

Up! good Christen folk, and listen –

Piae Cantiones, adapt. George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848–1934)

Words, G R. Woodward
Melody, *Piae Cantiones*, 1582
Harmonized, G R Woodward

Ding-dong, ding:
Ding-a-dong-a-ding:
Ding-dong, ding-dong:
Ding-a-dong-ding

Tell the story how from glory
God came down at Christmastide
Bringing gladness
Chasing sadness
Show'ring blessings far and wide.

Up! good Christen folk, and listen
How the merry church bells ring
And from steeple
Bid good people
Come adore the new-born King:

Born of mother, blest o'er other
Ex Maria Virgine
In a stable ('tis no fable)
Christus natus hodie.

Puer natus in Bethlehem – Andrew Smith (b. 1970)

*Puer natus in Bethlehem,
Unde gaudet Jerusalem. Alleluia.*

A Child is born in Bethlehem;
Exult for joy, Jerusalem! Alleluia.

*Hic jacet in præsepio,
Qui regnat sine termino.
Cognovit bos et asinus,
Quod puer erat Dominus.*

There, in a manger lowly, lies.
He who reigns above the skies.
The ox and ass in neighbouring stall.
See in that Child the Lord of all.

*Reges de Sabâ veniunt,
Aurum, thus, myrrham offerunt.
Intrantes domum invicem,
Novum salutant principem.
Alleluia.*

And kingly pilgrims, long foretold.
From East bring incense, myrrh, and gold,
And enter with their offerings.
To hail the new-born King of Kings.
Alleluia.

*De matre natus virgine,
Sine virili semine;
Sine serpentis vulnere,
De nostro venit sanguine; Alleluia.*

He comes, a maiden mother's Son.
Yet earthly father hath He none;
And, from the serpent's poison free.
He owned our blood and pedigree.

*In hoc natali gaudio,
Benedicamus Domino:
Laudetur sancta Trinitas,
Deo dicamus gratias.
Alleluia.*

Come then, and on this natal day.
Rejoice before the Lord and pray.
And to the Holy One in Three.
Give praise and thanks eternally.
Alleluia.

***Nova nova* – 15th c. Hunterian Manuscript**

Nova, nova. Ave fit ex Eva. ("News, news, 'Ave' is made of Eve")

1. Gabriel of high degree, he was sent from the Trinity, to Nazareth in Galilee. Nova, nova.
2. He met a maiden in that place; there he knelt down before her face and said, "Hail, Mary, full of grace." Nova, nova.
3. When the maiden heard his song, she was filled with confusion strong and feared that she had done a wrong. Nova, nova.
4. Said the angel, "Have no fear; by conception without compare the Savior Jesus shall you bear." Nova, nova.
5. "There are yet but six months gone since Elizabeth conceived John, to be the herald of God's Son." Nova, nova.
6. Said the maiden, "Verily, I am your servant right truly, the handmaid of the Lord now see." Nova, nova.

***Gabriel's Message* – arr. Alexander Craig (b. 1971)**

The angel Gabriel from Heaven came,
his wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame,
"All hail", said he, "thou lowly maiden Mary,
most highly favoured lady," Gloria, Gloria!

"For know, a blessed mother thou shalt be,
all generations laud and honour thee,
thy Son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold.
Most highly favoured lady," Gloria, Gloria!

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head,
"To me be as it pleaseth God," she said,
"my soul shall laud and magnify His holy Name,"
Most highly favoured lady, Gloria, Gloria!

Of her, Emmanuel, the child, was born.
In Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn,
And Christian folk throughout the world will ever say,
Most highly favoured lady. Gloria!

***Nesciens mater* – Thomas Byttering (fl. c. 1400–1420)**

*Nesciens mater virgo virum
peperit sine dolore
salvatore saeculorum.
Ipsum regem angelorum
sola virgo lactabat,
ubera de caelo pleno.*

Knowing no man, the Virgin mother
bore, without pain,
the Saviour of the world.
Him, the king of angels,
only the Virgin suckled,
Breasts filled by heaven.

Nowell: Dieu vous garde – Richard Smert (fl. 1428–1477)

Burden: Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell
Who is there that singeth so: Nowell, Nowell, Nowell?
I am here, Sire Christesmas
Welcome, my lord, Sire Christesmas!
Welcome to us all, both more and less!
Come near, Nowell.

1. Dieu vous garde, bear sire, tidings I you bring:
A maid hath born a child full young,
the which causeth you for to sing: Nowell, Nowell, Nowell.

2. Christ is now born of a pure maid:
In an ox-stall he is laid;
Wherefore sing we all at-a-braid: Nowell.

3. Buvez bien par toute la compagnie,
Make good cheer and be right merry,
And sing with us now joyfully: Nowell.

Puer natus est nobis/Cantate Domino – William Byrd (1539–1623)

*Puer natus est nobis
Et filius datus est nobis
Cuius imperium super humerum eius
Et vocabitur nomen eius
Magni consilii Angelus
Cantate Domino canticum novum
Quia mirabilia fecit
Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper,
in secula seculorum. Amen.*

A boy is born to us,
And a son is given to us, upon whose
shoulders authority rests,
and His name will be called
"The Angel of Great Counsel".
Sing to the Lord a new song,
because he has done miraculous things.
Glory to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Spirit.
As it was in the beginning, and is now,
and always will be, in every human
generation. Amen.

*O magnum mysterium/Beata virgo
O magnum mysterium
et admirabile sacramentum,
ut animalia viderent Dominum natum
jacentem in praesepio.
O beata Virgo, cujus viscera meruerunt
portare Dominum Jesum Christum.
Ave Maria, gratia plena: Dominus tecum.
O beata Virgo, cujus viscera meruerunt
portare Dominum Jesum Christum. Alleluia!*

O great mystery
and wonderful sacrament,
that animals should see the new-born
Lord lying in a manger!
O blessed is the Virgin, whose womb
was worthy to bear Christ the Lord.
Hail Mary, full of grace:
the Lord is with you.
Blessed is the Virgin whose womb
was worthy to bear Christ the Lord.
Alleluia!

O quam suavis – William Byrd

*O quam suavis est, Domine, spiritus tuus,
qui ut dulcedinem tuam in filios demonstrares
pane suavissimo de caelo praestito,
esurientes reple bonis,
fastidiosos divites dimittens inanes.*

O how sweet is thy spirit, Lord,
thou who, in order to demonstrate thy
sweetness to thy children,
send down from heaven the sweetest
bread unsurpassed,
filling the hungry with good things,
sending away empty the disdainful rich!

Noe, noe – Antoine Brumel (1460–1512/13)

Noel, noel, noel – Antoine Busnois (1430–1492)

Ave Maria, benedicta tu – Jean Mouton (before 1459–1522)

*Ave Maria gratia plena
Dominus tecum benedicta tu in mulieribus
O Maria genetrix Dei
Ora pro nobis*

Hail Mary, full of grace,
The Lord is with you.
Blessed are you among women
O Mary, mother of God,
Pray for us.

The Lamb – John Tavener (1944–2016)

Little Lamb who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing wooly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice:
Little Lamb who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb:
He is meek and he is mild,
He became a little child:
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name:
Little Lamb God bless thee.
Little Lamb God bless thee.

O pia Virgo – Michael McGlynn (b. 1964)

O pia virgo, mater et alma, Sancta Maria.

Splendida stella per maris undas ne pereamus fulget amica lux tua ductrix.

O Blessed Virgin and gentle mother, Holy Mary.

Shining star of the sea let your kind light guide us so that we shall not perish.

E'en so, Lord Jesus, quickly come – Paul Manz (1919–2009)

Peace be to you and grace from Him Who freed us from our sin
Who loved us all, and shed his blood That we might saved be.

Sing holy, holy to our Lord
The Lord almighty God
Who was and is, and is to come
Sing holy, holy Lord.

Rejoice in heaven, all ye that dwell therein
Rejoice on earth, ye saints below
For Christ is coming, Is coming soon For Christ is coming soon.

E'en so Lord Jesus quickly come
And night shall be no more
They need no light, no lamp, nor sun For Christ will be their All!

Love came down at Christmas – Irish melody, arr. Geoffrey Williams (b. 1976)

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

2. Worship we the Godhead,
love incarnate, love divine;
worship we our Jesus
what shall be our sacred sign?

3. Love shall be our token,
love be yours and love be mine;
love to God and neighbour,
love for prayer and gift and sign.

In the bleak midwinter – Gustav Holst (1874–1934)

1. In the bleak midwinter
Frosty wind made moan.
Earth stood hard as iron
Water like a stone.
Snow had fallen.
Snow on snow on snow
In the bleak midwinter
Long, long ago.

2. Our God, heav'n cannot hold him
Nor earth sustain
Heav'n and earth shall flee away,
When he comes to reign
In the bleak mid-winter,
A stable place sufficed,
The Lord God almighty,
Jesus Christ.

3. Angels and Archangels
May have traveled there
Cherubim and Seraphim
Thronged the air
But only his Mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshiped the beloved
With a kiss.

4. What can I give him?
Poor as I am
If I were a shepherd
I would give a lamb
If I were a wise man
I would do my part
But what I can I give him
Give him my heart.

I wonder as I wander – John Jacob Niles, arr. Geoffrey Williams (b. 1976)

I wonder as I wander out under the sky
How Jesus the Savior did come for to die
For poor ornerly 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 angels 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 wee thing,
A bird in the sky or a bird on the wing,
Or all of God's angels in heaven for to sing
He surely could have it 'cause he was the King.

I wonder as I wander out under the sky
How Jesus the Savior did come for to die
For poor ornerly people like you and like I.
I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

Quem pastores laudavere – Susan LaBarr (b. 1981)

*Quem pastores laudavere,
Quibus angeli dixerē:
‘Absit vobis iam timere:
Natus est rex gloriæ!’*

*Ad quem magi ambulabant,
Aurum, thus, myrrham portabant;
Immolabant haec sincere
Leoni victoriae;*

*Exultemus cum Maria
In coelesti hierarchia:
Natum promant voce pia
Dulci cum melodia;*

*Christo Regi Deo nato,
Per Mariam nobis dato,
Merito resonet vere:
‘Laus, honor, et gloria!’*

Shepherds sang their praises o’er him,
Called by angels to adore him:
‘Have no fear, but come before:
Born is now your glorious King!’

Easter sages came to view him,
Judah’s conquering Lion knew him,
Gold, and myrrh, and incense to him
As their tribute offering.

On this Child, rejoicing, gaze we;
Led by Mary, anthems raise we;
Reverently, with angels, praise we
With the sweetest melody.

Christ our King, from Mary spring,
God made man, salvation bringing,
Thee we worship, ever singing:
‘Honour, praise, and glory be!’

The Fader of heaven – Peter Maxwell Davies (1934–2016)

The fader of heven
god omnypotent.
That sett all on seven,
his son has he sent.
My name couth he neven
and lyght or he went.
I conceyuyd hym full even
through myght as he ment,
And now is he borne.
he kepe you fro wo!
I shall pray hym so;
Tell furth as ye go,
And myn on this morne.

Away in a manger (Normandy tune) – arr. Reginald Jacques/adapted
Alexander Craig

Away in a manger, no crib for His bed
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the poor Baby awakes
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from the night sky
And stay by my side till morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever, and love me I pray.
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care
And take us to Heaven to live with Thee there.