



Wascana
Voices

Morning Star

Sunday

December 14, 2024

2 p.m.

**Christ Lutheran Church
4825 Dewdney Avenue**

**Admission:
Free Will Donation**



Morning Star

<i>Good-will to men, and peace on Earth</i>	Dobrinka Tabakova (b. 1980)
<i>My Lord has Come</i>	Will Todd (b. 1970)
<i>Angels We Have Heard On High</i>	arr. Matthew Culloton (b. 1976)
<i>O Magnum Mysterium</i>	Francis Poulenc (1899 – 1963)
<i>What Is This Fragrance?</i>	Edwin Fissinger (1920 – 1990)
<i>O Magnum Mysterium</i>	Morten Lauridsen (b. 1943)
<i>O Nata Lux</i>	Michael John Trotta (b. 1976)
<i>Noël Nouvelet</i>	arr. Sofia Söderberg (b. 1972)
<i>Morning Star</i>	Arvo Pärt (b. 1935)

Intermission

<i>Six Chansons</i>	Paul Hindemith (1895 – 1963)
I. <i>La biche</i>	
II. <i>Un cygne</i>	
III. <i>Puisque tout passe</i>	
IV. <i>Printemps</i>	
V. <i>En hiver</i>	
VI. <i>Verger</i>	
<i>Ave Generosa</i>	Ola Gjeilo (b. 1978)
<i>E la don don, Verges Maria</i>	Anonymous
<i>Lully, Lulla, Lullay</i>	Philip Stopford (b. 1977)
<i>The Wexford Carol</i>	arr. Matthew Culloton (b. 1976)

Texts and Translations

Good-will to men, and peace on Earth (Dobrinka Tabakova)

Behold a lucid Light appears,
Which brightens all the eastern sky,
Hark, hark what sounds salute our ears,
All glory give to God on high.

“Good-will to men, and peace on Earth,”
The Heav’nly Choirs united cry
At the Divine Redeemer’s birth;
And glory be to God on high.

Let mortals catch the sacred flame,
Till round the world the son shall fly
Which sounds the Great Redeemer’s Name
And glory be to God on high.

My Lord has Come (Will Todd)

Shepherds, called by angels,
called by love and angels:
No place for them but a stable.
My Lord has come.

Sages, searching for stars,
searching for love in heaven;
No place for them but a stable.
My Lord has come.

His love will hold me,
his love will cherish me,
love will cradle me.

Lead me, lead me to see him,
sages and shepherds and angels;
No place for me but a stable.
My Lord has come.

Angels We Have Heard On High (arr. Matthew Culloton)

Angels we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their joyous strains.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be
Which inspire your heavn'ly song?

Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing.
Come, adore on bended knee
Christ the Lord, the newborn King.

See him in a manger laid,
Whom the choirs of angels praise.
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid
While our hearts in love we raise.

O Magnum Mysterium (Francis Poulenc)

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

*O great mystery
and wondrous sacrament
that animals might see the newborn Lord
lying in a manger.*

What Is This Fragrance? (Edwin Fissinger)

What is this fragrance gently wafting?
Shepherds, my senses are a-stir.
Never was perfume so entrancing,
Never were blossoms quite so fair.
What is this fragrance gently wafting?
Shepherds, my senses are a-stir.

What is this light that shines so brightly
Showing the way to Bethlehem?
Even the star of morning's radiance
Could never show a path more clear.
What is this fragrance gently wafting?
Shepherds, my senses are a-stir.

In lowly manger lies our saviour
Waiting to offer love Divine.
What is this fragrance gently wafting?
Shepherds, my senses are a-stir.

O Magnum Mysterium (Morten Lauridsen)

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

*O great mystery
and wondrous sacrament
that animals might see the newborn Lord
lying in a manger.*

O Nata Lux (Michael John Trotta)

O nata lux de lumine
Jesu redemptor saeculi
Dignare clemens supplicum
Laudes preces que sumere

*O Light born of Light,
Jesus, redeemer of the world,
with loving-kindness deign to receive
suppliant praise and prayer.*

Qui carne quondam contegi
Dignatus es pro perditis
Nos membra confer effici
Tui beati corporis

*Thou who once deigned to be clothed in flesh
for the sake of the lost,
grant us to be members
of thy blessed body.*

Noël Nouvelet (arr. Sofia Söderberg)

Noël nouvelet, Noël chantons ici.
Dévotes gens, crions à Dieu merci!

*Christmas comes anew, O let us sing Noel.
Glory to God! Now let your praises swell!*

Chantons Noël pour le roi nouvelet.
Noël nouvelet,
Noël chantons ici.

*Sing we Noel for Christ, the newborn King.
Christmas comes anew,
O let us sing Noel.*

L'ange disait: "Pasteurs, partez d'ici,
L'âme en repos et le cœur réjoui:
En Bethléem trouverez l'angelet."

*Angels did say, "O shepherds come and see,
Let your soul be at rest and your heart rejoice,
Born in Bethlehem, a blessed Lamb for thee."*

En Bethléem étant tous réunis.
Trouvent l'enfant, Joseph, Marie aussi.
La crèche était au lieu d'un bercelet.

*In Bethlehem, all united,
Was found the child with Joseph and Mary mild,
And for a crib, a manger, full of hay.*

Morning Star (Arvo Pärt)

Christ is the morning star,
Who when the night of this world is past,
Brings to his saints the promise of the light of life,
The promise of the light of life opens everlasting day.

Six Chansons (Paul Hiundemith)

I. La Biche

Ô la biche : quel bel intérieur
d'anciennes forêts dans tes yeux abonde ;
combien de confiance ronde
mêlée à combien de peur.

Tout cela, porté par la vive
gracilité de tes bonds.
Mais jamais rien n'arrive
à cette impossessive
ignorance de ton front.

II. Un cygne

Un cygne avance sur l'eau
tout entouré de lui-même,
comme un glissant tableau;
ainsi à certains instants
un être que l'on aime
est tout un espace mouvant.

Il se rapproche, doublé,
comme ce cygne qui nage,
sur notre âme troublée...
qui à cet être ajoute
la tremblante image
de bonheur et de doute.

III. Puisque tout passe

Puisque tout passe, faisons
la mélodie passagère ;
celle qui nous désaltère,
aura de nous raison.

The Doe

*Oh, a doe: what beautiful interiors
of ancient forests abound in your eyes;
drunk with so much confidence
mixed with so much fear.*

*All this, supported by the strong
slenderness of your leaps.
But nothing ever happens
to that docile
ignorance of your brow.*

A swan

*A swan advances over the water
completely surrounded by [reflections of] itself,
like a sliding tableau;
thus at certain instants
a being which one loves
is in motion through all space.*

*He approaches, reflected twofold,
like a swan who is swimming,
[approaching] our troubled soul...
which to this being is added
the wavering image
of happiness and doubt.*

*Since all is passing
Since all is passing,
Let us make a passing melody.
The one that quenches our thirst
Will be right for us.*

Chantons ce qui nous quitte
avec amour et art ;
soyons plus vite
que le rapide départ.

IV. Printemps

Ô mélodie de la sève
qui dans les instruments
de tous ces arbres s'élève,
accompagne le chant
de notre voix trop brève.

C'est pendant quelques mesures
seulement que nous suivons
les multiples figures
de ton long abandon,
ô abondante nature.

Quand il faudra nous taire,
d'autres continueront...
Mais à présent comment faire
pour te rendre mon
grand cœur complémentaire?

V. En hiver

En hiver, la mort meurtrière
entre dans les maisons ;
elle cherche la sœur, le père,
et leur joue du violon.

Mais quand la terre remue
sous la bêche du printemps,
la mort court dans les rues
et salue les passants.

VI. Verger

Jamais la terre n'est plus réelle
que dans tes branches, ô verger blond,
ni plus flottante que dans la dentelle
que font les ombres sur le gazon.

*Let us sing what leaves us
With love and art;
Let us be quicker
Than the quick departure.*

Springtime

*O song that from the sap art pouring
And through the sounding board
Of all this greenwood art soaring,
Amplify our brief tone,
The dying strain restoring.*

*Tis but few measures duration
That we share the fantasy,
The endless variation
Of thy long ecstasy,
O nature, fount of creation.*

*After our song is ended,
Others will assume the part...
But meanwhile how can I tender
Unto thee all my heart
in full surrender?*

In winter

*With the winter, Death, grisly guest
Through the doorway steals in
Both the young and the old to quest,
And he plays them his violin.*

*But when the Spring's spades are beating
Frozen earth beneath blue sky,
Then Death his way goes fleeting
Lightly greeting passersby.*

Orchard

*The earth is nowhere so real a presence
As mid thy branches O orchard blond
And nowhere so airy as here in the pleasure
Of lacy shadows on grassy pond.*

Là se rencontre ce qui nous reste,
ce qui pèse et ce qui nourrit,
avec le passage manifeste
de la tendresse infinie.

*There we encounter that which we quested
That which sustains and nourishes life,
And with it the passage manifested
Of sweetest tenderness undying.*

Mais à ton centre, la calme fontaine,
presque dormant en son ancien rond,
de ce contraste parle à peine,
tant en elle il se confond.

*But at thy center the spring's limpid waters
Almost asleep in the fountain's heart,
Of this strange contrast scarce have taught us
Since of them it is so truly part.*

Ave Generosa (Ola Gjeilo)

Ave, generosa
Gloriosa et intacta puella
Tu pupilla castitatis
Tu materia sanctitatis
Que Deo placuit

*Hail, generous
Glorious and pure maiden
You are the pupil of chastity
You are the embodiment of sanctity
That pleased God*

E la don don (Anonymous)

E la don don, Verges Maria,
E la don don, peu cap de sang
Que nos densaron.
E la don don.

*She is our Lady, the Virgin Mary.
and "don don", bright pale are the feet
that dance for us,
and she is our Lady.*

O garçons aquesta nit
Una verge n'a parit,
Un filio qu'es tro polit,
Que non au tan en lo mon.

*O lads! On this night
a virgin gave birth
to a fine boy
without equal in this world.*

Digas nos qui te l'a dit,
Que Verges n'a ya parit,
Que nos may avem ausit
Lo que tu diu giràn ton.

*"Say who told you so,
that a virgin gave birth,
for we've never heard the like."*

A eo dian los argeus,
Que cantavan alta veus
La grolla n'exelsis Deus,
Qu'en Belén lo trobaron.

*"The angels said so
singing in loud voices
'Gloria in excelsis Deus',
and he is to be found in Bethlehem."*

Lully, Lulla, Lullay (Philip Stopford)

Lully, lullay, thou little tiny child,
Bye bye, lully, lullay.
Thou little tiny child,
Bye bye, lully, lullay.

O sisters too, how may we do
For to preserve this day
This poor youngling for whom we sing,
“Bye bye, lully, lullay?”

Herod the king, in his raging,
Chargèd he hath this day
His men of might in his own sight
All young children to slay.

That woe is me, poor child, for thee
And ever mourn and day
For thy parting neither say nor sing,
“Bye bye, lully, lullay.”

The Wexford Carol (Matthew Culloton)

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.

Near Bethlehem did shepherds keep
Their flocks of lambs and feeding sheep;
To whom God’s angels did appear,
Which put the shepherds in great fear.

“Prepare and go,” the angels said,
“To Bethlehem; be not afraid,
For there you’ll find, this happy morn,
A princely Babe, sweet Jesus, born.”

With thankful heart and joyful mind
The shepherds went the Babe to find,
And, as God's angel had foretold,
They did our Saviour, Christ, behold.

Within a manger he was laid,
And by his side the Virgin Maid
Attending on the Lord of Life,
Who came on earth to end all strife.

Wascana Voices Members

Stacy Allan
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Special thanks to:

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Thank you for attending our concert! Follow us on facebook and Instagram for choir news and upcoming performances.



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