little purse
Of stretching leather skin;
We want a little money
To line it well within. *Love and joy...*

Bring us out a table,
And spread it with a cloth;
Bring us out some mouldy cheese,
And some of your Christmas loaf. *Love and joy...*

God bless the Master of this house,
Likewise the Mistress too;
And all the little children
That round the table go. *Love and joy...*

Good Master and good Mistress,
As you're sitting by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
Who are wandering in the mire. *Love and joy...*

The Sans Day Carol

Now the holly bears a berry as white as the milk,
And Mary bore Jesus all wrapped up in silk.
*And Mary bore Jesus Christ our Saviour for to be,
And the first tree in the greenwood it was the holly.*

Now the holly bears a berry as green as the grass,
And Mary bore Jesus who died on the cross.

Now the holly bears a berry as black as the coal,
And Mary bore Jesus who died for us all.

Now the holly bears a berry as blood it is red,
And we trust in our savior who rose from the dead.

Es ist ein Ros' entsprungen,
aus einer Wurzel zart,
wie uns die Alten sungen,
von Jesse kam die Art
und hat ein Blümlein bracht
mitten im kalten Winter,
wohl zu der halben Nacht.

Das Röslein, das ich meine,
davon Jesaia sagt,
ist Maria die reine
die uns das Blümlein bracht.
Aus Gottes ew'gem Rat
hat sie ein Kind geboren
welches uns selig macht.

Das Blümelein so kleine,
das duftet uns so süß,
mit seinem hellen Scheine
vertreibt die Finsternis:
Wahr' Mensch und wahrer Gott,
hilft uns aus allem Leide,
rettet von Sünd und Tod.
—*Musae Sionae* (1609)

Gaudete! Gaudete!
Christus est natus ex Maria virgine. Gaudete!

Tempus adest gratiae, hoc quod optabamus;
Carmina laetitia devote reddamus.

Deus homo factus est, natura mirante;
Mundus renovatus est a Christo regnante.

Ezechielis porta clausa pertransitur;
Unde lux est orta, salus invenitur.

Ergo nostra concio psallat jam in lustro;
Benedicat Domino; salus Regi nostro.
—*Piae Cantiones* (1589)

A rose has arisen
out of a tender root,
Like the old ones sang to us,
from Jesse came the ancestry
and brought a little flower
amidst the cold winter
safely to midnight.

The little rose I mention
of which Isaiah spoke
is Mary the pure
who brought the little flower to us.
From God's eternal guidance
she bore a child
that makes us holy.

The little flower so small
that smells so sweet to us,
with his bright glow
he drives away the darkness.
True man and true God,
he helps us in all suffering,
and saves us from sin and death.
—*transl. E. Groves*

Rejoice! Rejoice!
Christ is born of the Virgin Mary. Rejoice!

At this time of grace and longed-for blessing,
Love faithfully offers a song of praise.

God is made human in this wonderful birth:
The world is cleansed through the rule of Christ.

The gate of heaven now opens which to us was closed,
Sending forth transforming light
through which holiness is found.

Therefore we meet in pure songs of joy;
We bless the Lord, King of our Salvation.

Drink, Boys, Drink

A musical staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. Below the staff, the lyrics are written: "drink, boys, drink, and see that you do not spill, for if you do, you shall drink two, for 'tis our mas-ter's will."

Please join us
on the refrain!

drink, boys, drink, and see that you do not spill, for if you do, you shall drink two, for 'tis our mas-ter's will.

Here's a health unto our master,
The founder of the feast,
We hope to God with all our hearts
His soul in heaven may rest;
That all his works may prosper,
Whatever he takes in hand,
For we are all his servants,
And all at his command.
*So drink, boys, drink,
And see that you do not spill;
For if you do, you shall drink two,
For 'tis our master's will.*

And now we've drunk our master's health,
Why should our missus go free?
For shouldn't she go to heaven,
To heaven as well as he?
She is a good provider,
Abroad as well as at home;
So fill your cup and drink it up,
For 'tis our harvest home.
So drink, boys, drink...

Now harvest it is ended,
And supper it is past,
To our good mistress' health, boys,
A full and flowing glass.
For she is a good woman,
And makes us all good cheer
Here's to our mistress' health, boys,
So all drink off your beer.

Old apple tree, we'll wassail thee
And hoping thou wilt bear.
The Lord does know where we shall be
To be merry another year.
To blow well and to bear well
And so merry let us be.
Let every man drink up his cup
And health to the old apple tree.

Apples enow, hatfuls, capfuls, three-bushel bagfuls, tallets ole fulls, barn's floor fulls, little heap under the stairs.
Hip, hip, hip, hooroo! Hip, hip, hip, hooroo! Hip, hip, hip, hooroo!

Rorate coeli desuper!*

Hevins, distil your balmy schouris!
For now is risen the bricht day-ster,
Fro the rose Mary, flour of flouris:
The cleir Sone, quhom no cloud devouris,
Surmounting Phebus in the Est,
Is cumin of his hevinly touris:
*Et nobis Puer natus est.**

Synnaris be glad, and penance do,
And thank your Maker hairtfully;
For he that ye nicht nocht come to
To you is cumin full humbly
Your soulis with his blood to buy
And loose you of the fiendis arrest—
And only of his own mercy;
Pro nobis Puer natus est.

Celestial foulis in the air,
Sing with your nottis upon hicht,
In firthis and in forrestis fair
Be myrthful now at all your mycht;
For passit is your dully nicht,
Aurora has the cloudis perst,
The Sone is risen with glaidsum licht,
Et nobis Puer natus est.

Sing, hevin imperial, most of hicht!
Regions of air mak armony!
All fish in flud and fowl of flicht
Be mirthful and mak melody!
All Gloria in excelsis cry!
Heaven, erd, se, man, bird, and best,—
He that is crownit abone the sky
Pro nobis Puer natus est!

—“*On the Nativity of Christ*”
William Dunbar (1460-1520)

**Drop down, heavens, from above*

**And unto us a child is born*

Gartan Mother's Lullaby

Sleep, O babe, for the red-bee hums
The silent twilight's fall:
Aibheall from the Grey Rock comes
To wrap the world in thrall.
A leanbhan o, my child, my joy,
My love and heart's-desire,
The crickets sing you lullaby
Beside the dying fire.

Dusk is drawn, and the Green Man's thorn
Is wreathed in rings of fog:
Siabhra sails his boat till morn
Upon the Starry Bog.
A leanbhan o, the pale moon
Hath brimmed her cusp in dew,
And weeps to hear the sad sleep-tune
I sing, O love, to you.

Faintly sweet doth the chapel bell
Ring o'er the valley dim:
Tearmann's peasant-voices swell
In fragrant evening hymn.
A leanbhan o, the low bell rings
My little lamb to rest
And angel-dreams, till morning sings
Its music in your breast.

** Aibheall - queen of the fairies*

** A leanbhan o - my baby*

** Siabhra - a fairy*

** Tearmann - Termon in Donegal*

Be sure to leave three apples on each tree, one for the fairy,
one for the fae, and one for the Apple Tree Man.



Travellers' Prayer

Praise to the moon, bright queen of the skies,
Jewel of the black night, the light of our eyes,
Brighter than starlight, whiter than snow,
Look down on us in the darkness below.

If well you should find us then well let us stay,
Be it seven times better when you make your way,
Be it seven times better when we greet the dawn,
So light up our way and keep us from all harm.

Give strength to the weary, give alms to the poor,
To the tainted and needy five senses restore,
Give song to our voices, give sight to our eyes,
To see the sun bow as the new moon shall rise.

Cast your eyes downwards to our dwelling place,
Three times for favour and three times for grace,
Over the dark clouds your face for to see,
To banish misfortune and keep Trinity.

In the name of our Lady, bright maiden of grace,
In the name of the King of the City of Peace,
In the name of our Saviour, who hung on the tree,
All praise to the moon, for eternity.

A Cornish Warzale



Please join us
on the refrain!



With our_ was - sail, was - sail, was - sail, was - sail! And joy_ come to_ our jol - ly was - sail!

O Mistress, at your door our Wassail begins,
Pray open the door, and let us come in,
With our Wassail, Wassail, Wassail, Wassail,
and joy come to our jolly Wassail!

O Mistress and Master, sitting down by the fire,
While we poor Wassailers are travelling thro' the mire.

O Mistress and Master, sitting down at your ease,
With their hands in their pockets to give what they please.

Come young men and maidens, I pray you draw near;
Come fill up our bowl with some cider or beer.

We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,
A plenty of money and a barrel of beer.

For Absent Friends

Brian O'Donovan (1957-2023)

Passionate musical ambassador who tended the roots and branches of Celtic music in Boston for four decades.

Kate Bracher (1938-2023)

Astronomer, musician, mentor and friend who introduced Dan to early music, and Dan and Karen to each other.

Ὅσον ζῆς φαίνου
μηδέν ὄλως σὺ λυποῦ
πρὸς ὀλίγον ἔστι τὸ ζῆν
τὸ τέλος ὁ χρόνος ἀπαιτεῖ.

*We would like to thank the Church of the Good Shepherd,
Erik Rydvall and John Doyle for their music, and Shelley Otis for the loan of her harp.*

Since first meeting as conservatory students in 2003, **Seven Times Salt** has been delighted to bring the music of the 16th and 17th centuries to their audiences. Praised for their creative programming and “impeccably balanced sound” (American Recorder Society), Seven Times Salt has performed at venues throughout New England including Boston’s Museum of Fine Arts, The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Plimoth Patuxet, Boston Public Library, New England Folk Festival, WGBH radio, and many others. The ensemble has researched and presented original programs for music festivals, college residencies, theatrical productions, historical societies, and their own self-produced concert series, now in its twentieth season. Seven Times Salt delights in blurring the lines between “art music” and folk tunes, and its members feel at ease performing in the concert hall, the dance hall, or the beer hall!

The Musicians

Karen Burciaga (violin, guitar, harp, alto) is an early string specialist who enjoys bridging the worlds of classical and folk music. She holds a BM from Vanderbilt University and an MM from the Longy School of Music, where she studied Baroque violin with Dana Maiben, viol with Jane Hershey, and historical dance with Ken Pierce. She has performed with The King’s Noyse, Arcadia Players, Folger Consort, Zenith Ensemble, Lyracle, Austin Baroque Orchestra, and period ensembles in New England and Texas. This month she is pleased to make her debut in the Midwinter Revels at Sanders Theatre. Karen is a founding member of viol consort Long & Away and has taught for the Viola da Gamba Society - New England (VdGS-NE), Early Music Week at Pinewoods, and the Texas Toot. A lifelong love of Celtic music led her into the world of fiddling in college, when she discovered Scottish, Irish, English, and contra styles. She is now the fiddler for Ulster Landing and for years played with Newpoli, an Italian folk music group. Karen is an arts administrator and teacher and serves on the Board of the VdGS-NE. www.karenburciaga.com

Elise Groves (soprano) is a dedicated and versatile soloist and chamber musician. Her repertoire ranges from Medieval to new compositions, with a special focus on the Renaissance and Baroque periods. Recent solo highlights include Haydn’s “Lord Nelson” Mass (Church of the Advent), Mozart’s Requiem and Coronation Mass (Church of the Advent), Bach’s St. John Passion (Ensemble Musica Humana, Schola Cantorum of Boston) and St. Matthew Passion (Brown University), and fully-staged versions of Schütz’s Weihnachtshistorie (Musica Nuova/The Weckmann Project) and Hildegard’s Ordo Virtutum (Ensemble Musica Humana, Cantoris), as well as ensemble appearances with The Tallis Scholars, Vox Vocal Ensemble, Handel and Haydn Society, True Concord Voices & Orchestra, Exsultemus, and The Bach Project. A native Oregonian, she received a B.A. and M.A. in Music Education from Oregon State University and an M.M. in Early Music Performance from the Longy School of Music. When Elise isn’t singing, you can find her doing various things with yarn or continuing her lifelong search for the perfect cup of hot chocolate. www.elisegroves.com

Dan Meyers (recorders, flutes, uilleann pipes, percussion, baritone) is a versatile multi-instrumentalist known as a flexible and engaging performer of both classical and folk music. His credits range from premieres of contemporary chamber music, to headlining a concert series in honor of Pete Seeger at the Newport Folk Festival, to playing Renaissance instruments on Broadway for Shakespeare's Globe Theatre Company. He has performed with The Folger Consort, Newberry Consort, Hesperus, Henry Purcell Society of Boston, Early Music New York, Amherst Early Music, The 21st Century Consort, In Stile Moderno, and Cambridge Revels, and at Yellow Barn Festival in Vermont and "La Luna e i Calanchi" festival in Basilicata (Italy). Dan plays traditional Irish music with Ulster Landing and Ishna and eclectic fusion from around the Mediterranean with the US/Italy-based group Zafarán; he also played for over a decade with the Italian folk music group Newpoli. As an educator, he has taught historical wind instruments for the Five Colleges Early Music Program, at Tufts University, Pinewoods Early Music Week, and festivals around the Northeast. www.danmeyersmusic.com

Josh Schreiber (bass viol, bass) studied 'cello at Bennington College, where he became acquainted with the viola da gamba. Chronic hand pain necessitated a hiatus from playing until he discovered the Feldenkrais Method®. Now a Guild-Certified Feldenkrais Practitioner, Josh has a private practice with an emphasis on functional movement for musicians. Having completed an MM in Early Music Performance at Longy, he now serves on the faculty as a Feldenkrais teacher. A founding member of viol consort Long & Away, he has also performed with Mervelha, Cappella Clausura, and Musica Nuova, and was on the faculty of World Fellowship Early Music Week. Josh is active as an educator and cantorial soloist and recently completed the Hebrew College Rabbinical program; he was ordained last June. <https://discover-yourself.com>

Matthew Wright (lute, tenor) began his musical career playing bass guitar in an original rock band in his home state of Maryland. As he evolved, he studied classical guitar with the late, great Ray Chester at The Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore. In search of new adventures, Matthew moved to Massachusetts in 2000 and began his love affair with the lute. Under the tutelage of Douglas Freundlich at The Longy School of Music, he devoted himself to the lute and founded Seven Times Salt. As the planet continues to revolve, Matthew maintains an active career in a variety of musical styles and roles including playing continuo on archlute, teaching guitar at Brimmer & May and Belmont Hill schools, introducing young students to the piano at Mary E. Burbank School in Belmont, and singing as the tenor section leader at St. John's Episcopal Church in Beverly Farms.