

Texts and translations

Ave maris stella – Guillaume Du Fay, John Dunstaple, Alexander Agricola, Tomás Luis de Victoria

Ave maris stella, Dei Mater alma,
Atque semper Virgo, Felix caeli porta.

Hail, star of the sea, loving Mother of God
and also always a virgin, Happy gate of heaven.

Sumens illud Ave, Gabrielis ore,
Funda nos in pace, Mutans evae nomen.

Receiving that Ave from Gabriel's mouth
confirm us in peace, Reversing Eva's name

Solve vincla reis, Profer lumen caecis,
Mala nostra pelle, Bona cuncta posce.

Break the chains of sinners, Bring light to the blind,
Drive away our evils, Ask for all good.

Monstra te esse matrem
Sumat per te preces,
Qui pro nobis natus, Tulit esse tuus.

Show yourself to be a mother
May he accept prayer through you
he who, born for us, Chose to be yours.

Virgo singularis, Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos, Mites fac et castos.

O unique virgin, Meek above all,
Make us, absolved from sin, Gentle and chaste.

Vitam praesta puram, Iter para tutum:
Ut videntes Iesum, Semper collaetemur.

Keep life pure, Make the journey safe,
So that, seeing Jesus, We may always rejoice together.

Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritus Sancto, Tribus honor unus. Amen.

Let there be praise to God the Father,
Glory to Christ in the highest,
To the Holy Spirit, One honor to all three. Amen.

Ave Maria, mater Dei – William Cornysh

Ave Maria, mater Dei,
Regina caeli, Domina mundi,
Imperatrix inferni,
Miserere mei et totius populi Christiani,
Et ne permittas nos mortaliter peccare
Sed tuam sanctissimam voluntatem adimplere. Amen.

Hail Mary, mother of God,
queen, mistress of the World,
conqueror of hell,
have mercy on me and all Christian people,
and let us not sin mortally,
but fulfill your most holy will. Amen.

This endris night – Sarah Quartel

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.'

Now make we joy – English, 15th c.

Now makē we joy in this fest
In quo christus natus est [In which Christ was born]
A patre uni genitus [begotten of one father]
Through a maiden is come till us
Sing we to him and say: 'Welcome!'
Veni Redemptor gencium. [Come, Redeemer of the nations]

Make we joy now in this fest – William Walton

Make we joy now in this fest
In quo christus natus est. [In which Christ was born.]
Eya
A patre Unigenitus [Begotten of one father]
Is through a maiden come to us.
Sing we of him and say
'Welcome!' *Veni Redemptor gencium* [Come, Redeemer of the nations]
Agnoscat omne seculum [Let every age perceive]

A bright star made three kings to come
Him for to seek with their presentes
Verbum Supernum pordiens [The high Word coming forth]

A solis ortus cardine [From the rising of the sun]
So mighty a lord is none as he,
And to our kind he hath him knit
Adam Parens Quod Polluit [which our father Adam defiled]

Maria ventre concepit [Mary conceived in her womb]
The Holy Ghost was aye her with.
Of her in Bethlehem born he is,
Consors Paterni Luminis [Sharing in the light of his Father]

O Lux beata Trinitas [O blessed light of the Trinity]
He lay between an ox and ass,
Beside his mother-maiden free:
Gloria tibi Domine! [Glory to Thee, O Lord]

There is no rose of swych vertu – English, 15th c.

There is no rose of such virtue
as is the rose that bare Jesu.
Alleluia

For in this rose containēd was
Heaven and earth in little space
Res miranda [A miraculous thing]

By that rose we may well see
That he is God in persons three,
Pari Forma [All of the same form]

The angels sungen the shepherds to:
Gloria in excelsis Deo, [Glory to God in the highest]
Gaudeamus [Let us rejoice]

Leave we all this worldly mirth,
And follow we this joyful birth;
Transeamus [Let us go]

There is no rose from *A Ceremony of Carols* – Benjamin Britten

There is no rose of such vertu
As is the rose that bare Jesu.
Alleluia

For in this rose containèd was
Heaven and earth in litel space,
Res Miranda. [A miraculous thing]

By that rose we may well see
That be one God in person three,
Pares forma. [All of the same form]

The aungels sungen the shepherds to:
Gloria in excelsis Deo! [Glory to God in the highest]
Gaudeamus [Let us rejoice]

Leave all this werdly mirth,
and follow we this joyful birth.
Transeamus [Let us go]

Balulalow from *A Ceremony of Carols* – Benjamin Britten

O my deare heart, young Jesu sweit,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee to my hert,
And never mair from thee depart.

But I sall praise thee evermoir
With sanges sweit unto they gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt Balulalow!

The Oxen – Jonathan Rathbone

Christmas eve, and twelve of the clock.
“Now they are all on their knees”
An elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave
In these years! Yet, I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve,
“Come; see the oxen kneel,

“In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,”

I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

Poem by Thomas Hardy

Suo Gân – Traditional Welsh, arr. Lance Wilcox

Huna blentyn ar fy mywes,	Sleep, child, at my bosom,
Clyd a chynnes ydyw hon;	Where you are snug and warm;
Breichiau mam sy'n dynn amdanat,	Mother's arms are fast about you
Cariad mam sy dan fy mron	Mother's love is in my heart.
Ni cha dim amhar u'th gyntun	Nothing shall disturb your sleeping,
Ni wna undyn â thi gam;	No one will do you harm
Huna'n dawl, annwyl blenytn,	Sleep softly, dear child,
Huna'n fwyn ar fron dy fam.	Sleep gently on your mother's breast.
Paid ag ofni, dim ond deilen	Don't be frightened, it's only a leaf
Gura, gura ar y ddôr	That's knocking, knocking at the door;
Paid ag ofni, ton fach unig	Don't be frightened, it's only a lonely little wave
Sua, sua ar lan y môr	That's lulling, lulling at the seashore.
Huna blentyn, nid oes yma	Sleep child, here there's nothing
Ddim i roddi iti fraw;	to be afraid of;
Gwena'n dawl yn fy mynwes	Smile softly in my embrace,
Ar yr engyl gwynion draw.	At the blessed angels far away.

Nowell sing we – English, 15th c.

*Nowell sing we both all and some;
now Rex pacificus [the King of peace] is ycome*

Exortum est [It occurred] in love and liss;
now Christ his grace he gan us giss, and with his
body us bought to bliss,
Both all and some

De fructu ventris [Of the fruit of the womb] of Mary bright;
Both God and man in her alight;
Out of disease he did us dight,
Both all and some.

Puer natus [A baby boy] to us was sent,
To bliss us bought, fro bale us blent,
And else to woe we had y-went
Both all and some.

Lux fulgebit [The Light shall shine] with love and light,
In mary mild his pennon pight,

In her took kind with manly might,
Both all and some.

Gloria tibi [Glory to Thee] ay and bliss:
God unto his grace he us wiss,
The rent of heaven that we not miss,
Both all and some.

Noel Canon – Steven Sametz

Noel! Sing we Noel,
Sing we both all and some Noel!
Out of your sleep awake,
for God, mankind, now hath He take
all of a maiden without any make.
Noel! Sing we Noel!

A Christmas Fanfare (*Angelus ad Virginem*) – Anonymous, 13th c., arr. 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 song 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!

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.*

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

Wassail Song – Traditional English, arr. Gladys Pitcher

We've been a while a wandering
Among the fields so green,
And now we come a wassailing,
So plainly to be seen:
*For tis' Christmas time, and we travel far and near:
May God bless you and send you a Happy New Year.*

We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door;
We are your neighbors' children
Whom you have seen before:

God bless the master of this house,
The mistress also;
And all the little children
That 'round the table go:

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day – Traditional English, arr. Dale Grotenhuis

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day;
I would my true love did so chance
To see the legend of my play,
To call my true love to my dance;
Sing, oh! My love, oh! My love, my love, my love,

This have I done for my true love.

Then was I born of a virgin pure,
Of her I took fleshly substance
Thus was I knit to man's nature
To call my true love to my dance.

In a manger laid, and wrapped I was
So very poor, this was my chance
Betwixt an ox and a simple poor ass
To call my true love to my dance.

Good King Wenceslas – Traditional English, 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, count your fingers
What can you do?
Little 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 men, be sure
Wealth or rank possessing
Ye, who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing.

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.

I Am Snow – Majel Connery arr. Majel Connery and Doug Balliett

I start life as a vapor.
My heart is made of sand.
My pattern is impossible.
I'm a diagram, one hundred hands.
I live among the dancers.
We fall but we don't die.
Together we're destructive,
Intensifying white.
Total noise, and total silence.
We drown the light, we drown the life!
A crystal. A diamond in the sky.
I am a wonder. I am the music of a silent world.

Text by Majel Connery

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.

Silent night – Franz Xaver Gruber arr. Graveley

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
'round yon virgin mother and child!
Holy infant, so tender and mild,
sleep in heavenly peace,
sleep in heavenly peace.
Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight.
Glories stream from heaven afar,
heav'nly hosts sing, "Alleluia!
Christ the Savior is born!
Christ the Savior is born!"
Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
radiant beams from Thy holy face
with the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth!
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth!

(Everywhere I go) Somebody talkin' 'bout Jesus – Traditional Spiritual, arr. Joseph H. Jennings

Everywhere I go, everywhere I go, my Lord
Everywhere I go, somebody talkin' 'bout Jesus.

They turned away Mary and Joseph from the inn.
Born in a stable in Bethlehem.

Born, born of the Virgin Mary,
Born, born on a Christmas morning,

Hark the herald angels sing.
Glory to the newborn King.

Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin' – Traditional Spiritual, arr. Jennings

Mary, Mary, what's the matter?
Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'
I said, my poor Mary, what's the matter?
Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'

Oh Joseph, Joseph, what is the matter?
Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'
Well now Joseph, Joseph, what's the matter?
Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'

Night is chilly, what's the matter?
Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'
The night is chilly, what is the matter?
Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'

I hear the oxen bawlin', I hear the lambs a-squallin'
I'm singin' Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'
I hear the cattle lowin', and the rooster crowin'
Singin' Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'

Mary, Mary, what's the matter?
Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'

I'm singin' oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'
Oh well now little baby Jesus born in a stable,
Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'

I'm singin' oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'
Oh well now little baby Jesus lyin' in a manger,
Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'

Mary baby born today, wrapped in swadlin' clothes,
Laid him in a manger, Lord that's how the story goes.

Shepherds bidin' in the fields, watchin' o'er their sheep,
Angels singing loud and clear woke them from their sleep.

I'm singin' oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'
Oh well now, little baby Jesus born in a stable,
Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'

Wise men saw the shinin' star, shinin' in the east,
Came on camels from afar bringin' gifts to the prince of peace.

I'm singin' oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'
Oh well now little baby Jesus born in a stable,
Little baby Jesus lyin' in a manger,
Little baby Jesus born to be our savior
Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'

See the stars a-glowin', their luster showin'
Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'
I see the moon in crescent, phosphorescent,
Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'

Mary, Mary what is the matter?
Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'
Mary, Mary what is the matter?
Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'

I see the
doves a-cooin'
cows a-moooin'
asses braying'
horses neighin'
goats a-bleatin'
birds a-tweetin'
geese a-squawkin'
parrots talkin'
mice a-prancin'
Lupie dancin'
heav'nly choir
singin' higher

Mary, Mary,
Joseph, Joseph,
Little baby Jesus,
What is the matter?
Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'!