



# SAINT MARK'S CHURCH

PHILADELPHIA

presents

## Red Velvet Christmas

Decadent Mid-Century Carols for Choir



with the  
**Saint Mark's Singers**

December 19, 2021 at 4 p.m.

# Red Velvet Christmas: Decadent Mid-Century Carols for Choir

with the  
Saint Mark's Singers

Bryan Dunnewald, conductor  
Robert McCormick, organist

## PROGRAM

In the bleak mid-winter (*Cranham*)

Gustav Holst (1874-1934)

In the bleak mid-winter, frosty wind made moan,  
earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;  
snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,  
in the bleak mid-winter, long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold him, nor earth sustain;  
heaven and earth shall flee away, when he comes to reign:  
in the bleak mid-winter a stable sufficed  
the Lord God incarnate, Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,  
cherubim and seraphim thronged in the air;  
but his mother only, in her maiden bliss,  
worshipped the beloved with a kiss.

What can I give him, poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;  
if I were a wise man, I would do my part;  
yet what I can I give him—give my heart.

(Christina Rossetti, 1830-1894)

The snow lay on the ground (*Venite adoremus*)

arr. Leo Sowerby (1895-1968)

The snow lay on the ground, the stars shone bright,  
when Christ the Lord was born on Christmas night.  
Venite, adoremus Dominum;  
venite, adoremus Dominum.

*Venite, adoremus Dominum;*  
*venite, adoremus Dominum.*

'Twas Mary, virgin pure, of holy Anne,  
that brought into this world the Word made flesh.  
She laid him in a stall at Bethlehem;  
the ass and oxen shared the roof with them.

*Venite, adoremus...*

Saint Joseph, too, was by to tend the Child,  
to guard him, and protect his mother mild.  
The angels hovered round, and sang this song:  
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

*Venite, adoremus...*

And thus that manger poor became a throne,  
for he whom Mary bore was God the Son.  
O come, then, let us join the heavenly host,  
to praise the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*Venite, adoremus...*

(Anonymous 19<sup>th</sup> century)

Three Carols by Alfred Burt

Alfred Burt (1920-1954)  
arr. Eddie Rubeiz (b. 1975)

We'll dress the house with holly bright and sprigs of mistletoe.  
We'll trim the Christmas tree tonight and set the lights aglow.  
We'll wrap our gifts with ribbons gay and give them out on Christmas day.  
By everything we do and say, our gladness we will show.

We'll dress the table daintily, our finest treasures use,  
that all a-sparkle it may be and bright with lovely hues.  
Then for the feasting we'll prepare a kitchen full of wondrous fare,  
that each from all the dishes rare, his favorite one may choose.

And ye who would the Christ child greet, your heart also adorn,  
that it may be a dwelling meet for him who now is born.  
Let all unlovely things give place to souls bedecked with heavenly grace,  
that ye may view his holy face with joy on Christmas morn.

Bright, bright the holly berries in the wreath upon the door.  
Bright, bright the happy faces with the thoughts of joys in store.  
White, white the snowy meadow wrapped in slumber deep and sweet.  
White, white the mistletoe 'neath which two lovers meet.  
*This is Christmas, this is Christmas, this is Christmas-time.*

Gay, gay, the children's voices filled with laughter, filled with glee.  
Gay, gay the tinsel things upon the dark and spicy tree.  
Day, day, when all mankind may hear the angel's song again.  
Day, day when Christ was born to bless the sons of men.  
*This is Christmas, this is Christmas, this is Christmas-time.*

Sing, sing, ye heavenly host to tell the blessed Savior's birth.  
Sing, sing in holy joy, ye dwellers all upon the earth.  
King, King yet tiny Babe come down to us from God above.  
King, King of every heart which opens wide to love.  
*This is Christmas, this is Christmas, this is Christmas-time.*

Caroling, caroling, now we go, Christmas bells are ringing.  
Caroling, caroling, through the snow, Christmas bells are ringing.  
Joyous voices sweet and clear, sing the sad of heart to cheer.  
*Ding, dong, ding, dong! Christmas bells are ringing.*

Caroling, caroling, through the town; Christmas bells are ringing.  
Caroling, caroling, up and down, Christmas bells are ringing.  
Mark ye well the song we sing. Gladsome tidings now we bring.  
*Ding, dong, ding, dong! Christmas bells are ringing.*

Caroling, caroling, near and far; Christmas bells are ringing.  
Following, following yonder star, Christmas bells are ringing.  
Sing we all this happy morn: "Lo, the King of heaven is born!"  
*Ding, dong, ding, dong! Christmas bells are ringing.*

(Wihla Hutson, 1901-2002)

O hearken ye

Alfred Burt

O hearken ye who would believe, the gracious tidings now receive:  
*Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo.*  
The mighty Lord of heaven and earth today is come to human birth.  
*Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo.*

O hearken ye who long for peace, your troubled searching now may cease.  
*Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo.*  
For at his cradle you shall find God's healing grace for all mankind.  
*Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo.*

O hearken ye who long for love and turn your hearts to God above.  
*Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo.*  
The angel's song the wonder tells: now love incarnate with us dwells!  
*Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo.*

(Wihla Hutson)

Good King Wenceslas

arr. Leo Sowerby

Good King Wenceslas looked out, on the feast of Stephen;  
when the snow lay round about, deep, and crisp, and even:  
brightly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cruel,  
when a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel.

"Hither page and stand by me, if thou knowest it, telling,  
yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?"  
"Sire, he lives a good league hence. Underneath the mountain;  
right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, bring me pine-logs hither:  
thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither."  
Page and monarch forth they went, forth they went together;  
through the rude wind's wild lament, and the bitter weather.

“Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger;  
fails my heart, I know now how, I can go no longer.”  
“Mark my footsteps, my good page; tread thou in them boldly;  
thou shalt find the winter’s rage freeze thy blood less coldly.”

In his master’s steps he trod, where the snow lay dinted;  
heat was in the very sod which the Saint had printed.  
Therefore, Christian men, be sure, wealth or rank possessing,  
ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing.

(John Mason Neale, 1818-1866)

Love came down at Christmas

Leo Sowerby

Love came down at Christmas,  
love all lovely, love divine;  
love was born at Christmas,  
star and angels gave the sign.

Worship we the Godhead,  
love incarnate, love divine;  
worship we our Jesus:  
but wherewith for sacred sign?

Love shall be our token,  
love be yours and love be mine;  
love to God and all men,  
love for plea, and gift and sign.

(Christina Rossetti)

Gesù Bambino

Pietro Yon (1886-1943)

When blossoms flowered ‘mid the snows upon a winter night,  
was born the Child, the Christmas Rose, the King of love and light.  
The angels sang, the shepherds sang, the grateful earth rejoiced;  
and at his blessed birth the stars their exultation voiced.

*O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.*

Again the heart with rapture glows to greet the holy night,  
that gave the world its Christmas Rose, its King of Love and Light.  
Let every voice acclaim his name, the grateful chorus swell.  
From paradise to earth he came that we with him might dwell.

*O come let us adore him, O come let us adore him, O come let us adore him, Christ the Lord.*

(Frederick H. Martens, 1874-1932)

Two Carols by Alfred Burt

Alfred Burt  
arr. Eddie Rubeiz

Long years ago on a deep winter night, high in the heavens a star shone bright,  
while in a manger a wee baby lay, sweetly asleep on a bed of hay.

Jesus the Lord was that baby so small, laid down to sleep in a humble stall;  
then came the star and it stood overhead, shedding its light ‘round his little bed.

Dear baby Jesus, how tiny thou art, I'll make a place for thee in my heart,  
and when the stars in the heavens I see, ever and always I think of thee.

(Wihla Hutson)

Ah, bleak and chill the wintry wind, but colder far be he  
who hath no warmth of love to share with Christ the babe that Mary bare  
*on his nativity, on his nativity.*

Dark, dark the night when Christ was born, but deeper shadows be  
within the heart that has no joy with Mary and her heavenly boy,  
*on his nativity, on his nativity.*

Peace be to them, and right good cheer who carol merrily,  
and hie them forth when church bells ring to kneel before their newborn King,  
*on his nativity, on his nativity.*

(Bates G. Burt, 1878-1948)

Still, still, still

arr. Norman Luboff (1917-1987)

Still, still, still, one can hear the falling snow.  
For all is hushed, the world is sleeping, holy star its vigil keeping.  
Still, still, still, one can hear the falling snow.

Sleep, sleep, sleep, 'tis the eve of our Savior's birth.  
The night is peaceful all around you, close your eyes, let sleep surround you.  
Sleep, sleep, sleep, 'tis the eve of our Savior's birth.

Dream, dream, dream, of the joyous day to come.  
While guardian angels without number, watch you as you sweetly slumber.  
Dream, dream, dream, of the joyous day to come.

(Alan Bergman, b. 1925, and Marilyn Keith Bergman, b. 1929)

'Twas the night before Christmas

Ken Darby (1909-1992)

arr. Harry Simeone (1910-2005)

'Twas the night before Christmas and all thru the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, in hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.  
The children were nestled all snug in their wee little beds, while visions of sugar plums danced in their  
wee little heads.

Mama in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap, had just settled down for a long winter's nap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash, tore open the shutter, threw open the sash.  
Then, what to my wondering eyes should appear, but a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer.  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick, that I knew right away that it must be Saint Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, and he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:  
"now Dasher, now Dancer, now Prancer, now Vixen, on Comet, on Cupid, on Donner and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall! Dash away, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"  
So up to the housetops the coursers the flew, with a sleigh full of toys, and Saint Nicholas, too.

And, then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof all the clattering noise of each galloping hoof.  
All bundled in fur, from his head to his foot; his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.  
I drew in my head and was turning around, when down the chimney he came with a bound!  
A bag full of toys he had flung on his back, and he looked like a little old peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes how the twinkled so gay! His dimples how merry were they!  
His cheeks were like roses, when kissed by the sun! His nose, like a cherry, all wrinkled with fun!  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow! The beard on his chin was as white as the snow!

The stump of his little old pipe! He held tight in his teeth, and the smoke went around his head like a wreath.

Oh! He was so jolly and plump, a right jolly old elf. And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.  
He had a broad face and a little round belly that shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.  
He gave me a wink of his eye and a twist of his head. A chuckle and a smile I knew all the while I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work. He filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk.  
And laying a finger aside of his nose, and giving a nod up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle and away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim 'ere he drove out of sight, "merry Christmas to all, and to all good night."

'Tis the night after Christmas and all thru the house, not a creature is stirring, not even a mouse.  
The presents are scattered and broken I fear and Saint Nicholas won't come again for a year.  
The children are nestled all snug in their wee little beds, while memories of sugar plums dance in their wee little heads.

Mama in her 'kerchief, Papa in his cap, are settled at last for a long winter's nap.

(Clement Clarke Moore, 1779-1963, adapted by Ken Darby)

*Please join us in the church garden for a reception with festive dessert and drinks.*

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### THE SAINT MARK'S SINGERS

Bryan Dunnewald, Conductor

#### SOPRANO

Lucy Ann Dure  
Rachel McCarty  
Amelia Schmertz\*  
Renée Wolcott\*  
Camila Franco\*  
Laurel Garver  
Sharon Gray  
Nancy Hazle  
Ming Jing

#### TENOR

Eddie Rubeiz\*  
Aaron Smith  
James Testa  
Phil Cary  
Davis Dure  
Jeffrey Harlan\*

#### ALTO

Emily Ashton  
Lisa Britton\*  
Leslie Delauter\*  
Libby Gephart  
Nancy Gephart  
Miriam Fox  
Maighdlin Lagonegro-Coar  
Messapotamia Lefae  
Aliza Mansolino  
Mary Ann Schmertz

#### BASS

Richard Donnell  
Michael Quann  
Daniel Russell\*  
Michael Dolan  
Hyacinth Iversen

\* denotes soloist

**The Saint Mark's Singers** is an all-volunteer choir that gathers each week to share in the joy of singing. Sunday evening rehearsals leave members feeling inspired and motivated, and offer a supportive, friendly community. If you are looking for a high-caliber musical experience with a manageable time commitment, this is the ensemble for you! Rehearsals and performances are limited to Sunday afternoons only, leaving the rest of the week free for your other activities. Anyone who can carry a tune is welcome to join; visit [www.saintmarksphiladelphia.org/saintmarkssingers](http://www.saintmarksphiladelphia.org/saintmarkssingers) for more information. Join us for friendship and song!

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Conductor and Organist **Bryan Dunnewald** seeks to make classical music more inclusive, fresh, and engaging, with performances marked by compelling programming and warm interaction with the audience. He has performed in numerous prominent venues across the United States, from Carnegie Hall and the Washington National Cathedral to the Mormon Tabernacle and Grace Cathedral, San Francisco.

Mr. Dunnewald serves as the Assistant Organist & Choirmaster at Saint Mark's Church, Philadelphia, home to one of the foremost music programs in the Anglo-Catholic tradition. He is the founding conductor of the Saint Mark's Singers, and previously served as the Julius Rudel Conducting Fellow at the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra. In September 2022, Dunnewald will join Schoenstein & Co. Pipe Organ Builders as Assistant to Tonal Director Jack Bethards, where his work will focus on voicing, tonal design, and client relations.

Named one of *The Diapason's* "20 under 30" most talented young artists in 2019, Mr. Dunnewald also received first prize and the hymn playing award at the 2013 Albert Schweitzer Organ Festival Competition. An active composer, Dunnewald's pieces are published by Cordial Publications and have been performed in a variety of venues across the country.

Mr. Dunnewald studied at the Curtis Institute of Music, the Mannes School of Music, and Interlochen Arts Academy, earning degrees in orchestral conducting, organ, and harpsichord. His teachers and mentors include David Hayes, Alan Morrison, Thomas Bara, Jack Bethards, Robert McCormick, Jonathan Coopersmith, Steve Larson, Dr. Joseph Galema, Dr. Martha Sandford-Heyns, and Leon Schelhase. More information can be found at [BryanDunnewald.com](http://BryanDunnewald.com).

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Described by *Choir & Organ* as "indomitable and immensely gifted" and by *The Macon Telegraph* as "an artist of rare sensitivity and passion", **Robert McCormick**, Organist & Choirmaster of Saint Mark's Church, is widely heralded by his colleagues as one of the finest concert and church musicians of this era. Known for his creative and unique abilities in organ improvisation, Mr. McCormick was a semi-finalist in the 2005 St. Albans International Organ Festival Improvisation Competition, the only American to merit that distinction. Concert appearances across the United States include Grace Cathedral in San Francisco, the Summer Organ Festival at the Riverside Church (New York), the Pittsburgh Organ Artists Series, the East Texas Organ Festival, Basically Bach Festival at St. Peter's Lutheran (New York), the Great Organists series at St. John's Cathedral in Albuquerque (New Mexico), the Atlanta Summer Organ Festival, concerto performances of works by Barber, Saint-Saëns, and Jongen, and recitals and workshops for numerous American Guild of Organists chapters. He has been a featured artist and clinician at numerous conventions and conferences of the AGO, the Association of Anglican Musicians, and the Royal School of Church Music in America, playing recitals and services, and presenting workshops on church music and choral training.

His recording from St. Paul's, K Street, *We Sing of God*, was released on the Pro Organo label. *Choir & Organ's* review of the disc describes the choir as "one of the most responsive and adaptable choirs on the Eastern seaboard" and that "[McCormick] also shines at the organ."

Previously, Mr. McCormick served for eight years as Director of Music at St. Paul's Parish, K Street, Washington, D.C. and seven years as Organist and Music Director at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York. He holds the Bachelor of Music degree in organ performance from Westminster Choir College. During his time at Westminster he was also Assistant Organist at Trinity Church, Princeton. His teachers include McNeil Robinson and Robert Carwithen.