

Texts and Translations

The Holly and the Ivy

Traditional English carol, additional lyrics by Mark Patterson

The holly and the ivy,
when they are both full grown,
of all the trees that are in the wood,
the holly bears the crown.

O the rising of the sun
and the running of the deer;
carols ringing out from the organ,
joyful singing in the choir.

The holly bears the branches,
with leaves so pure and green,
draped among the dark December woods
with a dashing glimpse of spring.

O the rising of the sun
and the running of the deer;
carols ringing out from the organ,
joyful singing in the choir.

The holly bears the berries,
bright crimson how they glow;
rubies on the crown of the winter morn,
treasures in the windswept snow.

O the rising of the sun
and the running of the deer;
carols ringing out from the organ,
joyful singing in the choir.

The Birthday of a King

Text by William H. Neidlinger

In the little village of Bethlehem,
there lay a child one day,
and the sky was bright with a holy light,
o'er the place where Jesus lay.

Alleluia! O how the angels sang,
Alleluia! How it rang!
And the sky was bright with a holy light,
'twas the birthday of a King.

'Twas a humble birthplace,
but oh! how much God gave to us that day!
From the manger bed, what a path has led,
what a perfect holy way.

Alleluia! O how the angels sang,
Alleluia! How it rang!
And the sky was bright with a holy light,
'twas the birthday of a King.

Gesù bambino

English lyrics by Frederick H. Martens

When blossoms flowered 'mid the snows,
upon a winter night,
was born the Child, the Christmas Rose,
the King of Love and Light.

The angels sang, the shepherds sang,
the grateful earth rejoiced,
and at his blessed birth the stars
their exultation voiced.

O come let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

Again the heart with rapture glows
to greet the holy night,
that gave the world its Christmas Rose,
its King of Love and Light.

Let ev'ry voice acclaim His name,
the grateful chorus swell,
from paradise to earth He came
that we with Him might dwell.

O come let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

Nun wandre, Maria

(Der heilige Joseph singt)

Original Spanish lyrics by Ocaña

Translated into German by Paul Heyse

Nun wandre, Maria,
Nun wandre nur fort.
Schon krähen die Hähne,
Und nah ist der Ort.

Nun wandre, Geliebte,
Du Kleinod mein,
Und balde wir werden
In Bethlehem sein.
Dann ruhest du fein
Und schlummerst dort.
Schon krähen die Hähne
Und nah ist der Ort.

Wohl seh ich, Herrin,
Die Kraft dir schwinden;
Kann deine Schmerzen,
Ach, kaum verwinden.
Getrost! Wohl finden
Wir Herberg dort.
Schon krähen die Hähne
Und nah ist der Ort.

Wär erst bestanden
Dein Stündlein, Marie,
Die gute Botschaft,
Gut lohnt ich sie.
Das Eselein hie
Gäb ich drum fort!
Schon krähen die Hähne.
Komm! Nah ist der Ort.

Journey on, now, Mary

(Saint Joseph sings)

Journey on, now, Mary,
keep journeying.
Already the cocks are crowing,
and we are nearly there.

Now journey on, beloved,
my jewel,
and soon we shall be
in Bethlehem.
Then you shall have a good rest
and sleep there.
The cocks are already crowing,
and the place is near.

I see very well, my lady,
that your strength is failing,
I can hardly bear, alas,
your agony.
Courage! Surely we shall find
shelter there.
Already the cocks are crowing,
and we are nearly there.

If only your hour of pain
were over, Mary,
the good news—
what I would give for it!
This little donkey here,
I would gladly give him away!
The cocks are already crowing.
Come! The place is near.

Le sommeil de l'enfant Jésus

Poetry by Charles Raffalli

Les cloches tintent dans la nuit,
Leur voix joyeuse nous conduit
Vers l'Enfant qui dans l'humble crèche
Repose sur la paille fraîche.
Dormez, Petit Jésus!
Dormez, doux chérubin!

Votre mère vous garde
Et veille auprès de vous.
Dormez!
Nos coeurs pleins d'espérance
Ont foi dans votre amour!
Reposez doucement,
Jésus, bien cher enfant!
Dormez!

A Dieu disons notre joie!
Noël! chantons Noël!
Noël! chantons toujours Noël!
Fête bénie! Ô jour de délivrance!
Un Sauveur vient de naître,
Nous voici tous à ses genoux.
Noël!

Minuit . . . tout est mystère!
Tout dort autour de nous!
Reposez doucement, Ô Jésus!
Bien cher enfant! Dormez!
Dormez, doux chérubin,
Que de leurs blanches ailes
Les anges, croisant leurs mains frêles,
Abritent votre front divin!
Dormez! Dormez, doux chérubin!
Noël! Noël! Noël!

L'hiver

Poetry by Théodore Faullin de Banville

Au Bois de Boulogne, l'hiver,
La terre a son manteau de neige.
Mille Iris, qui tendent leur piège,
Y passent comme un vif éclair.

Toutes sous le ciel gris et clair
Nous chantent le même solfège;
Au Bois de Boulogne, l'hiver,
La terre a son manteau de neige.

Toutes les blancheurs de la chair
Y passent, radieux cortège;
Les Antiope de Corrège
S'habillent de martre et de vair
Au Bois de Boulogne, l'hiver.

The slumber of the baby Jesus

The bells twinkle at night,
their joyous voice leads us
to the child who, in the humble manger,
rests on the fresh straw.
Sleep, little Jesus!
Sleep, sweet cherub!

Your mother protects
and watches over you.
Sleep!
Our hearts full of hope
have faith in your love!
Rest sweetly,
Jesus, dear child!
Sleep!

To God let's speak of our joy!
Noel! Sing Noel!
Noel! Always sing Noel!
Blessed celebration! Oh day of deliverance.
A savior has just been born,
We are all at his knees.
Noel!

Midnight . . . all is mysterious!
Everyone sleeps around us!
Rest sweetly, O Jesus!
Dear child! Sleep!
Sleep, dear cherub;
with their white wings
the angels, crossing their slender hands,
shelter your divine forehead!
Sleep! Sleep, sweet cherub!
Noel! Noel! Noel!

Winter

In the Bois de Boulogne* in winter,
the earth wears her cloak of snow.
A thousand irises, laying their traps,
pass by like a bright flash.

Everything under the gray, clear sky
sings to us the same scales;
in the Bois de Boulogne in winter,
the earth wears her cloak of snow.

All the whiteness of the flesh
passes by in radiant procession;
the Antiope of Correggio**
dressed in marten and fur
in the Bois de Boulogne in winter.

*Bois de Boulogne: a large forested park in the center of Paris

** Antonio da Correggio's painting *Venus and Cupid With a Satyr* (c. 1528) features a female nude with ivory skin in a pastoral setting, thought to depict a scene from the seduction of Antiope by Zeus in Greek mythology.

Priez pour paix

Poetry by Charles d'Orléans

Priez pour paix, douce Vierge Marie,
Reine des cieux et du monde maîtresse,
Faites prier, par votre courtoisie,
Saints et saintes, et prenez votre adresse
Vers votre Fils, requérant sa Hautesse.
Qu'il lui plaise son peuple regarder,
Que de son sang a voulu racheter,
En déboutant guerre qui tout dévoie.
De prières ne vous veuillez lasser.
Priez pour paix, priez pour paix,
Le vrai trésor de joie.

Jerusalem of Gold

Lyrics by Naomi Shemer

Avir harim tsalul kayayim
V'reyach oranim
Nissa beru'ach ha'arbayim
Im kol pa'amonim.

Uv'tardemat ilan va'even
Shvuyah bachalomah
Ha'ir asher badad yoshevet
Uvelibah - chomah.

Yerushalayim shel zahav
Veshel nechoshet veshel or
Halo lechol shirayich ani kinor.

Chazarnu el borot hamayim
Lashuk velakikar
Shofar koreh behar habayit
ba'ir ha'atikah.

Uvam'arot asher baselah
Alfei shmashot zorchot
Nashuv nered el Yam Hamelach
B'derech Yericho
Yerushalayim shel zahav
Veshel nechoshet veshel or
Halo lechol shirayich ani kinor.

Kaddisch

May God's great name be exalted and sanctified in the world
which He created according to His will.
May He establish His kingdom during your lifetime,
and during your days,
and during the lifetime of all the House of Israel,
swiftly and soon.
We say: Amen

Blessed, praised, glorified, exalted, extolled,
honored, adored, and lauded be the name of the Holy One.
Blessed is He above and beyond all blessings, hymns,
praises, and consolations that are uttered in the world.
We say: Amen.

Pray for Peace

Pray for peace, sweet Virgin Mary,
Queen of the skies and Mistress of the world,
of your courtesy, ask for the prayers
of all the saints, and make your address
to your Son, beseeching his Majesty
that he may please to look upon his people,
whom he wished to redeem with his blood,
banishing war which disrupts all.
Do not cease your prayers.
Pray for peace, pray for peace,
the true treasure of joy.

The mountain air is clear as water,
the scent of pines
is carried on the breeze of twilight,
and tinkling bells resound.

The trees and stones there softly slumber,
a dream enfolds them all.
So solitary lies the city,
and at its heart--a wall.

Jerusalem of gold,
and of light and of bronze,
I am the lute for all your songs.

The wells are filled again with water,
the square with a joyous crowd,
on the Temple Mount within the City,
the shofar rings out loud.

Within the caverns in the mountains
a thousand suns will glow,
we'll take the Dead Sea road together,
that runs through Jericho.
Jerusalem of gold,
and of light and of bronze,
I am the lute for all your songs.

Navidad en verano

Poetry by Félix Luna

Mi navidad está metida en el verano
No tiene pino ni la nieve le da luces
Mi navidad con el calor va de la mano
Y un dulce olor a sidra y a pan dulce

Paz a todos los hombres
Paz en la tierra
En mi tierra caliente
Y en la que nieva
Mi Navidad no llega nunca en trineo.
Papá Noel en mi país es un extraño.
Mi Navidad es el jazmín que anuncia el año,
Y la felicidad que te deseo.

Los peces en el río

Traditional Spanish carol

La Virgen se está peinando
entre cortina y cortina.
Los cabellos son de oro
y el peine de plata fina.

Pero mira cómo beben
los peces en el río.
Pero mira cómo beben
por ver a Dios nacido.
Beben y beben
y vuelven a beber.
Los peces en el río
por ver a Dios nacer.

La Virgen lava pañales
y los tiende en el romero,
los pajarillos cantando
y el romero floreciendo.

Pero mira cómo beben
los peces en el río.
Pero mira cómo beben
por ver a Dios nacido.
Beben y beben
y vuelven a beber.
Los peces en el río
por ver a Dios nacer.

La Virgen se está lavando
con un poco de jabón.
Se le han picado las manos,
manos de mi corazón.

Pero mira cómo beben
los peces en el río.
Pero mira cómo beben
por ver a Dios nacido.
Beben y beben
y vuelven a beber.
Los peces en el río
por ver a Dios nacer.

Christmas in the Summer

My Christmas is stuck in the summer,
it has no pines and the snow doesn't give it lights.
My Christmas goes hand in hand with the heat
and a sweet scent of cider and pastry.

Peace to all humans,
peace on earth,
on my hot land
and there where it snows.
My Christmas never arrives on a sleigh.
Santa Claus is a stranger in my country.
My Christmas is the jasmine, announcing the new year
and the happiness that I wish you.

The Fish in the River

The Virgin is brushing her hair
between cascades of water.
Her hair is golden
and her comb is made of fine silver.

But look how they drink,
the fish in the river.
But look how they drink
to see the newborn God.
They drink and they drink
and they drink some more.
The fish in the river,
to see God being born.

The Virgin washes diapers
and she hangs them in the rosemary bush,
the little birds are singing
and the rosemary is in flower.

But look how they drink,
the fish in the river.
But look how they drink
to see the newborn God.
They drink and they drink
and they drink some more.
The fish in the river,
to see God being born.

The Virgin is washing herself
with a little bit of soap.
Her hands are raw from washing,
those hands that I love.

But look how they drink,
the fish in the river.
But look how they drink
to see the newborn God.
They drink and they drink
and they drink some more.
The fish in the river,
to see God being born.

The Car Ride to Christmas

Text by Frederica von Stade

When I was young
Christmas meant a ride to mass
on Christmas morning.
A car ride to Christmas – la la la! –
in a Chevy with flannel seats.
Wool flannel seats
that almost took away the cold.
(Someone has called them “mohair” since,
but wool flannel – light gray –
comes closer to my memory of them.)
Fa la la la la la la la

It was the early mass
because that way
we could come home sooner
having remembered the reason for Christmas.
Then we could – what?!? –
open our presents!

Good King Merrily on High

Traditional

Good King Wenceslas looked out
on the feast of Stephen,
when the snow lay round about,
deep and crisp and even.
Brightly shown the moon that night,
though the frost was cruel,
when a poor man came in sight,
gathering winter fuel.

In his master’s 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.

Hosanna in excelsis.

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 “Io, io, io!”
By priest and people sungen.
Gloria! In excelsis Deo!

Good King merrily on high
(In excelsis Deo!)

Christmas Time of Year

Text by Jake Heggie

Christmas time of year
the season's bright
tree lights flicker through the night
and somewhere, I know snow is falling.
The children listen
for sleigh bells ringing,
bringing Christmas joys.
This magic season's promise
that all your wishes will come true
so I wish you Merry Christmas, too.

This much time for cheer
to raise a glass or two
Christmas candles
and singing carols by a fire
will make the heart glow.
And from me to you
I bring and sing a simple Christmas tune.
May this Christmas magic
last your lifetime through
and your wishes all come true.
Merry Christmas to you.

Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas

Lyrics by Ralph Blane

Have yourself a merry little Christmas,
let your heart be light.
From now on our troubles will be out of sight.
Have yourself a merry little Christmas,
make the Yuletide gay.
From now on our troubles will be miles away.

Here we are as in olden days,
happy golden days of yore.
Faithful friends who are dear to us
gather near to us once more.

Through the years we all will be together,
if the Fates allow.
Hang a shining star upon the highest bough,
and have yourself a merry little Christmas now.