



Women's Choir

Robert Matthews
conductor

assisted by:

Logan T. R. Haggard, conductor

Pam McDermott, conductor

Matthew Webb, conductor

Susan Bates, organ

Pam McDermott, piano

Sinthia Pérez, harp

Sunday, April 26, 2009

3:30 pm

West Market Street United Methodist Church



THE UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

Program

Missa Brevis in D, Opus 63

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Kyrie
Gloria
 Miranda Freeman, mezzo-soprano
 Alice Henderson, soprano
 Carolyn Golrick, soprano
Sanctus
 Valerie Davidson, mezzo-soprano
 Meredith Jones, soprano
Agnus Dei

A Red, Red Rose from *Rose Trilogy*

Eleanor Daley
(b. 1955)

Matthew Webb, conductor

Laudate Pueri Dominum

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

Pam McDermott, conductor

The Birds

Benjamin Britten

Jubilate

Clare C. Toy
(b. 1948)

Logan Haggard, conductor
Melissa Mitchell, tambourine

A Ceremony of Carols, Opus 28

Benjamin Britten

Procession
 Wolcum Yole!
 There is no Rose
 That youngè child
 Kiersten Holden, soprano
Balulalow
 Dana Boyle, soprano
As dew in Aprille
This little Babe
Interlude
In Freezing Winter Night
 Sarah Strickland, soprano
 Kate King, soprano
Spring Carol
 Katie Spaan, soprano
 Sera Jung, mezzo-soprano
Deo Gracias
Recession

Benjamin Britten:
Missa Brevis, Opus 63

Kyrie

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

Gloria

Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Et in terra pax
hominibus bonæ voluntatis.
Laudamus te; benedicimus te;
adoramus te; glorificamus te.
Gratias agimus tibi
propter magnam gloriam tuam.
Domine Deus, Rex coelestis,
Deus Pater omnipotens.
Domine Fili unigenite Jesu Christe.
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei,
Filius Patris.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
suscipe deprecationem nostram.
Qui sedes ad dextram Patris,
O miserere nobis.
Quoniam tu solus Sanctus,
tu solus Dominus,
tu solus Altissimus, Jesu Christe.
Cum Sancto Spiritu
in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

Glory be to God in the highest.
And in earth peace
to men of good will.
We praise Thee; we bless Thee;
we worship Thee; we glorify Thee.
We give thanks to Thee
for Thy great glory.
O Lord God, Heavenly King,
God the Father Almighty.
O Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son.
Lord God, Lamb of God,
Son of the Father.
Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy upon us.
Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
receive our prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right hand of the Father,
have mercy upon us.
For thou only art holy,
thou only art the Lord,
thou only art the most high, Jesus Christ.
Together with the Holy Ghost
in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Sanctus

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.
Osanna in excelsis.

Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God of Hosts.
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.
Hosanna in the highest.

Benedictus qui venit
in nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Blessed is He that cometh
in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Agnus Dei.
Dona nobis pacem.

Lamb of God,
Who takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy upon us.
Lamb of God.
Grant us peace.

Felix Mendelssohn:
Laudate pueri Dominum

Laudate pueri Dominum,
laudate nomen Domini.
Sit nomen Domini benedictum,
ex hoc nunc, et usque in saecula.

Clare C. Toy:
Jubilate

Jubilate Deo omnis terra
Cantate gloriam nomini eius
Date gloriam laudi eius
Omnis terra adoret te
Et cantet tibi
Cantet nomini tuo semper

Benjamin Britten:
A Ceremony of Carols, Opus 28

Procession

Hodie Christus natus est:
Hodie Salvator apparuit:
Hodie in terra canunt angeli:
Lætantur archangeli:
Hodie exsultant justī dicentes:
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Wolcum Yole!

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 the Day both in fere.
Wolcum, seintes lefe and dere.
Candelmesse, Quene of bliss,
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.
Wolcum, be ye that are here,
Wolcum alle and make good cheer,
Wolcum alle another yere,
Wolcum Yole, Wolcum!

There is no Rose

There is no rose of such vertu
as is the rose that bare Jesu.
Alleluia, alleluia.
For in this rose containèd was
heaven and earth in litel space,
Res miranda, res miranda.
By that rose we may well see

Praise the Lord, you His servants,
praise the name of the Lord.
May the name of the Lord be blessed
from this time onward forever.

Make a joyful shout to God, all the earth!
Sing out the honor of His name;
Make His praise glorious.
All the earth shall worship You
And sing praises to You;
They shall sing praises to Your Name.

Today Christ is born:
Today the Saviour appears:
Today on earth the angels sing:
The archangels announce:
Today be exultant and say together:
Glory to God in the highest.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Welcome to You, our heavenly King,
Welcome Yule!
Welcome, you who was born one morning,
Welcome, for You, shall we sing!
Welcome, to you, Steven and John,
Welcome all innocent children,
Welcome, Thomas, the martyred one,
Welcome, good new year,
Welcome Twelfth Day, both [together].
Welcome Saints [friend] and dear [one].
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,
Welcome Yule!

There is no rose of such virtue [worth]
As is the rose that bore Jesus.
Hallelujah.
For inside the Rose [Mary] were
heaven and earth in a single, little space.
Miraculous thing.
By that rose, we now may see,

there be one God in persons three,
 Pares forma, pares forma,
 The aungels sungen the shepherds to:
 Gloria in excelsis,
 gloria in excelsis Deo.
 Gaudeamus, gaudeamus.
 Leave we all this worldly mirth,
 and follow we this joyful birth.
 Transeamus, transeamus, transeamus.

That yongē child

That yongē child when it gan weep
 with song she lulled him asleep:
 That was so sweet a melody
 it passēd alle minstrelsy.
 The nightingalē sang also:
 Her song is hoarse and nought thereto:
 Whoso attendeth to her song
 and leaveth the first then doth he wrong.

Balulalow

O my deare hert, young Jesu sweit,
 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 sweit unto thy glour;
 The knees of my hert sall I bow,
 And sing that richt Balulalow.

As dew in Aprille

I sing of a maiden that is makèles:
 King of all kings to her son she ches
 He came also stille there his moder was,
 As dew in Aprille that falleth on the grass.
 He came also stille to his moder's bour,
 As dew in Aprille that falleth on the flour.
 He came also 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 Goddes moder be.

This little Babe

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,

There be one God in persons three.
 Created in the Parent's image.
 The angels sang to the shepherds,
 Gloria in excelsis Deo.
 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.

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
 instead of Mary's, does wrong.

O love of my heart, young Jesus sweet,
 Prepare your place [cradle] in my heart [spirit],
 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 [true] "Lullaby."

I sing of a maiden that is matchless,
 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 flower.
 As His mother lay there, he came quietly,
 As dew in April that falls on the branches.
 Never has there been such a
 mother and maiden:
 How fitting it is that this be God's mother.

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 [baby] cries,
 His arrows, the looks of his weeping eyes.
 His martial ensigns are 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, haystalks his stakes;
 of shepherds he his muster makes;
 And thus, as sure his foe to wound,
 the angels' trumps 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 foil thy foes with joy,
 then flit not from this heavenly Boy.
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 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,
 the wooden dish his plate.
 The persons in that poor attire
 His royal liveries wear;
 The Prince himself is come from heaven;
 This pomp is prized there.
 With joy approach, O Christian wight,
 Do homage to thy King,
 And highly praise his humble pomp,
 wihc he from Heaven doth bring.

Spring Carol

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

Deo Gracias

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
 Adam lay ibounden, bounden in a bond;
 Four thousand winter
 thought he not too long.
 Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
 And all was for an appil, an appil that he tok,
 As clerkès finden written in their book.
 Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
 Ne had the appil takè ben, the appil takè ben,
 Ne haddè never our lady
 a ben hevenè quene.

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, haystalks 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.

Behold an innocent, tender baby,
 on a freezing winter night
 lies, alas, trembling in a simple manger
 A pitiful sight!
 The inns are full; nobody will give
 A bed to this little pilgrim.
 But he is forced with lowly beasts
 To cover his head in a crib.
 This stable is a prince's court,
 This crib his chair of state;
 The beasts are part of his splendor,
 The wooden dish his golden plate.
 The poorly dressed people
 Are wearing his royal uniforms;
 The prince himself has come from heaven
 Where this kind of ceremony is prized.
 Approach with joy, O Christian man,
 Give homage to your king,
 And highly praise his humble splendor
 which he brings from heaven.

It is always a pleasure to hear the birds sing,
 To see the deer in the dale, sheep in the vale,
 The corn springing from the earth.
 God supplies sustenance
 for us all.
 Then we should always give him praise
 And give him thanks.

Give thanks to God!
 Adam was bound in sin
 For four thousand years,
 although he thought this not too long.
 Give thanks to God!
 It was all for an apple that he took,
 As clerics find written in their books.
 Give thanks to God!
 Had the apple never been taken,
 Then our Lady would have never
 been a heavenly queen.

Blessèd be the time that appil take was.
Therefore we moun singen.
Deo gracias! Deo gracias! Deo gracias!

Recession

Hodie Christus natus est:
Hodie Salvator apparuit:
Hodie in terra canunt angeli:
Lætantur archangeli:
Hodie exsultant justi dicentes:
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

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

Today Christ is born:
Today the Saviour appears:
Today on earth the angels sing:
The archangels announce:
Today be exultant and say together:
Glory to God in the highest.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Women's Choir

Rebecca Billings	North Wilkesboro, NC
Rebekah Bray	Raleigh, NC
Sara Bogardus	Holly Springs, NC
Dana Boyle	Alexandria, VA
Valerie Davidson	Chapel Hill, NC
Miranda Freeman	Somersworth, NH
Kolby Garrison	Greensboro, NC
Carolyn Golrick	Quakertown, PA
Alice Henderson	Raleigh, NC
Kiersten Holden	Mooresville, NC
Xiaochu Hu	Beijing, China
Meredith Jones	Charlotte, NC
Sera Jung	Seoul, Korea
Kate King	Dublin, OH
Caitlin Lofton	Indian Trail, NC
Melissa Mitchell	Siler City, NC
Cho Seung Moon	Seoul, Korea
Natalie Popovich	Charlotte, NC
Donna Rendely	Olney, MD
Mutsumi Sato	Toyko, Japan
Katie Spaan	Corona, CA
Sarah Strickland	Cary, NC
Clare Toy	Raleigh, NC
Robin Tynes	Black Mountain, NC