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Mairead Kelly	Rachael Lavelle	Lucie O'Flynn
Molly-May O'Leary	Dervilia Roche	Rachel Stratton
Rachel Thomas	Sarah Thursfield	Katie Wink
	Radha Zutshi	

Founded in January 2015 by Eoghan Desmond and Judith Lyons, Dulciana is a chamber choir/vocal ensemble committed to performing the very best in music for upper voices from across the ages. Since its very inception, part of Dulciana's mission has been the promotion of music by female composers, both those neglected by history, and those currently making history. This first manifested itself in the form of a concert consisting entirely of music by female composers – five pieces composed for Dulciana by composers based in Dublin, alongside music by Rebecca Clarke and Imogen Holst. The following year, on International Women's Day, we launched a call for scores for music by emerging female composers. Some months later we received over 80 scores from around the world, including Jennifer Jolly's *Prisoner of Conscience*, based on the highly controversial Pussy Riot trials, which we performed this autumn as part of the Kaleidoscope series.

Dulciana is made up of amateur and professional musicians; we meet once a week prior to each project.

If you are interested in joining Dulciana please contact us via our email: dulciana.vocal.ensemble@gmail.com

Contributors:

Éna Brennan (Poster and Cover Design) Eoghan Desmond (Logo)

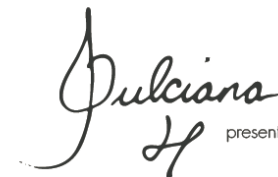
Special Thanks to:

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Davide Antochi, Matthew Antochi and Óran Whelan	
Rev. Sonia Gyles, Margaret and all at Sandford Parish Church	



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Snow



**8pm Monday
December 17th**

**Sandford Parish Church,
Ranelagh**

Britten Ceremony of Carols
feat. special guest
Anne-Marie O'Farrell
Harp

Programme

A Ceremony of Carols, Op.28 Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

1. Procession
2. Wolcum Yole
3. There is no rose
- 4a. That yongë child
- 4b. Balulalow
5. As Dew in Aprille
6. This Little Babe
7. Interlude
8. In Freezing Winter Night
9. Spring Carol
10. Deo gracias
11. Recession

Once in Royal David's City Henry John Gauntlett (1805–1876)

In the Bleak Mid-Winter from *A Boy Was Born*
Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

In Dulci Jubilo Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

In the Bleak Mid-Winter Jonathan Nangle (b.1981)

In Dulci Jubilo Traditional/R. Pearsall (1795–1856)

Wexford Carol Traditional arr. Judith Lyons (b.1990)

Ave Maria Gustav Holst (1874–1934)

Ding! Dong! arr. Eoghan Desmond (b.1989)

Stille Nacht Harriet Steinke (b. 1994)

Anne-Marie O'Farrell Harpist

Harpist Anne-Marie O'Farrell from Dublin has performed worldwide as a solo artist, accompanist and in ensembles, and is regularly broadcast on radio and television. On Irish harp, she is particularly recognized for her expansion of repertoire and levering techniques, as a result of which the world's leading harpmakers Salvi Harps redesigned their lever harps to become concert instruments.

She has performed with numerous orchestras including the Irish Baroque Orchestra, the RTÉ NSO, the RTÉ Concert Orchestra and the Irish Memory Orchestra. A prolific recording artist, she has released several CDs, including *Just So Bach*, *Harping Bach to Carolan*, *The Jig's Up* and *My Lagan Love*; *Double Strung* and *Duopoly* with Cormac De Barra; and *Harp to Harp* with harmonica player Brendan Power. She is frequently invited to give recitals, workshops and masterclasses at international conferences and festivals around the world, in addition to performance at several World Harp Congresses. Dedicated to the expansion of repertoire for the lever harp, her most recent publication is a critical edition for lever harp of Bach's Sixth Cello Suite. She frequently premieres new music for both Irish and pedal harp and has done much to represent new Irish composition for harp.

As a composer Anne-Marie has completed a PhD in composition with Piers Hellawell at Queen's University Belfast and lectures in composition at the DIT Conservatory of Music and Drama. She was recently Composer in Residence (funded by the Arts Council) at Mary Immaculate College, Limerick. She is non-stipendiary priest in the grouped parishes of Sandford and St Philip's Milltown.

Judith Lyons Director

Judith read music at Trinity College Dublin where she was a Choral Scholar in Trinity Chapel Choir, a member of the University of Dublin Choral Society and a singer and conductor of the departmental chamber choir, Campanile.

In 2010, Judith was appointed the first female choral scholar in St. Patrick's Cathedral and has been singing in the Cathedral, as a girl chorister, from the age of twelve. She has continued to develop her passion for choral music outside of St. Patrick's, performing regularly as a member of internationally acclaimed New Dublin Voices, as well as St. Ann's Church Choir, Sing & Tonics, and Peregryne. Her solo engagements include Bach's *Magnificat*, *Mass in B minor*, *Cantata BWV140* and *St. John Passion*, Mozart's *Mass in C minor*, *Coronation Mass*, *'Credo' Mass*, *Vespers* and *The Magic Flute*, Fauré's *Requiem*, Handel's *Messiah* and Haydn's *Kleine Orgelmesse*.

Judith is the director of the newly-formed Iveagh Trust Community Choir and is in demand as a choral clinician and deputy conductor, working with choirs and school groups across Dublin. She is also the music teacher at Sandford Parish National School and directs their school choir and ensemble. She is currently studying choral conducting at the Royal Birmingham Conservatoire with Paul Spicer, where alongside her conducting colleagues she directs the college Camerata and sings with the Conservatoire Chamber Choir.

In Dulci Jubilo

Traditional/R. Pearsall (1795–1856)
Soloists: R. Stratton, L. O'Flynn
and M. Kelly

In dulci jubilo
Let us our homage shew:
Our heart's joy reclineth
In praeseptio;
And like a bright star shineth
Matris in gremio,
Alpha es et O!

O Jesu parvule,
My heart is sore for Thee!
Hear me, I beseech Thee,
O puer optime;
My praying let it reach Thee,
O princeps gloriae.
Trahe me post te.

O patris caritas!
O Nati lenitas!
Deeply were we stained.
Per nostra crimina:
But Thou for us hast gained
Coelorum gaudia,
O that we were there!

Ubi sunt gaudia,
If that they be not there?
There are Angels singing
Nova cantica;
And there the bells are ringing
In Regis curia.
O that we were there!

Wexford Carol arr. J. Lyons (b.1990)
Soloists: É. Brennan, R. Thomas and
R. Zutshi

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.

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.

With thankful heart and joyful mind
The shepherds went the babe to find
And as God's angel had foretold
They did our Saviour Christ behold
Within a manger he was laid
And by his side the virgin maid
Attending on the Lord of Life
Who came on earth to end all strife.

Ave Maria Gustav Holst (1874–1934)

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee;
blessed art thou among women,
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus
[Christ].
Holy Mary, Mother of God,
pray for us sinners,
now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

Ding! Dong! arr. Eoghan Desmond (b.1989)

Ding dong! Merrily on high
In heav'n the bells are ringing:
Ding dong! verily the sky
Is riv'n with angel-singing.

Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,
Let steeple bells be swungen,
And io, io, io, By priest and people sungen:

Pray you, dutifully prime
Your matin chime, ye ringers;
May you beautifully rhyme
Your e'entime song, ye singers.

Stille Nacht Harriet Steinke (b.1994)
Soloist: É. Harper-McKeever & V. Johnston

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.

A Ceremony of Carols, Op.28 Benjamin Britten (1913–1976) Harpist Anne-Marie O-Farrell

1. Procession
Hodie Christus natus est:
hodie Salvator apparuit:
hodie in terra canunt angeli:
laetantur archangeli:
hodie exsultant justi dicentes:
gloria in excelsis Deo.
Alleluia!^[1]

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,
Wolcum, seintes lefe and dare,
Wolcum Yole, Wolcum Yole, Wolcum!

Candelmesse, Quene of Bliss,
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.
Wolcum, Wolcum,
Wolcum be ye that are here, Wolcum
Yole,
Wolcum alle and make good cheer.
Wolcum alle another yere,
Wolcum Yole. Wolcum!^[1]

3. 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
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 werldly mirth,
and follow we this joyful birth.
Transeamus, Transeamus, Transeamus.
Alleluia, Res miranda, Pares forma,
Gaudeamus, Transeamus.^[1]

4a. That yongè child
Soloist: S. Thursfield
That yongè child when it gan weep
With song she lulled him asleep:
That was so sweet a melody
It passèd alle minstrelsy.

The nightingalè sang also:
Her song is hoarse and nought thereto:
Whose attendeth to her song
And leaveth the first then doth he wrong.

4b. Balulalow
Soloist: R. Thomas
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 sangès sweet unto thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt Balulalow!

5. As Dew in Aprile
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 Aprile 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 mother be.

6. 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,
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!

7. Interlude **Harp Solo**

8. In Freezing Winter Night
Soloists: R. Stratton and K. Wink

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 heav'n;
This pomp is prized there.

With joy approach, O Christian wight,
Do homage to thy King,
And highly praise his humble pomp,
wih he from Heav'n doth bring.

9. Spring Carol
Soloists: A. Bryant & É. Harper-McKeever

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

10. Deo gracias
Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
Adam lay i-bounden,
bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter thought he not to 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.

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

11. Recession: See movement I

Once in Royal David's City
Henry John Gauntlett (1805–1876)
With Special Guests
Davide Antochi, Matthew Antochi and
Óran Whelan

In the Bleak Mid-Winter
from *A Boy was Born*
Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)
With Special Guests
Davide Antochi, Matthew Antochi and
Óran Whelan

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan;
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Long ago.

He bare him up, he bare him down,
He bare him into an orchard brown.
Lully, lullay, lully, lullay,
The falcon hath born my make away.
In that orchard there was an hall,
That was hanged with purple and pall.
And in that hall there was a bed,
It was hanged with gold so red.
In that bed there lieth a knight,
His woundes bleeding day and night.
By that bedside kneeleth a may,
And she weepeth both night and day.
And by that bedside there standeth a stone,
Corpus Christi written thereon.

In Dulci Jubilo
Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

In sweet rejoicing,
now sing and be glad!
Our hearts' joy
lies in the manger;
And it shines like the sun
in the mother's lap.
You are the alpha and omega!

In the Bleak Mid-Winter
Jonathan Nangle (b.1981)

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan;
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold Him
Nor earth sustain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty —
Jesus Christ.

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am? —
If I were a Shepherd
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a Wise Man
I would do my part, —
Yet what I can I give Him, —
Give my heart.