

SEVEN TIMES SALT presents  
**THE MOON BEFORE YULE**

A Solstice Celebration



**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 2021 at 8PM**

Filmed at St. John's Episcopal Church, Beverly Farms, MA

Edited by Luke Damrosch Audio/Video

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# THE MOON BEFORE YULE

## I. CHANTONS ICY!

Couranto	Michael Praetorius (1571-1621)
Noël Nouvelet	17th c. French
Tourdion	publ. Pierre Attaignant (1494-1552)
Bourée chaînée de Rivarennnes & Bourée en Étoile	French trad.
Bransles de Village	Jean-Baptiste Besard (1567-1625)
Hymne a la Nuit	Jean-Philippe Rameau (1683-1764)

## II. FLORES DEL CIELO

El Desembre Congelat	Catalan trad.
“The Snowfall is So Silent”	Miguel de Unamuno (1864-1936)
Birjina Gaztetto Bat Zegoen	Basque trad.
Nadal de Luintra	Galician trad.
Riu, Riu, Chiu	attrib. Mateo Flecha “El Viejo” (1481-1553)

## III. STAR IN THE EAST

Jesus Born in Beth’ny & The Heavenly Courtier	Appalachian trad./Jeremiah Ingalls (1764-1838)
While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks	Daniel Read (1757-1836)
“History’s Madrigal”	Robert Morgan (b. 1944)
Slow Traveler	Jeremiah Ingalls
Hail the Blest Morn!	William Walker (1809-1875)

## IV. FOR AULD LANG SYNE

Gloomy Winter’s Noo Awa	Scottish, 19th c.
“Reflections on a Scottish Christmas”	Johnny Cunningham (1957-2003)
Auld Lang Syne	Scottish trad. arr. D. Meyers
The Mummer’s Jig	Scottish trad.
Branle de l’Official	<i>Orchesographie</i> (1589)

## SEVENTIMES SALT

Ari Nieh, *bass-baritone*  
Karen Burciaga, *violin, guitar, harp, percussion, alto*  
Dan Meyers, *recorders, flutes, bagpipes, percussion, baritone*  
Josh Schreiber, *bass viol, percussion, bass*  
Matthew Wright, *archlute, bandora, tenor*

with

Michael Barrett, tenor      Jaya Lakshminarayanan, harp  
Camila Parias, soprano      Catherine Stein, recorder

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**FOR ABSENT FRIENDS**  
Ernesto Burciaga, Jr. (1943-2021)

Welcome to the Nineteenth Salty Solstice Show! The “Moon before Yule” is one of several names for the full moon in December; it’s also called Cold Moon or Long Night’s Moon. Yule refers to ancient pagan celebrations of the winter solstice, which later led to the observance of Christmas around the same time. This evening we’ll visit regions of France and Spain, then journey westward to early America, and finally return across the sea to Scotland. As Matthew welcomes you this evening, you hear in the background a favorite **Couranto** of ours, one of numerous excellent dances by Praetorius and which also happens to be the tune of a Dutch Christmas carol.

**Noël Nouvelet** opens our program proper. First published in the early 18th century, it dates to at least a couple of centuries earlier. It comes from the long oral tradition of *noels*, or narrative songs about the Nativity, and has become one of the most popular carols worldwide among Francophones. The first five notes of the tune are the same as the beginning of the plainchant hymn “Ave Maris Stella” (“Hail, star of the sea”), whose text is traditionally used as a traveler’s prayer. Dan plays the first phrase of this hymn on the bagpipes as a way to introduce the carol. We then continue with a string of French dance settings. The **Tourdion**, meaning “to twist”, was a popular late medieval dance similar to the galliard with a fast five-step pattern. There are many *tourdions*, and this particular one which Attaignant published in 1530 only gained fame later on when words were added, turning it into a rambunctious drinking song. Another dance is the *bourrée*, known to baroque dance enthusiasts as an elegant, fleet-footed dance. Such courtly *bourrées* developed from folk dancing, which has *bourées* in both duple and triple time, and we offer an energetic take on this tradition with the **Bourée chaînée de Rivarenes** and **Bourée en Étoile** from central France, where they’re often played on bagpipes, accordion, and fiddle.

The bagpipe is then translated to lute form in the 16th-century **Bransles de Village**. A *bransle* or *branle* (pronounced “brawl”) is a Renaissance circle dance characterized by vigorous side steps. Like the *tourdion*, there are dozens of dance tunes from the 15<sup>th</sup>-16<sup>th</sup> centuries called *bransles de village*. This particular set was originally published by Robert Ballard in 1614 as a suite of solo dances for lute to which Besard added a second lute part, or *contrepartie* (played here by Josh and Karen). The ostinato bass figure is meant to evoke the bagpipe’s drone, and there are a number of harmonic clashes which emphasize the dance’s rustic character. Closing out our visit to France is the beautiful **Hymne a la Nuit** from Rameau’s opera *Hippolyte et Aricie*, first performed in 1733. In the scene, priestesses of Diana, goddess of the Moon, sing of offering up their hearts to the divinity. It seemed fitting to include a song of praise to the moon on tonight’s winter solstice show.

Next, we journey south to the Iberian peninsula. **El Desembre Congelat** is a charming traditional song in the Catalan language, a relative of Castilian Spanish. Catalan is still spoken in the region of Catalonia as well as several areas of eastern Spain and a tiny part of southern France. The song describes the welcome retreat of frozen, dim Winter and the joyous arrival of fragrant Spring. Heading westward from Catalonia, we come to the Basque country. Miguel de Unamuno was a Basque poet, novelist, and playwright who, after a successful career as a rector and professor, encountered unexpected adventure at age 60. After the 1924 coup in Spain, he was critical of the new dictator and because of this was exiled to the Canary islands, forced to leave his family behind. Unamuno escaped to Paris, then returned home six years later only to fall foul of General Franco and was placed under house arrest. He died at home on New Year’s Eve. His beautiful poem “**The Snowfall is So Silent**” describes the tranquility that descends on the soul during a snowfall. **Birjina Gaztetto Bat Zegoen** (“there was a young virgin”) is a traditional Basque carol known in English as “The Angel Gabriel”. It’s related to the 13th-c. hymn *Angelus ad Virginem* and was unknown outside of the Basque region before a French music teacher, Charles Bordes, collected it from local singers in the 1890s and published it in his *Archives de la tradition basque* of 1897. Bordes is also notable for his interest in the music of Josquin and Victoria, and he founded the Scholae Cantorum in Paris, Avignon, and Montpellier around the turn of the 20th century.

We continue further west to Galicia, a Celtic coastal region in northwest Spain. **Nadal de Luintra**, or “Christmas story from the town of Luintra,” tells of Mary and Joseph’s rejection by an innkeeper (but we think it turned out fine in the end). Rather than make Dan play yet another set of bagpipes, the Galician *gaita*, our version showcases percussion and guitar. Ending our brief stay in Iberia is **Riu, Riu, Chiu**, probably the most popular Christmas *villancico* from the *Cancionero de Uppsala*. This collection of mostly anonymous Spanish pieces was published in Venice in 1556 and rediscovered in a Swedish university library in the early 20th century. No one knows for sure what the first words of the refrain mean, but it sure is fun to sing. The song is now a favorite across classical and folk traditions, and its fame was likely cemented when the Monkees performed it for their TV episode “The Christmas Show” in 1967. In an eerie and touching coincidence, news of the death of Monkees singer songwriter Michael Nesmith came on the very same afternoon these notes were being written at STS HQ. Here’s to you, Mike.

We now cross the Atlantic and head to Appalachia. The name originally comes from the Apalachee tribe who lived in the region now known as the Florida Panhandle; the mountains now called the Appalachians stretch from Georgia to New York. Our first selection is **Jesus Born in Beth'ny**, an energetic 18th- or 19th- century tune collected by composer John Jacob Niles. This early American carol is strong and rustic, like the people who first played and sang it, and we found it pairs well with a northern cousin, **The Heavenly Courtier**, by New England composer Jeremiah Ingalls. We decided to spare you the fairly terrifying texts of both songs, and we hope you enjoy these rugged early American melodies. We share a far more uplifting text in **While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks**, a rousing fuguing tune by Connecticut general store owner Daniel Read. His collection *The American Singing Book* was the most-bought music book in the nation from 1785-1790.

We continue our south-north exploration with "**History's Madrigal**" and its vision of musical instruments holding the memories of generations. Poet and novelist Robert Morgan was raised in North Carolina and later moved to upstate New York. He is currently a professor of English at Cornell, and was kind enough to let us include his wonderful poem in our program. This is followed by **Slow Traveler**, another hymn by Ingalls published in his collection *The Christian Harmony* of 1805. He was born in Massachusetts and later lived in Vermont, working as a farmer, cooper, and tavernkeeper as well as choirmaster of the church in Newbury. He was quite a prolific composer and was also known as a very good tenor and player of the bass viol. Ingalls' musical legacy continues to the present day—the Jeremiah Ingalls Society in VT held regular singings until the start of the pandemic and is sure to resume soon! We end the set with **Hail the Blest Morn!** attributed to William "Singin' Billy" Walker of South Carolina. The hymn has a slightly convoluted history but it seems Walker took an approach familiar to STS fans—he found an anonymous first stanza, devised music for it, "borrowed" a whole other song called "Star in the East" by a fellow named Reginald Heber to use as the chorus, and printed it as his own. Walker freely admitted to using others' material as well as commonplace songs he heard, so it's possible the opening section draws on a folk tune of the time. The line "dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid" reminds us in particular of a favorite solstice song, Travellers' Prayer, and its line "light up our way and keep us from all harm," the former referring to the Sun and the latter to the Moon.

You may or may not be wondering about our use of the Renaissance bandora in place of a banjo or mountain dulcimer in this repertoire. Thanks to Matt's dedication, clawhammer bandora is our greatest musical discovery of 2021 and we will be employing it in all concerts henceforth. (In fact, the term "banjo" may have come from the bandora anyway, so it's not that far removed!) We have dubbed it the "bandulcimer" or the "banjodora" and we hope you are pleased with its use alongside the fiddle and jaw harp. The fiddle is another link between Renaissance and old-time traditions; many old-time fiddlers today hold their instrument down on the arm, the same playing position as fiddlers used 400 years ago.

Many of the 18th century immigrants to Appalachia were Scots-Irish, descended from Scots who had settled in Ireland the previous century, and it is to Scotland we return to wrap up this evening's musical journey. The tune of **Gloomy Winter's Noo Awa** ("now away") comes from *The Fourth Collection of Niel Gow's Reels* of 1800, printed as a strathspey with the title Lord Balgonie's Favourite. Scottish flutist Robert Tannahill, known as the "Weaver Poet," composed words to this evocative tune and published his poem "Gloomy Winter" around 1808. Like the flowers of El Desembre Congelat, the line "trees may bud and birds may sing, flowers may bloom and verdure spring" helps us look forward to warmer times. Although we're not singing Tannahill's text tonight, we decided to keep the evocative title. Renowned Scottish fiddler Johnny Cunningham scribbled a number of poems over the years; we don't know when "**Reflections on a Scottish Christmas**" dates from, but we're glad it lives on.

Speaking of "welcoming in the new," this brings us to our final selection, a beloved text often sung at the new year. Perhaps the best known work by legendary Scottish poet Robert Burns, the words of this lament for **Auld Lang Syne** (times long ago) have been set to many tunes in the 250 years since he penned them; the tune most of us know was only one of several different melodies paired with the text in the 18th century! Dan learned this version, arguably the loveliest tune of them all, from his Chicago-based fiddling friends Tim MacDonald and Jeremy Ward. We come to a rousing conclusion with **The Mummer's Jig**, an appropriately Christmas-themed Scottish tune that's also played in the Irish tradition, where it's usually called "My Darling Asleep". You'll hear another branle over the end credits, this one a familiar tune from Arbeau's *Orchesographie*. We hope it inspires you to get up and dance! Thank you so much for joining us this evening.

### Special thanks to

Frances Fitch and St. John's Episcopal Church  
Luke Damrosch and Efferent Productions  
John Doyle, Shelley Otis, Bobby Psenka, and Robert Morgan

## TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

**Noël Nouvelet, Noël chantons icy;**  
Dévotes gens, rendons à Dieu mercy;  
Chantons Noël pour le roy nouvelet,  
Noël nouvelet, Noël chantons icy!

D'un oysillon après le chant j'ouy  
Qu'aux pasteurs disait : « Partez d'icy  
En Bethléem trouverez l'agnelet »  
Noël nouvelet, Noël chantons icy!

L'estoile vint qui le jour esclaircy  
Et la vy bien d'où j'estois départy  
En Bethléem les Trois Roys conduisait  
Noël nouvelet, Noël chantons icy!

L'un portait l'or et l'autre myrrhe aussi  
Et l'autre encens que faisait bon senty  
Le Paradis semblait, le jardinet  
Noël nouvelet, Noël chantons icy!

Et l'autre jour je songeais en mon lict  
Que je voyais ung enfant si petit  
Qui s'appelait Jésus de Nazareth  
Noël nouvelet, Noël chantons icy!

### Hymne a la Nuit

Ô nuit ! Qu'il est profond ton silence  
Quand les étoiles d'or scintillent dans les cieux  
J'aime ton manteau radieux  
Ton calme est infini  
Ta splendeur est immense

Ô nuit ! Toi qui fais naître les songes  
Calme le malheureux qui souffre en son réduit  
Sois compatissante pour lui.  
Prolonge son sommeil, prends pitié de sa peine  
Dissipe la douleur, nuit limpide et sereine.

Ô Nuit ! Viens apporter à la terre  
Le calme enchantement de ton mystère.  
L'ombre qui t'escorte est si douce,  
Si doux est le concert de tes voix chantant l'espérance,  
Si grand est ton pouvoir transformant tout en rêve heureux.

**El desembre, congelat,** confús es retirà.  
Abril, de flors coronat, tot el món admira.  
Quan en un jardí d'amor neix una divina flor  
D'una rosa bella fecunda i poncella.

El primer pare causà la nit tenebrosa  
Que a tot el món ofuscà la vista penosa;  
Mes, en una mitja nit, brilla el sol que n'és eixit  
D'una bella aurora que el cel enamora.

El mes de maig ha florit, sens ésser encara,  
Un lliri blanc i polit de fragància rara,  
Que per tot el món se sent, de Llevant fins a Ponent,  
Tota sa dolçura i olor amb Ventura.

Noël nouvelet! Sing we this new Noel!  
Thank we now our God, and of his goodness tell;  
Sing we Noel to greet the newborn King:  
Noël nouvelet, this new Noel we sing!

Then a tiny bird left off its song, to  
Unto certain shepherds: 'Haste you now away!  
In Bethlehem the Lamb of God you'll see.'  
Noël nouvelet, this new Noel we sing!

Then I saw a star which turned the night to day,  
Moving ever onward on its shining way,  
Leading to Bethlehem the kings all three.  
Noël nouvelet, this new Noel we sing!

Gold the first did carry; myrrh the next did bring;  
And the third bore incense, the garden perfuming,  
So that in paradise I seemed to dwell,  
Noël nouvelet, this new Noel we sing!

I beheld these wonders as on my bed I lay,  
Dreaming of a Child all at the break of day:  
Jesus of Nazareth I saw in my dreaming;  
Noël nouvelet, this new Noel we sing!

### Hymn to the Night

O Night! Your silence is boundless  
When the golden stars twinkle in the heavens.  
I love your shining mantle.  
Your calm is infinite,  
Your splendor immense.

O night! You who give birth to dreams  
Calm the unfortunate one who suffers alone  
Be compassionate to him.  
Prolong his sleep, have mercy on his pain.  
Dispel pain, clear and serene night,

O night! Come bear to earth  
The calm spell of your mystery.  
The darkness attending you is so sweet:  
So sweet is the harmony of your voices, singing hope,  
So great is your power to turn all things to a dream.

**Frozen, dim December** retreats.  
The whole world marvels at April, crowned by flowers,  
When in a garden of love a divine flower is born  
From a beautiful rose, fruitful and virginal.

Our first father [Adam] brought on the night  
Which darkens everyone's sight.  
But at midnight, the risen sun shines—  
Announcing a beautiful dawn, delighting the sky.

The month of May, not yet in full flower, has budded  
A white and shining lily, of such rare fragrance  
That from Orient to Occident all can breathe in  
All its sweetness and scent with blessedness.

—Translated by Andy Behrens

**La nevada es silenciosa,**  
 cosa lenta;  
 poco a poco y con blandura  
 reposa sobre la tierra  
 y cobija a la llanura.  
 Posa la nieve callada  
 blanca y leve;  
 la nevada no hace ruido;  
 cae como cae el olvido,  
 copo a copo.  
 Abriga blanda a los campos  
 cuando el hielo los hostiga;  
 con sus lampos de blancura;  
 cubre a todo con su capa  
 pura, silenciosa;  
 no se le escapa en el suelo  
 cosa alguna.  
 Donde cae allí se queda  
 leda y leve,  
 pues la nieve no resbala  
 como resbala la lluvia,  
 sino queda y cala.  
 Flores del cielo los copos,  
 blancos lirios de las nubes,  
 que en el suelo se ajan,  
 bajan floridos,  
 pero quedan pronto  
 derretidos;  
 florecen sólo en la cumbre,  
 sobre las montañas,  
 pesadumbre de la tierra,  
 y en sus entrañas perecen.  
 Nieve, blanda nieve,  
 la que cae tan leve  
 sobre la cabeza,  
 sobre el corazón,  
 ven y abriga mi tristeza  
 la que descansa en razón.

*Rimas de Dentro (Rhymes from Within), 1923*

### **Nadal de Luintra**

Cara Belén camiña unha Nena ocupada  
 fermosa, en canto a ela, San Xosé a acompaña.

Chegaron a Belén e pediron pousada,  
 responderon de adentro con voz alborotada.

¿Quen chama á miña porta, quen á porta me chama?  
 Somos Xosé e María que pedimos pousada.

Se traen cartos que entren e senon que se vaian.  
 Cartos non traerei, máis que un real de prata.

Isos son poucos cartos, pídanno noutra parte.  
 San Xosé xa penaba, María o consolaba.

Non te apenes Xosé, non te apenes por nada,  
 ¿qué máis cartos ti queres que isto que me acompaña?

**The snowfall is so silent,**  
 so slow;  
 bit by bit, with delicacy  
 it settles down on the earth  
 and covers over the fields.  
 The silent snow comes down  
 white and weightless;  
 snowfall makes no noise,  
 falls as forgetting falls,  
 flake after flake.  
 It covers the fields gently  
 while frost attacks them  
 with its sudden flashes of white;  
 covers everything with its pure  
 and silent covering;  
 not one thing on the ground  
 anywhere escapes it.  
 And wherever it falls it stays,  
 content and gay,  
 for snow does not slip off  
 as rain does,  
 but it stays and sinks in.  
 The flakes are skyflowers,  
 pale lilies from the clouds,  
 that wither on earth.  
 They come down blossoming  
 but then so quickly  
 they are gone;  
 they bloom only on the peak,  
 above the mountains,  
 and make the earth feel heavier  
 when they die inside.  
 Snow, delicate snow,  
 that falls with such lightness  
 on the head,  
 on the feelings,  
 come and cover over the sadness  
 that lies always in my reason.

*—Translated by Robert Bly*

### **Luintra\* Christmas song** \*town in Galicia

On the road to Bethlehem walked a worried girl;  
 She was beautiful, and Saint Joseph walked by her side.

When they arrived in Bethlehem, and asked for shelter,  
 A rude voice responded from within.

"Who's that knocking at my door, who's knocking?"  
 "We're Joseph and Mary, and we're asking for shelter."

If they had money they could enter, but if not they'd have to leave.  
 They had no money to give besides one silver coin.

"That's not enough money--you'll have to ask elsewhere."  
 Joseph was ashamed, but Mary consoled him:

"Don't worry, Joseph, don't worry about anything.  
 What greater wealth could you want than what I have with me?"

*Riu, riu, chiu, la guarda ribera;  
Dios guardo el lobo de nuestra cordera.*

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

Este qu'es nacido es el gran monarca,  
Christo patriarca, de carne vestido;  
hanos redimido con se hacer chiquito,  
a un qu'era infinito, finito se hiziera.

Muchas profecias lo han profetizado,  
Ya un nuestros dias lo hemos al consado  
Adios humanado vemos en el suelo,  
Yal hombre nelcielo porquel le quistera.

*Cancionero de Uppsala, 1556*

**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."  
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!"

*The American Singing-Book, 1785*

### **Slow Traveler**

O happy souls, how fast you go, and leave me here behind;  
Don't stop for me, for now, I see the Lord is just and kind.  
Go on, go on, my soul says go, and I'll come after you,  
Though I'm behind, yet I can find, I'll sing Hosanna too.  
Lord, give you strength that you may run, and keep your footsteps right.  
Though fast you go, and I so slow, you are not out of sight.  
When you get to those worlds above, and all their glory see,  
When you get home, your work is done, then look you out for me.  
For I will come fast as I can, along the way I'll steer;  
Lord, give me strength, I shall at length be one among you there.  
There all together we shall be, together we will sing,  
Together we will praise our God and everlasting King.

*Christian Harmony, 1805*

*Riu, riu, chiu, the river bank protects it,  
As God kept the wolf from our lamb*

The rabid wolf tried to bite her  
But God Almighty knew how to defend her  
He wished to create her impervious to sin  
Nor was this maid to embody original sin

He who's now begotten is our mighty Monarch  
Christ, our Holy Father, in human flesh embodied  
He made himself small and so redeemed us:  
He who was infinite became finite.

Many prophecies told of his coming,  
And now in our days have we seen them fulfilled.  
God became man, on earth we beheld him,  
And see man in heaven because he so willed.

### **History's Madrigal**

When fiddle makers and dulcimer makers look for best material they prefer old woods, not just seasoned but antique, aged, like timbers out of condemned buildings and poles of attics and broken furniture from attics. When asked, they will say the older wood has sweeter, more mellow sounds, makes truer and deeper music, as if the walnut or cherry, cedar or maple, as it aged, stored up the knowledge of passing seasons, the cold and thaw, whine of storm, bird call and love moan, news of wars and mourning, in its fibers, in the sparkling grain, to be summoned and released by the craftsman's hands and by careful fingers on the strings' vibration decades and generations after that, the memory and wisdom of wood delighting air as century speaks to century and history dissolves history across the long and tangled madrigal of time.

*Topsoil Road, 2000*



*Artwork by Bobby Psenka*

**Hail the blest morn!** see the great Mediator  
Down from the regions of glory descend!  
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,  
Lo for His guard, the bright angels attend.  
*Brightest and best of the suns of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid:  
Star in the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.*

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;  
Low lies his bead with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom and offe'ings divine,  
Gems from the mountain and pearls from the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.  
*Southern Harmony, 1835*

### Reflections On a Scottish Christmas

The dark of winter wraps around us tight.  
The lamps are fired, and flickering light  
beats time to the fiddle as notes float softly down,  
like the years' first snow.  
While outside the window a blast of late December wind  
whistles harmony to the drone of the pipes.  
We push the old year back against the wall  
so we can dance a jig for Christmas  
and welcome in the new.

### Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And auld lang syne!  
*For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne.  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.*

We twa hae paid'd in the burn, *\*paddled in the stream*  
Frae morning sun till dine; *\*dinnertime*  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd *\*broad have roared*  
Sin' auld lang syne. *\*since*

And there's a hand, my trusty fere! *\*friend*  
And gie's a hand o' thine! *\*give me*  
And we'll tak a right gude willie waught, *\*hearty draft [of drink]*  
For auld lang syne.

*Scots Musical Museum, 1788*



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## THE MUSICIANS

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 our audiences, with a special focus on the English Consort repertory. Praised for creative programming and an “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 Plantation, Boston Public Library, New England Folk Festival, the SoHIP concert series, WGBH radio, and many others. We have researched and presented original programs for music festivals, college residencies, theatrical productions, historical societies, and our own self-produced concert series. We delight in blurring the lines between “art music” and folk tunes, and feel at ease performing in the concert hall, the dance hall, or the beer hall!

**KAREN BURCIAGA** (violin, guitar, harp, percussion, 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, Zenith Ensemble, Meravelha, Austin Baroque Orchestra, and period ensembles in New England and Texas. Karen is a founding member of viol consort Long & Away and has taught at workshops by the Viola da Gamba Society - New England (VdGS-NE) and Pinewoods Dance Camp. A lifelong love of Irish 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, a southern Italian folk music group. Karen is also an arts administrator and teacher and currently serves as president of the VdGS-NE.

**DAN MEYERS** (recorders, flutes, bagpipes, percussion, baritone) is a versatile multi-instrumentalist with a reputation as an engaging performer of both classical and folk music. His credits range from premieres of new chamber music, to the Newport Folk Festival, to playing Renaissance instruments on Broadway. In addition to STS, he performs with the 7 Hills Renaissance Wind Band and the medieval ensemble Meravelha. Dan has also appeared with The Folger Consort, The Newberry Consort, The Boston Shawm and Sackbut Ensemble, Early Music New York, In Stile Moderno, The Henry Purcell Society of Boston, the Cambridge Revels, and at the La Luna e I Calanchi Festival in Italy. He is the director of early wind studies for the Five Colleges Early Music Program and has taught at Pinewoods Early Music Week and Tufts University. He performs southern Italian folk music with Newpoli and traditional Irish music with Ulster Landing and Ishna.

**ARI NIEH** (bass-baritone) is a versatile performer whose work ranges from medieval plainsong to 21st century opera. She earned an MM in historical performance at Longy School of Music. Her recent concert solos include Handel's Messiah and Bach's Magnificat with the Byrd Ensemble and Seattle Baroque Orchestra. As a choral artist, she has performed with professional ensembles throughout the country, including The Thirteen in Washington, DC, and GRAMMY-nominated True Concord Voices and Orchestra in Tucson. Ari has been a regular chorister at Boston's Church of the Advent and San Francisco's Grace Cathedral.

**JOSH SCHREIBER** (bass viol, percussion, 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 Meravelha, 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 is attending the Hebrew College Rabbinical program, expecting to be ordained in 2023.

**MATTHEW WRIGHT** (archlute, bandora, tenor) spent the years 1987-2000 impersonating a classical guitarist while playing bass guitar in an original rock band in the state of Maryland. He attended the Peabody Conservatory as an undergraduate and studied classical guitar with Ray Chester and lute with Mark Cudek. Upon moving to Massachusetts, he took up the lute seriously and studied with Douglas Freundlich at The Longy School of Music, earning a Master of Music degree. Currently, Matthew struggles through this world playing the lute with Seven Times Salt and insists on playing bouzouki with Ulster Landing, a Celtic traditional group, as well as playing continuo on archlute across New England. Matthew teaches guitar privately and at Brimmer & May and Belmont Hill Schools, and he is the tenor section leader at St. John's Episcopal Church in Beverly Farms, MA.