

Dulciana
(in alphabetical order)

Aoife Erraught
Éabha Harper McKeever
Eleanor Jones-McAuley
Emily Neenan
Éna Brennan

Judith Lyons
Lena Hennessy
Liath Gleeson
Lucie Lacombe O'Flynn

Niamh Ní Lochlainn
Sarah McFadden
Sarah Thursfield
Tara Walsh
Victoria Johnston

Guest Harpist

Claire O'Donnell

Director: Eoghan Desmond
Assistant Director: Judith Lyons
Artwork: Éna Brennan

Follow us on Social Media for updates about future concerts:
Facebook: [facebook.com/dulcianachoir](https://www.facebook.com/dulcianachoir)
Twitter: [@dulciana_ve](https://twitter.com/dulciana_ve)

Auditions:

We will be holding auditions for new members on all voice parts in early January. If you think you would like to join Dulciana, or know someone who would, send an email to dulciana.vocal.ensemble@gmail.com to schedule an audition or to ask for further information.

Dates for your diary:

18.12.2016 – We will be joining a number of choirs to perform selections from tonight's programme as part of Christmas Crackers, a concert of carols and crooners for all the family in the Helix, DCU.

4.3.2017 – A performance from our repertoire of music by living female composers, as part of New Music Dublin Kaleidoscope Club.

8.3.2017 – Join us on International Women's Day for a special feature performance at Kaleidoscope.

*Please feel free to join us in the bar downstairs for a festive drink.
Merry Christmas!*





The Cherry Tree Carol

Text: Trad. American
Music: Seán Doherty
Solo: Lucie Lacombe O'Flynn

When Joseph was an old man,
An old man was he,
He courted Virgin Mary,
The Queen of Galilee.

When Joseph and Mary
Walked through an orchard good,
There was apples and cherries,
As red as any blood.

Said Mary to Joseph,
So meek and so mild,
'Joseph, gather me some berries,
For I am with child.

Then Joseph flew in angry,
In angry he flew.
"Let the father of the baby
Gather cherries for you!"

Then up spoke Lord Jesus,
Up from his mother's womb,
"Bow low, low cherry tree,
Bow you low to the ground."

The cherry tree bowed a low down,
Low down to the ground,
And Mary gathered cherries
While Joseph stood around.

Then Joseph took Mary,
All on his right knee,
Cried "Lord, a-mercy on me for what
have I done"
Cried "Lord, a-mercy on my for I've
slighted God"

Then answered Lord Jesus,
"Dear Joseph, make no moan,
Although you are first to slight me,
You will not be alone."

Lullay my liking

Text: 15th Century
Music: David Heyes
Solo: Lena Hennessy, Éabha Harper
McKeever, Eleanor Jones-McAuley

*Lullay my liking, my dear Son, my
Sweeting;
Lullay my dear Heart, mine own dear
Darling.*

I saw a fair maiden sitten, and sing;
She lulled a little child, a sweete lording.

Lullay, etc.

That Eternal Lord is He that made alle
thing;
Of alle Lordes He is Lord, of every King
He's King.

Lullay, etc.

There was mickle melody at that childes
birth:
Though the songsters were heavenly they
made mickle mirth.

Lullay, etc.

Angels bright they sang that night and
saiden to that Child
"Blessed be Thou and so be she that is so
meek and mild."



10. Deo Gracias

Text: Early 15th Century

Deo Gracias! Deo Gracias!
[Thanks be to God]
Adam lay ibounden, bound in a bond,
For thousand winter thought he not
too long.

And all was for an appil,
An appil that he tok,
As clerkès finden written in their book.

Ne had the appil takè been,
The appil takè been,
Ne haddè never our lady
A ben hevenè queen.

Blessed be the time
That appil takè was.
Therefore we moun singen,
Deo Gracias! Deo Gracias!

Blessed be the time
That appil takè was.
Therefore we moun singen,
Deo Gracias! Deo Gracias!

11. Recession

Text: Gregorian antiphon to the
Magnificat at Second Vespers of
Christmas Day

Hodie Christus natus est:
Today, Christ is born: *Hodie Salvator
apparuit:*
Today, the Saviour appeared:
etc.



6. This Little Babe

Text: Robert Southwell, from “Newe Heaven, Newe Warre”, 1595

This little Babe so few days old
Is come to rifle Satans fold.
All hell doth at his presence quake,
Though he himself for cold do shake;
For in this weak unarmèd 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 warriors steed.

His camp is pitchèd 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. Harp Interlude

Solo: Claire O'Donnell

8. In Freezing Winter Night

Text: Robert Southwell, from “Newe Heaven, Newe Warre”, 1595

Solo: Judith Lyons, Niamh Ní Lochlainn

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, wich
he from Heaven doth bring.

9. Spring Carol

Text: William Cornysh, 16th Century

Solos: Tara Walsh, Sarah McFadden

Pleasure it is to hear iwis, the birdè sing,
The deer in the dale, the sheep in the vale,
the corn springing.

God's purveyance for sustenance, it is for
man.

Then we always give him praise, and thank
him than.



Lullay, etc.

Pray we now to that Child as to His
Mother dear.
God grant them all His blessing that now
maken cheer.

Lullay, etc.

There is no Rose

Text: 15th Century

Music: David Heyes

Solo: Sarah Thursfield, Aoife Erraught

There is no rose *etc.*

Adam Lay yBounden

Text: 15th Century

Music: Sarah Cattle

Adam lay ybounden *etc.*

Ding! Dong! Merrily on High

Text: George Ratcliffe Woodward

Music: Jehan Tabourot, arr. Eoghan
Desmond

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 i-o, i-o, i-o,
By priest and people sungen.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you dutifully prime
Your matin chime, ye ringers.
May you beautifully rime
Your evensong, ye singers.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

Stille Nacht

Text: Joseph Mohr

Music: Franz Gruber arr. Harriet
Steinke

Stille nacht, Heilige nacht,
Silent night, Holy night,
Alles schläft einsam wacht
All is calm, all is bright,
Nur das traute hochheilige paar
Round yon virgin mother and child
Holder knabe im lockigen haar
Holy infant so tender and mild
Schlaf in himmlischer ruh.
Sleep in heavenly peace.



Ceremony of Carols

Music: Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

I. Procession

Text: Gregorian antiphon to the Magnificat at Second Vespers of Christmas Day

Hodie Christus natus est:

Today, Christ is born:

Hodie Salvator apparuit:

Today, the Saviour appeared:

Hodie in terra canunt angeli:

Today on Earth the angels sing:

Laetantur archangeli:

Archangels rejoice:

Hodie exultant iusti dicentes:

Today the righteous rejoice, saying:

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Glory to God in the highest!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

2. Wolcum Yole!

Text: Thomas Ashwell, 1513

Wolcum be thou hevenè king,
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 New Yere,
Wolcum Twelfth Day both in fere,
Wolcum seintes lefe and dere.

Candelmesse,
Queene of Bliss,
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.

Wolcum be ye that are here,
Wolcum alle and make good cheer.
Wolcume alle another yere.

Wolcume yole!

3. There is no rose

Text: Early 15th Century

Ther is no rose of swich vertu
As is the rose that bare Jhesu.
Alleluia.

For in this rose conteynynd was
Heven and yerthe in litel space
Res Miranda!
[A marvellous thing!]

Be that rose we may weel see
Ther be one God in personys thre,
Pares forma.
[Equal in form]

The aungelys sungyn the shepherdes to
'*Gloria in excelsis Deo!*'
[Glory to God in the highest!]
Gaudeamus!
[Let us rejoice!]



Leue we all this worldly merthe,
And folwe we this joyful berthe;
Transeamus.
[Let us go.]

4a. That Yongë Child

Text: Early 15th Century (Probably)
Solo: Liath Gleeson

That yongë child when it gan weep
With song she lulled him asleep
That was so sweet a melody
It passéd alle minstrelly.

The nightingale sang also:
Her song is hoarse and nought therto:
Whoso attendeth to her song
And leaveth the first then doth he
wrong.

4b. Balulalow

Text: The brothers James, John and
Robert Wedderburn, 1548
Solo: Emily Neenan

O my dear heart, 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 the evermoir
With sanges sweit unto thy gloir;
The knew of my hert sall I bow
And sing that richt Balulalow!

5. As dew in Aprille

Text: Early 15th Century

I sing of a maiden that is makelès:
King of all kings to her son she ches.

He came al so stille there his moder was,
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the grass.

He came al so stille to his moders bour,
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the flour.

He came al so stille ther his moder lay
As dew in Aprille that falleth on the spray.

Moder and mayden was never none but
she:
Well such a lady Goddes moder be.