



LYRICS AS SUNG AND TRANSLATIONS



CALIFORNIA  
SYMPHONY

# CALIFORNIA SYMPHONY

## Season in Song

December 12, 2020 at 7:00 PM

Kelley O'Connor, mezzo-soprano

Nicholas Phan, tenor

*Lyrics as sung and translations*

### **Bach—Arias from the Christmas Oratorio**

Schlafe mein Liebster—Kelley O'Connor

Frohe Hirten—Nicholas Phan

### **Bach—Duet from Cantata 63 (Ruft und fleiht den Himmel an)**

Kelley O'Connor & Nicholas Phan

### **Britten—The Holly and the Ivy**

Nicholas Phan

### **Holst—In the Bleak Midwinter**

Nicholas Phan

### **Heggie—On the Road to Christmas: Good King Merrily on High**

Nicholas Phan

### **Muhly—M.A.R.Y.**

Kelley O'Connor

### **Wolf—Spanisches Liederbuch**

No. 4 Die ihr schwebet—Kelley O'Connor

No. 3 Nun wandre Maria—Nicholas Phan

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### **California Symphony Brass Quintet**

*Handel (arr. Jack Gale)—Joy to the World*

*Arr. Jack Gale—The First Noel*

*Richard S. Willis (arr. Jack Gale)—It Came Upon a Midnight Clear*

*(Arr. Forrest Byram)—Chanukkah Latkes*

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### **Arr. Richard Walters—Gesù Bambino**

Nicholas Phan

### **Traditional—O Holy Night**

Kelley O'Connor

## Bach—Christmas Oratorio: Schlafe mein Liebster

Schlafe, mein Liebster, genieße der Ruh,  
Schlafe, mein Liebster, genieße der Ruh,  
Wache nach diesem für aller Gedeihen,  
Schlafe, mein Liebster, genieße der Ruh,  
Wache nach diesem für aller Gedeihen!

Schlafe, mein Liebster, genieße der Ruh,  
Schlafe, mein Liebster, genieße der Ruh,  
Wache nach diesem für aller Gedeihen,  
Wache nach diesem für aller Gedeihen,  
Wache, wache, wache nach diesem,  
nach diesem für aller Gedeihen!

Labe die Brust, empfinde die Lust,  
Wo wir unser Herz erfreuen,  
Wo wir unser Herz erfreuen,  
Labe die Brust, empfinde die Lust,  
Wo wir unser Herz erfreuen,  
Labe die Brust, empfinde die Lust,  
Wo wir unser Herz erfreuen,  
Labe die Brust, empfinde die Lust,  
Wo wir unser Herz erfreuen.

Sleep, my dearest, enjoy your rest,  
Sleep, my dearest, enjoy your rest,  
Wake after this so that all may thrive,  
Sleep, my dearest, enjoy your rest,  
Wake after this so that all may thrive!

Sleep, my dearest, enjoy your rest,  
Sleep, my dearest, enjoy your rest,  
Wake after this so that all may thrive,  
Wake after this so that all may thrive,  
Wake, wake, wake after this,  
so that all may thrive!

Comfort the breast, feel the pleasure  
With which we make glad our hearts,  
With which we make glad our hearts,  
Comfort the breast, feel the pleasure,  
With which we make glad our hearts,  
Comfort the breast, feel the pleasure,  
With which we make glad our hearts,  
Comfort the breast, feel the pleasure,  
With which we make glad our hearts,  
Comfort the breast, feel the pleasure,  
With which we make glad our hearts.

*Translation by Francis Browne (www.bach-cantatas.com)*



## Bach—Christmas Oratorio: Frohe Hirten

Frohe Hirten, eilt, ach eilet,  
Eh ihr euch zu lang verweilet,  
Eilt, das holde Kind zu sehn!  
Eilt, ach eilet, eilt das holde Kind zu sehn!  
Frohe Hirten, eilt, ach eilet,  
Eh ihr euch zu lang verweilet,  
Eilt, das holde Kind zu sehn,  
Eilt, eilt das holde Kind zu sehn!

Geht, die Freude heißt zu schön,  
Geht, die Freude heißt zu schön,  
Sucht die Anmut, die Anmut, zu gewinnen,  
Geht und labet, und labet, Herz und Sinnen.  
Und labet Herz und Sinnen.  
Geht, die Freude heißt zu schön,  
Geht, die Freude heißt zu schön,  
Sucht die Anmut zu gewinnen,  
Geht und labet Herz und Sinnen,  
Labet Herz und Sinnen.  
Labe die Brust, empfinde die Lust,  
Wo wir unser Herz erfreuen.

Joyful shepherds, hurry, ah hurry,  
in case you linger too long,  
Hurry to see the lovely child!  
Hurry, ah hurry, hurry to see the lovely child!  
Joyful shepherds, hurry, ah hurry,  
in case you linger too long,  
Hurry to see the lovely child,  
Hurry, hurry to see the lovely child!

Go, the joy is too beautiful,  
Go, the joy is too beautiful,  
seek to gain that loveliness,  
go and refresh your heart and mind.  
And refresh your heart and mind.  
Go, the joy is too beautiful,  
Go, the joy is too beautiful,  
seek to gain that loveliness,  
go and refresh your heart and mind,  
refresh your heart and mind.  
Comfort the breast, feel the pleasure,  
With which we make glad our hearts.

*Translation by Francis Browne ([www.bach-cantatas.com](http://www.bach-cantatas.com))*



## Bach—Cantata 63: Duet "Ruft und fleht den Himmel an"

Ruft und fleht den Himmel an,	Call and implore Heaven,
– Ruft und fleht den Himmel	– Call and implore Heaven
– kommt, ihr Christen, kommt zum	– come, you Christians, come into
– an, kommt, ihr Christen kommt	– come, you Christians, come
– Reihen,	– the ranks,
zum Reihen, zum Reihen, ruft und fleht den Himmel an,	into the ranks, into the ranks, call and implore Heaven
– kommt, ihr Christen, kommt zum	– come, you Christians, come
– ruft und fleht den Himmel	– call and implore Heaven
– Reihen	– into the ranks
– an, kommt ihr Christen, kommt zum Reihen,	– come, you Christians, come into the ranks,
zum Reihen, ihr sollt euch an demer freuen, ihr sollt euch an demer freuen, was Gott heut' an euch gethan, was Gott heut' an euch gethan!	into the ranks, you should rejoice in that you should rejoice in that, which God has done for you today, which God has done for you today!
Da uns seine Huld das leben, uns den Heiland hat gegeben, denn man nicht g'nug danken kann, denn man nicht g'nug danken kann, denn man nicht g'nug danken kann, nicht g'nug danken, g'nug danken kann, denn man nicht g'nug danken, g'nug danken kann.	Since his grace nourishes us and gives us salvation, one can not give thanks enough, one can not give thanks enough, one can not give thanks enough, not give thanks enough, give thanks enough, one can not give thanks enough, give thanks enough.
Ruft und fleht den Himmel an,	Call and implore Heaven,
– Ruft und fleht den Himmel	– Call and implore Heaven
– kommt, ihr Christen, kommt zum	– come, you Christians, come into
– an, kommt, ihr Christen, kommt	– come, you Christians, come
– Reihen,	– the ranks,
zum Reihen, zum Reihen, zum Reihen, ruft und fleht den Himmel an, – ruft und fleht den Himmel	into the ranks, into the ranks, into the ranks, call and and implore Heaven, – call and implore Heaven
– kommt, ihr Christen, kommt zum	– come, you Christians, come into
– an, kommt, ihr Christen, kommt zum Reihen,	– come, you Christians, come into the ranks
– Reihen,	– the ranks,
zum Reihen!	into the ranks!

### **Britten—The Holly and the Ivy**

The holly and the ivy  
Are trees that's both well known;  
Of all the trees that grows in woods,  
The holly bears the crown.

The rising of the sun,  
The running of the deer,  
The playing of the merry harp,  
Sweet singing in the choir.

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

The rising of the sun,  
The running of the deer,  
The playing of the merry harp,  
Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a colour,  
As green as any tree;  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
To set poor sinners free.

The rising of the sun,  
The running of the deer,  
The playing of the merry harp,  
Sweet singing in the choir.

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

*Traditional carol*

### **Holst—In The Bleak Midwinter**

In the bleak mid-winter  
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 mid-winter  
Long ago.

Enough for Him, whom cherubim  
Worship night and day,  
A breastful of milk  
And a mangerful of hay;  
Enough for Him, whom Angels  
Fall down 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.

*Text by Christina Rossetti*

## Heggie—Good King Merrily on High

Good King Wenceslas looked out  
On the Feast of Stephen,  
When the snow lay round about,  
Deep and crisp and even.  
Brightly shone 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,  
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!  
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,  
Let steeple bells be swungen,  
And "i-o-i-o-i-o!"  
By priest and people sungen  
Gloria! in excelsis! Deo!

Good king merrily on high.  
in excelsis! Deo!

*Traditional carol*

## Muhly—M.A.R.Y.

Of these four letters sing will I  
*In dulci melodia*  
Of M and A and R and Y,  
*de Virgine Maria.*

For, Mother of the Incarnate Word,  
*Virginitatis via,*  
Of women none may be preferr'd  
*Beata prae Maria.*

Misdoubting not the Father's plan,  
*testante Hiermia,*  
'Tis she that compass'd hath a Man,  
*Conceptum ope dia.*

And as the Holy Spirit will'd,  
*Locustus de Messia*  
In her is Esay's word fulfill'd,  
*Vetusque prophetia.*

An Angel, and of high decree  
*Celesti in hierarchia,*  
Came down to greet this Maiden free,  
*Dicens, "Ave Maria!"*

"Fear not; bedew'd with heav'nly shower"  
*"O virga virgo pia,"*  
"Thy bloom shall be th'immortal Flower:"  
*"Ne timeas Maria"*

Yea therefore, Mary, pray thy Son,  
*Qui Patris est Sophia,*  
To teach and lend us every one,  
*ad caelica bravia;*

where Quire doth sing and belfry ring,  
*cum suavi symphonia,*  
to laud thy Child, O Maiden mild,  
*Mater Dei, Maria.*

*Text by Nico Muhly*

## Wolf—Spanisches Liederbuch: No. 4 Die ihr schwebet

Die ihr schwebet  
Um diese Palmen  
In Nacht und Wind,  
Ihr heiligen Engel,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

You who hover  
About these palms  
In night and wind,  
You holy angels,  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem  
Im Windesbrausen,  
Wie mögt ihr heute  
So zornig sausen!  
O rauscht nicht also!  
Schweiget, neiget  
Euch leis und lind;  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

You palms of Bethlehem  
In the raging wind,  
Why do you bluster  
So angrily today!  
Oh roar not so!  
Be still, lean  
Calmly and gently over us;  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.

Der Himmelsknabe  
Duldet Beschwerde,  
Ach, wie so müd er ward  
Vom Leid der Erde.  
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm  
Leise gesänftigt  
Die Qual zerrinnt,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

The heavenly babe  
Suffers distress,  
Ah, how weary He has grown  
With the sorrows of this world.  
Ah, now that in sleep  
His pains  
Are gently eased,  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.

Grimmige Kälte  
Sauset hernieder,  
Womit nur deck ich  
Des Kindleins Glieder!  
O all ihr Engel,  
Die ihr geflügelt  
Wandelt im Wind,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein kind.

Fierce cold  
Blows down on us,  
With what shall I cover  
My little child's limbs?  
O all you angels  
Who wing your way  
On the winds,  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.

*Translation © 2005 by Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder, published by Faber, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder ([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))*



### Wolf—Spanisches Liederbuch: No. 3 Nun wandre Maria

Saint Joseph sings:

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  
Und nah ist der Ort.

Saint Joseph Sings:

Journey on, now, Mary,  
Keep journeying.  
The cocks are crowing,  
And the place is near.

Journey on, beloved,  
My jewel,  
And soon we shall  
Be in Bethlehem.  
Then you shall rest well  
And slumber there.  
The cocks are crowing,  
And the place is near.

I will see, my lady,  
That your strength is failing;  
I can hardly, alas,  
Bear your agony.  
Courage! We shall find  
Some shelter there.  
The cocks are crowing,  
And the place is near.

If only your hour of pain  
Were over, O Mary,  
I should handsomely reward  
The happy tidings.  
This little ass here  
I'd gladly give away!  
The cocks are crowing,  
Come! The place is near.

*Translation © 2005 by Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder, published by Faber, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder ([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))*

**arr. Richard Walters—Gesu Bambino**

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,  
O come let us adore Him,  
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,  
O come let us adore Him,  
O come let us adore Him,  
Christ the Lord.

Ah! O come let us adore Him,  
Ah! adore Him,  
Christ the Lord.  
O come, O come,  
O come let us adore Him,  
Let us adore Him,  
Christ the Lord.

*Text by Frederick Martens*

## O Holy Night

O Holy Night! The stars are brightly shining,  
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth.  
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,  
Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.  
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,  
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.

Fall on your knees! O hear the angel voices!  
O night divine, the night when Christ was born;  
O night, O holy night, O night divine!

Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,  
With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand.  
So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,  
Here came the wise men from Orient land.  
The King of Kings lay thus in lowly manger;  
In all our trials born to be our friend.

He knows our need, t'our weakness is no stranger,  
Behold your King! Before Him lowly bend!  
Behold your King, Before Him lowly bend!

Truly He taught us to love one another;  
His law is love and His gospel is peace.  
Chains shall He break for the slave is our brother;  
And in His name all oppression shall cease.  
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,  
Let all within us praise His holy name.

Christ is the Lord! O praise His Name forever,  
His pow'r and glory evermore proclaim.  
His pow'r and glory evermore proclaim.

Fall on your knees,  
O hear the angel voices.  
O night divine, O night when Christ was born,  
O night, O holy night, O night divine.

*Text by John Sullivan Dwight*

