

# Joglaresa

## *Lullay Myn Lykyng*

*Livestream*

**Monday 6 December 7.45 pm**

*available on demand to*

**Thursday 13 January 5.00 pm**

## Joglaresa

### Lullay Myn Lykyng

Santa Maria Strela do dia                      attrib. **Alfonso X, ('E Sabio')** (1221–84)  
Cantiga de Santa Maria  
13th-century Spain

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Jane's Jig    Original tune, **Elisabeth Flett**

Nay, Ivy, Nay!    **Anonymous**  
15th-century England

Masters in this Hall                                      Original French tune arr. **Belinda Sykes**  
Text: *William Morris (1834–96)*

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Gabriel that Angel Bright                                      **Belinda Sykes** (1966–2021)  
with reference to 'Tempus transit',  
*Carmina Burana, 11th–13th century*  
Text: *15th-century England*

Lullay Myn Lykyng    **Belinda Sykes**  
Text: *15th century England*

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Sainte Nicholaes    **St Godric of Finchale** (1065–1170)  
arr. **Belinda Sykes**

Lullay Myn Lykyng    **Gustav Holst** (1874–1934)

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*Poem: Rabbie Rabbie, Burning Bright*                                      *W.N. Herbert (b.1961)*

Scarce o'Tatties    **Norman Mclean** (1936–2017)

Cauld Blaws the Wind                                      Trad. Scotland/**Henry Purcell** (1659–95)  
Text: *Robert Burns (1759–96)*

Da Scalloway Lasses    Traditional Shetland reel

Da Cauld Nights of Winter                                      Traditional Shetland reel

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The Hern Flew East

**John Fleagle** (1952–99)

*Text: Corpus Christi Carol*

Congaudeat turba fidelium

**Anonymous**

*Piae Cantiones*

*16th-century Scandinavia*

arr. Belinda Sykes

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Quen bõa dona querrá loar

attrib. **Alfonso X, ('E Sabio')** (1221–84)

*Cantiga de Santa Maria*

*13th-century Spain*

Pastourelle ('Ave Gloriosa')

**Anonymous**

*13th-century France*

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Ding Dong

**Thoinot Arbeau** (1520–95)

arr. George Ratcliffe Woodward (d.1934)

## **Joglaresa**

Victoria Couper *voice*

Jeremy Avis *voice*

Cerian Holland *harp, voice*

May Robertson *fidel, voice*

Elisabeth Flett *fidel, voice*

Louise Anna Duggan *percussion, harp, voice*

Jordan Murray *percussion, dulcimer, voice*

For 25 years Joglaresa has followed the flow of modal music through time and across continents, from the 'Dark' Ages to the present day. It can be tempting to think of music's journey through time and space in terms of an unquestioned, and limited, search for 'differences' or 'progress'. However, in comparison the connections and continuities are much stronger, infinitely more human, and more completely linked to other aspects of life and living. Bringing alive these connections, joining hands with musicians through time and space, is at the centre of Joglaresa's music-making. Our modern-but-modal arrangements are the essence of our singing and playing, making 'all time...eternally present'.

May Robertson & Judith Mitchell

### **Santa Maria, Strela do dia**

Holy Mary,  
Star of the day  
Show us the way to God  
And guide us.

**Nay, Ivy, Nay**, it shall not be, I wis,  
Let Holly have the mastery as the manner is.

Holly standeth in the hall fair to behold,  
Ivy stands without the door; she is full sore a cold.

Holly and his merry men, they dancen and they sing;  
Ivy and her maidens, they weepen and they wring.

Ivy hath a lybe, she caught it with the cold,  
So may they all have, that with Ivy hold.

Holly hath berries, as red as any rose,  
The foresters, the hunters, keep them from the does.

Ivy hath berries as black as any sloe,  
There come the owl and eat them as she go.

Holly hath birds a full fair flock,  
The nightingale, the poppinjay, the gentle laverock.

Good Ivy, what birds hast thou,  
None but the owlet that cries How! How!

### **Masters in this Hall,**

Hear ye news to-day  
Brought from over sea,  
And ever I you pray:

*Nowell! Nowell! Nowell!*  
*Nowell, sing we clear!*  
*Holpen are all folk on earth,*  
*Born is God's son so dear.*

**Gabriell, that angell bryht,**  
Bryhter than the sonne is lyht,  
Fro hevyn to erth he took hys flyht.

Regina letare.

In Nazareth that gret cere,  
Befor a maydyn he knelyd on kne,  
And seyde, Mary, God is with the.

Regina letare.

Heyll, Mary, full of grace,  
God is with the and ever was;  
He hath in the chosyn a place.

Regina letare.

Mari was afrayd of that syht,  
That cam to her with so gret lyht.  
Than seyde the angell that was so bryht,

Regina letare.

Be not agast of lest ne most,  
In the is consevyd the holy gost,  
To save the soules that war for-lost.

Regina letare.

**Lullay, myn lykynge,** my dere sone, myn swetyng,  
Lullay, my dere herte, myn owyn dere derlyng.

I saw a fayr maydyn syttyn and synge;  
Sche lullyd a lytyl chyld, a swete lordyng.

That eche Lord is that that made alle thinge;  
Of alle lordis he is Lord, of alle kynges Kyng.

Ther was mekyl melody at that chyldes berthe;  
Alle tho wen in hevne blys, thei made mekyl merth.

Aungele bryght, thei song that nyght and seydyn to that chyld,  
'Blyssid be thou, and so be sche that is bothe mek and myld.'

## **Saint Nicholaes**

Saint Nicholas, beloved of God,  
Build us a house that's bright and fair;  
Watch over us from birth to bier,  
Then, Saint Nicholas, bring us safely there.

**Cauld blaws the wind** frae east to west,  
The drift is driving sairly;  
Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast  
I'm sure it's winter fairly!

Up in the morning 's no for me,  
Up in the morning early!  
When a' the hills are cover'd wi snaw  
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,  
A' day they fare but sparely;  
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn  
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

## **The Hern Flew East**

The hern flew east the hern flew west  
Lully-lullay, lully-lullay  
She bore her o'er the fair forest  
The falcon hath born my mate away

She bore her o'er the meadows green  
Lully-lullay, lully-lullay  
All to espy what might be seen  
The falcon hath born my mate away

Oh, then she saw an orchard fair  
Lully-lullay, lully-lullay  
Where grow'th the apple and the pear  
The falcon hath born my mate away

And in that orchard stands a hall  
Lully-lullay, lully-lullay  
Was clad all o'er with purple and pall  
The falcon hath born my mate away

And in that hall there stands a bower  
Lully-lullay, lully-lullay  
Was covered o'er with periwink flower  
The falcon hath born my mate away

Beneath that bower there stands a bed  
Lully-lullay, lully-lullay  
With silken sheets of gold so red  
The falcon hath born my mate away

### **Congaudeat turba fidelium**

Rejoice, crowd of the faithful;  
A virgin mother gave birth to a son  
in Bethlehem.

An angel came down to the shepherds,  
Saying to them: The Lord is born.  
in Bethlehem.

The shepherds said to one another,  
Let's go see the new person.  
in Bethlehem.

By the manger stood the ox and ass;  
they knew who was the Lord.  
in Bethlehem.

On the eighth day, when he was circumcised,  
he was given the name of Jesus.  
in Bethlehem.

Three gifts threefold the three kings  
gave to the King of Kings, who was nursing  
in Bethlehem.

With cakes and honey bless Christ,  
the King of glory.  
in Bethlehem.



### **Quen bõa dona querrá loar**

He who would praise a good lady should praise Her who has no equal.

Holy Mary.

He will not find Her equal for She was the mother of God. Holy Mary.

For She was the mother of God and was and will ever be a virgin. Holy Mary.

And was and will ever be a virgin, and therefore sits beside Him. Holy Mary.

Therefore she sits beside Him, where She will always plead for us. Holy Mary.

She will always plead for us and will win pardon for us. Holy Mary.

And will win pardon for us and will defeat the devil. Holy Mary.

And will defeat the devil and raise us to be with Her. Holy Mary.

### **Pastourelle**

Ave gloriosa

Hail, glorious queen of virgins.

Noble vine, medicine of life, balm of mercy.

Hail, copious pool of grace,

cleanse us from the polluted water of flesh.

### **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 'lo, io, io!

By priest and people sungen

Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime

Your matin chime, ye ringers,

May you beautifully rhyme

Your eve'time song, ye singers

Gloria Hosanna in excelsis!