

Originaltexte zum Konzert Noël des BernChor21

Eric Whitacre
Lux aurumque (2000)

Light, warm and heavy as pure gold
and the angels sing softly
to the new-born babe.

Edward Esch
(Translated to Latin by Charles Anthony Silvestri)

Lux, calida gravisque pura velut aurum
et canunt angeli molliter
modo natum.

David Willcocks
Tomorrow shall be my dancing day
(1966)

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day;
I would my true love did so chance
To see the legend of my play,
To call my true love to my dance:

Chorus.
Sing, o my love, o my love, my love, my love;
This have I done for my true love.

Then was I born of a virgin pure,
Of her I took fleshly substance;
Thus was I knit to man's nature,
To call my true love to my dance.
(Chorus)

In a manger laid, and wrapp'd I was,
So very poor, this was my chance,
Betwixt an ox and a silly poor ass,
To call my true love to my dance.
(Chorus)

Marjorie Hess
The Oxen (1993)

The Oxen
Christmas Eve and twelve of the clock.
"Now they are all on their knees",
an elder said as we sat in a flock
by the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where
they dwelt in their strawy pen,
nor did it occur to one of us there to doubt
they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave
In these years! Yet, I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve,
"Come; see the oxen kneel,

In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
our childhood used to know,"
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

Arvo Pärt
Magnificat (1989)

Magnificat anima mea Dominum,
et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo;
quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae,
Ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes.
Quia fecit mihi magna, qui potens est, et sanctum nomen eius,
Et misericordia eius a progenie in progenies timentibus eum.
Fecit potentiam in brachio suo,
dispersit superbos mente cordis sui,
deposuit potentes de sede
et exaltavit humiles,
Esurientes implevit bonis,
et divites dimisit inanes.

Suscepit Israel puerum suum,
recordatus misericordiae suae
sicut locutus est ad patres nostros,
Abraham et semini eius in saecula.
Magnificat anima mea Dominum.

Stephen Paulus
aus Jesu Carols
The Ship Carol (1985)

The Ship Carol
There comes a ship farr sailing then,
St. Michael was the steersman,
St. John sat in the horn;
Our Lord harped, our Lady sang,
And all the belles of heav'n they rang,
On Christ's Sunday at morn.

Francis Poulenc
O magnum mysterium (1952)

O magnum mysterium, et admirabile sacramentum,
ut animalia viderent Dominum natum, jacentem in præsepio.
Beata Virgo, cujus viscera meruerunt portare Dominum Christum.

John Rutter
There is a Flower (2007)

There is a flower
There is a flow'r sprung of a tree,
The root thereof is called Jesse,
A flow'r of price;
There is nons such in paradise.

1.
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.

2.
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.

3.
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.

4.
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 ...

5.
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.

(John Audelay, 15th cent.)

Stephen Chatman
Lullay My Liking (2008)

Lullay My Liking

1.
I saw a fair maiden
Sitten and sing:
She lulled a little child,
A sweete lording.

Chorus:
Lullay my liking,
My dear Son, my Sweeting;
Lullay my dear Heart,
Mine own dear Darling

2.
That Eternal Lord is He
That made alle thing;
Of alle Lordes He is Lord
Of ev'ry King He's the King.
(Chorus)

3.
There was mickle melody
At that childes birth:
Though songsters were heavenly
They made mickle mirth.
(Chorus)

4.
Angels bright they sang that night,
And said to that Child
"Blessed be Thou and so be she
That is so meek and mild."
Chorus:

5.
Pray we now to that child,
And His Mother dear,
God grant them all His blessing
That now maken cheer.
(Chorus)

William Walton
What cheer? (1961)

What Cheer?
What cheer? Good cheer!
Be merry and glad this good New Year!

"Lift up your hearts and be glad
In Christ's birth", the angel bade,
Say each to other, if any be sad:
"What cheer?"

Now the King of heav'n his birth hath take,
Joy and mirth we ought to make;
Say each to other, for his sake:
"What cheer?"

I tell you all with heart so free:
Right welcome, welcome, ye be to me;
Be glad and merry, for charity!

What cheer? Good cheer!
Be merry and glad this good New Year!

(anonymous, sixteenth century)

Morten Lauridsen
O magnum mysterium (1994)

O magnum mysterium, et admirabile sacramentum,
ut animalia viderent Dominum natum, iacentem in præsepio!
Beata Virgo, cuius viscera meruerunt portare Dominum Christum.

Malcolm Hawkins

aus Four Carols (1998)

Storm Cloud**Storm Cloud**

Storm cloud, quickening, gathering,
sea creatures leaping from ocean tempestuous.
Deep gray, blackening, threatening
death to the victims of mighty Aquarius.
The star of our lady is hidden tonight.

Boatman, row away, look away,
Eastward the sky is no longer so thunderous.
Miles high, up away, far away,
slowly emerging from patterns of cumulus.
The star of our lady is glowing tonight.

A Vision**A Vision**

A vision of an angel is come and gone.
An olive branch, a white robe, a crown that shone.
To give a fleeting message of coming birth,
or leave the unbelieving on darkest earth.
O Gabriel appear to ev'ry mother-to-be.
Was this an invitation, mysterious wraith,
to grasp the branch of olive in childlike faith?
To touch the long dalmatic, to kneel and pray
that from the vanish'd vision the gift may stay.
O Gabriel appear to ev'ry mother-to-be.