

LORELEI

ENSEMBLE

BETH WILLER
ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

FROST AND FIRE

Please hold applause until the end of the program.

I wonder as I wander / Veni, veni Emanuel

I wonder as I wander out under the sky
why Jesus the Savior it come for to die
for poor ornry people like you and like I
I wonder as I wander out under the sky

Veni, veni, Emanuel
captivum solve Israel,
qui gemit in exilio,
privatus Dei Filio.
R: Gaude! Gaude! Emmanuel,
nascetur pro te Israel!

Veni, O lesse virgula,
ex hostis tuos ungula,
de specu tuos tartari
educ et antro barathri.

O come, O come thou Dayspring bright!
Pour on our souls thy healing light.
Dispel the long night's lingering gloom
And pierce the shadows of the tomb.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel

Traditional American / Anonymous, 8-9c. arr. Beth WILLER

*O come, O come, Emmanuel,
and ransom captive Israel,
that mourns in lonely exile here
until the Son of God appear.
R: Rejoice! Rejoice! O Israel,
to thee shall come Emmanuel!*

*O come, Thou Rod of Jesse's stem,
from ev'ry foe deliver them
that trust Thy mighty power to save,
and give them vict'ry o'er the grave.*

“Fire,” from *Saviour*

Amy Beth KIRSTEN

J'ai voulu ce matin te rapporter des roses ;
Mais j'en avais tant pris dans mes ceintures closes,
Que les nœuds trop serrés n'ont pu les contenir.

*This morning I wanted to bring you some roses;
but I had gathered so many into my knotted sashes
that the knots were too strained and couldn't
hold them.*

Les nœuds ont éclaté : les roses envolées,
Dans le vent, à la mer s'en sont toutes allées :
Elles ont suivi l'eau pour ne plus revenir.

*They broke. The roses flew out
in the wind, and they all fell into the sea.
They floated off with the water and never returned.*

La vague en a paru rouge et comme enflammée :
Ce soir, [ma] robe encore en est tout embaumée.
[Respirez-en] sur moi l'odorant souvenir.

*They made the waves appear red as if on fire.
This evening, my dress is still strongly perfumed...
Come smell it on me - breathe its fragrant memory.*

Jesú? Jesú? Jesú, won't you come?

Jesus? Jesus? Jesus, won't you come?

— *Amy Beth Kirsten and Les roses de Saâdi*
by Marceline Desbordes-Valmore (1848)

November

Gabriel JENKS

Even the oak gives up its leaves now
strewn carelessly
like cast of clothing stripped in passion
or need to find bare exposure
an essence where bone meets winter's harsh touch
creeping into crenelations carved from years of struggle
merely to continue.
Even the oak gives up its leaves now.

—*Martha Lash*

Whiteout (World Premiere)

Eliza BAGG

***Let all mortal flesh keep silence* (World Premiere)**

**French Carol, 17c.
arr. Laura JOBIN-ACOSTA**

Let all mortal flesh keep silence,
and with fear and trembling stand;
ponder nothing earthly minded,
for, with blessing in His hand,
Christ our God to earth descendeth,
our full homage to demand.

King of kings, yet born of Mary,
as of old on earth He stood,
Lord of lords, in human vesture,

in the body and the blood.
He will give to all the faithful
His own self for heav'nly food

Rank on rank the host of heaven
spreads its vanguard on the way,
as the Light of light descendeth
from the realms of endless day,
that the pow'rs of hell may vanish
as the darkness clears away.

At His feet the six-winged seraph,
cherubim with sleepless eye,
veil their faces to the Presence,
as with ceaseless voice they cry,
æAlleluia, alleluia,
alleluia, Lord Most High!

—*Gerard Moultrie (1829-1885)*

The Darkest Midnight in December (World Premiere)

**Kilmore Carols, Ireland, 18c.
arr. Gregory BROWN**

The darkest midnight in December,
No snow, no hail, nor winter storm,
Shall hinder us for to remember,
The Babe that on this night was born.
With shepherds we are come to see,
This lovely Infant's glorious charms,
Born of a maid as prophets said,
The God of love in Mary's arms.

No earthly gifts can we present Him,
No gold nor myrrh nor odours sweet.
But if with hearts we can content Him
We humbly lay them at His feet.
'Twas but pure love that from above
Brought Him to save us from all harms
So let us sing and welcome Him,
The God of Love in Mary's arms.

We like beasts lay in a stable,
Our senses blind and dead by sin
To help ourselves we not able,
But He brings grace and life again.
Thus conquered hell, confined the devil,
To free our souls from endless harms
His life He gave and now you have
The God of Love in Mary's arms.

The darkest midnight in December,
No snow, no hail, nor winter storm...

—*Traditional, Kilmore Carols (Ireland)*

O Mary and the Baby, Sweet Lamb!

**Traditional American, 19c.
arr. Elizabeth POSTON**

O Mary and the Baby, sweet Lamb.

It's a holy Baby, sweet Lamb.
Mary and the Baby, sweet Lamb.

I love that Baby, sweet Lamb.
Mary and the Baby, sweet Lamb.

It's a God-sent Baby, sweet Lamb.
Mary and the Baby, sweet Lamb.

—*Traditional (United States), transcribed by Elizabeth Poston, 1970*

Slumber my darling

**Stephen FOSTER
arr. Beth Willer**

Slumber, my darling, thy mother is near,
Guarding thy dreams from all terror and fear,
Sunlight has pass'd and the twilight has gone,
Slumber, my darling, the night's coming on.

Sweet visions attend thy sleep,
Fondest, dearest to me,
While others their revels keep,
I will watch over thee.

Slumber, my darling, the birds are at rest,
The wandering dews by the flow'rs are caressed,
Slumber, my darling, I'll wrap thee up warm,
And pray that the angels will shield thee from harm.

Slumber, my darling, till morn's blushing ray
Brings to the world the glad tidings of day;
Fill the dark void with thy dreamy delight--
Slumber, thy mother will guard thee tonight,

Thy pillow shall sacred be
From all outward alarms;
Thou, thou art the world to me
In thine innocent charms.

Slumber, my darling, the birds are at rest,

The wandering dews by the flow'rs are caressed,
Slumber, my darling, I'll wrap thee up warm,
And pray that the angels will shield thee from harm

—Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

O Holy Night (World Premiere)

CANTIQUE DE NOEL, Adolph ADAM (1847)
arr. Jocelyn HAGEN

O holy night, the stars are brightly shining;
it is the night of the dear Savior's birth.
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices,
for yonder breaks a new and glorious morn!
Fall on your knees! O hear the angel voices!
O night divine! O night when Christ was born!
O night divine! O night, O night divine!

Truly He taught us to love one another;
His law is love and His gospel is peace.
Chains shall He break, for the slave is our brother,
and in His name all oppression shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,
let all within us praise His holy name.
Christ is the Lord! O praise His name forever!
His pow'r and glory evermore proclaim!
His pow'r and glory evermore proclaim!

—Original French by Placide Cappeau (1847),
English Translation by Adolph Adam

Endless Night (World Premiere)

STILLE NACHT, Franz Xaver GRUBER (1787-1863)
arr. Joshua SHANK

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and child!
Holy infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace!
Sleep in heavenly peace!

—Original German text by Joseph Mohr (1792-1848),
English translation by John Freeman Young (1820-1885)

North Woods

Scott ORDWAY

I.
The nights are not dark;

the earth casts only a low shadow.
The level edge does not project the darkness high aloft
(and so) the shades of night do not reach the sky and stars above. [Ag. 2]

II.

To the north of it no land
exists whatever, and upon that face beat the waves of a
vast and shoreless sea. [Ag. 10]
And the rivers bend gently away to lose themselves in the northern Ocean. [Ger. 1]

III.

They do not imprison their gods within walls, or represent them with human features;
Instead, they consecrate woods and groves,
and they call by the names of gods the hidden presence
that they see only by the eye of reverence. [Ger. 9]

IV. Appendix

—*Scott Ordway, after Tacitus (Agricola and Germania, ca. 98 A.D.)*

Solstice

BJÖRK

When your eyes
Pause on the ball
That hangs on the third branch from the star
You remember why it is dark and why it gets light again
The earth, like the heart, slopes in its seat
And like that it travels along an elliptical path
Drawn into the darkness
An unpolished pearl in sky-black palm of hand
Flickering sun-flame
And then, you remember
That you yourself
You are a light-bearer, a light-bearer
Receiving radiance from others
Flickering sun-flame
Unpolished earth in the palm of hand

—*Björk*

Ring out wild bells!

Jessica MEYER

Ring...Ring out...
Ring out Wild Bells to the Wild Sky!
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
the year is dying,
dying in the night.
Ring Out!

the false
the grief
the want
foul disease
lust of gold
wars of old
the coldness of the times
ring out my mournful rhymes
(the year is going!)
here we see no more
feud of rich or poor
(let him go!)
Ring out false pride!
in place and blood!
Ring in the love!
Ring in the love of truth and right
Ring in the common love of good
Ring in the valiant man
and free the larger heart
the kindlier hand
all that is true
the thousand years of peace
happy bells across the snow
Ring in the true
to the Wild Sky

—Original poem by from Alfred Lord Tennyson (1850), modified by Jessica Meyer