

**Melos**  
CHOIR & PERIOD INSTRUMENTS

OF DARKENING DAYS & BECKONING STARS  
SEASONAL MUSIC & POETRY 9TH - 21ST CENTURIES

*By D'Orleans, Shakespeare, Blind; Campion, Lassus, Bach & more.*

*With guests, Patricia O'Callaghan & Peter Aston.*

*Friday, December 2nd, 7:30 p.m.*

*St. John the Apostle, 88 Patrick St., Kingston*

*Also online December 6th - 16th*



Holly Gwynne-Timothy - Artistic Director  
present

*Of Darkening Days & Beckoning Stars Seasonal Music & Poetry, 9th - 21st centuries*

With Guests:

Patricia O'Callaghan, *Soprano*; and Peter Aston, *Narrator*. Brent Nuevo, *Assistant Conductor*.

**Melos Period Instruments and Guests  
in order of appearance:**

Patricia O'Callaghan - *Soprano*  
Eileen Beaudette - *Viola, Vielle*  
Jason Hawke - *Vielle*  
Katie Legere - *Recorders and Baroque Bassoon*  
P. Jill Frick - *Recorders*  
Jeff Hamacher - *Baroque Cello*  
Michael Capon - *Harpsichord*  
Margaret Walker - *Rikk, Darbuka, Frame Drum, Bodhrán, Bells*  
Gisele Dalbec-Szczesniak - *Violin 1, Soloist*  
Lisa Draper - *Violin 1*  
Julia McFarlane - *Violin 2, Soloist; Viola*  
Andrew Dicker - *Violin 2*  
Venetia Gauthier - *Violin 2*

**Melos Choir:**

**Sopranos:** Margot Craft, Donna Delyea,  
Gilda DiCola Mills, Tammy Everett,  
P. Jill Frick, Safa Mozzafari, Angela Stewart,  
Tetiana Winchester, Ariel Zaichick.

**Altos:** Rean Cross, Brenda Gluska,  
Ruth Oliver, Ann Hunnisett Rouget,  
Maja-Lisa Thomson.

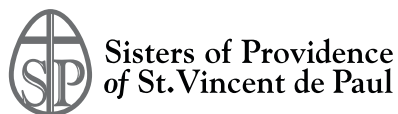
**Tenors:** Dale Engen, Rowan Engen,  
Gordon Gwynne-Timothy, Neil Hobbs,  
Paul Malo, Edgar Tumak.

**Basses:** Robert Burkolder, Douglas Connors,  
Michael Dufault, John Gale, Kris Michaelson,  
Brent Nuevo, Alexandru Sonoc.

Amin Pourbarghi, *filmmaker; videographer for  
Of Darkening Days YouTube.*  
Sadaf Amini, *Recording Engineer.*

Melos gives thanks to Rev. Kris Michaelson and his parish of St. Paul's Anglican Church for allowing us to rehearse there. St. Paul's beautiful sanctuary, acoustic and incredible hospitality have been very uplifting for our choir and players. We also thank the parish of St. John the Apostle for offering us use of their beautiful Church and for generously allowing our choir and players to perform with an audience there. We thank Richard Talbot for art direction and design of Melos' concert programs, season brochures and ads; Rene Milot, who created the artwork for our upcoming CD - *Voces Feminarum*; and Jameson Wood, Melos' marketing coordinator, for his work on our website, social media, ticket sales and publicity. We thank Melos' Board of Directors who play a vital role in the success of our programming. Particular thanks are owed to P. Jill Frick, Chair; and Paul Malo, Vice Chair and head of fundraising; and Tarja Jaatinen, treasurer, for seeing Melos through over two years of the COVID-19 pandemic with extra care and initiative.

This program is generously supported by:



## OF DARKENING DAYS PROGRAM

Please reserve applause until the ends of sections as indicated (applause hands) 🖐️ 🖐️ 🖐️

Visit Melos' website, Downloads page, for more program information and notes by Dr. Phil Rogers on our poetry readings.

### OF HUNTING, HUNGER & HOSTS

**1) Reading: Winter wakeneth al my care** - Anon., English, 13th c., BL Harley MS 2253.

*Wynter wakeneth al my care,  
Nou this leves waxeth bare;  
Ofte I sike ant mournne sare  
When hit cometh in my thoht  
Of this worldes joie, hou hit goth al to noht.*

*Nou hit is, and nou hit nys,  
Al so hit ner nere, ywys;  
That moni mon seith, soth hit ys:  
Al goth bote Godes wille:  
Alle we shule deye, thah us like ylle.*

*Al that gren me graueth grene,  
Nou hit faleweth albydene:  
Jesu, help that hit be sene  
Ant shild us from helle!  
For y not whider y shal, ne hou longe her duelle.*

**Translation:** *Winter awakens all my sorrow, now these leaves grow bare; often I sigh and mourn sorely when I come to think of this world's joy, and how it all goes to nothing. Now it is, now it is not; as though it had never been, truly. Many men say this, and it is so: everything goes except God's will, and we shall all die, though we don't like it. All that green which grows green, now it fades altogether: Jesus, help this to be recognized, and shield us from hell! For I don't know where I shall go, nor how long I shall dwell here.*

**2) Pais Dinogad** - Dinogad's Smock, 6th c., Welsh lullaby text, sung to a traditional Cumbrian tune. Arranged by Holly Gwynne-Timothy (HGT). Patricia O'Callaghan, opening solo. With P. Jill Frick, Katie Legere, recorders; Jason Hawke, vielle; Eileen Beaudette, fiddle. Small ensemble, Vs 4: Tetiana Winchester, Ariel Zaichick, Gilda DiCola Mills, Tammy Everett, Rean Cross, Brenda Gluska. The mother boasts

to her baby of the hunting prowess of her father, and lists many animals he catches in the hunt. The ancient text incorporates the Cumbrian tradition of sheep-counting rhymes. In our rendering Patricia counts the sheep and calls her sheep dogs.

Vs 1 *Dinogad's shift is speckled, speckled/ It was made from the pelts of martens. Whit, whit, whistling. We call, they call, the eight in chains. "One! Two!...Eight!*

Vs 2 *When your father went out to hunt, a spear on his shoulder a club in his hand, he called on his lively dogs: Giff! Gaff! Take, Fetch!*

Vs 3 *He killed fish from his coracle like the lion killing small animals. When your father went to the mountains he would bring back a roebuck, a boar, a stag...*

Vs 4 *At whatever your father aimed his spear, none would escape but those with strong wings.*

**3) La Caccia - The Hunt from Le Stagione** (*The Seasons, Opus 8*); 3rd movement, L'Autunno (Autumn) by Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741). Julia McFarlane, violin solo.

Peter first reads an English translation of Vivaldi's own words, describing the seasonal qualities and activities he sought to evoke with his music.

*The hunters, at the break of dawn, go to the hunt. With horns, guns, and dogs they are off, The beast flees, and they follow its trail. Already fearful and exhausted by the great noise, Of guns and dogs, and wounded, The exhausted beast tries to flee, but dies.*

**4) Quant je voie yver retourner** - by Colin Muset (ca. 1220-1270), trouvère. Solo recorder: P. Jill Frick. Vocal soloists: Patricia O'Callaghan and Rowan Engle.

As winter - yver- approaches, Muset dreams to be taken in by a host who will indulge two powerful appetites: for food and intimacy. He hopes his host will offer him, freely, plenty of

rich food and meats. In the second verse he hopes that his host will have an “extra” woman on hand, who will indulge him as a wife might. In the end Muset would leave gallantly on horseback; rather than being cast out to the stables to shovel horse manure, as he would be if the host disliked his conduct with the woman.

Translation: Vs 1 Solo, Patricia O’Callaghan: *When I see the winter setting in, I wish to find a good home, a host, who is generous and who will give to me, free of charge, plenty of pork, beef, mutton, duck, pheasant and venison; gelled pates, and nicely wrapped cheeses.*

Vs 2 Solo, Rowan Engle: *and I wish there to be another woman there, who is doting and courteous, as though she were my wife, always granting my wishes, night and day. And the host would not be jealous, and would leave us alone often. If the host is not envious, then I won’t leave as a horseman-humiliated, relegated to being the one who sweeps up the horse manure.*



#### ON WINTER’S HARSHNESS

**5) Reading: “When icicles hang by the wall”**  
from Love’s Labour’s Lost by William Shakespeare (1564 - 1616).

*When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl:  
‘Tu-who; Tu-whit, Tu-who -’ A merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson’s saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian’s nose looks red and raw,  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl.*

**6) Nach grüner farb mein Herz verlangt**  
by Michael Praetorius (1571-1621)  
Quartet Vs 2: Tammy Everett, Brenda Gluska,  
Paul Malo, Michael Dufault. Conducted  
by Brent Nuevo.

Translation:

*Vs 1 My heart longs for greenery in these troubled winter times. The fierce winter lasts so long; my path is covered with snow. We no longer hear the sweet birds, young and old; that’s what the harsh winter does; it drives them out of the forest with a cry and cold snow.*

*Vs 2 Winter first makes the bright flowers fade in the woods and meadows, where formerly they stood out brightly against the leaves and grass. Now, as far as I let my eyes travel through meadows, forests and fields, everything stands bare and gray. I can’t see a stalk of green. The snow has spoiled everything.*

*Vs 3 My heart longs for greenery in these troubled winter times. No blossoms on the branches hang; my path is covered with snow. All the joy and pleasure that summer brings us is now up for sale. God bless the summer, which, after mid-winter, pulls on the sail (turns us around) and swings winter away.*

**7) Readings: Scel lem duib - I have news for you** - ca. 9th/10th c. This is a poem found in several Irish manuscripts between the 10th and 13th centuries; originally a marginalium / gloss on a 6th c. Irish saint’s life.

**Peter Aston, English translation:**

*I have news for you:  
The stag bells, winter snows, summer has gone  
Wind high and cold, the sun low, short its course  
The sea running high.  
Deep red the bracken; its shape is lost;  
The wild goose has raised its accustomed cry,  
cold has seized the birds’ wings;  
season of ice, this is my news.*

**Patricia O’Callaghan, Middle Irish:**

*;Tá naught agam duit:  
Na cloigíní damh, sneachta an gheimhridh, tá an samradh imithe  
Gaoth ard agus fuar, an ghrian íseal, gearr a cúrsa  
An fharraífe ag rita go hard.  
Dearg dearg an raithneach; cailltear a chruch;  
D’aerdaigh an gé fhiáin a caoin nós,  
ghlac an fuacht sciatháin na n-éan;  
séasúr an oighir, is é seo mo nuacht.*

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**8) Miri it is while Sumer ilast** - Anonymous English song & Medieval dance, “Estampie” based on the same tune. Sung by Douglas Connors and Alexandru Sonoc.

The songwriter longs for the merry summertime with the sound of birdsong; and laments the blasting winds, long nights and fierce weather of winter. He proclaims this weather as a mighty injustice, that leaves us pitiful, mourning and hungry (fasting).

*Miri it is while sumer ilast with fugheles (birds) song. Oc nu ne heth windes blast, and weder strong. Ei, ei what this night is long, And ich with wel michel wrong, soregh and murn and fast.*

**Instrumental Estampie - Miri it is**  
Oxford Bodleian MS Arundel 28559 f.43r

With P. Jill Frick, Katie Legere, recorders; Eileen Beaudette, Jason Hawke, vielles; Margaret Walker, percussion.

**9) Miri it is while sumer ilast** Polyphonic setting, 14th century style, by Andrea Budgey.

**10) Reading: excerpt from Works and Days**  
by Hesiod, ca. 700 BCE.

*Avoid the month, Lenaeon, wretched days, all them fit to skin an ox, and frost which are cruel when Boreas blows over the earth. He blows across horse- breeding Thrace upon the white sea and stirs it up while earth and forest howl. On many a high-leaved oak and thick pine he falls and brings them to the bounteous Earth in mountain glens: then all the immense wood roars and the beasts shudder and put their tails between their legs, even those whose hide is covered with fur; for with his bitter blast he blows even through them although they are shaggy-breasted. He goes even through an ox's hide it does not stop him. Also he blows through the goats fine hair. But through the fleeces of sheep, because their wool is abundant, the keen wind Boreas pierces not at all; but he makes the old man curved as a wheel.*

**11) Yver vous n'etes qu'un villain** - poem by Charles D'Orleans (1394-1465); music by Claude Debussy (1862-1918). Small ensemble: Patricia O'Callaghan,

Safa Mozzafari, Tammy Everett, Brenda Gluska, Rean Cross, Gordon Gwynne-Timothy; Robert Burkholder; Michael Dufault.

French Duke Charles D'Orleans fought at the battle of Agincourt in 1415. He was taken prisoner by the English, who held him captive for about 24 years. In this period D'Orleans wrote over 500 poems in English and French, becoming one of France's most noteworthy Medieval poets. In this poem he addresses and reviles winter as nothing but a villain, in contrast with the pleasant, gentle nature of summer and her beautiful flowers, fields and colours, as nature ordains. “But you, Winter, are too full of snow, wind, rain, and sleet. Would that God would banish you in exile! I speak plainly, without flattery. You are nothing but a villain”. Claude Debussy set this energetic, Medieval text to highly expressive music.

*Yver, (hiver) vous n'estes qu'un villain.  
Esté (été) est plaisant et gentil  
En témoin de may et d'avril  
Qui l'accompagnent soir et main.  
Esté revet champs, bois et fleurs  
De sa livrée de verdure  
Et de maintes autres couleurs  
Par l'ordonnance de nature.  
Mais vous, Yver, trop estes plein de neige,  
De neige, vent, pluie (pluies) et grézil.  
On vous deust banir en éxil.  
Sans point flater je parle plein,  
Yver vous n'estes qu'un villain.*



**Set 3: Winter's Beauty: Beckoning Stars, Angels and Inducements Indoors**

**12) Reading: A Winter Landscape**  
by Mathilde Blind (1841 - 1896)

*All night, all day, in dizzy, downward flight,  
Fell the wild-whirling, vague, chaotic snow,  
Till every landmark of the earth below,  
Trees, moorlands, roads, and each familiar sight  
Were blotted out by the bewildering white.  
And winds, now shrieking loud, now whimpering low,  
Seemed lamentations for the world-old woe  
That death must swallow life, and darkness light.*

*But all at once the rack was blown away,  
The snowstorm hushing ended in a sigh;  
Then like a flame the crescent moon on high  
Leaped forth among the planets; pure as they,  
Earth vied in whiteness with the Milky Way:  
Herself a star beneath the starry sky.*

**13) Quant glace et noise et froidure**  
by Gace Brulé, trouvère (ca. 1160 - 1213).  
Patricia O'Callaghan solo, with Jason Hawke,  
vielle, and Eileen Beaudette, fiddle.

Translation:  
Vs 1 *When ice and snow and cold come on preventing birds from singing, it is right for all to honour the lady of the angels, within whom was enclosed the king of kings to save the world, she who pardons the sins which would have caused us to suffer torments.*

Vs 2 *I will never have need or grievance, neither I nor any whom she might choose to chasten; no one serves her whom she does not reward better than one might think. For this reason I wish to persevere in her service - heart and body and life without reservation - for it is sweet to me to bear this burden.*

Vs 3 *Mother, to him who never spoke a lie, a better friend than one might have imagined, defend us from evil and dishonour, and give us such a heart to love you, that the Seducer, feared by all the world, may neither take nor trap us; and bring us into your pure kingdom.*

**14) Reading followed by the music of Vivaldi's L'Inverno** from *Le Stagione*, Opus 8, No. 4.  
Gisele Dalbec-Szczesniak, violin solo, with Melos strings, Baroque Bassoon and continuo.

*I. Allegro non molto--  
Frozen and trembling in the icy snow,  
In the severe blast of the horrible wind,  
As we run, we constantly stamp our feet,  
And our teeth chatter in the cold.*

*II. Largo--  
To spend happy and quiet days near the fire,  
While, outside, the rain soaks hundreds.*

*III. Allegro--  
We walk on the ice with slow steps,  
And tread carefully, for fear of falling.  
If we go quickly, we slip and fall to the ground.  
Again we run on the ice,  
Until it cracks and opens.  
We hear, from closed doors,  
Sirocco, Boreas, and all the winds in battle.  
This is winter, but it brings joy.*

**15) Now Winter Nights Enlarge** -  
by Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620).  
Patricia O'Callaghan, solo with Holly &  
Gordon Gwynne-Timothy, Brenda Gluska,  
Robert Burkholder, Melos strings and continuo.

Vs 1 *Now winter nights enlarge  
The number of their hours;  
And clouds their storms discharge  
Upon the airy towers.  
Let now the chimneys blaze  
And cups o'erflow with wine,  
Let well-tuned words amaze  
With harmony divine.  
Now yellow, waxen lights  
Shall wait on honey love,  
While youthful revels, masques, and courtly sights  
Sleep's leaden spells remove.*

Vs 2 *This time doth well dispence  
with lovers long discourse  
Much speech hath some defence  
Though beauty no remorse.  
All doe not all things well;  
Some measures comely tread;  
Some knotted riddles tell;  
Some Poems smoothly read.  
The Summer hath his joyes,  
And Winter his delights;  
Though Love and all his pleasures are but toyes,  
They shorten tedious nights.*



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**16) Wexford Carol** - Traditional Irish carol.  
Arrangement by HGT & Benjamin Bloomfield,  
based on Martin Shaw's setting in the Oxford  
Book of Carols.  
Solo: Patricia O'Callaghan. Small ensembles:  
Ariel Zaichick, Brenda Gluska, Paul Malo,  
Gordon Gwynne-Timothy, Robert Burkolder.

Translation:

Vs 1 & 2, Patricia's two solo verses, in English  
then Irish, convey the same text:  
*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.*

Vs 3 Choir in Irish:

*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.*

Vs 4 *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.*

Vs 5 *There were three wise men from afar  
Directed by a glorious star  
And on they wandered night and day  
Until they came where Jesus lay.  
And when they came unto that place  
Where our beloved Messiah lay  
They humbly cast them at His feet  
With gifts of gold and incense sweet*

**17) Leise Rieselt der Schnee** - 19th c.  
By Eduard Ebel (1818-1905).  
Conducted by Brent Nuevo.

Translation:

Vs 1 *Softly Falls the snow; quiet and frozen rests  
the lake.  
Christmas like sparkles the forest. Rejoice!  
The Christ child will soon be here.*

Vs 2 *In our hearts it is warm, silent is our sorrow  
and grief,  
Life's worries fade away. Rejoice!  
The Christ child will soon be here.*

**18) Jul, Jul, Stralende Jul** by Gustav Nordqvist  
(1886 - 1949).

Quartet Vs 2: Ariel Zaichick, Rean Cross,  
Gordon Gwynne-Timothy, Robert Burkolder.  
Conducted by Brent Nuevo.

Translation:

Vs 1 *Christmas, Christmas, Glorious Christmas,  
Shine over white forests  
The crowns of heaven with sparkling lights  
Glistening bows in each of god's houses  
A hymn sung time and time again  
Eternal longing for light and peace*

Vs 2 *Christmas, Christmas, Glorious Christmas,  
Shine over white forests,  
Come holy Christmas, wrap your white wings  
Around the blood and turmoil of war  
Around all humankind's sighs  
Around all the families who travel to peace  
Around our youth's daily lives  
Come, holy Christmas bring your white wings down.*

**19) Videntes stellam Magi** - Solesmes chant  
with Gloria Patri; motet setting by Orlande de  
Lassus (1532-1594).

Translation:

Seeing the star, the magi rejoiced with great joy;  
and entering the house, they found the boy, with  
Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshiped  
him. And having opened their treasures, they  
offered him gold, frankincense and myrrh.

Glory be to the father and to the son and to the  
holy ghost, as it was in the beginning is now  
and ever shall be, amen.



**20) Reading: Christmas II** by George Herbert (1593-1633).

*The shepherds sing: and shall I silent be?  
My God, no hymn for thee?  
My soul's a shepherd too; a flock it feeds  
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.  
The pasture is Thy word: the streams, Thy grace  
Enriching all the place.  
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers  
Outsing the daylight hours.  
Then when we chide the sun for letting night  
Take up his place and right:  
We sing one common Lord; wherefore he should  
Himself the candle hold.  
I will go searching, till I find a sun  
Shall stay, till we have done;  
A willing Shiner, that shall shine as gladly,  
As frost-nipped sons look sadly.  
Then will we sing, and shine all our own day,  
And one another pay:  
His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,  
Till ev'n His beams sing and my music shine.*

**21) Sonata & first chorus of Himmelskönig, sei willkommen, BWV 182** - by Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1734). Gisele Dalbec-Szczesniak, solo violin; Katie Legere, solo recorder.



**Epilogue: Tonight's Final Words on Winter**

**22) Deepest December** by Patricia O'Callaghan & Dennis Lee, arranged by Andrew Downing. Solo: Patricia O'Callaghan with Safa Mozzafari & Ariel Zaichick, harmonies; and Melos Choir & Period Instruments.

*There is a night in deepest December  
When all the light seems to disappear  
Of all the nights I ever remember  
It is the bleakest of the year*

*When time was young it took forever  
Until the dark began to turn  
And through the snow earth's green endeavour  
Would start its sweet and slow return.*

*The seasons flow they come and go  
In dusk we're lost in dawn we're found  
We're green and gone  
A time to choose, a time to lose  
We're born, we're torn, we laugh, we mourn, the  
dance goes on.*

*Now every year in Deepest December  
The dark enfolds those who disappeared  
We light the lights, vow to remember,  
How hush the night, how full the year.*



Soprano **Patricia O'Callaghan** is something of a wandering minstrel, with six solo albums and many interesting collaborations along the way. A speaker of French, Spanish, and German, her early recordings focused on European cabaret, but one of Patricia's unique talents is the ability to blend a variety of languages and musical genres seamlessly in her concerts, and to completely embody whatever style she is singing at any given moment.

"This Toronto soprano can sing a 100-year-old German tune so lustily that you almost don't need a translation to know that someone's about to get his throat cut or get laid or both" (*National Post*).

"O'Callaghan sings her diverse material as if it was always meant to go side-by-side and by the end of the evening, it's easy to believe" (*Chart Attack*).

Patricia has recently become faculty at The Dan School of Drama and Music at **Queen's University**, and at **The Banff Centre for Arts and Creativity's** Evolution: Classical program.

Her latest album, called **Dark Butterflies**, with music by David Braid, and with the Prague Epoque Orchestra, will be released this spring.

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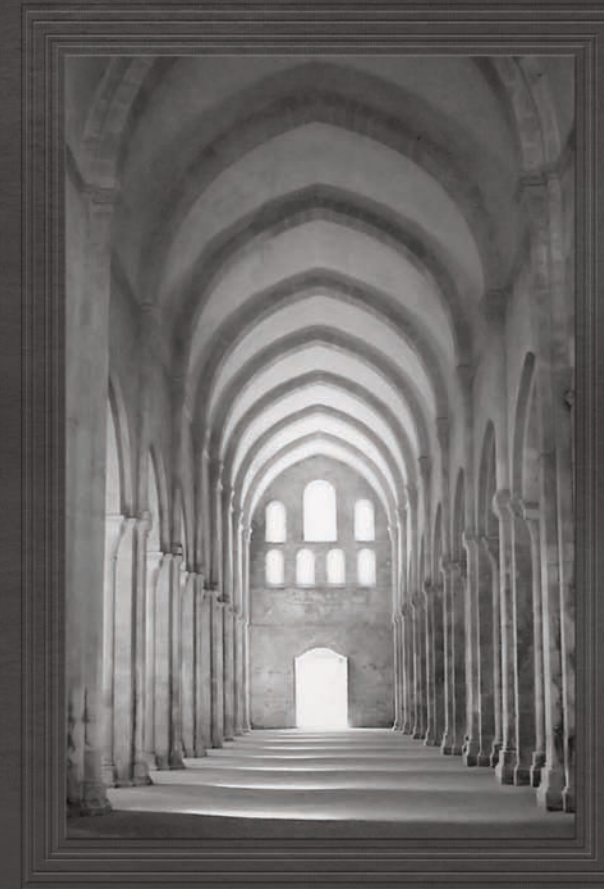
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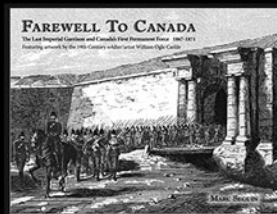
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