

ANALEKTA

A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM

THE BACH CHOIR OF BETHLEHEM

GREG FUNFGELD, CONDUCTOR / CHEF



TEXTS OF THE CAROLS AND POEMS

TEXTES DES CANTIQUES ET POÈMES

The Bach Choir of Bethlehem

Greg Funfgeld,
artistic director and conductor / directeur artistique et chef

With / Avec

The Bel Canto Children's Chorus,
Joy Ondra Hirokawa,
director / directeur

Music compiled by / Musique assemblée par:
Greg Funfgeld

Spoken Word compiled by / Textes assemblés par:
Bridget George

TRACK/ PIÈCE 1: PROLOGUE

Presents

Poem / Poème: Emma Sensale

Opening, touching
Under my breathtaking tree
Ribbons on wrapping

Poem / Poème: Jaida Caraballo

Cool purple wrappings
For God's birthday is Christmas
Red, blue, green, gold, white

Of the Father's Love Begotten

14th Century Plainsong / Cantique du 14^e siècle

Text / Texte: Aurelius C. Prudentius (378-413)

Translation / Traduction:

John M. Neale (1818-1866)

and / et Henry Baker (1821-1977)

Arr: John Erikson (b. 1938)

Of the Father's love begotten
ere the worlds began to be,
he is Alpha and Omega,
he the source, the ending he;
Of the things that are, that have been,
and that future years shall see,
evermore and evermore.

O ye heights of heaven, adore him;
Angel hosts, his praises sing;
Powers, dominions, bow before him

and extol our God and King.
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
every voice in concert ring
evermore and evermore.

Christ, to thee, with God the Father,
and, O Holy Ghost, to thee
hymn and chant and high thanksgiving
and unwearied praises be,
honor, glory, and dominion,
and eternal victory
evermore and evermore.

What Sweeter Music

Poem / Poème: Robert Herrick (1591-1634)

(Lines from the first verse / Texte du premier couplet)

What sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol, for to sing
The Birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the Voice; awake the String!
Heart, Ear, and Eye, and every thing.

TRACK / PIÈCE 2: THE GIFT

Traditional German Carol /

Cantique traditionnel allemand

Text / Texte: J.A.P. Schulz (1747-1800)

Translation / Traduction:

Arr: William Cutter

O come, little children, O come one and all.
O come to the cradle in Bethlehem's stall.
Come see what has happened this holiest of nights.
Come gaze on the gift from the Father of Might

How sweetly he lies in his bed made of straw
as Mary and Joseph behold him in awe!
The shepherds are kneeling before his poor bed,
while caroling angels are heard overhead.

O come join the shepherds, and on bended knee
give thanks to the Father for Jesu our King.
O lift up your voices and join in the praise
the angels from heav'n to the Father now raise.

Come see what had happened this holiest of
nights.
Come gaze on the gift from the Father of Might!

TRACK / PIÈCE 4: MARY WONDERED WHAT IT MEANT

Carol / Cantique

Words and Music / Texte et musique: Nancy Telfer

When Mary was a young woman,
An angel came to bring her special news.
“God is pleased with you” said the angel fair.
“You shall have a baby and his name shall be Jesus.
He will rule your people as the Child of God”.

Chorus / Refrain

Mary wondered what it meant.
Could the baby be the Christ?
Mary wondered what it meant.
Could he be the Child of God?
Oh Mary’s heart was filled with joy
As she sang her praise to God.

When Mary had the little baby,
the shepherds came running to her side.
“Angels came to us,” said the shepherd boy.
“Angel voices singing told the story of the baby.
He will be the Saviour; sing glory on high”.

Chorus / Refrain

Mary wondered what it meant.

When Mary rocked the sleeping baby,
the wise men saw the star above the place.
“Mother Mary, we have traveled far.
Treasures for the baby we have brought from
the East.
He must be the Christ, the Holy Child of God”.

Chorus / Refrain

Mary wondered what it meant.

TRACK / PIÈCE 5: NOËL NOUVELET

Traditional French Carol /

Cantique traditionnel français

Anonymous (15th century) / Anonyme (15^e siècle)

Translation / Traduction: Marion Jackson

Arr: John Rutter

Noël nouvelet, Noël chantons ici.
Dévotes gens, crions à Dieu merci !
Chantons Noël pour le roi nouvelet.
Noël nouvelet, Noël chantons ici.
L'ange disait : « Pasteurs, partez d'ici,
l'âme en repos et le cœur réjouï;
À Bethléem trouverez l'agnelet ».
Noël nouvelet, Noël chantons ici.
À Bethléem, étant tous réunis,
trouvèrent l'enfant, Joseph, Marie aussi.
La crèche était au lieu d'un bercelet.
Noël nouvelet, Noël chantons ici.

Bientôt les rois, par l'étoile éclaircis,
de l'Orient dont ils étaient sortis,
À Bethléem vinrent un matin.
Noël nouvelet, Noël chantons ici.
Voici mon Dieu, mon sauveur Jésus Christ,
par qui sera le prodige accompli
de nous sauver par son sang vermeillet !
Noël nouvelet, Noël chantons ici.

*Christmas comes anew, let us sing Noel!
Faithful people, let us shout to God, "Thanks!"
Sing we Noel for the new King.
Christmas comes anew, let us sing Noel!
The angel said, "Shepherds, leave this place!
Let your spirit be calm and your heart rejoice.
In Bethlehem you will find the little lamb".
Christmas comes anew, let us sing Noel!
In Bethlehem, all gathered together
they found the child, with Joseph and Mary too.
The manger was in place of a cradle.
Christmas comes anew, let us sing Noel!*

*Soon, the Kings, by the bright star,
from the Orient which they had left,
to Bethlehem came one morning.
Christmas comes anew, let us sing Noel!
Here is my God, my saviour Jesus Christ,
through whom the wonder will be fulfilled.
To save us, through his scarlet blood,
Christmas comes anew, let us sing Noel!
Christmas comes anew, O let us sing Noel!
Faithful people, let us shout to God, "Thanks!"
Sing we Noel for the new King.
Christmas comes anew, let us sing Noel!*

TRACK / PIÈCE 6: NOEL

*Poem / Poème: Anne Porter (1911-2011),
from her collection /de la collection Living Things
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Zoland Books, and imprint of Steerforth Press*

When snow is shaken
From the balsam trees
And they're cut down
And brought into our houses

When clustered sparks
Of many-colored fire
Appear at night
In ordinary windows

We hear and sing
The customary carols

They bring us ragged miracles
And hay and candles
And flowering weeds of poetry
That are loved all the more
Because they are so common

But there are carols
That carry phrases
Of the haunting music
Of the other world
music wild and dangerous
As a prophet's message

Or the fresh truth of children
Who though they come to us
From our own bodies
Are altogether new
With their small limbs
And birdlike voices

They look at us
With their clear eyes
And ask the piercing questions
God alone can answer.

TRACK / PIÈCE 7: BETELEHEMU

Nigerian Carol / Cantique nigérien
Music and lyrics / Paroles et musique: Via
Olatunji and Wendell Whalum
Arr: Barrington Brooks

Betelehemu
Awa yiori Baba gbojule.
Awa yiori Baba fehenti.
Nibo labi Jesu,
nibo lagbe bii.
Betelehemu ilu ara,
nibe labi Baba o daju
Iyin, nifuno,
adupe fun o jooni,
Baba oloreo.
Iyin, fun o Baba anu,
Baba toda wasi.
Betelehemu ilu ara,
Nibe labi Baba o daju.

Bethlehem
We are glad that we have a Father to trust.
We are glad that we have a Father to rely upon.
Where was Jesus born?
Where was he born?
Bethlehem, the city of wonder,
that is where the Father was born for sure.
Praise be to him.
We thank thee for this day,
gracious Father.
Praise be to thee,
merciful Father.
Bethlehem, the city of wonder,
that is where the Father was born for sure.

TRACK / PIÈCE 8: THE HOUSE OF CHRISTMAS

Poem / Poème: G.K. Chesterton (1874-1936)
(Excerpt / Extrait)

There fared a mother driven forth
Out of an inn to roam;
In the place where she was homeless
All men are at home.
The crazy stable close at hand,
With shaking timber and shifting sand,
Grew a stronger thing to abide and stand
Than the square stones of Rome.

For men are homesick in their homes,
And strangers under the sun,
And they lay their heads in a foreign land
Whenever the day is done.
Here we have battle and blazing eyes,
And chance and honour and high surprise,
But our homes are under miraculous skies
Where the yule tale was begun.

To an open house in the evening
Home shall all men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome.
To the end of the way of the wandering star,
To the things that cannot be and that are,
To the place where God was homeless
And all men are at home.

TRACK / PIÈCE 9: SLEEP WELL THOU CHILD OF GOD

Carol / Cantique

Music and words / Paroles et musique:

David R. Umla

*Dedicated to Greg Funfgeld and the Chancel Choir
of The First Presbyterian Church of Bethlehem,
Pennsylvania*

Sleep, sleep, sleep.
Sleep well, thou child of God.
The world's awake with much unrest.
But you, dear child, are ever bless'd.
Sleep well, thou child of God.

Sleep, sleep, sleep.
Sleep well, thou child of God.
A son was born for us this night
beneath the heavens' star so bright.
Sleep well, thou child of God.

Shepherds and wise-men have come from afar,
following Heaven's brightest star.
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh they bring
to this child, this tiny king.

Sleep, sleep, sleep.
Sleep well, thou child of God.
You were born in a cattle stall.
Born for us, you will die for all.
Sleep, baby, sleep. Oh Jesus sleep.
Sleep well, thou child of God.

TRACK / PIÈCE 10: O JESULEIN SUESS

Traditional German Carol /

Cantique traditionnel allemand

Text / Texte: Valentin Thino (1607-1662)

*Harmonization / Harmonisation: Johann Sebastian
Bach (1685-1750)*

O Jesulein seuss! o Jesulein mild!
Deins Vaters Willen hast du erfüllt;
Bist kommen aus dem Himmelreich,
uns armen Menschen worden gleich,
o Jesulein seuss! o Jesulein mild!

O Jesulein seuss! o Jesulein mild!
Mit Freuden hast du die Welt erfüllt,
du kommst herab vom Himmels saal,
und trosts uns in dem Jammerthal,
o Jesulein seuss! o Jesulein mild!

O Jesulein seuss! o Jesulein mild!
Du bist der Lieb ein Ebenbild:
zünd an in uns der Liebe Flamm,
dass wir dich lieben allzusamm,
o Jesulein seuss! o Jesulein mild!

*Child Jesus so sweet, child Jesus so mild!
Thy Father's will thou hast fulfilled;
Thou hast come down from Heaven's bright sphere
To be like us poor mortals here,
child Jesus so sweet, child Jesus so mild!*

*Child Jesus so sweet, child Jesus so mild!
With joy thy birth the world has filled;
From heaven thou comest to men below
to comfort us in all our woe,
child Jesus so sweet, child Jesus so mild!*

*Child Jesus so sweet, child Jesus so mild!
In thee love's beauties are distilled;
O light in us Love's ardent flame,
that we may give thee back the same,
child Jesus so sweet, child Jesus so mild!*

TRACK / PIÈCE 12: LONG AGO IN BETHLEHEM

Moravian Carol / Cantique moravian

Translation / Traduction:

Arr: Phyllis Tate (1911-1987)

Long ago in Bethlehem the Virgin fair
unto us the infant Jesus Christ did bear;
Praise be to God in heaven, peace on earth.

In the still of night the angel did appear,
bringing the glad tidings for all men to hear;
Praise be to God in heaven, peace on earth.

Shepherds hastened to that town of Bethlehem,
bagpipes, flutes and violins they took with them;
Praise be to God in heaven, peace on earth.

Let us with those simple shepherds honor pay,
and in chorus with the angels laud this day;
Praise be to God in heaven, peace on earth.

TRACK / PIÈCE 13: SHEPHERD'S SONG AT CHRISTMAS

Carol / Cantique

Text / Texte: Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

Music / Musique: Gwyneth Walker

The Bel Canto Children's Chorus

Solo:

Look there at the star!
I, among the least,
will arise and take
journey to the East.

Choir / Chorale:

But what shall I bring
as a present for the King!
What shall I bring to the manger?

I will bring a song,
song that I will sing,
song for the King in the manger.

Solo:

Watch out for my flocks,
do not let them stray.
I am going on a journey
far, far away,

Choir / Chorale:

But what shall I bring
as a present for the Child?
What shall I bring to the manger?

I will bring a lamb,
gentle, meek, and mild,
lamb for the Child in the manger.

Solo:

Look there at the star!
I'm just a shepherd child,
very poor I am – but I know there is
a King in Bethlehem.

Choir / Chorale:

What shall I bring
as a present just for him?
What shall I bring to the manger?

I will bring my heart
and give my heart to him.
I will bring my heart to the manger.

TRACK / PIÈCE 14: THE LAMB

Poem / Poème: William Blake (1757-1827)

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, 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;
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.
a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

TRACK / PIÈCE 15: THE ANGEL GABRIEL

Carol / Cantique

Text / Texte: Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-1924)

Arr: Bob Chilcott

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!

"For known 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!

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!

Of her Emmanuel, the Christ, was born,
in Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn;
And Christian folk will ever, ever say:
"Most highly favoured lady!"
Gloria!

TRACK / PIÈCE 16: DORMI, DORMI

Traditional Italian Carol /

Cantique traditionnel italien

Arr: Mary Goetze

The Bel Canto Children's Chorus

Dormi, dormi bel bambin.

Re divin.

Fala nanna fanto lino

Re divin.

Fala nanna fanto lino.

Fa-la-la

Perche piangni, o mio tresor.

Dolce amor.

Fala nanna, o caro figlio.

Fanto bel.

Fala nanna, o caro figlio.

Fa-la-la.

Sleep, o sleep, my lovely child.

King divine.

Close your eyes

King divine.

And sweetly slumber.

Fa-la-la

O my treasure, do not weep.

Sweetly sleep.

*Close your eyes my son, my dear one,
sweetly sleep.*

Close your eyes, my son, my dear one.

Fa-la-la

TRACK / PIÈCE 17: THREE KINGS DAY

Tic-Toc

Poem / Poème: Laila-Lis Roque

Tic-Toc Tic waiting
Waiting on Christmas morning
Tic-Toc on the clock

The Night We Almost Saw the Three Kings

Story / Conte: Zaida Padilla

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Puerto Rico's Christmas in Bethlehem

Poem / Poème: Carla Victoria Lugo

I hear my mom waking me up
pork shoulder sizzling
smelling the cookies,
quesitos,
pork shoulder
tres leche cake

and dirt

Tasting the sweet sweet air
coming from
pots and pans
in the oven
in the kitchen

Touching presents
the glittery red bows
glitter getting
stuck in my fingers

The cozy warm
blanket
Me seeing my presents
seeing my big
sister sleep
and little sister

a box with a piece
of candy \$20
and a box next to it
that was empty

Believing

Los Tres Reyes
Magos
The Three Kings
Wise

settled down
in my little
house
down the street

Los Reyes
settled their
horses down
and said, "Mira,
ven y come!"
Come eat!

Tasting the hay
touching the dirt

they came

TRACK / PIÈCE 18: A LA NANITA NANA

*Traditional Spanish Carol /
Cantique traditionnel espagnol
Arr: Dan Davison*

A la nanita nana, nanita ea,
mi Jesus tiene sueño,
bendito sea.
Fuentecilla que corres clara y sonora,
ruiseñor q'en la selva cantando lloras,
callad mientras la cuna se balancea.
A la nanita nana, nanita ea.

*A lullaby for the holy infant,
see, baby Jesus sleeps, blessed holy child.
Fountain runs clear as crystal, rills gently trickling,
nightingale sings in forests, trills softly sounding,
while quietly, so quietly, his cradle's rocking.
A lullaby for the holy infant.*

TRACK / PIÈCE 19: GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY

Hymn / Hymne

Text / Texte: William Cowper (1731-1800)

Music / Musique: Playford's Psalms (1671)

Arr: Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Saint Nicolas, Op. 42

God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to
perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea and rides upon
the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines of never failing skill
he treasures up his bright designs and works his
sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take, the clouds
you so much dread
are big with mercy, and shall break in blessings
on your head.

Amen!

TRACK / PIÈCE 20: WHAT SWEETER MUSIC

Poem / Poème: Robert Herrick (1591-1634)
(Excerpt / Extrait)

We see Him come, and know Him ours,
Who, with His Sunshine, and His Showers,
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

The Darling of the World is come,
And fit it is, we find a room
To welcome Him.
The nobler part
Of all the house here, is the Heart,
Which we will give Him; and bequeath
This Holly, and this Ivy Wreath,
To do Him honour; who's our King,
And Lord of all this Revelling.

TRACK / PIÈCE 21: DING DONG MERRILY ON HIGH

Traditional Carol / Cantique traditionnel
16th Century French melody / Mélodie française
du 16^e siècle
Text / Texte: G.R. Woodward (1848-1934)
Arr: Mack Wilberg

Ding!dong! merrily on high
in heav'n the bells are ringing:
Ding!dong! verily the sky
is riv'n with angels 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, Hosanna in excelsis!
Pray you, dutifully prime
our matin chime, ye ringers;
May you beautifully rime
your evetime song, ye singers.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!