A CHANTICLEER CHRISTMAS

Texts and translations

Ave, generosa – Hildegard von Bingen

Ave, generosa gloriosa et intacta
puella, tu pupilla castitatis,
tu materia sanctitatis,
que Deo placuit.

Hail, nobly born, honored and inviolate,
you, Maiden are the piercing gaze of chastity,
you the material of holiness —
the one who pleased God.

Nunc omnis ecclesia in gaudio ruilet
ac in symphonia sonet
propter dulcissimam Virginem
et laudabilem Mariam,
Dei Genitricem. Amen.

So now in joy gleams all the Church like dawn,
resounds in symphony
because of you, the Virgin sweet
and worthy of all praise, Maria,
God’s mother. Amen.

Text by Hildegard von Bingen
Translation by Nathaniel M. Campbell

O Heiland, reiß die Himmel auf – Hugo Distler (vv. 1 & 4), Johannes Brahms (vv. 2 & 5), Jonathan Woody (vv. 3 & 6)

O Heiland, reiß die Himmel auf,
herab, herab, vom Himmel lauf!
Reiß ab vom Himmel Tor und Tür,
reiß ab, wo Schloß und Riegel für!
O Gott, ein’ Tau vom Himmel gieß;
im Tau herab, o Heiland, fließ.
Ihr Wolken, brecht und regnet aus
den König über Jakobs Haus.

O Savior, tear open the heavens,
flow down to us from heaven above;
tear off heaven’s gate and door,
tear off every lock and bar!
O God, a dew from heaven pour;
in the dew, O Savior, downward flow.
Break, you clouds, and rain down
the king of Jacob’s house.

O Erd’, schlag aus, schlag aus, o Erd’,
daß Berg und Tal grün alles werd’t.
O Erd’, herfür dies Blümlein bring,
o Heiland, aus der Erden spring.

O earth, burst forth, burst forth, O earth,
so that mountain and valley all become green;
O earth, bring forth this little flower;
O Savior, spring forth out of the earth.

O klare Sonn’, du schöner Stern,
dich wollten wir anschauern gern.
O Sonn’, geh auf, ohn' deinen Schein
in Finsternis wir alle sein.

O brightest Sun, you beautiful star
We desire greatly to behold you.
O sun, rise, for without your light
We are all in darkness.

Hie leiden wir die größte Not,
vor Augen steht der bittre Tod.
Ach komm, führen uns mit starker Hand
vom Elend zu dem Vaterland.

Here we suffer the greatest distress;
before our eyes stands bitter death.
Ah, come lead us with your powerful hand
from this misery to our Father’s land.

Da wollen wir all’ danken dir,
unserm Erlöser, für und für.
Da wollen wir all’ loben dich
zu aller Zeit und ewiglich. Amen.

Therefore we all want to thank you,
our Redeemer, for ever and ever.
Therefore we also want to praise you
for all times and forever. Amen.
Text by Friedrich Spee von Langenfeld

**Nun komm der Heiden Heiland** – Michael Praetorius

Nun komm der Heiden Heiland, der Jungfrauen Kind erkannt, des sich wundert alle Welt, Gott solch Geburt ihm bestellt.

Savior of the nations, come
Virgin’s Son, here make Thy home,
Marvel now, O heaven and earth,
That the Lord chose such a birth.

Text by Martin Luther

**Rorate coeli** – Praetorius

Rorate coeli desuper et nubes pluant justum. Aperiatur terra et germinet salvatorem.

Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let clouds rain down justice
let the earth open, and let it sprout forth a Savior.

Coeli enarrant gloriām Dei: et opera manuum ejus annuntiat firmamentum.

The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament showeth his handiwork.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit: as it was in the beginning, is now, and shall be forever, world without end, Amen.

*Isaiah 45, Psalm 19*

Text by Anonymous

**Ein Kindelein so lőbelich** – Anonymous (1st setting), Praetorius (2nd setting)


Such a lovely child is born to us today, neatly of a Virgin, to comfort us lowly people. Had the child not been born we would all have been lost. This salvation is for us all. Hail, sweetest Jesus Christ, you who were born human, protect us from hell.

Text by Johannes Eccard

**Der Tag der ist so freudenreich** – Praetorius (1st setting), Johannes Eccard (2nd setting)

Der Tag, der ist so freudenreich aller Creature; Denn Gottes Sohn vom Himmelreich Über die Nature Von einer Jungfrau ist geborn. Maria, du bist auserkorn, Dass du Mutter wärest.

This is the day, so joyful, for all good Christian people! For God’s Son from the kingdom of heaven was born in nature of a Virgin. Mary, you have been chosen to be the fair mother.
Was geschah so wunderlich? What happened so miraculously?
Gottes Sohn vom Himmelreich, God’s Son from the heavenly kingdom
Der ist Mensch geboren. has been born in human flesh.

**Resonet in laudibus** – Eccard

Resonet in laudibus
cum iucundis plausibus
Sion cum fidelibus:
apparuit quem genuit Maria.
Sunt impleta quae predixit Gabriel.
Eia, eia, Virgo Deum genuit
quem divina voluit elementia.
Hodie apparuit in Israel:
Ex Maria Virgine est natus Rex.
Magnum nomen Domini Emmanuel
quod annuntiatum est per Gabriel.

Let praises resound
with joyous acclaim:
to Sion’s faithful
the child born of Mary has appeared.
What Gabriel foretold has been fulfilled.
Hail, A Virgin bore God,
whom divine mercy willed.
Today He has appeared in Israel:
From the Virgin Mary is born a King.
Great is the name of the Lord Emmanuel
as was announced by Gabriel.

**Psallite, unigenito** – Praetorius

Psallite, unigenito, Christo Dei Filio,
Redemptori Domino,
puerulo jacenti in praesepio.

Sing your psalms to Christ, the only begotten Son of God,
sing your psalms to the Redeemer,
the little boy lying in a manger.
A small Child lies in the manger.
All the blessed angels serve Him
and sing to Him.

**Es ist ein Ros entsprungen** – Praetorius (v. 1), Woody (v. 2), Distler (v. 3)

Es ist ein Ros entsprungen aus einer Wurzel zart,
wie uns die Alten sungen, von Jesse kam die Art
und hat ein Blümlein bracht
mitten im kalten Winter, wohl zu der halben Nacht.

Das Röslein, das ich meine, davon Jesaia sagt,
ist Maria die reine, die uns das Blümlein bracht’.
Aus Gottes ew’gem Rat,
hat sie ein Kind geboren wohl zu der halben Nacht.

Das Blümlein so kleine, das duftet uns so süß,
mit seinem hellen Scheine vertreibt’s die Finsternis:
Wahr’ Mensch und wahrer Gott,
hilft uns aus allem Leide, rettet von Sünd und Tod.

Lo, how a Rose e’er blooming from tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse’s lineage coming, as men of old have sung.
It came, a floweret bright, Amid the cold of winter, when half spent was the night.

Isaiah ’twas foretold it, the Rose I have in mind;
With Mary we behold it, the virgin mother kind.
To show God’s love aright,
She bore to men a Savior, when half spent was the night.

O Flower, whose fragrance tender with sweetness fills the air,
Dispel with glorious splendour the darkness everywhere;
True man, yet very God,
From Sin and death now save us, and share our every load.

Translation by Theodore Baker

**A Spotless Rose** – Herbert Howells
A spotless rose is growing,
sprung from a tender root,
Of ancient seers’ foreshowing,
Of Jesse promised fruit;
Its fairest bud unfolds to light
Amid the cold, cold winter,
And in the dark midnight.

The Rose which I am singing,
Whereof Isaiah said,
Is from its sweet root springing
In Mary, purest Maid:
For through our God’s great love and might,
The Blessed Babe she bare us
In a cold, cold winter’s night.

Translation by Catherine Winkworth

Maria Wanders Through the Thorn – What Child is This? – Traditional, arr. Joseph H. Jennings

Maria wanders through the thorn,
*Kyrie eleison [Lord, have mercy]*,
Maria wanders through the thorn
that seven years no bloom has born,
*Jesu et Maria*.

And as with child she passes near,
*Kyrie eleison*,
And as with child she passes near
red roses ‘mongst the thorns appear,
*Jesu et Maria*.

What child is this who, laid to rest,
on Mary’s lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet
while shepherds watch are keeping?

This, this is Christ the King,
whom shepherds guard and angels sing.
Haste, haste to bring him laud,
the babe, the Son of Mary.

So bring him incense, gold, and myrrh,
come peasant, king to own him.
The king of kings salvation brings,
let every heart enthrone him.

Raise, raise the song on high
the virgin sings a lullaby.
Joy, joy for Christ is born,
the babe, the Son of Mary.
Rose of Roses – Fredrik Sixten

*Rose of roses,*
*Flower of flowers,*
*Lady of ladies,*
*Lord of lords.*

Rose of beauty and fine appearance
and Flower of happiness and pleasure,
Lady of most merciful bearing,
and Lord for revealing all woes and cares.

We should love and serve her loyally,
for She can guard us from falling.
She makes us repent the errors
that we have committed as sinners.

The Elements of the Sun Broke into Song – Melissa Dunphy

The elements of the sun,
called Phoenixes and Chalkydri
break into song,
therefore every bird flutters with its wings,
rejoicing at the giver of light,
and they broke into song at the command of the Lord.

The giver of light comes
to give brightness to the whole world,
and the morning guard takes shape,
which is the rays of the sun,
and the sun of the earth goes out,
and receives its brightness
to light up the whole face of the earth.

Text from *The Book of the Secrets of Enoch*
Translation by Robert Henry Charles

Carol of the Bells – Trad. Ukrainian, arr. Joseph Joubert and Buryl Red

Bells are in the air,
Sounding everywhere,
Merrily we sing,
Happiness to bring,
Christmastime is here!

Hark, how the bells, sweet silver bells,
all seem to say, “throw cares away.”
Christmas is here, bringing good cheer
to young and old, meek and the bold,
Ding dong, ding dong, that is their song,
with joyful ring, all caroling,
One seems to hear words of good cheer
from everywhere filling the air.
Oh, how they pound, raising the sound
o'er hill and dale telling their tale.
Gaily they ring while people sing
songs of good cheer, Christmas is here.
Merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas!
On, on they send, on without end,
their joyful tone to every home.

Ave, spes nostra – Vicente Lusitano

Ave, spes nostra, Dei Genetrix intacta;
ave, illud Ave per angelum concipiens;
ave, concipiens Patris splendorem benedicta;
Ave, virgo sanctissima et mater sola intaca,
te glorificat omnis creatura Matrem luminis.
Alleluia.

Hail, our hope, untouched Virgin Mother of God;
hail, who accepted that Hail from the angel;
hail, most saintly Virgin and only chaste mother,
every creature glorifies you, the Mother of light.
Alleluia.

Antiphon for the Assumption of Mary

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 or our death. Amen.

Caroling, Caroling – Alfred Burt

Caroling, caroling, now we go;
Christmas bells are ringing!
Caroling, caroling, thru 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, thru 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!

Carolng, 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 heav’n is born!”
Ding, dong, ding dong,
Christmas bells are ringing!

Text by Wihla Hutson

Deck the Hall – Traditional Welsh, arr. Gene Puerling

Merry, merry merry Christmas!
Have yourself a merry Christmas!

Deck the hall with boughs of holly!
    Fa la la la la la la la la
‘Tis the season to be jolly!
Don we now our gay apparel!
Troll the ancient yule-tide carol!

See the blazing yule before us!
Strike the harp and join the chorus!
Follow me in merry measure,
While I tell of yule-tide treasure!

Fast away the old year passes!
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses!
Sing we joyous all together,
Headless of the wind and weather!

Text by Thomas Oliphant

I Wonder as I Wander – John Jacob Niles, arr. Tim 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 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 to sing,
He surely could have it, ‘cause he was the King.

Run, Toboggan, Run! – Abbie Burt Betinis

Anticipation’s in the air,
(Run, toboggan, run!)
The snow is fresh and waiting there;
The children chatter and prepare.
(Run, toboggan, run!)

Assemble sweaters, coats and caps,
The mittens, gloves, and fleeces,
The scarves and jackets, hats with flaps –
With buttons, zippers, clips, and snaps –
So many separate pieces!

A vee of geese flies overhead
As southward their migration,
While armed with snowballs, skates, and sled,
The families frolic, noses red,
With noisy jubilation.

Oh, sledding teaches useful skills,
Philosophy and science:
Respect the steepness of the hills;
And try again, despite the spills,
To steer with self-reliance.

The safest and most pleasant way
Is taking turns and sharing;
Help rescue any runaway,
And know the risks when you display
Outrageous feats of daring.

Find happiness to hold and keep.
The joys of just an hour
Become a comfort, strong and deep
To help you when the hills are steep
With mem’ries’ golden power.

December days are cold and dark
(Run toboggan, run!)
In each of us there glows a spark
Where joy and hope have left their mark.
Soon Christmas day will come.
(Run, toboggan, run...)

Text by Holly Windle

Walking in the Air – Howard Blake, arr. Adam Ward

We’re walking in the air,
we’re floating in the moonlit sky;
The people far below are sleeping as we fly.

    I’m holding very tight,
    I’m riding in the midnight blue,
    I’m finding I can fly so high above with you.

    On across the world
    the villages go by like dreams,
    the rivers and the hills,
    the forest and the streams...

Children gaze open-mouthed,
    taken by surprise;
    nobody down below believes their eyes!

    We’re surfing in the air,
    we’re swimming in the frozen sky,
    we’re drifting over icy mountains floating by.

Suddenly swooping low
    on an ocean deep,
    rousing up a mighty monster from its sleep...

    We’re walking in the air,
    we’re dancing in the midnight sky,
    and everyone who sees us greets us as we fly.

Text by Howard Blake

Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas – Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane, arr. Bill Finnegan

    Have yourself a merry little Christmas,
    let your heart be light,
    Next year all our troubles will be out of sight.

    Have yourself a merry little Christmas,
    Make the yule-tide gay,
    Next year all our troubles will be miles away.

    Once again as in olden days,
    happy golden days of yore,
    Faithful friends who are dear to us
    will be near to us once more.

    Someday soon we all will be together,
    if the Fates allow,
    Until then we’ll have to muddle through somehow.
    So have yourself a merry little Christmas now.

Text by Hugh Martin

Christmas Spiritual Medley – Traditional Spirituals, arr. Joseph H. Jennings
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.
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.

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.

   Go tell it on the mountain.
   Over the hills and ev’rywhere,
   Go tell it on the mountain,
   That Jesus Christ is born!