

WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 11 December 2022
7.30pm

Christmas Concert

Tenebrae

Soprano
Bethany Partridge
Áine Smith
Rachel Haworth
Katie Trethewey
Emma Walshe
Rosanna Wicks

Nigel Short conductor

Alto
Hannah Cooke
Martha McLorinan
Eleanor Minney
Anna Semple

Tenor
Jack Granby
Jack Harberd
Hamish MacGregor
Nicholas Madden

Bass
Gavin Cranmer-Moralee
Joseph Edwards
Jimmy Holliday
Tom Herring
Florian Störtz

Gregorian Chant

Roderick Williams (b.1965)
Joanna Marsh (b.1970)

Anon

Gregorian Chant

Anon

Anton Bruckner (1824-1896)
John Rutter (b.1945)
Robert White (c.1538-1574)

Anon

Orlande de Lassus (c.1530-1594)

Rorate caeli

O Adonai (1998)
In Winter's House (2019)
A Tenebrae commission, supported by the RVW Trust

Angelus ad virginem

O radix Jesse

There is no rose

Virga jesse floruit (1885)

There is a flower (1986)

Ad te levavi oculos

Es ist ein Ros entsprungen *arranged by Jan Sandström*

Resonet in Laudibus (pub. 1569)

Interval

In dulci júbilo *arranged by Robert Pearsall*

Jesus Christ the Apple Tree (1967)

The Quiet Heart (pub. 1968)

Hodie Christus natus est (1619)

Quem pastores *arranged by Nigel Short*

Make we joy now in this fest (1931)

Rejoice and be merry (by 1995)

In the Bleak Midwinter (2022)

Balulalow (2009)

Sleep, my pretty one, sleep from *Night Songs* (pub. 2019)

Silent Night (1818) *arranged by Barry Rose*

We wish you a merry Christmas *arranged by Nigel Short*

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Christmas is central to our culture, and wrapped up in personal associations for all of us. But while the themes of the season are well known, tonight's concert reveals how its layers of history still reward exploration. The variety of choral music that we'll hear dates from the medieval period to the present day, and ranges from the very familiar to the much less so.

Christmas celebrates a birth, but it's a birth of multiple meanings. It's a relatable moment of family joy, and also a cosmic one-off that reset our counting of time. With this in mind, it's easy to forget that the earliest of the four canonical Gospels, Mark, actually makes no mention of Jesus's childhood at all. As Karen Armstrong puts it in her *A History of God*: '[Mark] presents Jesus as a perfectly normal man [...] no angels announced his birth or sang over his crib'. Matthew and Luke provided the Nativity story, in somewhat differing versions, and both were written decades after Jesus's death.

From the beginning, then, Christmas was also a claim on history. Tonight we will hear how Old Testament texts were shepherded to its cause. Particularly important was the prophet Isaiah, who had foretold the arrival of a branch of the root of Jesse (the father of King David of Israel) from which Christians later derived the idea of a 'Tree of Jesse': an unbroken lineage leading directly to Jesus.

Such prophetic writings suit Advent, with its dwelling on anticipation and longing for the Messiah. It has brought about music of expectant supplication. The Gregorian chant 'Rorate caeli' - 'drop down the dew, ye heavens' - takes its cue from Isaiah, while 'O radix Jesse' ('O Root of Jesse') is one of the so-called 'O antiphons' traditionally sung in the week before Christmas. Another of these, 'O Adonai' ('Adonai' being a Hebrew name for God), is given plaintive angularity in a modern setting by **Roderick Williams**, which builds into a dense cloud of pleading. Completing the theme is the sombre Tudor polyphony of **Robert White**. His 'Ad te levavi oculos' comes from Psalm 123 - 'Unto thee lift I up mine eyes'.

The concept of the 'Tree of Jesse' also gave us a happier tradition, one which celebrated the Virgin Mary as its rose. This arcane imagery inspired music of gentle adoration. 'There is no rose' is one of the loveliest medieval English carols, while **John Rutter** set a poem from the same period - *There is a flower sprung of a tree* - with his typical lyricism. The affecting German hymn 'Es ist ein Ros entsprungen' is blurred into a serenely floating soundscape in **Jan Sandström's** arrangement. Much more dramatic is **Bruckner's** motet 'Virga jesse floruit', with a dynamic range including *fortissimo* outbursts. Into this floral group we can also admit an outlier, if only for botanical symbolism: the anonymous *Jesus Christ the*

Apple Tree is not obviously a Christmas text, but **Elizabeth Poston's** beautiful folk-inspired setting is sometimes sung as a carol.

But of course, for most us, Christmas is primarily a time of year, a source of comfort during the shortest days. And while the tradition of observing a December celebration is not Biblical - it seems to have arisen around the 4th Century - there is no doubt that a winter setting has added extra magic to the Nativity story. Its star and angels gleam brighter against dark solstice skies, the baby's arrival seems more miraculous in a draughty stable. Childbirth and winter are the two most relatable aspects of this tale, and together they have generated a tradition of quiet music fit for a sleeping newborn, which goes hand-in-hand with the idea (if not the increasingly rare reality) of Christmases held among muffled snowscapes.

Some composers created a musical diorama of the manger scene: **Gruber's** 'Silent Night' is surely the archetype, and needs no introduction. Christina Rossetti's poem *In The Bleak Midwinter* has brought about many settings, and tonight we'll hear one from **Joanna Forbes L'Estrange** for upper voices which whimsically emulates its own instrumental accompaniment. **June Collin's** 'The Quiet Heart' links the stillness of the stable to the silence of prayer, while the rich lower voices of **Joanna Marsh's** 'In Winter's House' present a sleeping child as a universal symbol. Another important strand of this tradition is the lullaby or cradle-song, and we'll hear two takes on this genre - 'Balulalow' by **Francis Pott**, and 'Sleep, my pretty one, sleep' from **Joseph Phibbs's** *Night Songs*.

Lastly, there is music of simple joy and celebration - to be sung, we should hope, at a suitable distance from any sleeping baby. From the early Baroque, **Sweelinck's** 'Hodie Christus natus est' combines punchy exaltation with florid textures. We'll also hear a number of older carols that have proved enduring either for their original tunes - often, in medieval times, in a stomping triple metre - or their words. These may be in Latin or vernacular languages, or sometimes combining both, in a form known as 'macaronic'. 'Angelus ad virginem', sung in its traditional form, tells the story of the Annunciation; the famous 'In dulci júbilo' has its much-loved arrangement by **Robert Pearsall**; and 'Quem pastores' is given lush treatment from Tenebrae's own **Nigel Short**. 'Resonet in Laudibus' means 'let praises resound' - and as the basis for a motet by **Lassus** it does just that, in cascades of close imitation. **William Walton's** setting of 'Make we joy now in this fest' turns the clock back with beautifully archaic part-writing, while **Christopher Robinson** kicks the words of 'Rejoice and be merry' into jazzy, syncopated life.

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Gregorian Chant

Rorate caeli

Liturgical text

Rorate caeli
desuper,
Et nubes pluant
iustum.

Drop down the dew, ye
heavens, from above
and let the skies pour
down righteousness.

Ne irascaris Domine, ne
ultra memineris iniquitatis:
ecce civitas Sancti
facta est deserta: Sion
deserta facta est:
Jerusalem desolata
est: domus sanctificationis
tuae et gloriae tuae,
ubi laudaverunt te
patres nostri.

Be not angry, O Lord, and
remember no longer our
iniquity: behold the city of
thy sanctuary is become a
desert, Sion is made a
desert. Jerusalem is
desolate, the house of our
holiness and of thy glory,
where our fathers praised
thee.

Rorate caeli
desuper,
Et nubes pluant
iustum.

Drop down the dew, ye
heavens, from above
and let the skies pour
down righteousness.

Peccavimus, et facti sumus
tamquam immundus
nos, et cecidimus quasi
folium universi: et
iniquitates nostrae
quasi ventus abstulerunt
nos: abscondisti faciem
tuam a nobis, et allisisti
nos in manu iniquitatis
nostrae.

We have sinned, and we
are become as one
unclean, and we have
all fallen as a leaf; and
our iniquities, like the
wind, have taken us
away thou hast hid thy
face from us, and hast
crushed us by the hand
of our iniquity.

Rorate caeli
desuper,
Et nubes pluant
iustum.

Drop down the dew, ye
heavens, from above
and let the skies pour
down righteousness.

Vide Domine afflictionem
populi tui, et mitte
quem missurus
es: emitte
Agnum dominatorem
terrae, de petra
deserti ad montem
filiae Sion:
ut auferat ipse
iugum captivitatis
nostrae.

See, O Lord, the affliction of
thy people, and send him
whom thou hast
promised to send. Send
forth the Lamb, the ruler
of the earth, from the rock
of the desert to the mount
of the daughter of Sion,
that he himself may take
off the yoke of our
captivity.

Rorate caeli
desuper,
Et nubes pluant
iustum.

Drop down the dew, ye
heavens, from above
and let the skies pour
down righteousness.

Consolamini, consolamini,
popule meus:
cito veniet salus tua:
quare maerore

Be comforted, be
comforted, my people; thy
salvation shall speedily
come. Why wilt thou

consumeris, quia
innovavit te dolor?
Salvabo te, noli timere,
ego enim sum
Dominus Deus tuus,
Sanctus Israel, redemptor
tuus.

waste away in sadness?
why hath sorrow seized
thee? I will save thee; fear
not: for I am the Lord thy
God, the Holy One of
Israel, thy Redeemer.

Rorate caeli
desuper,
Et nubes pluant
iustum.

Drop down the dew, ye
heavens, from above
and let the skies pour
down righteousness.

Roderick Williams (b.1965)

O Adonai (1998)

Liturgical text

O Adonai, et dux domus
Israel
Qui Moysi in igne
flammae rubi
apparuit,
Et ei in Sina legem
dedisti;
Veni ad redimendum nos in
brachio extento.

O Lord and leader of the
house of Israel,
who appeared to Moses
in the fire of the burning
bush
and gave him the law on
Sinai;
come to redeem us with
outstretched arm.

Joanna Marsh (b.1970)

In Winter's House (2019)

Jane Draycott

In winter's house there's a room
That's pale and still as mist in a field
While outside in the street every gate's shut firm,
Every face as cold as steel.

In winter's house there's a bed
That is spread with frost and feathers, that gleams
In the half-light like rain in a disused yard
Or a pearl in a choked-up stream.

In winter's house there's a child
Asleep in a dream of light that grows out
Of the dark, a flame you can hold in your hand
Like a flower or a torch on the street.

In winter's house there's a tale
That's told of a great chandelier in a garden,
Of fire that catches and travels for miles,
Of all gates and windows wide open.

In winter's house there's a flame

Being dreamt by a child in the night,

In the small quiet house at the turn in the lane

Where the darkness gives way to light.

Anon

Angelus ad virginem

Liturgical text

Angelus ad virginem,
Subintrans in conclave,
Virginis formidinem
Demulcens, inquit 'Ave!
Ave, regina virginum:
Coeli terraeque dominum
Concipies et paries intacta
Salutem hominum;
Tu porta coeli facta,
Medela criminum.'

The angel came to the Virgin,
entering secretly into her room;
calming the Virgin's fear,
he said, 'Hail!
Hail, queen of virgins:
you will conceive the Lord of heaven and earth
and bear him, still a virgin,
to be the salvation of mankind;
you will be made the gate of heaven,
the cure of sins.'

'Quomodo conciperem,
Quae virum non cognovi?
Qualiter infringerem,
Quae firma mente vovi?'
'Spiritus sancti gratia
Perficiet haec omnia.
Ne timeas, sed gaudeas
Secura, quod castimonia
Manebit in te pura
Dei potentia.'

'How can I conceive,
when I have never known a man?
How can I transgress
resolutions that I have vowed with a firm mind?'
'The grace of the Holy Spirit
shall do all this.
Do not be afraid, but rejoice
without a care, since your chastity
will remain in you unspoilt
through the power of God.'

Ad haec, virgo nobilis
Respondens inquit ei,
'Ancilla sum humilis
Omnipotentis Dei.
Tibi coelesti nuntio,
Tanti secreti conscio,
Consentiens et cupiens videre
Factum quod audio,
Parata sum parere
Dei consilio.'

To this, the noble Virgin,
replying, said to him,
'I am the humble maidservant
of almighty God.
To you, heavenly messenger,
and bearer of such a great secret,
I give my consent, and
wishing to see
done what I hear,
I am ready to obey
the will of God.'

Angelus disparuit
Et statim puellaris
Uterus intumuit
Vi partus salutaris.
Qui, circumdatus utero
Novem mensium numero,
Hinc exiit et iniit conflictum,
Affigens humero

The angel vanished,
and at once the girl's womb swelled
with the force of the pregnancy of salvation.
He, protected by the womb
for nine months in number,
left it and began the struggle,
fixing to his shoulder

Crucem, qua dedit ictum
Hosti mortifero.

a cross, with which he dealt the blow
to the deadly Enemy.

Eia Mater Domini,
Quae pacem reddidisti
Angelis et homini
Cum Christum genuisti!
Tuum exora filium
Ut se nobis propitium
Exhibeat, et deleat peccata,
Praestans auxilium
Vita frui beata
Post hoc exsilium.

Hail, Mother of our Lord,
who brought peace back to angels and men
when you bore Christ!
Pray your son that he may show favour to us
and blot out our sins,
giving us help to enjoy a blessed life
after this exile.

Gregorian Chant

O radix Jesse

Liturgical text

O radix Jesse,
Qui stas in signum populorum,
Super quem continebunt reges os suum,
Quem gentes deprecabuntur
:
Veni ad liberandum nos,
Jam noli tardare.

O Root of Jesse

O Root of Jesse,
who standest as the ensign of the people;
before whom kings shall not open their lips;
to whom the nations shall pray:
come and deliver us;
tarry now no more.

Anon

There is no rose

Anonymous

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

For in this rose contained was
Heaven and earth in little space;
Res miranda.

By that rose we may well see
That He is God in persons three,
Pari forma.

The angels sungen the shepherds to:
Gloria in excelsis Deo:
Gaudeamus.

Leave we all this worldly mirth
And follow we this joyful birth;
Transeamus.

Anton Bruckner (1824-1896)

Virga jesse floruit (1885)

Liturgical text

Virga Jesse floruit:	The branch from Jesse blooms:
Virgo Deum et hominem genuit:	a Virgin brings forth God and man:
Pacem Deus reddidit, In se reconcilians ima summis.	God restores peace, reconciling in Himself the lowest with the highest.
Alleluja.	Alleluia.

John Rutter (b.1945)

There is a flower (1986)

John Audelay

There is a flow'r sprung of a tree,
The root thereof is called Jesse,
A flow'r of price;
There is none such in paradise.

This flow'r is fair and fresh of hue,
It fadeth never, but ever is new;
The blessed branch this flow'r on grew
Was Mary mild that bare Jesu;
A flow'r of grace;
Against all sorrow it is solace.

The seed hereof was Goddes sand,
That God himself sowed with his hand,
In Nazareth that holy land,
Amidst her arbour a maiden found;
This blessed flow'r
Sprang never but in Mary's bower.

When Gabriel this maid did meet,
With 'Ave Maria' he did her greet;
Between them two this flow'r was set
And safe was kept, no man should wit,
Till on a day in
Bethlem it could spread and spray.

When that fair flow'r began to spread
And his sweet blossom began to bed,
Then rich and poor of ev'ry land
Marvelled how this flow'r might spread,
Till kinges three
That blessed flower came to see.
Alleluia, alleluia.

Angels there came from heaven's tower
To look upon this freshele flow'r,
How fair he was in his colour
And how sweet in his savour;
And to behold
How such a flow'r might spring in gold.

There is a flow'r sprung of a tree,
The root thereof is called Jesse,
A flow'r of price;
There is none such in paradise.

Robert White (c.1538-1574)

Ad te levavi oculos

Liturgical text

Ad te levavi oculos meos, qui habitas in caelis.	Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens.
Ecce sicut oculi servorum in manibus dominorum suorum; sicut oculi ancillae	Behold, even as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden
In manibus dominae suae: ita oculi nostri ad Dominum Deum nostrum, donec misereatur nostri.	Unto the hand of her mistress: even so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until he have mercy upon us.
Miserere nostri, Domine, miserere nostri, quia multum repleti sumus despectione;	Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have mercy upon us, for we are utterly despised.
Quia multum replete est anima nostra opprobrium abundantibus, et despectio superbis.	Our soul is filled with the scornful reproof of the wealthy, and with the despitefulness of the proud.

Anon

Es ist ein Ros entsprungen arranged by Jan Sandström

Anonymous

Es ist ein Ros entsprungen aus einer Wurzel zart,	Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming 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, wohl zu der halben Nacht.	It came, a floweret bright, amid the cold of winter, when half spent was the night.

Texts continue overleaf

Orlande de Lassus (c.1530-1594)

Resonet in Laudibus (pub. 1569)

Anonymous

Resonet in laudibus	Let Zion resound
Cum iucundis plausibus	with the joyful acclaim
Sion cum fidelibus:	of the faithful:
Apparuit quem genuit	he whom Mary bore has
Maria	appeared.
Sunt impleta quae predixit	Gabriel's prophesies have
Gabriel.	been fulfilled.
Eia, virgo Deum	The Virgin has given birth
genuit,	to God
Quod divina voluit	as divine mercy
clementia.	willed.
Hodie apparuit in	Today a king has
Israel,	appeared in Israel,
Per Mariam virginem est	born of the Virgin
natus rex.	Mary.
Magnum nomen Domini	The great name of the
Emmanuel,	Lord is Emmanuel
Quod annuntiatum est per	as was foretold by
Gabriel	Gabriel.
Eia, virgo Deum	The Virgin has given birth
genuit,	to God
Quod divina voluit clementia.	as divine mercy willed.

Interval

Anon

In dulci jubilo

arranged by Robert Pearsall

In dulci jubilo

Let us our homage shew:

Our heart's joy reclineth

In praesepio;

And like a bright star shineth

Matris in gremio,

Alpha es et O!

O Jesu parvule,

I yearn for thee alway

Hear me, I beseech Thee,

O puer optime;

My prayer let it reach Thee,

O princeps gloriae.

Trahe me post te.

O patris caritas!

O Nati lenitas!

Deeply were we stained.

Per nostra crimina:

But Thou hast for us gained

Coelorum gaudia,

O that we were there!

Ubi sunt gaudia,

Where if that they be not there?

There are Angels singing

Nova cantica;

There the bells are ringing

In Regis curia.

O that we were there!

Elizabeth Poston (1905-1987)

Jesus Christ the Apple Tree (1967)

Anonymous

The tree of life my soul hath seen,
Laden with fruit and always green;
The trees of nature fruitless be,
Compared with Christ the apple tree.

His beauty doth all things excel,
By faith I know but ne'er can tell
The glory which I now can see,
In Jesus Christ the apple tree.

For happiness I long have sought,
And pleasure dearly I have bought;
I missed of all but now I see
'Tis found in Christ the apple tree.

I'm weary with my former toil -
Here I will sit and rest awhile,
Under the shadow I will be,
Of Jesus Christ the apple tree.

This fruit doth make my soul to thrive,
It keeps my dying faith alive;
Which makes my soul in haste to be
With Jesus Christ the apple tree.

June Collin

The Quiet Heart (pub. 1968)

James Morgan

'Twas in the stillness of the night that Jesus came;
No blare of trumpets heralded his birth
Nor broke the wonted silence of the earth;
No clang of bells or blatant hue and cry
Disturbed the calm beneath the Bethlehem sky.
When Jesus came 'twas night,
And the world was still.

'Tis to the quiet heart he loves to come:
Not often 'midst the tumult of the day,
When we can find small time to think or pray,
Or when, confused by agitating care,
We find no secret place for him to share.
We must be still if we his voice would hear.
'Tis to the quiet heart he loves to come.

Jan Sweelinck (1562-1621)

Hodie Christus natus est (1619)

Liturgical text

Hodie Christus natus est:	Today Christ is born;
Hodie Salvator apparuit:	today the Saviour has appeared;
Hodie in terra canunt Angeli, laetantur Archangeli	today the angels sing, the archangels rejoice;
Hodie exultant justi, dicentes:	today the righteous rejoice, saying,
Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia.	Glory to God in the highest, Alleluia.

Anon

Quem pastores

arranged by Nigel Short

Anonymous

Quem pastores laudavere, Quibus angeli dixere, Absit vobis iam timere. Natus est Rex gloriae.	The angels spoke to the praiseworthy shepherds saying, be not afraid. Born is the King of Glory.
---	--

Ad quem magi ambulabant, Aurum, thus, myrrham portabant, Haec sincere immolabant Nato Regi gloriae.	Wise men came and humbly made their offerings of gold, frankincense and myrrh to the Prince of Glory.
--	--

Christo regi, Deo nato Per Mariam obis data, Merito resonet vere Laus, honor, et gloria.	Through Mary was given to us worthily, Christ the King, God incarnate: loudly sing praise, honour and glory.
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William Walton (1902-1983)

Make we joy now in this fest (1931)

Make we joy now in this fest,
In quo Christus natus est.
Eya, Eya, Eya!

A Patre unigenitus,
Is through a maiden come to us:
Sing we of Him and say 'Welcome
Veni Redemptor gencium!'

Make we joy now in this fest ...

Agnoscat omne seculum,
A bright star made three kings to come,
Him for to seek with their presents,
Verbum supernum prodiens.

Make we joy now in this fest ...

A solis ortus cardine,
So mighty a Lord is none as He;
And to our kind He hath him knit,
Adam parens quod polluit.

Make we joy now in this fest ...

Maria ventre concepit,
The Holy Ghost was aye her with,
Of her in Bethlem born he is,
Consors paterni luminis.

Make we joy now in this fest ...

O lux beata Trinitas,
He lay between an ox and ass,
Beside His mother maiden free,
Gloria tibi Domine.

Make we joy now in this fest ...

Christopher Robinson (b.1936)

Rejoice and be merry (by 1995)

Anonymous

Rejoice and be merry
In songs and in mirth!
O praise our Redeemer;
All mortals on earth!
For this is the birthday
Of Jesus our King,
Who brought us salvation,
His praises we'll sing!
A heavenly vision
Appeared in the sky;
Vast numbers of angels
The shepherds did spy,
Proclaiming the birthday
Of Jesus our King,
Who brought us salvation,
His praises we'll sing!
Likewise a bright star
In the sky did appear,
Which led the wise men
From the East to draw near;
They found the Messiah,
Sweet Jesus our King,
Who brought us salvation,
His praises we'll sing!
And when they were come,
They their treasures unfold,
And unto him offered
Myrrh, incense and gold.
So blessed for ever
Be Jesus our King,
Who brought us salvation,
His praises we'll sing!

Joanna Forbes L'Estrange (b.1971)

In the Bleak Midwinter (2022)

Christina Rossetti

In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter, long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him, nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away when He comes to reign.
In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him, whom cherubim, worship night and day,
Breastful of milk, and a mangerful of hay;
Enough for Him, whom angels fall before,
The ox and ass and camel which adore.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
But only his mother, in her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the beloved with a kiss.

What can I give Him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;
If I were a Wise Man, I would do my part;
Yet what I can I give Him: give my heart.

Francis Pott (b.1957)

Balulalow (2009)

attr. James, John & Robert Wedderburn

O my dear hert, young Jesus sweet,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee in my hert
And never mair from thee deperit.

But I sall praise thee evermore
With sangis sweet unto thy glor:
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt Balulalow.

Joseph Phibbs (b.1974)

Sleep, my pretty one, sleep from *Night Songs*

(pub. 2019)

Anonymous

Lullaby, lullaby; sleep, my pretty one, sleep,
And I shall sing a lullaby.

Close your eyes, close your eyes; sleep, my pretty one,
sleep,
And I shall sing a lullaby.

Sleep my child, sleep my child; sleep, my pretty one, sleep,
And I shall sing a lullaby.

Franz Xavier Gruber (1787-1863)

Silent Night (1818)

arranged by Barry Rose

Joseph Mohr, trans. John Freeman Young

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
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ the Saviour is born!
Christ the Saviour is born!

Silent night, holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light.
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth!
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth!

Traditional

We wish you a merry Christmas

arranged by Nigel Short

Traditional

We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy new year.

Good tidings we bring to you and your kin:
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year.

Now bring us some figgy pudding,
Now bring us some figgy pudding,
Now bring us some figgy pudding,
And bring some out here.

Good tidings we bring to you and your kin:
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year.

For we all like figgy pudding,
For we all like figgy pudding,
For we all like figgy pudding,
So bring some out here.

And we won't go until we've got some,
And we won't go until we've got some,
And we won't go until we've got some,
So bring some out here.

We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy new year.

Good tidings we bring to you and your kin
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year!

Text of Joanna Marsh by Jane Draycott, 'The Winter House' from The Occupant (Paperback), printed with permission. Translation of 'Es ist ein Ros entsprungen' by Theodore Baker.