

YORK  
EARLY MUSIC  
CHRISTMAS  
FESTIVAL  
**2025**

**Fieri Consort**  
&  
**Camerata Øresund**

*From Church to Tavern*

**National Centre for Early Music**

**Friday 12 December 6.00pm**

**Fieri Consort**  
**&**  
**Camerata Øresund**

***From Church to Tavern***

Christmas Cantatas by Christoph Graupner & English tavern songs

Cantata: Jauchze, du Tochter Zion, GWV 1101-24 Chorus: Jauchze, du Tochter Zion Recit & Aria: Edler Glantz Recit & Aria: Mein Herze steht in lauter Wonne Chorale: Aller Trost und alle Freude	<b>Christoph Graupner</b> 1683-1760
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Cantata: Wie bald hast du gelitten, GWV 1109-14 Chorus: Wie bald hast du gelitten Chorus: Lass mich dies wohl bedenken	<b>Graupner</b>
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Concerto for double violin in G minor, GWV334 <i>Largo</i> <i>Allegro</i>	<b>Graupner</b>
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Cantata: Schuldige sie Gott dass sie fallen, GWV 1106/50 Duet: Schuldige sie Gott dass sie fallen Recit & Aria: Gottes auge wacht sur Rache Recit & Aria: Jesus lockt Chorale: Zeuch mich nach Dir	<b>Graupner</b>
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*INTERVAL*

Ach bittre Winter	<b>Traditional Germany</b>
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Blow blow thou winter wind	<b>Anonymous</b>
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Farewell to Wives	<b>Henry Purcell 1659-95</b>
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Sing we now merrily Toss the pot	<b>Thomas Ravenscroft ?1592-c.1635</b>
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Suite from *King Arthur*

**Purcell**

How blessed are shepherds  
Shepherd leave decoying  
Come shepherds lead up a lively measure  
Hornpipe

The Pot, the Pipe

**William Lawes 1602-45**

Scotch tune

**Purcell**

Gloucestershire Wassail

**Traditional**

After meeting in Ireland in 2019 at the West Cork Chamber Music Festival, where our two ensembles had a wonderful time preparing a concert of Monteverdi, we were eager to collaborate again and soon turned to the music of Christoph Graupner. Having become familiar with two of his operas – *Dido, Königin von Carthago* and *Antiochus und Stratonica* – we quickly realised that he was a composer unjustly neglected by history and well worth rediscovering. Graupner's opera career was sadly short-lived (1705-10); after which he settled in Darmstadt and devoted himself to sacred music, producing an astonishing 1,442 cantatas. Choosing just three for this project was no easy task, but we hope you enjoy them as much as we have – and that they inspire you to explore more of his extraordinary output.

Trained in Leipzig, Graupner spent several years composing operas in Hamburg before taking up the post of Music Director at the Darmstadt court in 1709. He remained there for over fifty years, writing prolifically for both church and court. At one point he was invited to become Cantor of the Thomaskirche in Leipzig – after Telemann declined the position – but his Darmstadt employers refused to release him. The job was then offered to J. S. Bach, for whom Graupner wrote a glowing letter of recommendation. Spending so many decades at a single court, he developed a distinctive style and enjoyed writing for the exceptionally skilled musicians at his disposal.

Graupner remains less well known than his contemporaries Telemann and J. S. Bach largely because his music was never published. His employers at the Darmstadt court claimed ownership of his works and preferred to keep them for their own private splendour rather than share them publicly. While some courts published their composers' music to flaunt their wealth and refined taste, there was little incentive for Darmstadt to undertake such an expensive endeavour. After

Graupner's death, a dispute over unpaid salary led to his manuscripts being locked away for more than fifty years, ultimately preserving them from loss or destruction, but preventing still their publication.

The three cantatas in this programme demonstrate Graupner's stylistic development across forty-four years of composition. During this period he worked closely with two court poets – Georg Christian Lehms (1684-1717) and Johann Conrad Lichtenberg (1689-1751) – who supplied the dramatic and emotional texts for his cantatas.

All three belong to his group of Christmas cantatas. The first, *Jauchze, du Tochter Zion* (1724), was written for the First Sunday of Advent, marking the start of the liturgical year. *Wie bald hast du gelitten* (1714), with its simpler form – two movements for four singers – was written not for the festive New Year but for the *Festum Circumcisionis*. It features particularly expressive lines for the upper voices, illustrating the sorrowful words of the lower parts, which sing the chorale. The third, *Schuldige sie Gott* (1750), composed for the Feast of St Stephen, is one of Graupner's latest cantatas. It includes extensive recitatives full of emotional range, exemplifying the rhetorical style of mid-eighteenth-century Germany.

Graupner also left forty-eight concertos, five of them for double violin. The one featured here is a superb example of his fondness for contrasting motifs, creating vivid dialogue between the soloists and the accompanying orchestra. It is a sparkling showcase of the meeting of German and Italian styles, blending intricate rhythmic ornamentation with memorable cantabile melodies.

In the second half of our concert, we leave the church behind and head to the tavern for a selection of English drinking songs and rounds by Thomas Ravenscroft, William Lawes and Henry Purcell, along with traditional festive songs from both England and Germany. We'll also perform a suite from Purcell's *King Arthur*, where we'll find the shepherds making merry (and neglecting their flocks!).

© Hannah Ely

## **Fieri Consort**

**Hannah Ely** *soprano*

**Stephanie Dillon** *mezzo-soprano*

**Kieran White** *tenor*

**Ben Rowarth** *bass*

Fieri is a unique vocal ensemble on the UK's early music scene, merging technical finesse with theatrical flair. With no conductor dividing the performers from the

audience, they craft immersive and inventive performances that dive deep into the rich world of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century music. Sometimes a cappella, sometimes accompanied by early instruments, their interpretations reflect the group's collective expertise and passion for this incredible repertoire.

[fiericonsort.co.uk](http://fiericonsort.co.uk)

## **Camerata Øresund**

**Peter Spissky** *violin, director*

**\*Tinne Albrechtsen, \* Ida Lorenzen, Alison Luthmers** *violins*

**Rastko Roknic** *viola*

**Hanna Loftsdottir** *cello*

**Joakim Peterson** *double bass*

**Marcus Mohlin** *harpsichord*

**Doyho Sol** *theorbo*

*\*soloists in the double violin concerto*

The Copenhagen-based early music ensemble, Camerata Øresund, is a vibrant group of versatile musicians, founded in 2010 by artistic director and violinist Peter Spissky. The ensemble brings together talented musicians from the Øresund region which spans Southern Sweden and Eastern Denmark by way of the iconic Øresund Bridge.

Rooted in historically informed performance traditions, the ensemble offers a fresh perspective through energetic, intuitive performances, fueled by the dynamic interplay between musicians and engagement with the audience.

Camerata Øresund performs regularly at a variety of venues and festivals across Denmark and Europe, presenting programmes that blend artistic excellence, creativity and engagement. The repertoire includes both well-loved masterpieces and hidden gems, with everything from thematic children's concerts and unconventional concert formats to opera and oratorios. Camerata Øresund's commitment to offering inventive takes on seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music, as well as engaging and inspiring audiences, makes it one of the distinctive Scandinavian voices in the world of early music.

[camerataoresund.com](http://camerataoresund.com)

## Jauchze, du Tochter Zion

### 1. Chorus

Jauchze, du Tochter Zion, Ruffe, Israel, freue dich und sey fröhlich von gantzem Hertzen, du Tochter Jerusalem.

Sing, O daughter of Zion; shout, O Israel; be glad and rejoice with all the heart, O daughter of Jerusalem.

(Zephaniah 3:14)

### 2. Recit

Das große Licht, vor dem des Todtes Schatten fliehen, will in erwünschtem Schein durch Salems Pforten ziehen.

Auf, Zion, auf, verzeuch doch nicht, nimm' deine Sonne willig ein.

Erfreue dich, da dir dies Glücke lacht, der Tag ist allzu schön, den ihre Anmuth macht.

The great Light, before which Death's shadows flee,  
wishes, in its longed-for radiance, to pass through Salem's gates.

Arise, Zion, arise! Delay no longer; willingly receive your Sun.

Rejoice, for this blessing smiles upon you; the day is made more beautiful by this grace.

### 3. Aria

Edler Glantz voll Himmelsseegen,

Komm, verkläre Hertz und Geist.

Ach, wie soll bey Deinen Blicken meine  
Seele erquicken,

Wenn dein Glantz mich hier ganz aus  
der Sünden Nacht entreißt.

### 3. Aria

Noble radiance, full of heaven's  
blessing,

Come, transfigure heart and mind.

Ah! How my soul will be refreshed  
beneath your gaze,

When your brilliance delivers me  
wholly from sin's dark night.

### 4. Recit

Zwar ach, kaum kann der frohe Mund ob seinem Heyl ein Hosianna singen,

So rauchet schon der schwarze Höllenschlund und sucht durch schweres  
Ungemach die holden Strahlen zu verdringen.

Es dürstet Salem selbst voll Wut nach seines Königs Bluth, und ach! Die Bosheit  
scheint zu siegen.

Doch nein, ob Zions Licht gleich itzt in Wolken steht, und roth von Bluthe  
untergeht, Sein neuer Aufgang wird sein Volk domehr vergnügen.

Alas! Scarcely has the joyful mouth  
sung a Hosanna for salvation,  
when the black abyss of hell begins to smoulder,  
seeking, through bitter torment,  
to drive away the noble beams.  
Even Salem itself, in blood-thirsty rage,  
longs for its King's blood,  
and alas! Evil seems to triumph.  
Yet no! Though Zion's Light now seems veiled in clouds,  
and sinks, blood-red, beneath the horizon,  
its new dawn will gladden its people all the more.

#### 5. Aria

Mein Hertze steht in lauter Wonne,  
Die große Heil und Lebenssonne lacht  
mich,  
Auch unter Stürmen an.  
Es mag sich Welt und Hölle regen,  
Das Ungewitter muß sich legen,  
Israels Rettungslicht zer/verfällt so  
leichtlich nicht;  
Kein Feind ist, der es dämpfen kann.

#### 6. Chorale

Aller Trost und alle Freude  
Ruht in Dir, Herr Jesu Christ,  
Dein Erfreuen ist die Weydte,  
Da man sich recht frölich ist.  
Leuchte mir, o Freudenlicht,  
Ehe mir mein Hertze bricht,  
Laß mich, Herr, an Dir erquicken,  
Jesu, komm, laß Dich erblicken

#### 5. Aria

My heart abides in perfect joy;  
the great Sun of life and salvation  
smiles upon me, even amid the storms.  
Though earth and hell may rage,  
the tempest must at last be stilled.  
Israel's saving light does not so easily  
fade;  
no foe exists that can extinguish it.

#### 6. Chorale

All comfort and all joy  
rest in You, Lord Jesus Christ.  
Your delight is the pasture  
where true happiness dwells.  
Shine on me, O light of joy,  
before my heart should break;  
Let me refresh myself in you, Lord  
Jesus, come, show yourself to me.

## **Wie bald hast du gelitten**

### **I. Chorus**

Wie bald hast du gelitten,  
O teures Jesulein.  
Du wirst ganz wund geschnitten  
Und fühlst schon Ach und Pein.  
Ach! allerliebstes Herz,  
Der Purpur deiner Wunden  
Vermehret alle Stunden  
Den jammervollen Schmerz.

Ach! wundervolle Liebe,  
Dein Blut fließt ganz allein  
Aus einem solchen Triebe,  
Dabei wir glücklich sein.  
Es schenkt uns Heil und Ruh'  
Und wendet uns darneben  
Ein freudenvolles Leben,  
Ja gar den Himmel zu.

### **2. Chorus**

Lass mich dies wohl bedenken,  
Du schönes Gotteskind,  
Und dir ein Herze schenken  
Das ewig treu gesinnt.  
Lass meinen alten Geist  
Nur auch beschnitten werden  
So hab ich hier auf Erden  
Was mich schon selig preißt.

## **Schuldige sie, Gott, dass sie fallen**

### **I. Duet**

Schuldige sie, Gott, dass sie fallen von  
ihrem  
Vornehmen! stoße sie aus um ihrer  
großen  
Übertretung willen, denn sie sind Dir  
widerspenstig.

### **I. Chorus**

How swiftly have you suffered,  
O precious little Jesus.  
You are cut and wounded,  
and already feel sorrow and pain.  
Ah, most beloved heart!  
The crimson of your wounds  
with every hour increases  
the grief-filled agony.

O wondrous love!  
Your blood flows forth alone,  
from such a deep desire  
that we might find our joy.  
It grants us salvation and peace,  
and turns us towards  
a life of gladness,  
yes, even towards heaven itself.

### **2. Chorus**

Let me contemplate all this.  
You most beautiful Son of God,  
And present you with my heart,  
That always keeps faithful.  
Let my former spirit  
Be thus just trimmed away  
So I should have here on earth  
That which I most divinely cherish.

### **I. Duet**

Hold them guilty, O God, for they  
have fallen from their intent!  
Cast them out for the sake of their  
great transgression,  
for they have rebelled against You.



## 2. Recit

Die Strafen sind gerecht,  
Wenn Widerspenstige mit Schrecken  
untergehen;  
Wie muss nicht mancher treue Knecht  
Bei ihrem harten Sinn  
Vergeblich predigen, ermahnen,  
warnen, flehen.  
Jedoch: sie gehn so sicher hin!  
Ihr Lästermund darf noch dabei  
Die Boten Gottes schmähen.  
Ja, mancher freche Mörderschlund  
sucht sie  
Wohl gar blutdürstig zu verschlingen.  
Verweg'nes Volk, halt ein,  
Dein Frevel soll dir schlecht gelingen!  
Wird Abels Blut um Rache schrei'n,  
Glaub's, dein Gericht wird allzu  
schrecklich sein.

## 3. Aria

Gottes Auge wacht zur Rache  
Über Seiner Knechte Sache,  
Tolle Frevler fürchtet euch!  
Ein gehäuftes Maß der Sünden  
Wird gehäufte Strafe finden,  
Gott macht diese jenen gleich.

## 4. Recit

Ach, viele wollen zwar von Salem  
Bürger sein,  
Sie nennen sich – von Christo –  
Christen.  
Doch wenn sie dieser Hirte lockt,  
So findet sich ihr Herz verstockt;  
Der Hochmut nimmt sie ein,  
Als ob sie schon den Weg zum Leben  
wüssten.  
Ihr Wissen bläht sie auf,

## 2. Recit

The punishments are just  
when the defiant perish in dread.  
How often must a faithful servant,  
before their hardened hearts,  
preach, admonish, warn, and plead in  
vain?  
Yet still they stride on in their false  
security!  
Their blasphemous mouths dare even  
to mock the messengers of God.  
Indeed, many a brazen, murderous  
throat  
seeks, in bloodthirsty rage, to devour  
them.  
Reckless people, hold your hand!  
Your wickedness shall not prosper.  
If Abel's blood cries out for vengeance,  
believe it: your judgment will be most  
terrible.

## 3. Aria

God's eye keeps watch for vengeance  
over the cause of His servants.  
Reckless sinners, be afraid!  
A heaped measure of sins  
will find a heaped punishment;  
God makes these equal to those.

## 4. Recit

Alas, many wish to be citizens of  
Salem;  
they call themselves – through Christ  
– Christians.  
Yet when this Shepherd calls,  
their hearts are found hardened.  
Pride possesses them,  
as though they already knew the way  
to life.  
All bloated with their knowledge,

Das Tun bleibt aus,  
Es heißt: Wir können nichts erwerben.  
Wohl gut!  
Wer aber nicht des Vaters Willen tut,  
Der rennt in vollem Lauf  
Bei seines Wissens Ruhm  
In höllisches Verderben.

#### 5. Aria

Jesus lockt zu Seiner Herde,  
Eile Seele, folge doch.  
Dort auf Zions reichen Hügeln  
Unter Jesus Gnadenflügeln  
Ist kein Feind, kein Sklavenjoch.  
Nein, ach nein!  
Da wird Schutz und Freiheit sein.

#### 6. Chorale

Zeuch mich nach Dir,  
So laufen wir,  
Dein liebstes Herz zu küssen  
Und Seinen Saft  
Mit aller Kraft  
Aufs beste zu genießen.

#### **Ach bitterer Winter**

Ach bitterer Winter, wie bist du kalt!  
Du hast entlaubet den grünen Wald,  
du hast verblüht die Blümlein auf der  
Heiden.

Die bunten Blümlein sind worden fahl,  
Entflogen ist uns Frau Nachtigall!  
Sie ist entflogen, wird sie wieder  
singen?

Du hältst gefangen des Lichtes Schein  
Und lässt die Tage uns dunkel sein.  
O lass doch wieder die goldne Sonne  
leuchten!

but their deeds fall away.  
They say: 'We cannot earn anything'.  
Very well!

But whoever does not follow the  
Father's will runs at full speed,  
exalting in his own wisdom,  
into hellish damnation.

#### 5. Aria

Jesus calls you to His flock,  
hasten, soul, and follow Him!  
There, upon the hills of Zion,  
under Jesus' wings of mercy,  
there is no foe, no slavish yoke.  
No, ah no!  
There shall be protection and  
freedom.

#### 6. Chorale

Draw me after You,  
and we will run,  
to kiss Your dearest heart  
and with all our strength  
taste and drink His sweetness  
Most completely.

Oh bitter winter, how cold you are!  
You have stripped bare the green forest.  
You have withered the little flowers  
on the heath.

The colourful little flowers have  
become pale,  
Miss Nightingale has escaped!  
She escaped, will she ever sing to us again?

You hold captive the radiant light  
And darken our days.  
Oh let the golden sun shine again!

### **Blow blow thou winter wind**

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

*Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!  
This life is most jolly.*

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remembered not.

*Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly...*

### **Farewell to Wives**

Once in our lives let us drink to our wives,  
tho' their numbers be but small:  
Heav'n take the best and the Devil take the rest,  
and so we shall get rid of them all.  
To this hearty wish let each man take his dish,  
and drink, drink, drink till he fall.

### **Sing we now merrily**

Sing we now merrily our purses be empty  
Hey ho,  
Let them take care that lists to spare,  
for I will not do so,  
Who can sing, so merry a note,  
as he that cannot change a groat,  
Hey ho, trolly lolly lo, trolly lolly lo!

## **Toss the pot**

*Toss the pot, toss the pot, let us be merry  
And drink till our cheeks be as red as a cherry*

We take no thought, we have no care,  
for still we spend, and never spare,  
till of all money our purse is bare,  
we ever toss the pot.

*Toss the pot...*

We drink carouse with heart most free,  
A hearty draught I drink to thee,  
Then fill the pot again to me,  
And ever toss the pot.

*Toss the pot...*

And when our money is all spent,  
Then sell our goods and spend our rent,  
Or drink it up with one consent,  
And ever toss the pot.

*Toss the pot...*

When all is gone we have no more,  
Then let us set it on the score,  
Or shall it up behind the door,  
And ever toss the pot.

*Toss the pot...*

And when our credit is all lost,  
Then may we go and kiss the post,  
And eat brown bread in stead or rost  
And ever toss the pot.

*Toss the pot...*

Let us conclude as we began,  
And toss the pot from man to man,  
And drink as much now as we can,  
And ever toss the pot.

*Toss the pot...*

From *King Arthur*

**How blest are shepherds**, how happy their lasses,  
While drums and trumpets are sounding alarms.  
Over our lowly sheds all the storm passes,  
And when we die 'tis in each others arms,  
All the day on our herds and flocks employing,  
All the night on our flutes and in enjoying.

Bright nymphs of Britain with graces attended,  
Let not your days without pleasure expire.  
Honour's but empty, and when youth is ended,  
All men will praise you but none will desire.  
Let not youth fly away without contenting,  
Age will come time enough for your repenting.

**Shepherd, shepherd, leave decoying:**

Pipes are sweet on summer's day,  
But a little after toying,  
Women have the shot to pay.  
Here are marriage-vows for signing:  
Set their marks that cannot write,  
After that, without repining,  
Play, and welcome, day and night.

**Come, Shepherds**, lead up a lively measure;  
The cares of wedlock are cares of pleasure:  
But whether marriage brings joy or sorrow,  
Make sure of this day and hang tomorrow.

**The Pot, the Pipe**

The pot, the pipe, the quart, the can  
hath spoiled many an honest man,  
the hare and horn, the hawk and whore,  
hath quite undone, quite undone as many more.

## **Gloucestershire Wassail**

Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown;  
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree;  
With the wassailing-bowl we'll drink to thee!

So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek!  
Pray God send our master a good piece of beef,  
And a good piece of beef that we all may see;  
With the wassailing-bowl we'll drink to thee!

And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye!  
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie,  
And a good Christmas pie that we may all see;  
With our wassailing-bowl we'll drink to thee!

So here is to Broad May and to her broad horn!  
May God send our master a good crop of corn,  
And a good crop of corn that we may all see;  
With the wassailing-bowl we'll drink to thee!

*Translations by Hannah Ely*

## **THE DEATH OF GESUALDO**

featuring **The Gesualdo Six** and **Tableaux Vivants**

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[ncem.co.uk/events/death-of-gesualdo/](http://ncem.co.uk/events/death-of-gesualdo/)

**YORK EARLY MUSIC CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL** is directed by  
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