



*es* THE  
**Elora**  
SINGERS  
MARK VUORINEN, CONDUCTOR

A Quiet  
Village

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5

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**Elora**  
**SINGERS**  
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# The Elora Singers

**Mark Vuorinen**  
Artistic Director

**Soprano**

Lesley Bouza  
Katy Clark  
Rebecca Genge  
Jennifer Krabbe  
Teresa Mahon  
Lindsay McIntyre  
Kate Wright

**Alto**

Julia Barber  
Kirsten Fielding  
Simon Honeyman  
Christina Stelmacovich  
Jessica Wright

**Tenor**

Mitch Aldrich  
Bryan Rankine  
Steve Surian  
Andrew Walker

**Bass**

Michael Cressman  
Jeff Enns  
Richard Hrytzak  
Alan MacDonald  
Graham Robinson

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**The Elora Singers**, an all-professional Grammy- and JUNO-nominated chamber choir, was founded in 1980 and is the ensemble-in-residence of the Elora Festival for three weeks each summer. Through a regular concert series, recordings, and touring, The Elora Singers has established a reputation as one of the finest chamber choirs in Canada. With twelve releases on the NAXOS label, The Elora Singers is known for its rich, warm sound and clarity of texture, its diverse styles, its commitment to Canadian repertoire, and for its collaborations with other Canadian and international artists. Recent collaborations include the State Choir LATVIJA, Festival of the Sound, Swiss Piano Trio, Natalie MacMaster and Steven Page. A recording featuring new works by Barbara Croall (Giishkaapkag) and Reena Esmail (This Love Between Us) was released in June of this year.

**Mark Vuorinen** is Artistic Director and Conductor of The Elora Singers and The Elora Festival and Waterloo Region's Grand Philharmonic Choir. He is also Associate Professor and Chair of Music at Conrad Grebel University College at the University of Waterloo and is the President of Choirs Ontario. A recipient of many awards, Mark was the 2016 Laureate of the Ontario Arts Council's Leslie Bell Prize, and received a 2016 National Choral Award from Choral Canada (Association of Canadian Choral Communities) for his research on Estonian composer Arvo Pärt. Mark holds a Doctor of Musical Arts degree from the University of Toronto and Master of Music degree from Yale University's School of Music and Institute of Sacred Music.

# A Quiet Village

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5  
8:00 PM

**Nova Nova** Bob Chilcott (b. 1955)  
**Gabriel's Message** Basque Carol  
arr. Jim Clements (b. 1983)

**Soloist:** Katy Clark, soprano

**Thou Shalt Know Him** Mark Sirett (b. 1952)

**Constellation** Marie-Claire Saindon (b. 1984)

**Stars** Ēriks Ešenvalds (b. 1977)

**Soloists:** Teresa Mahon, soprano

Julia Barber, alto

Andrew Walker, tenor

Graham Robinson, bass

**Lux Aurumque** Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

**Carol from an Irish Cabin** Dale Wood (1934- 2003)

**Harp:** Julia Seager-Scott

**Lully Lulla Lulay** Philip Stopford (b. 1977)

**Ceremony of Carols** Benjamin Britten (1913 - 1976)

**Harp:** Julia Seager-Scott

i. Procession

ii. Wolcum Yole!

iii. There is no Rose

iva. That yongë child

**Soloist:** Lindsay McIntyre, soprano

ivb. Balulalow

**Soloist:** Jennifer Krabbe, soprano

v. As dew in Aprille

vi. This little Babe

vii. Interlude

viii. In Freezing Winter Night

ix. Spring Carol

**Soloists:** Lindsay McIntyre, soprano  
Jennifer Krabbe, soprano

x. Deo Gracias

xi. Recession

**Candlelight Carol** John Rutter (b. 1945)

**Harp:** Julia Seager-Scott

# Texts & Translations

## Nova! Nova!

Refrain: Nova! Nova!  
'Ave' fit ex 'Eva'

Gabriel of high degree,  
He came down from Trinity  
To Nazareth in Galilee.

He met a maiden in a place,  
He kneel-ed down a-fore her face.  
He said: 'Hail, Mary, full of grace!'

When the maid heard tell of this  
She was full sore a-bashed I-wys  
And wened that she had done a-miss

Then said the angel: 'Dread not you,  
You shall conceive in all vertue  
A child whose name shall be Jesu'

'It is not yet six months a-gone  
Since Elizabeth conceived John,  
As it was prophesied before'

'I am your servant right truly.  
Ecce ancilla Domini'.

## News! News! 15th century English (modernized)

News! News!  
'Ave' = 'Eva'

I-wys = indeed  
wened = thought

Behold the handmaid of the Lord.

## Gabriel's Message

The angel Gabriel from heaven came,  
his wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame.  
"All hail!" said he, "thou lowly maiden, Mary.  
Most highly favoured lady."  
Gloria!

"For known a blessed mother thou shalt be,  
all generations laud and honour thee.  
Thy son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold.  
Most highly favoured lady"  
Gloria!

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head, "  
To me be as it pleaseth God." she said.  
"My soul shall laud and magnify his holy name."  
Most highly favoured lady,  
Gloria!

Of her Emmanuel, the Christ, was born  
in Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn.  
And Christian folk throughout the world will every say,  
"Most highly favoured lady"  
Gloria!

# Texts & Translations

## Thou Shalt Know Him

Thou shalt know him when he comes,  
Not by any din of drums,  
Nor manner, nor airs,  
Nor any thing he wears.

Thou shalt know him when he comes,  
Not by his crown or by gown,  
But his coming known shall be,  
by the holy harmony  
which his coming makes in thee.

Thou shalt know him when he comes.  
Amen.

## Constellation

Les étoiles d'or...  
Ah les belles étoiles comme des  
points lumineux  
pour clouer le ciel sur les piliers de  
la nuit...  
Les étoiles d'or...  
Ah les belles étoiles qui tournent sur  
leurs pointes sinistres,  
enchantement où la poussière  
navigue  
sur le tapis magique de la nuit...  
Les étoiles d'or...  
Ah les belles étoiles, vous qui  
pâlissez  
comme autant de genèses,  
insoupçonnées  
dans le besoin futile d'être uniques,  
escalier étroit  
pour monter dans les ténèbres  
enivrantes  
jusqu'aux voûtes de la nuit...  
Les étoiles d'or, et moi je dors  
dans le silence de leur voyage  
gigantesque,  
m'inventant des profondeurs  
où le temps n'a plus de prix et  
l'ennui plus d'emprise

## Herménégilde Chiasson

Golden stars...  
Ah beautiful stars, shining dots

nailing the sky to the night's pillars...

Golden stars...  
Ah beautiful stars spinning on their  
eerie tips,  
spellbound dust sailing

upon the night's enchanted carpet...  
Golden stars.  
Ah beautiful stars, you fade

as so many genesis, unsuspected

in their vain thirst for uniqueness,  
narrow staircase  
climbing through the exhilarating  
darkness  
up to the canopies of the night...  
Golden stars, and I sleep  
in the silence of their tremendous  
journey,  
devising for myself depths wherein  
time costs no more and boredom loses  
its lure

# Texts & Translations

## Stars

Sara Teasdale

Alone in the night  
On a dark hill  
With pines around me  
Spicy and still

And a heaven full of stars  
Over my head  
White and topaz  
And misty red;

Myriads with beating  
Hearts of fire  
The aeons  
Cannot vex or tire;

Up the dome of heaven  
Like a great hill  
I watch them marching  
Stately and still

And I know that I  
Am honoured to be  
Witness  
Of so much majesty

## Lux Aurumque

Lux,  
calida gravisque pura velut aurum  
et canunt angeli molliter  
modo natum.

## Carol From An Irish Cabin

The cold wind blows over the heather,  
The salt wind blows over the sea,  
The harsh wind blows down from the mountains,  
And blows a white Christmas to me.

The clean snow falls softly, falls softly,  
The snow crystals cover the moor.  
Let wanderers lost and grown weary  
Find welcome at my cabin door.

So let there be no fear of darkness,  
And let there be no fear of sea;  
Let the star guide the lost and forsaken  
Safe over the moorland to me.

The cold wind blows over the heather,  
The salt wind blows over the sea,  
The harsh wind blows down from the mountains,  
And brings a white Christmas to me.

## Edward Esch

Latin translation: Charles Anthony Silvestri

Light,  
warm and heavy as pure gold  
and the angels sing softly  
To the new-born baby.

## Unknown

# Texts & Translations

## Lully, Lulla, Lullay      Traditional Carol

Lully, lulla, lully, lulla,  
By, by, lully, lullay.  
Lully, lulla, Thou little tiny Child,  
By, by, lully, lullay,

O sisters too  
How may we do?  
For to preserve this day?  
This poor youngling  
for whom we sing  
By, by, lully, lullay.

Herod, the king,  
in his raging,  
charged he hath this day.  
His men of might  
in his own sight  
all young children to slay.

That woe is me,  
poor Child for Thee,  
and ever morn and day,  
For Thy parting  
neither say nor sing,  
By, by, lully, lullay.



# Texts & Translations

## A Ceremony of Carols

### 1. Procession

Hodie Christus natus est  
Hodie Salvator apparuit,  
Hodie in terra canunt angeli,  
Laetantur archangeli,  
Hodie exultant justi, dicentes:  
Gloria in excelsis Deo, Alleluia!

### 2. Wolcum Yole!

Wolcum, Wolcum,  
Wolcum be thou hevenè king.  
Wolcum Yole! Wolcum, born in one morning.  
Wolcum for whom we sall sing!

Wolcum be ye Stevene and Jon.  
Wolcum Innocentes every one.  
Wolcum, Thomas marter one.  
Wolcum, be ye, Good Newe Yere.  
Wolcum Twelfth Day both in fere,  
Wolcu, seintes lefe and dere,  
Wolcum Yole !

Candelmesse, Quene of bliss.  
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.  
Wolcum be ye that are here.  
Wolcum Yole!  
Wolcum alle and make good cheer.  
Wolcum alle another yere.  
Wolcum Yole! Wolcum!

### Anonymous

Today Christ is born  
Today the Saviour has appeared  
Today the angels sing on earth  
The archangels rejoice  
Today the righteous exult, saying:  
Glory to God in the highest, Alleluia!

### Anonymous

### 3. There is no rose

There is no rose of such vertu  
As is the rose that bare Jesu:  
Alleluia.

For in this rose containèd was  
Heaven and earth in little space:  
Res miranda.

By that rose we may well see  
That he is God in persons three:  
Pares forma.

The aungels sungen the shepherds to:  
"Gloria in excelsis Deo",  
Gaudeamus.

Leave we all this worldly mirth,  
And follow we this joyful birth:  
Transeamus.

### Anonymous

Wonderful thing

Equal in form

Glory to God  
Let us.

Let's go.

# Texts & Translations

## A Ceremony of Carols

### 4a. That yongë child

Anonymous

That yongë child when it gan weep  
With song she lulled him asleep;  
That was so sweet a melody  
It passed alle minstrelsy.  
The nightingale sang also:  
Her song is hoarse and nought thereto:  
Whoso attendeth to her song  
And leaveth the first then doth he wrong.

### 4b. Balulalow

James, John and Robert Wedderburn

O my deare hert, young Jesu sweet,  
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit  
And I sall rock thee to my hert  
And never mair from thee depart.  
But I sall praise thee evermoir  
With sanges sweet unto thy gloir;  
The knees of my hart sall I bow,  
And sing that richt Balulalow!

### 5. As dew in Aprille

Anonymous

I sing of a maiden  
that is makèles:  
King of all kings  
to her son she ches.  
He came al so stille  
there his moder was,  
As dew in Aprille  
that falleth on the grass.  
He came al so stille  
to his moder's bour,  
As dew in Aprille  
that falleth on the flour.  
He came al so stille  
there his moder lay,  
As dew in Aprille  
that falleth on the spray.  
Moder and mayden  
was never none but she;  
Well may such a lady  
Goddess moder be.

# Texts & Translations

## A Ceremony of Carols

### 6. This little babe

Robert Southwell

This little Babe so few days old  
is come to rifle Satan's fold;  
all hell doth at his presence quake  
though he himself for cold do shake;  
for in this weak unarmed wise  
the gates of hell he will surprise.

With tears he fights and wins the field,  
his naked breast stands for a shield;  
his battering shot are babish cries,  
his arrows looks of weeping eyes,  
his martial ensigns Cold and Need  
and feeble Flesh his warrior's steed.

His camp is pitched in a stall,  
his bulwark but a broken wall;  
the crib his trench, haystacks his stakes;  
of shepherds he his muster makes;  
and thus, as sure his foe to wound,  
the angels' trump alarum sound.

My soul, with Christ join thou in fight,  
stick to the tents that he hath pight.  
Within his crib is surest ward,  
this little Babe will be thy guard.  
If thou wilt not from this heavenly Boy.

### 7. Interlude – Harp solo

### 8. In freezing winter night

Robert Southwell

Behold, a silly tender babe in freezing winter night,  
In homely manger trembling lies; alas, a piteous sight!

The inns are full, no man will yield this little pilgrim bed.  
But forced he is with silly beasts, in crib to shroud his head.

This stable is a Prince's court, this crib his chair of State;  
The beasts are parcel of his pomp, this wooden dish his plate.

The persons in that poor attire his royal liveries wear;  
The Prince himself is come from Heav'n; this pomp is prized there.

With joy approach O Christian wight, do homage to they King;  
And highly praise his humble pomp, which he from Heav'n doth bring.

# Texts & Translations

## A Ceremony of Carols

### 9. Spring Carol

William Cornish

Pleasure it is  
To hear, iwis,  
The Birdès sing.  
The deer in the dale,  
The sheep in the vale,  
The corn springing.  
God's purveyance  
For sustenance,  
It is for man.  
Then we always  
To give him praise,  
And thank him than,  
And thank him than.

### 10. Deo gracias!

Anonymous

Deo gratias!  
Adam lay ybounden,  
Bounden in a bond,  
Four thousand winter  
Thought he not to long.  
Deo gratias!  
And all was for an appil,  
An apple that he took,  
As clerkès finden  
Written in their book.  
Né had the appil take ben,  
Né hadè never our lady  
A ben hevenè quene,  
Blessèd be the time  
That appil take was.  
Therefore we moun singen:  
Deo gratias!

Thanks!

Thanks!

Thanks!

### 11. Recession

Anonymous

Hodie Christus natus est  
Hodie Salvator apparuit,  
Hodie in terra anunt angeli,  
Laetantur archangeli,  
Hodie exultant justi, dicentes:  
Glorai in excelsis Deo, Alleluia!

Today Christ is born  
Today the Saviour has appeared  
Today the angels sing on earth  
The archangels rejoice  
Today the righteous exult, saying:  
Glory to God in the highest, Alleluia!

# Texts & Translations

## Candlelight Carol

John Rutter

How do you capture the wind on the water?  
How do you count all the stars in the sky?  
How can you measure the love of a mother,  
Or how can you write down a baby's first cry?

Candlelight, angel light, firelight and star-glow  
Shine on his cradle till breaking of dawn.  
Gloria in excelsis Deo!  
Angels are singing; the Christ child is born.

Shepherds and wise men will kneel and adore him,  
Seraphim round him their vigil will keep;  
Nations proclaim him their Lord and their Saviour,  
But Mary will hold him and sing him to sleep.

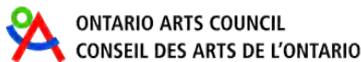
Candlelight, angel light, firelight and star-glow  
Shine on his cradle till breaking of dawn.  
Gloria in excelsis Deo!  
Angels are singing; the Christ child is born.

Find him at Bethlehem laid in a manger:  
Christ our Redeemer asleep in the hay,  
Godhead incarnate and hope of salvation:  
A child with his mother that first Christmas Day,

Candlelight, angel light, firelight and star-glow  
Shine on his cradle till breaking of dawn.  
Gloria in excelsis Deo!  
Angels are singing; the Christ child is born.



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A *Nativity*  
Festival

DECEMBER 5 | 12 | 19

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