

A Jolly Wassail Bowl

1. A Jolly Wassail Bowl Trad. English, arr. M. Wright
2. Couranto Michael Praetorius (1571-1621)
3. Sans Day Carol 19th-c. Cornish, arr. M. Wright
4. Leeds Waits Wassail Trad. English, arr. STS
5. Down in Yon Forest Trad. English, arr. STS
6. Drive the Cold Winter Away *The English Dancing Master* (1651)
7. The Little Barleycorne, to the tune of Stingo Anon. English
8. Boar's Head Carol 15th-c. English
9. Orientis Partibus 12th-c. French
10. Bransles de Village Jean-Baptiste Besard (c.1567-c.1617)
11. El Noi de la Mare Trad. Catalan, arr. M. Wright
12. Nadal de Luintra Trad. Galician
13. While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks Daniel Read (1757-1836)
14. La Rosa Enflorese Trad. Sephardic
15. No la Devemos Dormir Anon. from Cancionero de Uppsala (1556)
16. Wasseyl Trad. English, arr. K. Burciaga
17. Gartan Mother's Lullaby Seosamh Mac Cathmhaoil (1879-1944)
18. Travellers' Prayer John Renbourn (1944-2015)
19. A Cornish Wassail Trad. Cornish, arr. K. Burciaga
20. Sally Gardens Trad. Irish
- Branle l'Official *Orchesographie* (1589)

Seven Times Salt

Karen Burciaga - violin, vielle, guitar, harp, percussion, alto
Dan Meyers - recorders, flutes, bagpipes, percussion, baritone
Josh Schreiber Shalem - bass viol, hurdy-gurdy, bass
Matthew Wright - lute, bandora, citole, tenor

with

Michael Barrett - tenor, lute
Tracy Cowart - mezzo-soprano
Elise Groves - soprano
Elizabeth Hardy - dulcian, bagpipes
Barbara Allen Hill - soprano
Teri Kowiak - mezzo-soprano
Jaya Lakshminarayanan - soprano, harp
Camila Parias - soprano
Catherine Stein - mezzo-soprano, recorders
Matthew Stein - dulcian

and
Alastair Thompson as The Ass

*Live concert recordings 2014-2019 by Devon Fernandez
Church of the Good Shepherd, Watertown, MA and Eliot Church, Newton, MA*

Every December since 2003, Seven Times Salt has celebrated the winter solstice and the return of the unconquered sun. This compilation of live recordings is taken from several years of our beloved winter performances and features music-making by our talented colleagues--and our audiences! We present music from the British Isles, Spain, France, and the New World including festive wassailing songs, wintry tunes, familiar carols, rousing shape note hymns, Sephardic delights, Renaissance dances, Irish reels, and more. The album is conceived in three chapters: Winter celebrations in England lead to a grand tour of Europe and finally return to the British Isles for a Celtic goodnight. We hope you enjoy listening.

We begin in Old England with winter festivities bridging the Christian and pagan worlds. The English 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. 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 trees roots to ensure a good harvest. **A Jolly Wassail Bowl**, set to the tune Doves Vagary, sees the wassailers asking to be let in; after several hours of wandering in the cold, a warm drink by the fire is welcome indeed. The text was published in William Sandys' *Christmas Carols Ancient and Modern* of 1833, although it was probably written in the 17th century, and Matthew created the refrain "We sing a bone..." from an even older song called "A Christenmesse Carroll." It's followed by an exuberant **Couranto** by Praetorius; the tune is used for the Dutch Christmas Carol "O Herders laet u bocxkens en schaeppen" (O Shepherds leave your goats and sheep). **The Sans Day Carol** 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, also known as "Christ's thorn," the evergreen long associated with the waning winter sun and considered sacred by the Druids. The ancient Romans traded holly wreaths at Saturnalia, and the Irish hung holly on doors to keep evil spirits out and bring good luck in the new year. We continue with our old favorite **The Leeds Waits Wassail**, another luck-visit song better known as "Here We Come A-wassailing." The seemingly non-wintery "among the leaves so green" refers once again to mystical evergreens like holly, ivy, and mistletoe that retain their color year-round.

The unusual English carol **Down in Yon Forest**, provenance and age unknown, weaves together Christian and pagan imagery. The hall in the forest, the thorn tree, and the bed covered in scarlet are all references to the figure of the Fisher King or Wounded King, which originated with ancient Celtic mythology and was popularized in the Arthurian legends of the Middle Ages. It has been arranged by numerous musicians through the ages and into the present day including Ralph Vaughan Williams, Joan Baez, Burl Ives, Jean Ritchie, Steeleye Span, and Seven Times Salt. Next, a brief stop to warm our hands and **Drive the Cold Winter Away**, one of the most beloved tunes from Playford's *English Dancing Master*. It is sometimes sung as a carol under the title "All Hail To The Days"--with its upward leap of a tenth, it can help to have a bit of wassail on board before singing it! In Elizabethan England, it was a common technique to match well known dance tunes with heavily circulated poems called broadsides. Similarly, **The Little Barley-corn** is set to the tune Stingo. It's a good match, since "stingo" is another name for strong ale. We enjoy another course in our wassailers' feast with the **Boar's Head Carol**, a macaronic (mixed language) carol popular in England since the Middle Ages. Published by the wonderfully named Wynkyn de Worde in 1521, its subject may refer to ancient pagan celebrations of the winter solstice. We are the only ensemble we know who pair this carol with the Irish tune The Merry Blacksmith.

Orientis Partibus ends the first chapter in raucous celebration. The song comes from a 12th-century manuscript from Beauvais Cathedral, and was performed during the annual Feast of the Ass, a medieval feast celebrated on January 14 mainly in France. The Feast commemorated the role of donkeys in the Flight into Egypt after Jesus' birth, and it may have been a Christian adaptation of the pagan feast Cervulus, a Roman festival celebrated on the kalends of January (January 1). In Beauvais, the donkey would stand by the altar during the mass. As portrayed in the song, at the end of the mass, instead of "Ite missa est," the priest would bray three times, and instead of "Amen" the congregation would respond "Y-a." The Feast of the Ass died out by the end of the 15th century, but we are happy to sing the donkey's praises once more.

Our next chapter recounts shepherds' adventures in various pastoral corners of Europe. We set the scene with the 16th-century **Bransles de Village**, expanded here from the original lute duo to a trio. A bransle or branle is a French Renaissance circle dance characterized by vigorous side steps. The ostinato bass figure evokes shepherds' bagpipes, and harmonic clashes emphasize the dance's rustic character. Having reached Spain, we play the tender Catalan lullaby **El Noi de la Mare**, which describes tasty Mediterranean gifts one might bring a

newborn baby. **Nadal de Luintra**, from the Celtic region of Galicia in northwest Spain, describes Mary and Joseph's journey (in this case, by foot). Rather than make Dan play yet another set of bagpipes (the Galician gaita) we decided to showcase percussion and guitar instead. A brief detour to the New World includes **While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks** (Sherburne), a rousing fuguing tune from Connecticut general store owner Daniel Read's *The American Singing Book*, the most-bought music book in the nation from 1785-1790. Back in Spain, we have a moment of reflection with the Sephardic love song **La Rosa Enflorese**. The text is Ladino, the Spanish dialect spoken by the Jews who lived in Spain until the expulsion of 1492. That's followed by a joyous villancico, **No La Devemos Dormir**, describing the shepherds' excitement over a particular night's momentous events. Villancicos were rustic songs in verse (*copla*) and refrain (*estribillo*) format, popular in Iberia and Latin America up until the 18th century. Our shepherds take up their bagpipes once more in **Wasseyl**, the final piece of our European grand tour. The text was published by Edmund Sedding in his 1862 collection "Antient Carols of Christmas." Finding Sedding's rather Victorian setting too frilly for this particular wassailing song, Karen borrowed/stole the tune of the well known carol Personent Hodie, found in the *Piae Cantiones* of 1582, and adapted it for Salty purposes. During the Wasseyl, you'll hear interludes of another tune from *Piae Cantiones* called Congaudeat Turba Fidelium, which Dan arranged for bagpipe duo.

Returning to the British Isles for our third and final chapter, we turn to the Celts and their legacy up through the present day. **Gartan Mother's Lullaby** is an evocative, tender song whose tune comes from Donegal in northwestern Ireland. The lyrics refer to a number of figures in Irish mythology. Poet Seosamh Mac Cathmhaoil was born in Belfast and wrote under the Gaelic form of his name, commonly anglicized to Joseph Campbell. After emigrating to New York, he lectured at Fordham University and founded the university's School of Irish Studies before returning to Ireland. Years ago, 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 such 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. Our tour of the Celtic regions brings us to Cornwall in far southwest England where we enjoy "a plenty of cider and a barrel of beer" in the **Cornish Wassail**. It's paired with The Night Tide, a jaunty waltz by Cornish fiddler Richard Trethewey. We end with a final Irish reel and one more French branle (whose cousin dance the En Dro is still danced in Celtic Brittany today), this one a familiar tune from Arbeau's *Orchesographie*. We hope it inspires you to get up and dance! Happy New Year from Seven Times Salt.



Texts & Translations

1. A Jolly Wassail Bowl, a wassail of good ale,
Well fare the butler's soul that setteth this to sale.
We sing "A bone!" and sing "God wot!" our jolly wassail bowl!

Good dame, here at your door, our wassail we begin;
We are all maidens poor, we pray now let us in.
We sing "A bone!"

Our wassail we do fill with apples and with spice,
Then grant us your good will to taste here once or twice.
We sing "A bone!"

If any maidens be here dwelling in this house,
They kindly will agree to take a full carouse.
We sing "A bone!"

But here they let us stand all freezing in the cold;
Good master, your command to enter and be bold.
We sing "A bone!"

Much joy unto this hall with us is entered in;
Our master, first of all, we hope will now begin.
We sing "A bone!"

This is our merry night of choosing king and queen;
Then, be it your delight, that something may be seen.
We sing "A bone!"

And now we must be gone, to seek out more good cheer;
Where bounty will be shown as we have found it here.
We sing "A bone!"

3. 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 our Saviour for to be,
And the first tree in the greenwood, it was the holly.
Holly, holly, 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:
And Mary bore Jesus...

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

Now the holly bears a berry, as blood is it red,
And we trust in our Saviour, who rose from the dead:
And Mary bore Jesus...

4. The Leeds Waits Wassail

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.

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

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.

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

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

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

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

5. Down in yon forest there stands a hall:
The bells of Paradise I heard them ring;
Covered all over with purple and pall
And I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

In that hall there stands a bed:
The bells of Paradise I heard them ring:
Covered all over with scarlet so red:
And I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

At the bed-side there lies a stone:
The bells of Paradise I heard them ring;
Which the sweet Virgin Mary hath knelt upon:
And I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

Under that bed there runs a flood:
The bells of Paradise I heard them ring:
One half runs water, the other runs blood:
And I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

At the bed's foot there grows a thorn:
The bells of Paradise I heard them ring:
Which ever blows blossom since Adam was born:
And I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

Over that bed the moon shines bright:
The bells of Paradise I heard them ring:
To show us our saviour was born on this night:
And I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

7. The Little Barley-corne

Come and do not musing stand,
if thou the truth discern,
But take a full cup in thy hand,
and thus begin to learne
Not of the earth, nor of the ayre,
at evening or at morne
But joviall boyes your Christmas keep,
with the little Barly-Corne.

'Twill make a weeping widdow laugh,
and soon incline to pleasure;
'Twill make an old man leave his staffe,
and dance a youthful measure:
And though your clothes be ne'er so bad
all ragged rent and torne,
Against the cold you may be clad
with the little Barly-Corne.

(Cont'd)

It is the cunning'st alchymist
that ere was in the land;
'Twill change your mettle, when it list,
in the turning of the hand
Your blushing gold to silver wan,
your silver into brasse
'Twill turn a taylor to a man,
and a man into an asse.

'Twill make a coward not to shrink,
but be as stout as may be
'Twill make a man that he shall think
that Joan's as good as milady,
It will enrich the palest face
and with rubies it adorn,
Yet you shall think it no disgrace,
this little barley-corne.

It is the neatest serving-man
to entertaine a friend;
It will doe more than money can
all jarring suits to end:
There's life in it, and it is here,
'tis here within this cup,
Then take your liquor, doe not spare,
but cleare carouse it up.

8. The Boar's Head Carol

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary.
And I pray you, my masters, be merry
Quot estis in convivio. (As many as are in the feast)
Caput apri defero (The boar's head I offer)
Reddens laudes Domino. (Giving praise to the Lord)

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land,
Which thus bedeck'd with a gay garland
Let us *servire cantico. (serve with a song)*
Caput apri defero...

Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of Bliss;
Which on this day to be served is
In Reginensi atrio. (In the hall of Queen's College, Oxford)
Caput apri defero...

9. Orientis partibus,

adventavit asinus;
pulcher et fortissimus,
sarcinis aptissimus. Hez, sir Asnes, hez!

Salto vincit hinnulos,
damas et capreolos,
super dromedarios
velox Madianeos. Hez, sir Asnes, hez!

Hic in collibus Sychen,
iam nutritus sub Ruben,
transiit per Jordanem;
saliit in Bethlehem. Hez, sir Asnes, hez!

Dum trahit vehicula,
multa cum sarcinula,
illius mandibula
dura terit pabula. Hez, sir Asnes, hez!

Cum aristis, hordeum
comedit et carduum;
triticum ex palea
segregat in area. Hez, sir Asnes, hez!

Amen dicas, Asine,
Iam satur ex gramine;
Amen, amen itera,
aspernare vetera! Hez, sir Asnes, hez!

11. El Noi de la Mare

Què li darem an el Noi de la Mare?
Què li darem que li sàpiga bo?
Li darem panses amb unes balances,
Li darem figues amb un paneró.

Què li darem al Fillet de Maria?
Què li darem al formós Infantó?
Panses i figues i nous i olives,
Panses i figues i mel i mató.

Tam-pa-tam-tam que les figues són verdes,
Tam-pa-tam-tam que ja maduraran.
Si no maduren el dia de Pasqua,
maduraran en el dia del Ram.

From Eastern lands

the ass arrived,
so handsome and so strong,
the best at bearing burdens. Hey, Sir Ass, hey!

With leaps he conquers the mules,
the deer, and stags,
and outruns the fast camels
of the Medes. Hey, Sir Ass, hey!

Here in the hills of Sychen,
already having fed below the Ruben,
he crosses the Jordan;
he enters Bethlehem. Hey, Sir Ass, hey!

While he pulls many carts
with heavy loads,
his jaws grind
tough fodder. Hey, Sir Ass, hey!

He eats the barley, beards and all,
and the spiny thistles;
he separates the wheat from the chaff
on the threshing floor. Hey, Sir Ass, hey!

Say “amen”, ass,
now filled with grass;
“Amen”, “amen”, once again,
spurning the past. Hey, Sir Ass, hey!

The Son of the Virgin

What shall we give to the Son of the Virgin?
What can we give that the Babe 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 nuts and honey,
Candy and figs and some cheese that is mild.

What shall we do if the figs are not ripened?
What shall we do if the figs are still green?
We shall not fret; if they're not ripe for Easter,
On a Palm Sunday, ripe figs will be seen.

12. 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 vaían.
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?

Luintra* Christmas song (town in Galicia)

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

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 would 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?"

13. 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!"

14. La rosa enflorese en el mes de mai Mi neshama s'escurese sufriendo del amor.

Los bilbilicos con sospiros de amor
Mi neshama mi ventura estan en tu poder.

Mas presto ven palomba mas presto ven con mi
Mas prest ven querida corre y salvame.

The rose blooms in the month of May My soul and my fate suffer from love's pain.

The nightingales sing with sighs of love
My soul and my fate are in your hands.

Come more quickly, dove, more quickly come with me
More quickly come, beloved, run and save me.

15. No la devemos dormir la noche sancta.
No la devemos dormir.

La Virgen a solas piensa qué hará
quando al rey de luz inmensa parirá:
Si su divina esencia temblará,
O que le podrá dezir. No la devemos dormir...

Qué pensamientos te rigen a tal hora,
No menguada santa Virgen mi señora.
Gloria son que no te agligen causadora
de Dios en carne venir. No la devemos dormir...

Quando la parió la virgen singular
No le puso en blanda cama a reposar
más con pura fe se inflama en adorar
al hijo que fue a pari. No la devemos dormir...

We should not sleep on the Holy Night.
We should not sleep.

The Virgin thought to herself about what would happen
when she gave birth to the King of Immense Light,
whether the Divine One might be afraid,
or what He might desire. We should not sleep...

That these thoughts came to you at this time
does not make you any less holy, O Virgin, my Lady.
You do not lack any glory in being the means
by which God became incarnate. We should not sleep...

When this unparalleled Virgin gave birth,
she did not lie down to rest in a soft bed,
but with pure faith shone in adoration of the Son to
whom she had given birth. We should not sleep...

16. **Wasseyl**, good masters, give ear! give ear!
Right joyfully welcome this glad new year:
Let the walls gaily drest with your merriment ring,
Make mirth on the Birth-Tide of Christ our King.
Welcum be ye, good newe yere,
*Wolcum twelfth day both in fere**, (together, i.e. New Year and Twelfth Night hand in hand)
Wolcum alle and make good chere,
Wolcum alle another yere.

Wasseyl! good masters, we tell you true,
Old Christmas brings nothing but mirth to you;
His mansion he fills with all manner of store,
His larders with plenty flow o'er and o'er.

Wasseyl! to our host, who feasteth his friends,
May God give him double, and more than he spends:
Full well may Sire Christmas keep Festival here,
Where find we such welcome, such dainty cheer.

Wasseyl! to the Lady of this fair hall,
Wasseyl! to her Children, both great and small,
Wasseyl! to the Steward, who brings us the best,
Wasseyl! to the Baker, the Maids, and the rest.

Wasseyl! to the Gentles, Wasseyl! to the Poor,
May God send them comfort, and Christmas store;
Wasseyl! to the Holly, whole berries now glow,
Wasseyl! to the Ivy and Mistletoe.

Wasseyl! Wasseyl! all who Christmas love,
May God send them blessings from Heaven above;
Let court, city, country, and all folk be glad,
Old Christmas hath entered to cheer the sad.

Gartan Mother's Lullaby

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

Dusk is drawn, and the Green Man's thorn (*symbol of rebirth*)
Is wreathed in rings of fog:
Siabhra sails his boat till morn (*a fairy*)
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 (*village of Termon in Donegal*)
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.

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 Wassail

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 Wassail-men are travelling thro' the mire,
With our Wassail...

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

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

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

1. A Jolly Wassail Bowl, 2019	<i>KB DM EH JS CS MS MW</i>
2. Couranto, 2019	<i>KB DM JS CS MW</i>
3. Sans Day Carol, 2014	<i>KB TC DM CP JS MW</i>
4. Leeds Waits Wassail, 2019	<i>KB EH DM JS CS MS MW</i>
5. Down in Yon Forest, 2017	<i>KB EG DM JS MW</i>
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9. Orientis Partibus, 2015	<i>KB BH TK JL DM JS CS AT MW</i>
10. Bransles de Village, 2018	<i>MB KB MW</i>
11. El Noi de la Mare, 2018	<i>KB CP MW</i>
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15. No la Devemos Dormir, 2018	<i>MB KB DM CP JS MW</i>
16. Wasseyl, 2019	<i>KB EH DM JS CS MS MW</i>
17. Gartan Mother's Lullaby, 2015	<i>BH MW</i>
18. Travellers' Prayer, 2019	<i>KB DM JS MW</i>
19. A Cornish Wassail, 2019	<i>KB EH DM JS CS MS MW</i>
20. Sally Gardens, 2014	<i>KB DM JS MW</i>
Branle l'Official, 2015	<i>KB BH TK JL DM JS CS MW</i>

MB	Michael Barrett - tenor, lute
KB	Karen Burciaga - violin, vielle, guitar, harp, percussion, alto
TC	Tracy Cowart - mezzo-soprano
EG	Elise Groves - soprano
EH	Elizabeth Hardy - dulcian, bagpipes
BH	Barbara Allen Hill - soprano
TK	Teri Kowiak - mezzo-soprano
JL	Jaya Lakshminarayanan - soprano, harp
DM	Dan Meyers - recorders, flutes, bagpipes, percussion, baritone
CP	Camila Parias - soprano
JS	Josh Schreiber Shalem - bass viol, hurdy-gurdy, bass
CS	Catherine Stein - mezzo-soprano, recorders
MS	Matthew Stein - dulcian
AT	Alastair Thompson - braying
MW	Matthew Wright - lute, bandora, citole, tenor