

## Texts and Translations

### Hodie Christus Natus Est – Gregorian Chant

Hodie Christus natus est	Today Christ is born;
Hodie Salvator apparuit;	Today the savior has appeared;
Hodie in terra canunt Angeli,	Today the angels sing on Earth,
Laetantur Archangeli;	The archangels rejoice;
Hodie exsultant justi, dicentes;	Today good people exult, saying;
Gloria in excelsis Deo, alleluja.	Glory to God in the highest, alleluia.

### Ecce Virgo Concipiet – Cristóbal de Morales

*Isaiah 7:14; Isaiah 9:6-7*

Ecce virgo concipiet,	Behold, a virgin shall conceive,
et pariet filium,	and bear a son,
Et vocabitur nomen eius;	And His name shall be;
Admirabilis Deus fortis.	Wonderful, Mighty God.

Super solium David,	Over the throne of David,
Et super regnum eius,	And over His kingdom,
Sedebit in aeternum.	He will reign for eternity.
Et vocabitur nomen eius;	And His name shall be;
Admirabilis, Deus fortis.	Wonderful, Mighty God.

### Rorate Caeli – Michael Praetorius

*Isaiah 45:8; Psalm 19:1*

Rorate, caeli, desuper,	Drop down, ye heavens, from above,
Et nubes pluant justum;	And let the clouds rain justice;
Aperiatur terra,	Let the Earth be opened,
Et germinet Salvatorem.	And let the Savior spring forth.

Caeli enarrant gloriam Dei,	The heavens declare the glory of God,
Et opera manuum ejus	And the work of His hands
annunciat firmamentum.	is proclaimed by the firmament.

Gloria Patri, et Filio,	Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
Et Spiritui Sancto.	And to the Holy Ghost.
Sicut erat in principio,	As it was in the beginning,
Et nunc, et semper,	Is now, and ever shall be,
Et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.	World without end. Amen.

### Excerpt from “Music on Christmas Morning” – Anne Brontë

Music I love—but never strain  
Could kindle raptures so divine,  
So grief assuage, so conquer pain,  
And rouse this pensive heart of mine—

As that we hear on Christmas morn,  
Upon the wintry breezes borne.

Though Darkness still her empire keep,  
And hours must pass, ere morning break;  
From troubled dreams, or slumbers deep,  
That music kindly bids us wake:  
It calls us, with an angel's voice,  
To wake, and worship, and rejoice;

**Gloria** from *Messe de Notre Dame* – Guillaume de Machaut

Gloria in excelsis Deo.	Glory to God in the highest.
Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.	And on Earth, peace to people of goodwill.
Laudamus te. Benedicimus te.	We praise Thee. We bless Thee.
Adoramus te. Glorificamus te.	We adore Thee. We glorify Thee.
Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam.	We give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory.
Domine Deus, Rex caelestis,	Lord God, King of heaven,
Deus Pater omnipotens.	God the Father almighty.
Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe.	Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ.
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.	Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,	Thou who takes away the sins of the world,
miserere nobis.	have mercy on us.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,	Thou who takes away the sins of the world,
Suscipe deprecationem nostram.	Receive our prayers.
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,	Thou who sits at the right hand of the Father,
Miserere nobis.	Have mercy on us.
Quoniam tu solus Sanctus. Tu solus Dominus.	Thou only art holy. Thou only art the Lord.
Tu solus Altissimus, Jesu Christe.	Thou only art the most high, Jesus Christ.
Cum Sancto Spiritu,	With the Holy Spirit,
in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.	in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

**O Magnum Mysterium** – Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c. 1525–1594)

O magnum mysterium	O great mystery
et admirabile sacramentum,	and wondrous sacrament,
Ut animalia viderent Dominum natum	That animals should see the newborn Lord
jacentem in praesepe.	lying in the manger.
Natum vidimus et choros angelorum,	We saw the newborn and the choir of angels,
Collaudantes Dominum, Alleluia.	Praising the Lord, Alleluia.

**Quem Vidistis Pastores** – Palestrina

Quem vidistis, pastores, dicite;	Who have you seen, shepherds, tell us;
Annuntiate nobis, in terris quis apparuit?	Announce to us, who has appeared on Earth?
Natum vidimus et choros angelorum	We saw the newborn and the choir of angels,
Collaudantes Dominum, Alleluia.	Praising the Lord, Alleluia.

**Lirum, Lirum** – Thomas Morley

You that went to my pipes sound,

Daintily to tread your ground,  
Shepherds leave your pasture sweet.

Lirum, lirum, lirum.

Here met together in winter weather,  
Hand in hand uniting, The Holy Child come greet.

Lirum, lirum, lirum,

Lirum, lirum, lirum, lirum.

Lo triumphing brave comes He, All in pomp and Majesty,  
Monarch of the world and King,

Lirum, lirum, lirum.

Let whoso list Him, dare to resist Him,  
We our voice uniting, His praise shall ever sing.

Lirum, lirum, lirum,

Lirum, lirum, lirum, lirum.

**Ríu, Ríu, Chíu** – Mateo Flecha el Viejo

*Ríu, ríu, chíu, la guarda ribera; Ríu, ríu, chíu, the riverside guardian;*  
*Dios guardo el lobo de nuestra cordera. God has kept the wolf from our precious lamb.*

El lobo rabioso la quiso morder, The rabid wolf had tried to bite our Lady's neck,  
mas Dios poderoso la supo defender; but almighty God knew to defend her;  
quisola hazer que no pudiese pecar, God made her that she could have no sin,  
ni aún original esta Virgen no tuviera. even Adam's sin could not touch this virgin.

Muchas profecías lo han profetizado, Many prophecies have foretold it,  
y aún en nuestros días lo hemos alcanzado. and now in our days now we have seen it;  
A Dios humanado vemos en el suelo, We have seen God as human on earth,  
y al hombre nel cielo porque él le quisiera. And man in heaven because He loved us.

Yo vi mil garçones que andavan cantando, I saw a thousand angels who were singing,  
por aquí bolando, haziendo mil sones, flying here and there, making a myriad of sounds,  
diciendo a gascones: "Gloria sea en el cielo saying to the shepherds, "Glory be in heaven  
y paz en el suelo," pues Jesús nasciera. and peace on earth," because Jesus was born.

**Hands and the Hour** – Joanna Marsh

*Poem by Jane Draycott*

Twilight, and no-one's raised a hand  
to close the shutters yet. We have one hour,  
this lamplit hall between arrivals and departures  
between the day and night-time,  
night-time and the day.

Bright illumination all along our street  
the body's heat draws inwards  
like a tent (lit up), like the warm low rays of sun  
between the day and night-time,  
night-time and the day.

Light lingers in the parks and squares  
small papers swirling there like leaves  
not leaves but birds, not birds but hands  
between the day and night-time,  
night-time and the day.

On the cusp of dark the evening star appears  
hope's matchlight flaring, while below we cup  
our hands around the glowing candle-flame of home.  
(between the day and night-time,  
night-time and the day).

So many hands, small wingspans hovering  
above (the low fields of) our fires. Now winter  
is the glinting world, summer the life to come  
between the day and night-time,  
night-time and the day.

**Arrival at the Lantern Festival** – Joanna Marsh

*Poem by Jane Draycott*

And will there also be feasting?  
Yes, in the orchards – night's berries  
glowing and gleaming: resilient embers –  
oranges and apricots grown from the  
seeds, free for the picking.

And will there be music?  
Yes, even our clothes will be singing,  
and the owl and the mistle thrush,  
and the lamplighter's whistling tune  
with your name on, high in the trees.

And will there be stories?  
Yes, evergreen tales of birds  
made of gold and of silver that fly  
in the dark overhead like hope on the wing.

And will there be innocence?  
Yes and pure adoration, and gifts:  
a lantern for everyone to light  
the hard-to-find path marked only  
by faint constellations of fireflies.

And will there be peace?  
Yes for a good while, like day-break  
in woods after snowfall, the lanterns  
still glowing like faithful promises,

our vow to return year after year.

**In Winter's House** – Joanna Marsh

*Poem by Jane Draycott*

In winter's house there's a room  
that's pale and still as mist in a field  
while outside in the street every gate's shut firm,  
every face as cold as steel.

In winter's house there's a bed  
that is spread with frost and feathers, that gleams  
in the half-light like rain in a disused yard  
or a pearl in a choked-up stream.

In winter's house there's a child  
asleep in a dream of light that grows out  
of the dark, a flame you can hold in your hand  
like a flower or a torch on the street.

In winter's house there's a tale  
that's told of a great chandelier in a garden,  
of fire that catches and travels for miles,  
of all gates and windows wide open.

In winter's house there's a flame  
  
being dreamt by a child in the night,  
  
in the small quiet house at the turn in the lane  
  
where the darkness gives way to light.

**Joy to the World** – Lowell Mason, arr. Adam Ward

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing,  
And heaven, and heaven, and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove

The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love,  
And wonders, wonders, of His love.

**This Endris Night** - Sarah Quartel (b. 1982)

This endris night I saw a sight,  
A star as bright as day,  
And ever among, a maiden sung:  
'Lully, by by, lullay.'

This lovely lady sat and sang,  
And to her child did say:  
'My son, my brother, father dear,  
Why liest thou thus in hay?  
My sweetest bird, 'tis thus required,  
Though thou be king veray,  
But nevertheless I will not cease to sing  
"By by, lullay."'

The child then spake whilst she did sing,  
And to his mother did say,  
'Yea, I am known as Heaven-King  
In crib though I be laid.  
For angels bright down on me light;  
Thou knowest 'tis no nay.  
And for that sight thou may delight to sing,  
"By by, lullay."'

'Now sweet son, since it is so,  
That all is at thy will,  
I pray thee grant to me a boon,  
If it be right and skill,  
That child or man, who will or can  
Be merry on my day,  
To bliss them bring, and I shall sing,  
"Lully, by by, lullay."'

**Ave Maria** – Franz Biebl

Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariae et concepit de Spiritu sancto.	The angel of the Lord made his annunciation to Mary and she conceived by the Holy Spirit.
Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum; benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus.	Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you; blessed are you among women, and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus.
Maria dixit: Ecce ancilla Domini; fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum.	Mary said, "Behold the servant of the Lord; let it be unto me according to Your word."

Et verbum caro factum est    And the Word was made flesh  
et habitavit in nobis.    and dwelt among us.

Sancta Maria, Mater Dei,    Holy Mary, Mother of God,  
ora pro nobis peccatoribus.    pray for us sinners.  
Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis    Holy Mary, pray for us  
nunc et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.    now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

**Once in Royal David's City** – Henry Gauntlett, arr. Graveley

Once in Royal David's city  
stood a lowly cattle shed,  
Where a mother laid her baby  
in a manger for His bed:  
Mary was that mother mild,  
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to Earth from Heaven  
who is God and Lord of all,  
And His shelter was a stable,  
and His cradle was a stall;  
With the poor and mean and lowly  
lived on Earth our Savior Holy

And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
Through His own redeeming love,  
For that Child so dear and gentle,  
Is our Lord in heav'n above;  
And He leads His children on  
to the place where He is gone!

Not in that poor lowly stable,  
with the oxen standing by,  
We shall see Him; but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high:  
Where like stars His children crowned  
all in white shall wait around.

**I Wonder as I Wander** – John Jacob Niles, arr. Keeler

I wonder as I wander out under the sky,  
How Jesus the Savior did come for to die.  
For poor ord'n'ry people like you and like I,  
I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

When Mary birthed Jesus 'twas in a cow's stall,  
With wise men and farmers and shepherds and all.  
But high from God's heaven a star's light did fall,

And the promise of the ages it then did recall.

If Jesus had wanted for any mean thing,  
A star in the sky, or a bird on the wing,  
Or all of God's angels in heav'n for to sing,  
He surely could have had it, for He was the King.

**A Christmas Fanfare (Angelus ad Virginem) – Steven Sametz**

The angel came to Mary meek,  
Secretly into her chamber,  
Hailed her there with *Aves* sweet,  
Calming her fear of danger:  
“Hail be thou full of maidenly grace,  
Heaven’s light shall shine upon your face;

For you shall bear the son of all man-kind,  
The king, the savior of the world,  
For you shall bring the light divine,  
The savior of the world!”

Softly to him answered she,  
The gentle maiden then:  
“How can then these tidings be  
for I know nought of men?”  
Gabriel then said to Mary bright:  
“Fear thee not in God is all aright:

For you shall bear the son of all mankind,  
The king, the savior of the world,  
For you shall bring the light divine,  
The savior of the world!”

When the maiden understood  
What these words did presage,  
Bringing peace and love and good  
Through the heavenly message.  
“To thee shall I give my consent;  
To the Lord my mind and will assent;”

“For I shall bear the child, of all mankind,  
The king, the savior of the world,  
To me is granted light divine,  
The savior of the world!”

Maiden, mother, let us sing:  
“Borne for us a savior!”  
Let the world in gladness ring  
out our songs to praise her!

She, the chosen of the Lord above,  
Bears the Prince of Peace through God's own love:

For she shall bear the son of all mankind,  
The king, the savior of the world,  
For she shall bring the light divine,  
The savior of the world.

Sing nowell, for us is borne today  
The savior borne of Mary!

**Good King Wenceslas/Little Girl Blue** – Traditional and Richard Rogers, arr. Jared Graveley

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.

Sit there, and count your fingers,  
What can you do?  
Poor girl, you're through,  
Sit there, count your little fingers,  
Unhappy little girl blue.

Sit there, count the raindrops,  
Falling on you.  
It's time you knew,  
All you can ever count on  
are the raindrops,  
That fall on little girl blue.

In his masters steps he trod,  
Where the snow lay dinted,  
Heat was in the very sod  
Which the Saint had printed.  
Therefore, Christian friends, be sure,  
Wealth or rank possessing,  
Ye, who now will bless the poor,  
Shall yourselves find blessing.

**Ding Dong Merrily on High** – Traditional, arr. Ward

Ding Dong! merrily on high,  
In heav'n the bells are ringing.  
Ding, dong! verily the sky,

Is riv'n with angel singing  
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis.

E'en so here below, below,  
Let steeple bells be swungen,  
And i-o, i-o, i-o,  
By priest and people be sungen.  
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis.

Pray ye dutifully prime,  
Your matin chime, ye ringers.  
May ye beautifully rime,  
Your evetime song, ye singers  
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis.

**And the Trees Do Moan** – Traditional Appalachian, arr. Tim Keeler

In the valley of Judea,  
Cold and wint'ry blown,  
Christ was born one frosty morning,  
And the trees do moan.

Darkened skies and men a-stumbling;  
High above them shone  
one bright star a-moving eastward,  
Where the trees do moan.

Herod and the ruling Romans  
Stately sat upon the throne;  
Sent the soldiers out a-looking,  
And the trees do moan,  
And the trees do moan.

Mary took her little baby,  
Set out all alone;  
Down in Egypt land they tarried,  
Where the trees do moan.

Jesus then became a carpenter,  
Worked with wood and stone;  
Nails He drove and crossarms fashioned,  
And the trees do moan.

There one day while in the forest black,  
One tree He picked for His own,  
A Christmas tree, an evergreen one,  
And the trees do moan,  
And the trees do moan.

**O Come, All Ye Faithful** – John Francis Wade, arr. Amanda Taylor

O come, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant!  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!  
Come and behold Him,  
Born the King of angels.

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

Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above!  
Come and behold Him,  
Born the King of angels.

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

**Medley of Christmas Spirituals** – Traditional, arr. Joseph H. Jennings

*“Rise up, shepherd, and follow”*

There's a star in the East on Christmas morn.  
Rise up, shepherd, and follow.  
It'll lead to the place where Christ was born.  
Rise up, shepherd, and follow.  
Leave your sheep and leave your lambs.  
Rise up, shepherd, and follow.  
Leave your ewes and leave your rams.  
Rise up, shepherd, and follow.

*“Behold that star”*

There was no room found in the inn.  
It is the star of Bethlehem.  
For Him who was born free from sin.  
It is the star of Bethlehem.  
Behold that star,  
Behold that star up yonder,  
Behold that star,  
It is the star of Bethlehem.

*“Sweet little Jesus boy”*

Sweet little Jesus, boy,  
They made you be born in a manger.

Sweet little holy child,  
Didn't know who you was.

*"Bloozy"*

It was poor little Jesus,  
Born on a Christmas,  
Laid in a manger.  
I ask you, wasn't that a pity and a shame?  
Lord, wasn't that a pity and a shame?  
Yes, wasn't that a pity and a shame?

*"What month was Jesus born in?"*

What month was Jesus born in?  
Last month of the year!  
Now was is January? No! No!  
February? No! No!  
March, April, May? No! No! No!  
June, July, August, September, October, November,  
But the twenty-fifth day of December,  
Well, the last month of the year.

*"Children, go where I send thee"*

Children go where I send thee,  
How shall I send thee?  
One for the little bitty baby,  
Born of the Virgin Mary,  
Wrapped in swaddlin' clothin',  
Layin' in a manger.  
Well, He was born in Bethlehem.

*"Go, tell it on the mountain"*

Go, go children, go!

Go, tell it on the mountain,  
Over the hills, and ev'rywhere.  
Go, tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is born.