NOEL, NOEL

“Chantons, je vous en prie”

Chantons, je vous en prie par exaltation,
En l’honneur de Marie,
Pleine de grand renom;
Pour tout l’humain lignage
Jetter hors de peril,
Fut transmis un message,
A la Vierge de prix.

Let us sing, I pray you,
In exaltation, in honor of Mary,
Full of great renown;
For all the human lineage
To remove from danger,
was she sent a message
at the price of her virginity.

Nommé fut Marie par destination,
De royale lignée, par generation.
Or, nous dites Marie,
Qui fut le Messager,
Qui porta la nouvelle
Pour le monde sauver.

She was named Mary by destiny,
Of royal lineage, by generation.
Now, tell us Mary,
Who was the messenger
Who brought the news
That would save the world?

Une jeune pucelle de noble Coeur,
Priant en sa chambrette son Créateur;
L’Ange du Ciel descendit sur la terre,
Luy conta le mystere, de nôtre salvateur

A young virgin of noble heart,
Praying in her room to the creator;
The angel of heaven came down to earth
And told her the mystery of our savior:

Sans douleur ny sans peine,
Et sans tourment,
Neuf mois sera enceinte de cet enfant,
Et quand viendra à le poser sur terre, Jésus faut qu’on l’appelle, Roy sur tout triumphant.

“Without sadness or pain,
And without torment,
Nine months will you be pregnant with this child,
And when he is born, he will be called Jesus, King over all, triumphant.”

Mon ame magnifie Dieu mon Sauveur,
Mon esprit glorifie son Créateur;
Car il a eû égard à son ancelle,
Que terre universelle Luy soit gloire et honneur.

My soul magnifies the Lord, my Savior,
My spirit glorifies its creator;
For he had regard for his ancestor,
May the earth be glory and honor to Him.

Praetorius, arr. Les Délices: Es ist ein Ros entsprungen

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 Blûmlein bracht.
Aus Gottes ew'gem Rat
Hat sie ein Kind geboren
Und blieb ein reine Magd.

Das Blümelein 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.

A rose has sprung up,
From a tender root,
As the old ones sang to us,
Its strain came from Jesse
And it has brought forth a small flower,
Amid the cold winter
And in the dark of night.

The little rose of which I sing,
And of which Isaiah told,
Is Mary, the pure,
Who brought us that small flower.
At God's eternal counsel
She has born a child
And remained a Virgin.

That little flower so small,
And so sweet smelling,
With its bright gleam
Dispels the darkness.
True man and true God,
It relieves our suffering,
And saves us from sin and death.

Dietrich Buxtehude: Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt, BuxWV 5

Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt,
Daß er seinen eingebornen Sohn gab,
auf daß alle, die an ihn glauben
nicht verloren werden,
sondern das ewige Leben haben.
Alleluia.

Thus, God has so loved the world
that he gave us his only son,
so that everyone who believes in him
may not be lost
but rather have eternal life.
Hallelujah!

Traditional arr. Nagy: Drive the Cold Winter away

All hail to the days that merit more praise
Than all the rest of the year,
And welcome the nights that double delights
As well for the poor as the peer!
Good fortune attend each merry man's friend,
That doth but the best he may;
Forgetting old wrongs, with carols and songs
To drive the cold winter away.

Thus none will allow of solitude now
But merrily greets the time,
To make it appear of all the whole year
That this is accounted the prime;
December is seen apparel's in green,
And January fresh as May
Comes dancing along with a cup and a song
To drive the cold winter away.

'Tis ill for a mind to anger inclined
To think of small injuries now;
If wrath be to seek do not lend her thy cheek
Nor let her inhabit thy brow.
Cross out of thy books malevolent looks,
Both beauty and youth's decay,
And wholly consort with mirth and with sport
To drive the cold winter away.

This time of the year is spent in good cheer,
And neighbors together do meet
To sit by the fire, with friendly desire,
Each other in love to greet;
Old grudges forgot are put in the pot,
All sorrows aside they lay;
The old and the young doth carol this song,
To drive the cold winter away

Michael Praetorius, arr. Nagy: In dulci Jubilo

In dulci jubilo,
Nun singet und seid froh!
Unsers Herzens Wonne liegt in praesepio
Und leuchtet als die Sonne
Matris in gremio, Alpha es et O!

In quiet joy,
Let us now sing and be happy!
Our heart's joy lies In a manger
and shines like the sun.
In the mother's lap.
Thou art Alpha and Omega.

In dulci jubilo,
Let us our homage show
Our heart's joy reclineth in praesepio.
And like a bright star shineth
Matris in gremio
Alpha es et O!

In quiet joy,
Let us our homage show
Our heart's joy reclineth In a manger
And like a bright start shineth
In the mother's lap.
Thou art Alpha and Omega.

Christian Geist: Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern

Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern,
Voll Gnad und Wahrheit von dem Herrn,
Die süße Wurzel Jeße.
Du Sohn David auß Jacobs Stam,
Mein König und mein Bräutigam,
Hast mir mein Herz besessen,
Lieblich, Freundlich, schön und herrlich,
Groß und Ehrlich, reich an Gaben,
Hoch und sehr prächtig erhaben.

How beautifully shines the morning star
Full of grace and truth from the Lord,
The sweet root of Jesse!
You son of David from the line of Jacob,
My king and my bridegroom,
Have taken possession of my heart.
Lovely, friendly, beautiful and glorious,
Great and honorable, rich in gifts,
Lofty and exalted in splendor!

Wie bin ich doch so herzlich froh,
Das mein Schatz ist das A und O,
Der Anfang und das Ende.
Er wird mich doch zu seinem Preis,
Aufnehmen in das Paradeis,
Des klopf ich in die Hände.
Amen, Amen, komm, du schöne Freudenkrone,

How happy I am
That my darling is the alpha and omega.
The beginning and the end.
He will take me to his reward,
Up to Paradise,
And so I clap my hands,
Amen, amen! Come, you beautiful crown of joy,

Bleib nicht lange,
Deiner wart ich mit Verlangen.

Don't stay long,
I wait for you with longing.

"The Holly and the Ivy"

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,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a blossom
As white as lily flower;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet Savior.

The holly bears a berry
As red as any blood;
Any Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.

The holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas day in the morn.

The holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.

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.

Traditional, arr. Les Délices: The Wexford Carol

1. Good people all, this Christmas-time,
Consider well and bear in mind

What our good God for us has done
In sending his beloved Son.
With Mary holy we should pray
To God with love this Christmas day;
In Bethlehem upon that morn
There was a blessed Messiah born.

3. Let all your songs and praises be,
Unto his Heavenly Majesty;
And evermore, amongst our mirth,
Remember Christ our Savior's birth.
That night the Virgin Mary mild,
Was safe deliver'd of a child;
According unto Heav'n's decree,
Man's sweet salvation for to be.

6. See how the Lord of Heav'n and earth,
Show'd himself lowly in His birth;
A sweet example for mankind,
To learn to bear a humble mind.
If quires of Angels did rejoice,
Well may mankind with heart and voice
Sing praises to the God of Heav'n,
That unto us his Son has given.

Arr. Les Délices: Make we joy now in this fest

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

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

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

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

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

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