Texts and Translations

A Solis Ortus Cardine – Plainsong

A solis ortus cardine	From the rising of the sun
Ad usque terrae limitem	to the ends of the earth,
Christum canamus Principem,	let us sing of Christ the Prince,
Natum Maria Virgine.	born of the Virgin Mary.
Beatus auctor saeculi	The blessed creator of the world
Servile corpus induit,	put on a servant's body,
Ut carne carnem liberans	so that, liberating the flesh through taking flesh,
Non perderet quod condidit.	he would not lose what he had made.
Foeno iacere pertulit,	He consented to lie in the hay;
Praesepe non abhorruit,	he did not shrink from the manger;
Parvoque lacte pastus est	and with little milk he was fed,
Per quem nec ales esurit.	who does not allow even the birds to hunger.
Gaudet chorus caelestium	The heavenly chorus rejoices,
Et Angeli canunt Deum,	and the angels sing God's praise,
Palamque fit pastoribus	and to the shepherds is now made known
Pastor, Creator omnium.	the Shepherd who is the creator of all.
Iesu, tibi sit gloria,	Jesus, to you be glory,
Qui natus es de Virgine,	who are born of a virgin,
Cum Patre et almo Spiritu,	with the Father and the loving Spirit,
In sempiterna saecula. Amen.	for eternal ages. Amen.

Translation by Matthew Swithinbank

Spaséniye Sodélal – Pavel Chesnokov

Spaséniye sodélal yesí posredé zemlí, Bózhe.	Salvation is created in the midst of the earth, O God.
Allilúiya, allilúiya, allilúiya.	Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Gaudete in Domino – Giaches de Wert

Gaudete in Domino semper:	Rejoice in the Lord alway,
iterum dico gaudete.	and again I say, rejoice.

Reading: 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;

Ave Regina Caelorum – Pierre de la Rue

Ave Regina coelorum,	Hail, Queen of Heaven.
Ave Domina Angelorum:	Hail, Lady of Angels
Salve, radix sancta,	Hail, holy root
Ex qua mundo lux est orta:	From whom unto the world a light has arisen:
Gaude Virgo gloriosa,	Rejoice, glorious Virgin,
Super omnes speciosa,	Lovely beyond all others,
Vale, o valde decora,	Farewell, most beautiful maiden,
Et pro nobis Christum exora.	And pray for us to Christ.

Psallite Unigenito – Michael Praetorius

Psallite, unigenito,	Sing your psalms to Christ,
Christo Dei Filio,	the only begotten Son of God,
Redemptori Domino,	sing your psalms to the Redeemer,
puerulo jacenti in praesepio.	the little boy lying in a manger.
Ein kleines Kindelein liegt in dem Krippelein;	A small Child lies in the manger.
Alle liebe Engelein dienen dem Kindelein,	All the blessed angels serve Him
und singen ihm fein.	and sing to Him.

Es ist ein Ros entsprungen – Praetorius, Jonathan Woody, Hugo Distler

Es ist ein Ros entsprungen	Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming
aus einer Wurzel zart,	from tender stem hath sprung!
wie uns die Alten sungen, von Jesse kam die Art	Of Jesse's lineage coming, as men of old have sung.
und hat ein Blümlein bracht mitten im kalten Winter,	It came, a floweret bright, amid the cold of winter,
wohl zu der halben Nacht.	when half spent was the night.
Das Röslein, das ich meine, davon Jesaia sagt,	Isaiah 'twas foretold it, the Rose I have in mind;
ist Maria die reine, die uns das Blümlein bracht'.	With Mary we behold it, the virgin mother kind.
Aus Gottes ew'gem Rat,	To show God's love aright,
hat sie ein Kind geboren	She bore to men a Savior,
wohl zu der halben Nacht.	when half spent was the night.
Das Blümelein so kleine,	O Flower, whose fragrance tender
das duftet uns so süß,	with sweetness fills the air,
mit seinem hellen Scheine	Dispel with glorious splendour
vertreibt's die Finsternis:	the darkness everywhere;
Wahr' Mensch und wahrer Gott,	True man, yet very God,
hilft uns aus allem Leide,	From Sin and death now save us,
rettet von Sünd und Tod.	and share our every load.

In Dulci Jubilo – Praetorius

In dulci jubilo,	*[In quiet joy]*
Nun singet und seid froh!	Let us our homage show
Unsers Herzens Wonne liegt	Our heart's joy reclineth
in praesepio,	*[in a manger]*
Und leuchtet als die Sonne	And like a bright star shineth
Matris in gremio,	*[in the mother's lap]*
Alpha es et O!	*[Thou art Alpha and Omega]*

O Jesu parvule	*[O tiny Jesus]*
Nach dir ist mir so weh!	I yearn for thee alway
Tröst' mir mein Gemüte	Comfort my heart's blindness,
O puer optime	*[O best of boys]*
Durch alle deine Güte	With all Thy loving kindness,
O princeps gloriae.	*[O Prince of glory]*
Trahe me post te!	*[draw me unto thee]*

The Three Kings – Healy Willan, arr. Joseph Running

"Who knocks tonight so late?" the weary porter said.
Three kings stood at the gate, each with a crown on head.
The serving man bowed down, the Inn was full, he knew.
Said he, "In all this town is no fit place for you."

A light in the manger lit; there lay the Mother meek.
This place is fit. Here is the rest we seek. Come, come.
They loosed their latchet strings, so stood they all unshod
"Come in, come in, ye kings, and kiss the feet of God."

We Three Kings – John Henry Hopkins, Jr.

We three kings of Orient are;
bearing gifts we traverse afar,
field and fountain, moor and mountain,
following yonder star.

O star of wonder, star of light,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.

Glorious now behold him arise;
King and God and sacrifice:
Alleluia, Alleluia,
sounds through the earth and skies.

O star of wonder, star of light,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.

La Ciantia di Trëi Rëisc – Traditional Ladin, arr. Samuel Runggaldier

Halleluia!	Alleluia!
L'ie nuët a Bethlemme,	It is nighttime in Bethlehem,
l' rua i trëi rëisc;	the three Kings are coming;
i va do la stëila nfin chi la vëisc.	they follow the star as long as they see it.
Dalonc dal Oriente caprò,	From the distant Orient,
dal rë dl ciel iesi tlo.	To the King of the Sky, they are here.
Dan crinia se jenodli y adora Gejú,	They kneel before the crib and worship Jesus,

Ti porta si cuer y vel doni deplù. Cun duta legrëza y amor, chësc pil ië nosc redentor!	Bringing their hearts as gifts to equal their presents. They all rejoice with love and happiness; this small Child is our redeemer!
Rë Kasper ti porta sciche an rë propi or y Melchior ti dona ncëns y si amor y Baltasar uel ti scinché la mira ch'l a ulù ti purté.	King Casper brings gold to the tiny King and Melchior brings incense and love; and Baldasar wants to give to the Baby the precious myrrh that he brought.
Y sën bon cristiani ons finà de cianté tlo ncëns y ncë creida per ji a scumenté, ncunfertëve, degun va plu perdú ajach nosc rëdentor ie nascù.	And now my good Christians we finish our song, here is some chalk and incense for you; Rejoice, for nobody will be lost because our Redeemer is born.

Olives and Quinces – Gian Carlo Menotti

Olives and quinces, apples and raisins,
nutmeg and myrtle, medlars and chestnuts,
this is all we shepherds can offer you.

Thank you, thank you, thank you kindly.
Thank, thank you, thank you kindly, too.

Citrons and lemons, musk and pomegranates,
goat-cheese and walnuts, figs and cucumbers,
this is all we shepherds can offer you.

Thank you, thank you, thank you kindly.
Thank you, thank you, thank you kindly, too.

Hazelnuts and camomile, mignonettes and laurel,
honeycombs and cinnamon, thyme, mint, and garlic,
this is all we shepherds can offer you.

Thank you, thank you, thank you kindly.
Thank you, thank you, thank you kindly, too.

Take them, eat them, you are welcome.
Take them, eat them, you are welcome, too!

The Banquet Fugue – John Rutter

Guzzle, guzzle, guzzle, munch, munch,
gobble, gobble, chomp,
Pass the salt and the pepper
and the mustard and vinegar and the bread.

There's a fly in my soup!
(Slurp, slurp, slurp, slurp,)
There's a fly in my soup!
(Slurp, slurp, slurp, slurp,)
Well, it won't drink much, Sir!
Fetch the doctor, I'm feeling rather strange.

Guzzle, guzzle, guzzle, munch, munch,
gobble, gobble, chomp!

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.’

Joy to the World – Lowell Mason, arr. Adam Brett 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 Savior 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.

Noel: Verbum Caro Factum Est – Tamsin Jones

Noel!
This night there is a child y-born
That sprang out of Jesse's thorn;
We must sing and say thereforn:
Verbum caro factum est.

Jesus is the childes name,
And Mary mild is his dame;
All sorrow is turned to game:
Verbum caro factum est.

It fell upon the high midnight:
The stars they shone both fair and bright;
The angels sang with all their might:
Verbum caro factum est.

Now kneel we down on our knee,
And pray we to the Trinity
Our help, our succour for to be;
Verbum caro factum est.
Noel!

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.

Sussex Carol – Traditional English, arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams

On Christmas night all Christians sing,
To hear the news the angels bring,
News of great joy, news of great mirth,
News of our merciful King's birth.

When sin departs before his grace,
Then life and health come in its place;
Angels and men with joy may sing,
All for to see the new-born King.

All out of darkness we have light,
Which made the angels sing this night:
'Glory to God and peace to men,
Now and for evermore. Amen.'

Snow – Irving Berlin, arr. Cedric Dent

Snow!

It won't be long before
we'll all be there with snow.
I want to wash my hands,
my face and hair with snow

Snow!

I long to clear a path
and lift a spade of snow.
Oh, to see a great big man
entirely made of snow.

Where it's snowing, all winter through
That's where I want to be.
Snowball throwing that's what I'll do
How I'm longing to ski.
Snow!

Those glist'ning houses
that seem to be built of snow.
Oh, to see a mountain
covered with a quilt of snow.

What is Christmas with no snow,
No white Christmas with no snow,
Snow!

It won't be long before
we'll all be there with snow.

I'll soon be there with snow,
I'll wash my hair with snow
And with a spade of snow
I'll build a man of snow.

I'd love to stay up with ya,
but I recommend a little shuteye
Go to sleep and dream of snow.

Where it's snowing that's for me,
Snowball throwing that's where I'll be.

Wash my hands, my face and hair.
Longing to be there.
It won't be long before we to go
And when we sleep
Gonna dream of snow.

Let it snow!

Simple Gifts – Joseph Brackett, arr. Tim Keeler

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free
'tis the gift to come down where you ought to be
And when we find ourselves in the place just right
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained
To bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed
To turn, turn will be our delight
'Till by turning, turning we come round right.

Wyandot's Realm – Andrew Balfour

Manitou, Manitou | Wyandot | Deo	Mysterious being | Tribe | God
Eh-sten-nyah-yan deh tson-weh	Have courage, you who are humans.
Eesus a ha-ton-ny-ah	Jesus, he is born.
On nah-wah teh wah-do-kee non-wah	Behold, the spirit who had us as prisoners,
dah ska wa-en tak.	domestic animals, has fled.
En non-sh-yen sk-wah tree ho-tat non-wa-knee-yon	Do not listen to it, as it corrupts our minds, the spirit of
rah-shat torah	our thoughts.
Eesus A-ha-ton-ny-ah	Jesus is born.
In excelsis Gloria!	Glory in the highest!

And the Trees Do Moan – Traditional Appalachian, arr. 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,
Christmas tree, an evergreen one,
And the trees do moan,
And the trees do moan.

Silent Night – Franz Xaver Gruber, arr. Jared 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.

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.

"Oh, what a pretty little baby"
Oh, what a pretty little baby: Jesus.
The government shall be upon His shoulder.
Oh, what a pretty little baby: Jesus.
Oh, come let us adore Him: Jesus.

"Oh, Jerusalem in the mornin'"
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-mooin'
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'!