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THE CANTATA SINGERS

Will Wickham, Musical Director
Present

"A Celebration of Carols"

Seasonal music setting the mood for the holidays!



First Presbyterian Church Main Street, Big Flats, NY

The Cantata Singers

Soprano

Ruth Bruning Robin Fitzgerald Susan B. Hartney Cathy Hogan Kathy Lovell Joy McFarland Susan Nagle Marianna Raho Wendy Winnett

Alto

Phyllis Bishop Martha Horton Frances McLaren Jean Papandrea Cora Range Ruellene Seymour Katie Trexler

Tenor

Michael Hartney Tom McCloskey Richard S. Perry Gary Tucker

Bass

Robert Gilman Jeff DeMeritt David R. Mix Stephen Nagle Joe Ponzi Dave Rappleye David Rosplock

Rehearsal Piano - Frances McLaren Music Director - Will Wickham



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Today's Program

O Magnum Mysterium - - - - - Morten Lauridsen

Ceremony of Carols ----- Benjamin Britten

Keyboard accompaniment - Frances McLaren

- 1) Procession
- 2) Wolcum Yole!
- 3) There is no Rose
- 4a) That yongë child
 - 4b) Balulalow

Soprano - Susan B. Hartney

- 5) As dew in Aprille
- 6) This little Babe

7) (omitted)

8) In Freezing Winter Night

Sopranos – Ruth Bruning, Marianna Raho Alto - Ruellene Seymour, Tenor - Bill Brodginski Bass - Joe Ponzi

- 9) Spring Carol
- 10) Deo Gracias
- 11) Recession
- Intermission -

Ave Maria ----- Franz Biebl

The Huron Carol ---- traditional, arr. Eleanor Daley

Soli group - Ruth Bruning, Janelle Bleiler, Lou Bleiler Jean Papandrea, Dick Perry, David Rappleye

Four Old English Carols - - - - Gustav Holst
Organ - Frances McLaren

- 1) A Babe is Born
- 2) Now Let us Sing
- 3) Jesu, the Virgin Born

Solos - Ruellene Seymour, Bill Brodginski

4) The Saviour of the World is Born

Go Where I Send Thee - - traditional, arr. P Caldwell & S. Ivory
Piano - Frances McLaren, Solo - Phyllis Bishop

Sing Along Carols!

Next page for Lyrics

The Cantata Singers offer special thanks to Nancy Compton and the people of the First Presbyterian Church of Big Flats for making this performance possible and such an excellent experience!

O Come, All Ye Faithful

1) O come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant, O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem; Come and behold him born the King of Angels

Refrain: O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

2) Sing, choirs of angels, Sing in exultation, Sing all ye citizens of heav'n above; Glory to God in the Highest;

Refrain

3) Yea, Lord, we greet thee, Born this happy morning, Jesus, to thee be glory giv'n; Word of the Father, Now in flesh appearing:

Refrain

God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

1) God rest you merry, gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay, For Jesus Christ our Saviour Was born upon this day, To save us all from Satan's pow'r when we were gone astray:

Refrain: O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy, O tidings of comfort and joy.

2) From God our heav'nly Father A blessed angel came, And unto certain shepherds brought tidings of the same, How that in Bethlehem was born the Son of God by name:

Refrain

3) Now to the Lord sing praises, All you within this place, And with true love and brotherhood Each other now embrace; This holy tide of Christmas All others doth deface:

Refrain

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

- Hark! the herald angels sing Glory to the newborn King;
 Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled:
 Joyful all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies,
 With angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem.
 Hark! the herald angels sing Glory to the newborn King
- 2) Christ, by highest heav'n adored, Christ the everlasting Lord, Late in time behold Him come Offspring of a virgin's womb: Veiled in flesh the Godhead see, Hail the incarnate Deity! Pleased as man with man to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel. Hark! the herald angels sing Glory to the newborn King.
- 3) Mild he lays His glory by, Born that man no more may die. Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth. Ris'n with healing in His wings, Light and life to all He brings, Hail the Son of Righteousness! Hail, the Heav'n born Prince of Peace Hark! the Herald angels sing Glory to the newborn King.

Program Notes

Christmas, even in our modern, consumer driven culture, just wouldn't seem much like Christmas without carols. Muzak carols at the Mall, sing-along celebrations at tree lightings in parks and public places, pop-star-crooned carols from the radio, the occasional Christmas caroling, and all those chances to listen or even sing along at office parties and gatherings with family and friends are still among the strongest traditions around the celebration of the birth of Christ.

The origin of caroling goes back much further than one might think, however. Way back in prehistory, pagan traditions included the singing of and dancing to carols of joy. Gradually, as the early Christian Church adopted the dates and festive traditions of many Pagan traditions, the carol became less about dancing and celebrating in all seasons and more about singing the mystery and glory of the Nativity of Christ.

Without question the English tradition for caroling at Christmastide is hugely responsible for our contemporary love of carols. A big part of that tradition came in the late 1890's when Gustav Holst and Ralph Vaughn Williams became lifelong friends at the Royal College of Music, It was during this time that the two young composers established an extremely productive and very friendly rivalry in creating new arrangements of old traditional carols, a tradition carried on in more recent times by David Willcocks, John Rutter and others.

Leave it to Benjamin Britten to create something truly original to add to this Christmas tradition. Having spent the earliest years of the Second World War in a sort of self-imposed exile in America, it was in the spring of 1942 that he decided to return by cargo ship to England in the midst of the heaviest German U-boat activity of the war. Works in progress at the time were confiscated on the off chance they might contain some sort of coded message. One, the "Hymn to St. Cecelia" was recreated and eventually completed. Others were lost. At a port of call in Nova Scotia, Britten happened upon a Middle English book of poetry, specifically *The English Galaxy of Shorter Poems*, by Gerald Bullett, nine of which became the texts of the *Ceremony of Carols*. Originally written for three-part boys choir and harp, it was arranged for SATB choir with harp or piano by Julius Harrison at the request of the publisher in the 50's. That is the version that we are performing today but have chosen newer technology: a piano that sounds more like a harp!

Of course you get a chance to get in on the fun! The Singer's favorite time of the year is our chance to hear your voices joining in this age-old vocal dance of joy in celebration of the birth of the King! - - will wickham

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Texts and translations

O Magnum Mysterium

O great mystery and wondrous sacrament, that animals should see the newborn Lord lying in their manger. Blessed is the Virgin whose womb was worthy

Ceremony of Carols

1. Procession

Today Christ is born; Today the Savior has appeared; Today the angels sing, The archangels rejoice; Today the righteous rejoice, saying, Glory to God in the highest, Alleluia!

2. Welcome Yule

Welcome, Welcome, Welcome to You, our heavenly King Welcome, you who was born one morning,

Welcome, to you, Steven and John, Welcome all innocent children, Welcome, Thomas, the martyred one

Welcome, good new year, Welcome Twelfth Day, both in fear Welcome Saints left and dear

Candle Mass, Queen of bliss, Welcome both to more and less. Welcome you that are here, Welcome all and make good cheer. Welcome all another year.

3. There is no rose

There is no rose of such virtue As is the rose that bore Jesus. Alleluia.

For inside the Rose (called Mary) Were heaven and earth in a single little space. Miraculous thing.

By that rose, we now may see, There be one Gqd in persons three. Created in the Parents image.

The angels sang to the shepherds, Glory to God in the highest! We rejoice. Leave we all this worldly mirth, And follow we this joyful birth. We cross over to Christ's world.

4a. That Young Child

When that young child began to weep With song, she lulled him to sleep It was such a sweet melody, It was so very merry.

The nightingale sang also, But her song was hoarse, it was not the same:

Whoever listens to the nightingale's song

nstead of Mary s, does w

4b. Balulalow

O love of my heart, young Jesus sweet, Prepare your place in my heart, And I shall rock thee with great love, And I shall never leave your side.

I shall praise you forever, With sweet songs of your glory The knees of my heart shall I bow And sing the right Lullaby.

5. As dew in April

I sing of a maiden that is mateless, Her son was the King of all Kings. From his mother he came to us quietly As dew in April that falls on the grass. His mother's labor was painless and quiet.

As dew in April that falls on the grass.

As His mother lay there, he came quietly, As dew in April that falls on the flower branches.

Never has there been such a mother and maiden;

How fitting it is that this be God's mother.

6. This little Babe

This little Babe so few days old Has come to rifle Satan's fold. All hell quakes at his presence, Though he himself shivers. For in this weak, unarmed guise He will surprise the very gates of Hell

With tears he fights and wins the field His naked breast stands for a shield His shots are his cries, His arrows, the looks of his weeping eyes.

His martial ensigns are cold and need, And his feeble flesh, his warrior's steed.

His camp is pitched in a stall, His bulwark is a broken wall; The crib his trench, hay stalks are his stakes,

Of shepherds, he enlists the troops.

And sure of wounding the foe,
The angels sound the trumpets alarm.

My soul joins Christ in the fight, Stay by the tents that he has pitched; Within his crib is sure protection The little babe will be your guard; If Christ can foil your foes with joy, Stay near the heavenly boy.

8. In freezing winter night

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 beast, in crib to shroud his head.

This stable is a Prince's court, this crib his chair of State;
The beast 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 prizèd there.

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

9. Spring carol

It is always a pleasure to hear the birds sing,

To see the deer in the dale, the sheep in the vale, the corn springing from the earth God supplies sustenance

Then we should always give him praise And give him thanks.

10. Give Thanks to God

Give thanks to God!

Adam was bound in sin for four thousand years, although he thought this not too long.

It was all for an apple that he took As clerics find written in their books

Had the apple never been taken Then our Lady would have Never been a heavenly gueen.

Blessed be the time The apple was taken. Therefore we must sing Thanks be to God!

Ave Maria

The angel of the Lord made his annunciation to Mary and she conceived by the Holy Spirit.

Refrain: Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb lesus.

Mary said: Behold the handmaiden of the Lord. Let it be unto me according to Thy word.

Refrain: Hail Mary

And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.

Refrain: Hall Mary.

Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners. Holy Mary, pray for us, now and at the hour of our death,

The Huron Carol

'Twas in the moon of wintertime when all the birds had fled
That mighty Gitchi Manitou sent angel choirs instead;
Before their light the stars grew dim and wondering hunters heard the hymn,
lesus your King is born, lesus is born.

Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born, in excelsis gloria.

Within a lodge of broken bark the tender babe was found; A ragged robe of rabbit skin enwrapped his beauty round But as the hunter braves drew nigh the angel song rang loud and high Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born, ir excelsis gloria.

The earliest moon of wintertime is not so round and fair

As was the ring of glory on the helpless infant there.

The chiefs from far before him knelt with gifts of fox and beaver pelt. Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born, in excelsis gloria.

O children of the forest free, O seed of Manitou

The holy Child of earth and heaven is born today for you.

Come kneel before the radiant boy who brings you beauty peace and joy. Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born, in excelsis gloria.

Children Go Where I Send Thee

Children go where I send thee! Children how shall I send thee?

I'm gonna send thee one by one,

one for the little bitty baby, the baby boy born in Bethlehem

Children go where I send thee! Children how shall I send thee?

I'm gonna send thee two by two two for Paul and Silas,

One for the little bitty baby, The baby boy born in Bethlehem.

Children go where I send thee! Children how shall I send thee?

I'm gonna send thee six by six, Six for the days when the world was fixed,

five for the bread they did divide four for the Gospel writers, three for the Hebrew children, two for Paul and Silas,

One for the little bitty baby, The baby boy born in Bethlehem

Children go where I send thee! Children how shall I send thee?

I'm gonna send thee twelve by twelve, twelve for the twelve disciples, eleven of 'em singin' in heaven, ten for the ten commandments, nine for the angel choirs divine, eight for the eight the flood couldn't take, seven for the day God laid down his head,

six for the days when the world was fixed,

five for the bread they did divide four for the gospel writers, three for the Hebrew children, two for Paul and Silas,

One for the little bitty baby. The baby boy born in Bethlehem

Coming up this Season...

2013 Young Performer Competition – see the competition page on our website at www.cantatasingers.com for details on this annual event for young musicians. The winner will be featured on our March program

River Songs - Settings of music about rivers by women composers 3 pm, March 10, 2013, 171 Cedar Arts Center, Cedar Street Corning, New York. The program features music by the prolific contemporary composer Gwyneth Walker along with original compositions and spiritual and hymn arrangements on the theme of "rivers" by several other prominent women writers

Something Olde, Something New - 4 pm, May 19, 2013, Ss. Peter and Paul Church, 556 St. Joseph's Boulevard, Elmira, New York Palestrina's *Tu es Petrus* mass, a series of motets by 20th century composer Maurice Durufle and a set of three songs by popular contemporary composer Eric Whitacre

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