

## **PENUMBRA: The Edge of Winter**

Rhiannon Giddens (voice, octave viola)

Yonit Kosovske (harpsichord)

Micheál “Moley” Ó Suilleabháin (voice, bodhran, shruti)

Eamon Sweeney (baroque guitar, lute, bandora)

Vlad Smishkewych (voice, sinfonia & organistrum, percussion)

Mr Dowland’s Midnight/The Darkest Midnight	John Dowland/Trad. Irish
Indroysn is finster (Yiddish trad.)	Trad. Yiddish Ballad
Down in Yon Forest	Trad. English carol
Cherry Tree Carol	Trad. American (North Carolina)
Maria durch ein Dornwald ging	Trad. German
Uterus Hodie Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale, Fonds lat. 3719	Aquitanian <i>versus</i> , 12/13c.
Shcho to za predivo Christ Child Lullaby	Trad. Ukrainian, transcr. V. Vervinskiy Trad. Scottish/Hebrides
Seacht nDólás (Seven Sorrows of Mary)	Trad. Irish
Os Reises/Os da manta Folias de San Xosé e María Folias Gallegas	Trad. Galician Music: G. Stefani (1622), text: Galician Santiago de Murcia, Codice Saldivar
Birjina Gaztetto bat zegoen/Gabriel’s message	Trad. Basque

## Translations

### Indroysn is finster

אין דרויסן איז פֿינצטער  
אין דרויסן איז פֿינצטער. ס'איז שפעט ביי נאכט  
מען הערט קיין זשום, קיין שאַרד, קיין פֿייגעלע פֿליען  
אויף דער גאס.  
אָוווּ ביסטו געווען? כּווייל מיט דיר צוויי ווערטער רעדן  
אָוווּ ביסטו געווען? כּווייל מיט דיר צוזאַמען זיין

טאָ קום אַרויס צו מיר, מײן טײערע זיס לעבן  
איך שטיי און וואַרט אין גאַס; איך ווייס אַליין ניט  
פֿאַרוואָס.  
איך שטיי און וואַרט אין גאַס; איך ווייס אַליין ניט  
פֿאַרוואָס.  
קום זשע אַרויס. כּווייל מיט דיר צוויי ווערטער רעדן  
קום זשע אַרויס. כּווייל מיט דיר צוזאַמען זיין

אוי דיין שיין פנים, מיט דינע שוואַרצינקע אַטשקעלעך  
אוי, און דיין מויל מיט דינע שיינע וויסינקע ציין  
אָוווּ ביסטו געווען? כּווייל מיט דיר צוויי ווערטער רעדן  
קום זשע אַרויס. כּווייל מיט דיר צוזאַמען גיין

It's dark outside. It's late at night.  
Not a hum, not a rustle, is heard, not a bird is flying  
in the street.  
Where have you been?  
I want to speak two words with you.  
Where have you been?  
I want to be together with you.

So come on out to me, my precious darling,  
I stand waiting in the street;  
I only don't know why.

So come on out. I want to talk with you,  
So come on out. I want to be together with you.

Oh, your lovely face with your dear black eyes.  
Oh, and your mouth with your beautiful white teeth.

Where have you been? I want to talk with you.  
So come on out. I want to walk together with you.

### Maria durch ein Dornwald ging

Maria durch ein Dornwald ging,  
Kyrie eleison.  
Maria durch ein Dornwald ging,  
der hat in sieben Jahrn kein Laub getragen.  
Jesus und Maria.

Was trug Maria unter ihrem Herzen?  
Kyrie eleison.  
Ein kleines Kindlein ohne Schmerzen,  
das trug Maria unter ihrem Herzen.  
Jesus und Maria.

Da haben die Dornen Rosen getragen,  
Kyrie eleison.  
Als das Kindlein durch den Wald getragen,  
da haben die Dornen Rosen getragen.  
Jesus und Maria.

Mary walked through a thorn forest,  
Kyrie eleison.  
Mary walked through a thorn forest,  
which not worn foliage in seven years.  
Jesus and Mary.

What did Mary bear under her heart?  
Kyrie eleison.  
A little child without pain,  
this was borne by Mary under her heart.  
Jesus and Mary.

The thorns bore roses,  
Kyrie eleison.  
When the child was carried through the forest,  
the thorns bore roses.  
Jesus and Mary.

### Uterus Hodie

Uterus hodie virginis floruit  
Nec matrem dum gignit libido torruit  
Que virgo permanens virum aborruit  
O partus mirabilis!

De radice lesse virga progreditur  
Et de virgule flos Christus exoritur  
Cuius in Libano cedrus extollitur  
O partus mirabilis!

Hic flos davitico signatus calamo  
Et sponsus regio procedens talamo  
Celesti seculum perunxit balsamo  
O partus mirabilis!

Hic flos est in Syon rosa nec aruit  
Et in Ierusalem lilium conduit  
Utrisque genera cruce composuit  
O partus mirabilis!

Today the maiden's womb has flowered, and  
lust did not burn the mother in the begetting:  
ever a maiden, she welcomed no man.  
Oh wondrous birth!

From Jesse's root the branch springs forth,  
and from that little branch the flower, Christ, is  
born, whose cedar is raised high in Lebanon.  
Oh wondrous birth!

This flower, signed by David's pen, coming like  
a bridegroom from his royal pavilion,  
has anointed the world with heavenly balm.  
Oh wondrous birth!

This flower is in Sion, the rose hasn't withered,  
and in Jerusalem the lily has gleamed white  
and on the cross has made beautiful the cheeks  
of the turtledove.  
Oh wondrous birth!

### Shcho to za predivo?

Що то за предиво  
В світі новина,  
що Марія Мати Сина родила.  
А як Вона породила,  
тоді вона повідала  
Сусе Сину мій!

А Йосип старушок  
в жолобі стоїть  
Та на Суса Христа  
пеленки строїть,  
А Марія повиває,  
до серденька пригортає,  
Чистая Панна!

Ангели на небі  
та й заспівали  
Пастирі на землі  
людям сказали:  
«Слава була, слава й буде,  
рожденному радість буде,  
А нам на землі.»

What a wondrous  
news in the world,  
that Mary the Mother gave birth to a son.  
And O, how She gave birth,  
and then she whispered to him:  
Jesus, my son!

And old Joseph  
is standing in the stable,  
Making diapers  
for Jesus Christ,  
And Mary swaddles him,  
holds him close to her heart,  
A pure Virgin she!

The angels in heaven sang,  
The shepherds on earth told the people:  
"Glory was, glory will be,  
there shall be rejoicing for the newborn babe,  
And also for us on earth."

## Seacht nDólás Na Maighdine Muire

An chéad dólás a bhí ar an Maighdean nuair a torraíodh a leanbh,  
Caipíní dubha air, is na Iúdaigh á ghreadadh.  
Aililiú ó, a Íosa, aililiú, is tú mo leanbh,  
Aililiú ó, a Íosa, is tú Rí gheal na bhflaitheas.

An dara dólás a bhí ar an Maighdean nuair a torraíodh a leanbh,  
Léine gharbh róin air, is a chraiceann á stracadh.  
Aililiú ó, a Íosa ...

An tríú dólás a bhí ar an Maighdean nuair a torraíodh a leanbh,  
É ar an gcrois chéasta, is na tairní á ghearradh.  
Aililiú ó, a Íosa ...

An ceathrú dólás a bhí ar an Maighdean nuair a torraíodh a leanbh,  
É ar chrann na croise ag fáil na ngrásta dár n-anam.  
Aililiú ó, a Íosa ...

An cúigiú dólás a bhí ar an Maighdean nuair a torraíodh a leanbh,  
A cheann ar bharr spíce ag tabhairt a chuid fola.  
Aililiú ó, a Íosa ...

An séú dólás a bhí ar an Maighdean nuair a torraíodh a leanbh,  
É ina hucht ghléigeal, is é sínte fuar marbh.  
Aililiú ó, a Íosa ...

An seachtú dólás a bhí ar an Maighdean nuair a torraíodh a leanbh,  
É sínte san uaigh, is na leacracha air trasna.  
Aililiú ó, a Íosa ...

The Virgin Mary's first sorrow  
when her child was persecuted  
His knee-caps black and the mob beating him.  
Alleluia Jesus, alleluia you are my child  
Alleluia Jesus, you are the bright King of  
Heaven, blossoming.

The Virgin Mary's second sorrow  
when her child was persecuted  
A rough shirt of horsehair on his back and  
his skin being torn. (Alleluia, Jesus...)

The Virgin Mary's third sorrow  
when her child was persecuted  
He crucified on the cross and  
the sharp nails cutting him. (Alleluia, Jesus...)

The Virgin Mary's fourth sorrow  
when her child was persecuted  
He on the cross getting grace for our souls.  
  
(Alleluia, Jesus...)

The Virgin Mary's fifth sorrow  
when her child was persecuted  
His head on the top of a spike shedding his  
blood. (Alleluia, Jesus...)

The Virgin Mary's sixth sorrow  
when her child was persecuted  
He stretched cold and dead on her pure white  
breast. (Alleluia, Jesus...)

The Virgin Mary's seventh sorrow  
when her child was persecuted  
He stretched in the grave with the slabs across  
him. (Alleluia, Jesus...)

—Translation by Eamonn Ó Dónaill

## Os Reises

San Xosé-ie e máis María  
iban xuntos pra Belén-e,  
iban cantándu-los reise,  
cantémolos nós tamén-e.

Fóronse de vila en vila  
e de lughar en lughare,  
en busca de Xesucristo,  
non o poideron topare.

San Xosé iba mui triste  
porque iba polas montañas,  
e María moi aleghre  
co seu fillo nas entrañas.

Foron dar con Ile a Roma  
revestido no altar-e,  
misa nova quer decir-e,  
misa nova quer cantar-e.

I aquela paloma branca  
que está posta no altar-e,  
aquela é Nosa Señora  
que nos quería axudar-e.

I a señora ama da casa,  
nunca i-a cabeza doia  
se nos dera un torresmiño  
para i-untare na zanfona.

## Os da Manta

San Xosé e a Virxen Santa  
por Baixo da manta  
a Belén camiño iban  
e a manta por riba.

San José camiña moito  
por baixo da manta  
pero a Virxen non podía  
e a manta por riba.

Andemos señora andemos  
por baixo da manta  
que se nos acaba o día  
e a manta por riba.

Se este día se acabase  
por baixo da manta  
outro Dios nos mandaría  
e a manta por riba.

E os señores desta casa  
por baixo da manta  
hannos dar unha alegría  
e a manta por riba.

E se non queren dar nada  
por baixo da manta  
condenado sea o día  
e a manta por riba.

Saint Joseph and the Virgin Mary  
Went together to Bethlehem,  
They went along singing *reises* (carols),  
Let us sing them as well.

They went from village to village  
And from place to place  
Searching for Jesus Christ,  
But they could not find him.

Saint Joseph was very sad  
Because he had to go through the mountains,  
And Mary was very happy  
With her Son in her womb.

They found him in Rome  
Adorned at the altar,  
He wanted to say a new Mass,  
He wished to sing a new Mass.

And that white dove  
Who rests upon the altar,  
That is Our Lady  
Who wishes to help us.

And may the lady of the house  
Never suffer a headache,  
If she were to give us a little bit of bacon  
To rub on the hurdy-gurdy.

Saint Joseph and the Holy Virgin  
(go under the blanket)  
Went to Bethlehem  
(and up goes the blanket)

Saint Joseph walked quite a lot  
(go under the blanket)  
But the Virgin could not  
(and up goes the blanket)

Let's walk, my lady, let's walk  
(go under the blanket)  
For the day will end  
(and up goes the blanket)

If this day should end  
(go under the blanket)  
God will send us another  
(and up goes the blanket)

And the good people of this house  
(go under the blanket)  
Should give us a bit of happiness  
(and up goes the blanket)

And if they don't wish to give us anything  
(go under the blanket)  
May the day be damned  
(and up goes the blanket)

## Folias de San Xosé

San Xosé e máis Maria  
iban xuntos para Belén  
iban cantando nos reises  
a Xesús de Nazaret.

Iban de vila en vila  
e de lugar en lugar-e  
en busca de Xesucristo  
non o poideron hallar-e.

Foron dar con el a Roma  
Revestido no altar-e,  
misa nova quer decir  
misa nova quer cantare

Aquela paloma branca  
que está posta no altar  
aquela é nosa señora  
que nos vén visitar.

San Xosé bota as redes  
por riba de San Bernardo  
toma nena este pañuelo  
bótanolo aguinaldo.

De cantar xa nos cansamos  
noite que andar inda falta  
as forzas piden reparo  
mollo as gortexas e non de auga.

Este vai por despedida  
hoxe aquí non canto outra  
os señores desta casa  
doxe un ano me oían outra.

Saint Joseph and the Virgin Mary  
Went together to Bethlehem,  
They went along singing *reises* (carols),  
To Jesus of Nazareth.

They went from village to village  
And from place to place  
Searching for Jesus Christ,  
But they could not find him.

They found him in Rome  
Adorned at the altar,  
He wanted to say a new Mass,  
He wished to sing a new Mass.

And that white dove  
Who rests upon the altar,  
That is Our Lady  
Who wishes to help us.

Saint Joseph cast the nets  
On the shore of San Bernardo,  
Young girl, take this kerchief  
May they give us alms in it.

We have already tired of singing,  
There is still night left to walk,  
We need sustenance for our strength,  
We need to wet our whistles (but not with water)

This one is the farewell  
Today I will not sing here anymore  
The people of this house  
Will hear me again in a year's time.

Birjina gaztetto bat zegoen (Gabriel's Message)

Birjina gaztetto bat zegoen  
Kreazale Jaonaren othoitzen,  
Nuiz et'aingürü bat lehiatü  
Beitzen zelütik jaitxi  
Mintzatzera haren.

Aingüria sartzen, diolarik:  
«Agur, graziaz zira betherik,  
Jaona da zurekin, benedikatü  
Zira eta haitatü  
Emazten gañetik».

Maria ordian dülüratü,  
Eta bere beithan gogaratu  
Zeren zian uste gabe ebtzüten  
Hura agur erraiten.  
Hanbat zen lotsatü.

There was a young virgin  
Praying to the Creator,  
An angel descended,  
Entered into her chambers  
And spoke to her.

The angel entered, saying:  
Hail, you who are full of grace,  
God is with you, blessed are you  
Esteemed and chosen  
Among women. '

Maria heard this and winced,  
And because she was unbelieving  
Decided to send him off on his way—  
She said goodbye to him;  
She was so embarrassed.

The angel Gabriel from heaven came,  
His wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame,  
All hail, said he, thou lowly maiden Mary!  
Most highly favoured Lady, Gloria!

For known a blessed mother thou shalt be,  
All generations laud and honour thee,  
Thy son shall be Emmanuel by seers foretold,  
Most highly favoured Lady, Gloria!

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head,  
“To me be as it pleaseth God,” she said,  
“my soul shall laud and magnify his holy Name.”  
Most highly favoured Lady, Gloria!

Of her, Emmanuel, the Christ, was born  
in Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn,  
and Christian folk throughout the world will ever say,  
Most highly favoured Lady, Gloria!

(Many thanks to Itsaso Elizagoien for facilitating the Basque pronunciation & translation.)

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The programme *Penumbra: The Edge of Winter* is part of **Borderlines**, which is a music project series conceived by tenor Wolodymyr (“Vlad”) Smishkewych, where he is joined in collaboration by some of Ireland & Europe’s finest instrumentalists and singers. It is an extended venture, one that enters into a deep and very personal performer’s dialogue with song traditions across Europe and its peripheries. The title evokes a culturally varied, intriguing—occasionally dangerous—and chameleonic area between regions and peoples as well as between time and space, and implies a rich combination of languages, sound-worlds, and temperaments. The Borderlines project brings to musical life those leitmotifs that have penetrated the poetry, art, and music of the last fifteen centuries, through a series of performance and recording projects exploring themes across (or in spite of) borders.

**A collaboration between Galway Early Music and H.I.P.S.T.E.R.  
(Historically Informed Performance Series, Teaching, Education and Research)**

