

YORK

EARLY MUSIC CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

8 December 2020 4.30 pm & 7.00 pm *National Centre for Early Music*
8 December 2020 7.00 pm *Live stream*

JOGLARESA

BRING US GOOD ALE

Here we come a-wassailing

Traditional, England

Gabriel's Message

Traditional, Basque

The Boar's Head Carol

England, 16th century

Cuncti simus concanentes

*Llibre Vermell de Montserrat
Spain, 14th century*

Now bring us in good ale

England, 15th century

Trotto

Italy, 14th century

The Coventry Carol

England, 16th century

Good people all, this Christmas time

Traditional, Ireland

Se hôme fezér de grado

*Cantiga de Santa Maria
Spain, 13th century*

Li lai de la pastourelle	<i>France, 13th century</i>
The truth sent from above	Traditional, <i>England</i>
Adam lay i-bowndyn	Traditional
	Text: <i>England, 15th century</i>

The Gower Wassail	Traditional, <i>Gower Peninsula</i>
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Medieval music requires research; the notated music in this programme comes from a range of sources: the *Llibre Vermell* of Montserrat, for instance, and manuscripts from the British Library. Alongside knowledge of notated sources, the programme also reflects Jogleasa's research into historical contexts, performance styles, and of course instruments. Members of the band play fidels and harps made by modern makers who look to medieval iconography for inspiration; they also play instruments that thrive beyond the world of historically informed performance but have some links to those which medieval musicians played. We believe in the foundation that comes from strong historical knowledge and we love to bring lesser-known medieval music to your attention.

Yet we don't always stop at the point where we've created a close recreation of what the music might sound like (that would, in any case, be impossible either to achieve or to prove). We haven't called our programme 'Dance Songs as the Monks of Montserrat Intended'. We reject the idea of objectivity: we think it's important to know the rules, but also to know when to break the rules in a careful, considered way. We like to include material from various sources beyond what is certified as medieval: playing styles, arrangements, and songs that reflect folk traditions; occasional quotations from music from the last few decades; and, of course, the creative virtuosity of our musicians.

We link this material with our medieval sources. Much traditional music has a documented performing tradition that goes a long way back – for example, *The Boar's Head Carol* uses melodic modes

current in the Middle Ages. (It's also important to acknowledge the work of collectors such as Cecil Sharp and Ralph Vaughan Williams who took the trouble to record a living heritage that they feared was vanishing.) When we borrow the rhythmic modes of Arabic classical music, we hope to start a conversation with the percussionists and their familiar-looking instruments depicted in manuscripts from the richly diverse world of medieval Spain. And when we quote the heavy metal of the late twentieth century, we're pointing out harmonic similarities to medieval music theory. It goes without saying that our love of improvisation, the spontaneous creation of something new and fleeting, inspired by an existing musical foundation, has a distinguished musical heritage.

We honour the past and enjoy making its treasures more widely known; we also enjoy placing medieval music in the context of an ongoing tradition, and embracing the present moment in which we're playing it. Such efforts are appropriate in the context of Christmas, or Saturnalia or Yule as our colleagues from earlier times might have known their winter festival: a celebration that brings people together, that relies heavily on a sense of tradition, and that endures in some form despite the changes it might experience during the passage of history.

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JOGLARESA

Belinda Sykes *director, voice, recorder*

Angela Hicks *voice, gothic harp*

May Robertson *medieval fidel, voice*

Louise Anna Duggan *folk harp, percussion, voice*

Jordan Murray *percussion, dulcimers, voice*

joglaresa.com

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Here we come a-wassailing

Here we come a-wassailing,
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wand'ring
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,
And God send you a Happy New Year.*

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

Good master and good mistress,
As you sit beside the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
Who wander in the mire.

We have a little purse,
Made of ratching leather skin;
We want some of your small change
To line it well within.

Gabriel's Message

Translation: Sabine Baring-Gould, d.1924

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 ever say:
'*Most highly favoured lady.*' Gloria

The Boar's Head Carol

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary;
I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quot estis in convivio. [Ye who are now at the feast.]

Caput apri defero [The boar's head I bear]
Reddens laudes Domino. [Returning 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.* [Let us serve it with a song.]

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 Queen's Hall.]

Cuncti simus concanentes

Let us all sing together: Ave Maria!

When the Virgin was alone an angel appeared.
He was named Gabriel, sent from heaven.
His face was radiant and he said to her 'Ave Maria.'

His face was radiant and he said to her (Listen my friends)
'Thou shalt be a mother, Mary: Ave Maria.'

'Thou shalt be a mother, Mary (Listen my friends)
And thou shalt bring forth a son: Ave Maria.'

'And thou shalt bring forth a son (Listen my friends)
And thou shalt name him Jesus: Ave Maria.'

Now bring us in good ale

Bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale;
For our Blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of bran,
Nor bring us in no white bread, for therein is no game;

Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fat,
But bring us in good ale, and give us enough of that;

Bring us in no mutton, for that is often lean,
Nor bring us in no tripes, for they be seldom clean;

Bring us in no butter, for therein are many hairs;
Nor bring us in no pig's flesh, for that will make us boars;

Bring us in no puddings, for therein is all God's good;
Nor bring us in no venison, for that is not for our blood;

Bring us in no capon's flesh, for that is often dear;
Nor bring us in no duck's flesh, for they slobber in the mere.

The Coventry Carol

Lully, lulla thow littel tyne child
By, by, lully, lullay
Lully, lulla thow littel tyne child
By, by, lully, lullay

O sisters too, how may we do
For to preserve this day
This pore yongling for whom we do singe
By, by, lully, lullay

Herod the King in his raging
Charged he hath this day
His men of might in his own sight
All yonge children to slay

That wo is mee, pore child, for thee,
And ever morne and may
For thi parting nether say nor singe
By, by, lully, lullay

Good people all, this Christmas-time

Good people all, this Christmas-time
Consider well and bear in mind
What our good God for us has done
In sending his beloved Son.
With Mary holy we should pray
To God with love this Christmas day
In Bethlehem upon that morn
There was a blessed Messiah born.

The night before that happy tide
The noble Virgin and her guide
Were long time seeking up and down
To find a lodging in the town.
But mark how all things come to pass
From every door repelled alas!

As long foretold, their refuge all
Was but a humble ox's stall.

There were three wise men from afar
Directed by a glorious star
And on they wandered night and day
Until they came where Jesus lay.
And when they came unto that place
Where our beloved Messiah was
They humbly cast them at his feet
With gifts of gold and incense sweet.

Near Bethlehem did shepherds keep
Their flocks of lambs and feeding sheep
To whom God's angels did appear
Which put the shepherds in great fear.
'Prepare and go,' the angels said
'To Bethlehem, be not afraid
For there you'll find this happy morn
A princely babe, sweet Jesus born.'

Se hóme fezér de grado

A knight, who was the loyal servant of the Virgin,
had a son whom he loved dearly.
One day, another knight killed the boy.

The father, stricken with grief, seized the murderer.
He took him to the very place his son had been killed.
He tried to kill the man, but he could not.

The knight took the man prisoner and entered a church.
As soon as he saw the statue of the Virgin, he released him.
The man bowed to the statue and said, 'Thank you'.

The truth sent from above

This is the truth sent from above
The truth of God, the God of love;
Therefore don't turn me from your door
But hearken all both rich and poor.

The first thing which I do relate
Is that God did man create,
The next thing which to you I'll tell,
Woman was made with man to dwell.

And they did eat, which was a sin,
And thus their ruin did begin;
Ruined themselves, both you and me
And all of their posterity.

Thus we were heirs to endless woes,
Till God the Lord did interpose,
And so a promise soon did run
That he would redeem us by His Son.

And at that season of the year
Our blessed redeemer did appear
He here did live and here did preach
And many thousands he did teach.

Thus He in love to us behaved
To show us how we must be saved
And if you want to know the way
Be pleased to hear what He did say

Adam lay i-bowndyn

Adam lay i-bowndyn,
bowndyn in a bond,
Fowre thowsand wynter
thowt he not to long;
And al was for an appil,
an appil that he tok,

As clerkes fyndyn wretyn
in here book.

Ne hadde the appil take ben,
the appil taken ben,
Ne hadde never our lady
a ben hevene quen.
Blyssid be the tyme
that appil take was!
Therefore we mown syngyn
Deo gracias.

The Gower Wassail

A-wassail, a-wassail throughout all the town
Our cup it is white and our ale it is brown
Our wassail is made of the good ale and cake
Some nutmeg and ginger, the best we could bake.

Our wassail is made of an elderberry bough
And so my good neighbours we'll drink unto thou
Besides all on earth, you have apples in store
Pray let us come in for it's cold by the door.

There's a master and a mistress sitting down by the fire
While we poor wassailers do wait in the mire
So you, pretty maid, with your silver headed pin
Please open the door and let us come in.

We know by the moon that we are not too soon
We know by the sky that we are not too high
We know by the stars that we are not too far
And we know by the ground that we are within sound.

Here's we jolly wassail boys growing weary and cold
Drop a bit of silver into our old bowl
And, if we're alive for another new year
Perhaps we may call and see who does live here.