YORK
EARLY MUSIC
CHRISTMAS
FESTIVAL
2025

Apollo's Cabinet

Apollo's Jukebox

National Centre for Early Music

Friday 5 December 7.00pm

Apollo's Cabinet

Rory Carver *tenor*
Teresa Wrann *recorder*
Simone Pirri *violin*
Harry Buckoke *viola da gamba*
Jonatan Bougt *theorbo, Baroque guitar*
Thomas Pickering *harpsichord, recorder, traverso*

Apollo's Jukebox

Baroque hits, bawdy ballads & audience requests –
with plenty of Christmas spirit

Forget stuffy concerts with velvet seats and polite applause. *Apollo's Jukebox* takes you back to the eighteenth-century music rooms where tunes weren't just played, they were ordered.

Back then, there was no unlimited streaming or public concert halls where anyone could pick what they wanted to hear. In the early 1700s Paris, Vienna or Rome, unless you were royalty or a wealthy patron, new music was pretty much off limits. The idea that anyone, no matter their background, could choose the music was revolutionary, and it all started in Britain.

In 1672, violinist John Banister kicked off a real revolution by inviting paying guests into his own home, offering a simple but radical deal: you choose the music, we play it. For a shilling, the audience picked the programme.

This was the birth of a new, democratic way of experiencing music: direct, personal, and connected. The idea caught on fast, shifting music from palace halls to pubs and city streets. This programme picks up that spirit today: with a musical menu in one hand and a shilling in the other, expect wassailing carols, lively dances, pastoral instrumentals and music full of comfort and joy, with anecdotes fresh from Georgian London's tabloids. Forget concert formality, it's all about good music, great stories and a proper pint.

And the best part? The audience calls the shots.

Apollo's Jukebox Menu

Instrumentals

1. **G. A. Guido: L'hyver** from **Scherzi armonici sopra le quattro stagioni**
   Icy breezes, glittering frost, and virtuosity that crackles like firewood.
2. **J. S. Bach: Sheep may safely graze, BWV 208**
   A serene pastoral blessing, offering a moment of calm amid festive bustle
3. **M. A. Charpentier: Extracts from 'Noel sur les instruments'**
   Vibrant instrumental carol capturing the rustic spirit of a French Christmas

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Carols & Singalongs

4. **G. F. Handel: Comfort ye** x **Joy to the world sing-along**
   Comforting tenor aria meets jubilant celebrations
5. **G. Riccoleno: Fuga a quattro voci** x **Hallelujah Chorus sing-along**
   Baroque counterpoint gives way to a roof-raising festive chorus – prepare to join in!
6. **The Slow Set**
   Perfect for a moment of stillness and reflection.
7. **The Fast Set**
   Who said Christmas Carols had to be solemn?

Arias

8. **J. S. Bach: Frohe Hirten** *from* **Christmas Oratorio, BWV 248**
   A sparkling pastoral aria urging shepherds and listeners to rejoice
9. **J. S. Bach: Ich will nur dir zu Ehren leben** *from* **Christmas Oratorio**
   A heartfelt vow of devotion wrapped in warm, flowing melodic lines
10. **G. F. Handel: Let me wander not unseen** *from* **L'Allegro, HWV 55**
    Countryside ramblings
11. **G. F. Handel: Every Valley shall be exalted** *from* **Messiah, HWV 56**
    Vocal fireworks promising hope, uplift, and glorious triumph

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Drinking Songs and Broadsides

12. **M. Locke: The delights of the Bottle**
    Wine, wit, and questionable decisions
13. **H. Purcell: Your hay, it is mow'd** *from* **King Arthur**
    Rustic harvest celebrations
14. **Traditional: Hey for Christmas** *from* the **Bodleian Library Broadside Collection**
    A boisterous seasonal shout, perfect for warming cold hands and colder nights

15. **Traditional: The Christmas Holiday, or Stuff your guts** *from* the **Bodleian Library Broadside Collection**
A comic feast of festive gluttony

House Specials

16. **Kirnberger's Dice Game**
Roll the dice and let chance compose the music
17. **The Duke of Norfolk Recorder Battle – Traditional**
Two recorders square off in a no-holds-barred duel. Who'll win this merry musical throwdown? The audience decides.
But there's a catch!

Comfort ye

Comfort ye my people
Saith your God
Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem
And cry unto her
That her warfare is accomplished
That her iniquity is pardoned

Frohe Hirten

Frohe Hirten, eilt, ach eilet,	Joyful shepherds, hurry, ah hurry,
Eh ihr euch zu lang verweilet,	in case you linger too long,
Eilt, das holde Kind zu sehn!	Hurry to see the lovely child!
Geht, die Freude heißt zu schön,	Go, the joy is too beautiful,
Sucht die Anmut zu gewinnen,	seek to gain that loveliness,
Geht und labet Herz und Sinnen!	go and refresh your heart and mind!

Ich will nur dir zu Ehren leben

Ich will nur dir zu Ehren leben	I shall live only to honour you
Mein Heiland, gib mir Kraft und Mut	My saviour, give me strength and courage
Dass es mein Herz recht eifrig tut	So that my heart may do right eagerly
Stärke mich	Strengthen me
Deine Gnade würdiglich	So that I may worthily
Und mit Danken zu erheben	And thankfully extol your grace.

Let me wander not unseen

Let me wander, not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green.
There the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles over the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Ev'ry valley

Every valley shall be exalted
And ev'ry mountain and hill made low:
The crooked straight
And the rough places plain

The delights of the bottle

The delights of the bottle and the charms of good wine
To the power and pleasures of love must resign:
Though the night in the joys of good drinking be past
The debauches but till the next morning will last
But love's great debauch is more lasting and strong;
For that often lasts a man all his life long
Love and wine are the bonds that fasten us all
The world but for these to confusion would fall;
Were it not for the pleasure of love and good wine
Mankind for each trifle their lives would resign:
They'd not value dull life, nor would live without thinking
Nor would kings rule the world, but for love and good drinking

Your Hay it is mow'd

COMUS
Your hay it is mow'd, and your corn is reap'd;
Your barns will be full, and your hovels heap'd:
Come, my boys, come;
Come, my boys, come;
And merrily roar out Harvest Home.

CHORUS

Come, my boys, come;
Come, my boys, come;
And merrily roar out Harvest Home.

MAN

We ha' cheated the parson, we'll cheat him agen,
For why should a blockhead ha' one in ten?
One in ten,
One in ten,
For why should a blockhead ha' one in ten?
For prating so long like a book-learn'd sot,
Till pudding and dumplin burn to pot,
Burn to pot,
Burn to pot,
Till pudding and dumplin burn to pot.

CHORUS

Burn to pot,
Burn to pot,
Till pudding and dumplin burn to pot.
We'll toss off our ale till we canno' stand,
And Hoigh for the honour of Old England:
Old England,
Old England,
And Hoigh for the honour of Old England.

CHORUS

Old England, Old England, And Hoigh for the honour of Old England.

Hey for Christmas

Come one, come all, come Christmas time,
Come hear the music call you on,
To eat the vittles and drink the wine
And dance away the whole night long.

There's Robin and Ralph and Harry too
They'll come and meet upon the green
With Betty and Bridget, Sal and Sue
The finest wenches ever seen.

CHORUS (after every other verse):

Hey! for Christmas once a year,
When we have cakes, both ale and beer;
To the Christmas feast they come,
Young men and maids to shake their bums.

There's a piper for to play the dance
When all the lads and lasses meet,
And men and maids away they dance
And follow the piper down the street.

Oh how they side and turn about
So nimbly go around the other;
And when that they have danced it out
They call the piper to play another.

Thus they did dance from morn till night;
Til they were as merry as cup and can
Till they had tired the piper quite
And sweat all down their buttocks ran.

Then they unto Hot Cockles went,
But Sal gave Betty a blow too hard,
And down together smash they went
And all their sporting soon was marred.

They took the piper, cracked his head,
His pipes they threw into the fire;
So drunk as they were nearly dead
And slept where they fell in the mire.

The Christmas Holiday or Stuff your guts

When holidays, they are begun, the lads and lasses gay,
For mirth and fun away they run, who as fleet as they?
There is Ralph and Doll, there's Jack and Molly,
Much faster they ran, resolv'd to cram on beef and ham,
O lud how they stuff their guts.

Here's jolly blades of every trade a Christmas boxing go,
And lusty jades of servant maids are traipsing to and fro,
There's 'prentice boys with hooping noise, through mud and dirt they strut,
And boldly knock for Christmas box, that they may stuff their guts.

The watchmen and scavengers at every door you meet,
The one he guards you in your bed, the other cleans your street,
These hearty cocks their Christmas box they in their pocket puts
Then like the rest of Christmas boxers(?) see how they stuff their guts.

The lamplighter so neat and trim, he mounts with nimble feet,
And fills a burner to the brim to light you thro' the street,
When full of gin I'm not, says he, for any dirty tricks(?),
But to the Ball I'll take a stroll, and there I'll stuff my guts.

The butler and the coachman too, the footman and the groom,
From kitchen to the lady's maids are powdered and perfumed,
But slyly watch the greasy cook who in her pudding puts
Some suet, plumbs and currants so that they may stuff their guts.

The Frenchman, sly as any thief, he feasts his hungry eyes,
And views our good sirloins of beef, our puddings, tarts and pies,
O fie on you Convention(?) Crew, while off their heads you cut,
I've better fare where Britons are, where I can stuff my guts.

The publicans I can't forget, this is their Christmas treat,
Nor neither do they seem to fret at all the beef you can eat,
You're welcome, kindly welcome friend, I wish you'd drain my butt,
The double chalk to work goes then, while you do stuff your guts.

The tradesman poor he cannot pay when creditors do call,
My husband is not in the way, the wife does loudly bawl,
I beg, sir, you will call again, then all the doors she shuts,
He's gone, my dear, so now come here, and let us stuff our guts.

To stuff your guts, is in my song, on either boil'd or roast,
I hope you will not think me wrong if I give you a toast:
Content to every tradesman here, and peasants in their huts,
A lasting peace and trade in rease(?), that we may stuff our guts.

Apollo's Cabinet

Murders, drinking songs, Cinderella stories, European tours, serene polyphony and candlelit rituals all feature in the evocative and story-driven programmes of Apollo's Cabinet. Winners of the Royal Overseas League Mixed Ensemble prize, Utrecht OudeMuziek competition, York International Young Artists Competition Friends Prize, Göttingen Händel Competition and the International Biber Competition, the group offers a signature mix of acting, dancing, poetry and drama to bring historical performance to modern audiences. They have furthermore won the Brian Nisbet Prize for their fusion of music and poetry, audience and first prize at #SMADE in Spain, the F. J. Aumann Prize for innovation and new discoveries in Baroque music, second prize at the CIMA competition in Loire Valley and, last but not least, won the Potsdam lunchtime concert competition.

Noteworthy performances to date include concerts at the London Handel Festival, Konzerthaus Vienna, Bachfest Leipzig, Felix! Festival Köln, The Georgian Concert Society Edinburgh, AMUZ Antwerpen, OudeMuziek Fabulous Fringe, :alpenarte Schwarzenberg and the Brighton Early Music Festival.

The ensemble is dedicated to educational outreach for children as well as adults, and members have designed and offered workshops and educational concerts in collaboration with the Royal Opera House, Centre for Young Musicians, Brighton Early Music Festival, English National Opera, ZAMUS Cologne and Wigmore Hall. They have recently joined Live Music Now, a long-established music charity founded by Yehudi Menuhin.

Highlights this season include performances at London Handel Festival, Davos Festival, Festival RibAlt, Schleswig Holstein Festival and OudeMuziek Tournees.

apolloscabinet.com

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