

# CAROLING

*at Ephesus*



BENEDICTINES OF MARY, QUEEN OF APOSTLES



1. HARK, HARK WHAT NEWS [1:40]
2. COVENTRY CAROL [2:11]
3. I SAW THREE SHIPS [1:44]
4. UKRAINIAN BELL CAROL [1:50]
5. WHAT TYDYNES [3:02]
6. VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST [1:18]
7. WHAT CHILD IS THIS [2:51]
8. GOOD KING WENCELAUS [2:12]
9. PATAPAN [1:11]
10. DOWN IN YON FOREST [3:16]
11. PAST THREE O'CLOCK [2:24]
12. LULAJZE JEZUNIU [2:25]
13. GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN [2:17]
14. JOSEF LIEBER, JOSEF MEIN [1:52]
15. PERSONENT HODIE [1:57]
16. THE ECHO CAROL [2:21]
17. O HOLY NIGHT [3:24]
18. A VIRGIN MOST PURE [3:23]
19. CAROL OF THE CHRIST CHILD [2:01]
20. SUSSEX CAROL [1:47]
21. THERE IS NO ROSE [4:55]
22. JOYS SEVEN [3:17]
23. QUEM PASTORES [1:12]
24. O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL [2:33]



©© Benedictines of Mary,  
Queen of Apostles 2016. All  
Rights Reserved. Unauthor-  
ized Copying Is Punishable By  
Federal Law. Please order ad-  
ditional copies at P.O. Box 303,  
Gower, MO 64454 or:

[BENEDICTINESOFMARY.ORG](http://BENEDICTINESOFMARY.ORG)



ALL JOIN TO PRAISE THIS HOLY FEAST, BEHOLDING THE GODHEAD HERE ON EARTH, AND MAN IN HEAVEN. HE WHO IS ABOVE, NOW FOR OUR REDEMPTION DWELLS HERE BELOW; AND HE THAT WAS LOWLY IS BY DIVINE MERCY RAISED. BETHLEHEM THIS DAY RESEMBLES HEAVEN; HEARING FROM THE STARS THE SINGING OF ANGELIC VOICES; AND IN PLACE OF THE SUN, ENFOLDS WITHIN ITSELF ON EVERY SIDE THE SUN OF JUSTICE. -*St. John Chrysostom*



1. HARK, HARK WHAT NEWS ❄ *Joseph Stephenson (+1810) based this on the "Old Hark" of the Buckinghamshire "waits" (official Christmas Eve Carolers). It was published in Boston in 1812.*

Hark, hark what news the angels bring:  
Glad tidings of a newborn King.  
Born of a maid, a virgin pure,  
Born without sin, from guilt secure.

Hail, hail mighty Prince, eternal King!  
Let heav'n and earth rejoice and sing!

Angels and men with one accord  
Break forth in song: "O praise the Lord!"

Echo, echo shall waft the strains around  
Till listening angels hear the sound,  
And all the heavenly host above  
Shall join to sing redeeming love.



2. **COVENTRY CAROL** ❄️ 14<sup>th</sup> C. transcribed by the Englishman Robert Croo in 1534. Originally sung in memory of the Holy Innocents and the departure of the Christ Child for Egypt in the Coventry Pageant of Tailors and Shearman, this is offered now especially for the unborn.

Lully, lulla, thou little tiny child  
By by, lully, lullay

O sisters too, how may we do  
For to preserve this day  
This poor youngling, for whom  
we do sing: By by, lully, lullay?

Herod the king, in his raging,  
Charged 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,  
By by, lully, lullay!



3. **I SAW THREE SHIPS** ❄️ This 16<sup>th</sup>-17<sup>th</sup> C. English carol may be a spiritual allegory, or if inland "Bethlehem" is a later imposition, a commemoration St. Joseph of Arimathea's bringing of Christianity to England (or Mary and the boy Jesus Himself). Most likely it is linked to the 16<sup>th</sup> C. belief of English children that the Christ Child would come by ship each Christmas with gifts for good behavior.

I saw three ships come  
sailing in  
On Christmas Day, on  
Christmas Day  
I saw three ships come  
sailing in  
On Christmas Day  
in the morning  
And what was in those  
ships all three?...  
The Virgin Mary and  
Christ were there...

Pray, whither sailed  
those ships all three?...  
O they sailed into  
Bethlehem...  
And all the angels in  
heav'n shall sing...  
So let us all rejoice  
and sing...





4. **UKRAINIAN BELL CAROL** ❄️ *The popular folk-tune rewritten in 1914 by Mykola Leontovych (+1921) spread in America but faced corresponding decline in the East due to the Bolshevik Revolution.*

Ring Christmas Bells, merrily ring, tell  
all the world Jesus is King!  
Ring Christmas Bells, through all the  
earth, tell all the land of the Lord's birth.  
Ding-dong ding-dong, that is their song,  
with joyful ring all caroling  
One seems to hear words of good cheer  
from ev'ry where filling the air,  
O how they pound, raising their sound

o'er hill and dale telling their tale.  
Loudly they ring while people sing,  
telling the world Jesus is King.  
Merry, Merry, Merry, Merry Christmas,  
Merry, Merry, Merry, Merry Christmas,  
Listen and hear songs full of cheer, they seem to say: Jesus is here.  
Ring Christmas Bells, merrily ring, tell all the world Jesus is King!





5. **WHAT TYDYNES** ❄ *from the 15<sup>th</sup> C. Selden Manuscript of Oxford.*

What tydynges bryngest  
thou, messangere,  
Of Christis byth this Yoles day?  
A Babe ys born of hye natore,  
The Prinse of Pes and ever shal be;  
Off heven and erthe  
He hath the cure;  
Hys Lordship is eternite.  
Such wonder tydyngys  
ye mow here.  
What tydynges bryngest  
thou, messangere?  
That man is made now Godys fere,  
Wham syn had made  
but fendes prae.

A semely syght hit is to se,  
The berde that hath  
this Babe yborne  
Conceyved a Lord of hygh degre  
And maiden, as she was byforne.  
Such wonder tydynges  
ye mow here.  
What tydynges bryngest  
thou, messangere  
That maide and moder  
ys wone yfere,  
And alwey Lady of hye aray.  
What tydynges bryngest  
thou, messangere,  
Of Christis byth this Yoles day?

6. **VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST** ❄ *A 16<sup>th</sup> C. "villancico"  
(Spanish folk carol) derived from the ancient Lauds responsory  
chant of the Christmas octave.*

Verbum caro factum est  
Porque todos hos salvéis.  
Y la Virgen le dezía:  
'Vida de la vida mia,  
Hijo mio, ¿qué os haría,  
Que no tengo en qué os echéis?'  
O riquezas terrenales  
¿No daréis unos pañales  
A Jesu que entre animales  
Es nascido según véis?

The Word was made flesh  
for the salvation of you all.  
And the Virgin said unto him "Life of my life  
what would I [not] do for you, my Son?  
Yet I have nothing on which  
to lay you down."  
O wordly riches!  
Will you not give some swaddling clothes  
to Jesus, Who is born among the animals,  
as you can see?





**7. WHAT CHILD IS THIS** ❄️ *The 16<sup>th</sup> C. "Greensleeves" burgeoned in America only after its "baptism" by the English poet William C. Dix (+1898) so that it is identified here almost exclusively as a Christmas Carol.*

What Child is this Who, laid to rest,  
On Mary's lap is sleeping?  
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,  
While shepherds watch are keeping?  
This, this is Christ the King,  
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing  
Haste, haste, to bring Him laud,  
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

Why lies He in such mean estate  
Where ox and ass are feeding?  
Good Christian fear: for sinners, here  
the silent Word is pleading!

Nails, spear shall pierce Him through,  
The cross He bore for me, for you.  
Hail, hail the Word made flesh,  
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh,  
Come peasant, king to own Him  
The King of kings salvation brings,  
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.  
Raise, raise a song on high,  
The Virgin sings her lullaby.  
Joy, joy for Christ is born,  
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

**8. GOOD KING WENCESLAUS** ❄️ *J.M. Neale's (+1866) lyrics recount the Christmas almsgiving of St. Wenceslaus, Duke and Martyr of 10<sup>th</sup> C. Bohemia, posthumously crowned King, with music from a 13<sup>th</sup> C. Easter Hymn. The smallest novice was brought in to sing the "part" of the page.*

Good King Wenceslaus 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 gath'ring winter fuel

"Hither, page, and stand by me, if thou know'st it, telling:  
Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?"  
"Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain  
Right against the forest fence by Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine-logs hither  
Thou and I shall see him dine when we bear them thither."

Page and monarch, forth they went, forth they went together  
Through the rude wind's wild lament, and the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now and the wind blows stronger  
Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no longer."  
"Mark my footsteps, my good page, tread thou in them boldly  
Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy blood less coldly."

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.



## 9. PATAPAN ❄️ *A Burgundian Carol by Bernard de La Monnoye (+1728)*

Guillaume, prends ton tambourin,  
Toi, prends ta flûte, Robin;  
Au son de ces instruments,  
Turelurelu, patapatapan,  
Au son de ces instruments,  
Je dirai Noël gaîment.

C'était la mode autrefois,  
De louer le Roi des rois,  
Au son de ces instruments,  
Turelurelu, patapatapan,  
Au son de ces instruments,  
Il nous en faut faire autant.

L'homme et Dieu sont plus d'accord,  
Que la flûte et le tambour; Au son de  
ces instruments,  
Turelurelu, patapatapan,  
Au son de ces instruments,  
Chantons, dansons, sautons en!

Willie, take your little drum,  
Robin, take your flute, come!  
To the sound of these instruments  
Tu-re-lu-re-lu, pat-a-pat-a-pan,  
To the sound of these instruments  
I will joyfully sing Merry Christmas!

It was the way of yonder times  
To praise the King of kings  
To the sound of these instruments  
Tu-re-lu-re-lu, pat-a-pat-a-pan,  
To the sound of these instruments  
We must do the same.

Man and God are in greater harmony  
Than the flute and the little drum.  
To the sound of these instruments  
Tu-re-lu-re-lu, pat-a-pat-a-pan,  
To the sound of these instruments  
Let us sing! Let us dance! Let us leap for joy!





**10. DOWN IN YON FOREST** ❄️ *A traditional Renaissance Christmas folk song with lyrics taken from the mystical Middle English "Corpus Christi Carol"*

Down in yon forest there stands a hall:  
The bells of Paradise I hear them ring:  
Things covered all over in purple and pall  
And I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

And in that hall there is a bed:  
The bells of Paradise I hear them ring:  
All scarlet the coverlet over it spread:  
And I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

And on that bed there lies a Knight:  
The bells of Paradise I hear them ring:  
And He doth bleed by day and by night:  
And I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

And under that bed there runs a flood:  
The bells of Paradise I hear them ring:  
The one half runs water, the other runs blood:  
And I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

And from that bed there springs a thorn:  
The bells of Paradise I hear them ring:  
It bloomed its white blossom the day He was born:  
And I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

And over that place the moon shines bright:  
The bells of Paradise I hear them ring:  
To show that Our Savior was born on that night:  
And I love my Lord Jesus above anything.

**11. PAST THREE**

**O'CLOCK** ❄️ *Also called the Carol of the Town Watchman, as an ornamented Christmas call of 17<sup>th</sup> C. London by the "waits" of that city. Additional lyrics by G. Woodward (+1934).*

Past three o'clock,  
And a cold frosty morning,  
Past three o'clock;  
Good morrow, masters all!

Born is a Baby,  
Gentle as may be,

Son of th'Eternal  
Father supernal.

Seraph choir singeth,  
Angel bell ringeth;  
Mid earth rejoices  
Hearing their voices!

Cheese from the dairy  
Bring they for Mary  
And, not for money,  
Butter and honey.

Light out of starland  
Leadeth from far land

Princes, to meet Him,  
Worship and greet Him.

Thus they: I pray you,  
Up, sirs, nor stay you  
Till ye confess Him  
Likewise and bless Him.





**12. LULAJŹE JEZUNIU** ❄️ *A Polish 17<sup>th</sup> C. Lullaby Carol, strains of which were used by Frédéric Chopin in Scherzo No. 1 B Min. Op. 20. This carol was also much-loved by Pope St. John Paul II. Special thanks to Mother Cecilia's mother for assistance with the Polish.*

Lulajże Jezuniu moja  
perélko,  
Lulaj ulubione me  
pieścidélko.

Lulajże Jezuniu lulajże  
lulaj,  
A ty go matulu w płaczu  
utulaj.

Zamknijże znużone  
płaczem powieczki,  
Utulże zemdlone  
łkaniem usteczki.

Hush little Jesus, my  
little pearl,  
Hush my favourite little  
delight.

Hush little Jesus, hush,  
hush  
But you lovely mother,  
solace him in tears

Close your little eyelids,  
tired of weeping,  
Solace the little lips, faint  
from sobbing.

**13. GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN** ❄️ *Probably originating also from London "waits" of the 15<sup>th</sup> C. and found in the 16<sup>th</sup> C. Roxburghe collection of the British Library.*

God rest ye, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
Remember Christ our Saviour  
Was born on Christmas day,  
To save us all from Satan's power  
When we were gone astray.  
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy!

From God, our heav'nly Father,  
A blessed angel came,  
And unto certain shepherds  
Brought tidings of the same,  
How that in Bethlehem was born  
The Son of God by name. O tidings...

"Fear not, then," said the angel,  
"Let nothing you affright,  
This day is born a Savior  
Of a holy Virgin bright;  
To free all those who trust in Him  
from Satan's pow'r and might." O tidings...

Now to the Lord sing praises,  
All you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood  
Each other now embrace;  
This holy tide of Christmas  
Doth bring redeeming grace. O tidings...





14. JOSEF LIEBER, JOSEF MEIN ✱ 14<sup>th</sup> C. German, a "quempas" dialogue between Mary and Joseph found in a Leipzig 15<sup>th</sup> C. manuscript, included in the City's Nativity pageant. The tune is derived from "Resonet in Laudibus," a 12<sup>th</sup> C. Mode V Gregorian chant.

"Josef, lieber, Josef mein,  
Hilf mir wiegen das Kindelein.  
Will es wiegen und singen ein:  
'Nun schlaf in Ruh, dein Aüglein zu, O Jesu!'"  
Er ist erschienen am heutigen Tag,  
Am heutigen Tag in Israel.  
Der Maria verkündigt ist durch Gabriel,  
Eia, eia. Jesum Christ hat uns geboren Maria.  
"Gerne, liebe Mädels mein  
Will ich wiegen das Kindelein,  
Will ich wiegen und singen ein;  
'Nun schlaf in Ruh, die Aüglein zu, O Jesu."

Joseph, dear, my Joseph,  
Help me rock the child,  
I want to rock and sing:  
Now sleep in peace, Thy little eyes closed,  
O Jesus!

He appeared on this holy day,  
this holy day in Israel,  
Who was foretold to Mary by Gabriel.  
Come then, come then!  
Mary has born Jesus Christ for us.

Gladly, my dear Maiden,  
I want to help thee rock the child.  
I want to rock and sing:  
Now sleep in peace, Thy little eyes closed,  
O Jesus!



**15. PERSONENT HODIE** ❄ Drawn from a 12<sup>th</sup> C. Latin hymn to St. Nicholas, the earliest recorded melody is from 1360 Moosburg, Germany. This rhythmicized chant was one of many that eventually paved the way to polyphony, and was much favored in Scandinavia and Eastern Europe.

Personent hodie  
voces puerulæ  
Laudantes iucunde  
qui nobis est natus,  
Summo Deo datus,  
et de vir-vir-  
virgineo ventre procreatus.  
In mundo nascitur,  
pannis involvitur,  
Præsepi ponitur  
stabulo brutorum,  
Rector supernorum,  
perdidit-dit-dit  
spolia princeps infernorum.  
Magi tres venerunt,  
munera offerunt,  
Parvulum inquirunt,  
stellulam sequendo,  
Ipsum adorando,  
Aurum, thus, thus, thus  
et myrrham ei offerendo.  
Omnes clericuli,  
pariter pueri,  
Cantent ut angeli,  
advenisti mundo,  
Laudes tibi fundo.  
Ideo-o-o  
gloria in excelsis Deo.

Let resound today  
the voices of children,  
Sweetly praising Him  
Who is born to us,  
Given by most high God,  
and conceived in a virginal womb.  
He was born into the world,  
wrapped in bands,  
Laid in a manger,  
in a stable for beasts,  
The Master of the heavens.  
The prince of Hell has lost his spoils.  
Three Magi came,  
bearing gifts,  
And sought the Little One,  
following a star,  
So to worship Him,  
and offer Him gold,  
frankincense, and myrrh.  
Let all the little clerics  
together with choirboys  
Sing like angels:  
"You have come to the world,  
I pour out praises to you.  
Therefore,  
glory to God  
in the highest!"





16. **THE ECHO CAROL** ❄️ Also called "While By My Sheep," this traditional German Carol is found in *Auserlesene Catholische geistliche Kirchengesange* of 1623, translated by Theodore Baker (+1934).

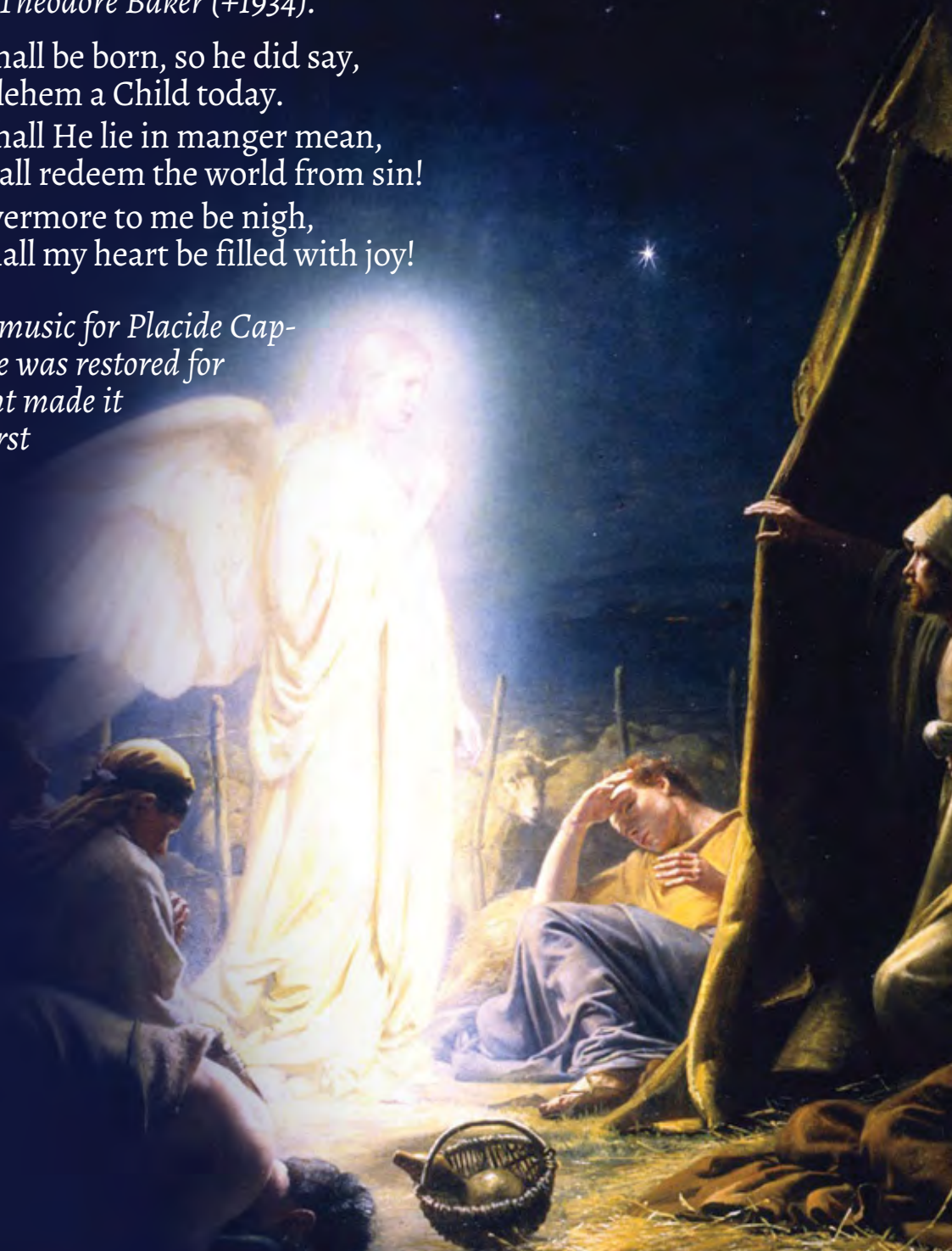
While by my sheep I watched at night,  
Glad tidings brought an angel bright.  
How great my joy! (Great my joy!)  
Joy, joy, joy! (Joy, joy, joy!)  
Praised be the Lord in heaven on high!  
Praised be the Lord in heaven on high!

There shall be born, so he did say,  
In Bethlehem a Child today.  
There shall He lie in manger mean,  
Who shall redeem the world from sin!  
Lord, evermore to me be nigh,  
Then shall my heart be filled with joy!

17. **O HOLY NIGHT** ❄️ Adolphe Adam (+1847) wrote music for Placide Cappeau's poem when the organ of St. Jean-Baptiste, Roquemaure was restored for Christmas, 1843. The Civil War era translation by J.S. Dwight made it familiar to Americans, and it was performed for the world's first radio "broadcast" in 1906.

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, O night  
when Christ was born;  
O night, O holy night,  
O night Divine.

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 op-  
pression 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.





## 18. A VIRGIN MOST PURE ❄️ *Possibly 17<sup>th</sup> C. English*

A Virgin most pure, as the prophets do tell,  
Hath brought forth a Baby, as it hath befell,  
To be our Redeemer from death, hell and sin,  
Which Adam's transgression has wrapped us in.

Aye and therefore be merry,  
Rejoice and be you merry  
Set sorrows aside; Christ Jesus,  
Our Savior, was born on this tide.

At Beth'lem in Jewry a city there was  
Where Joseph and Mary together did pass,  
And there to be taxed, with many one more,  
For Cæsar commanded the same should be so.

The King of all kings to this world being brought,  
Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was sought,  
And when she had swaddled her young Son so sweet,  
Within an ox manger she laid Him to sleep.

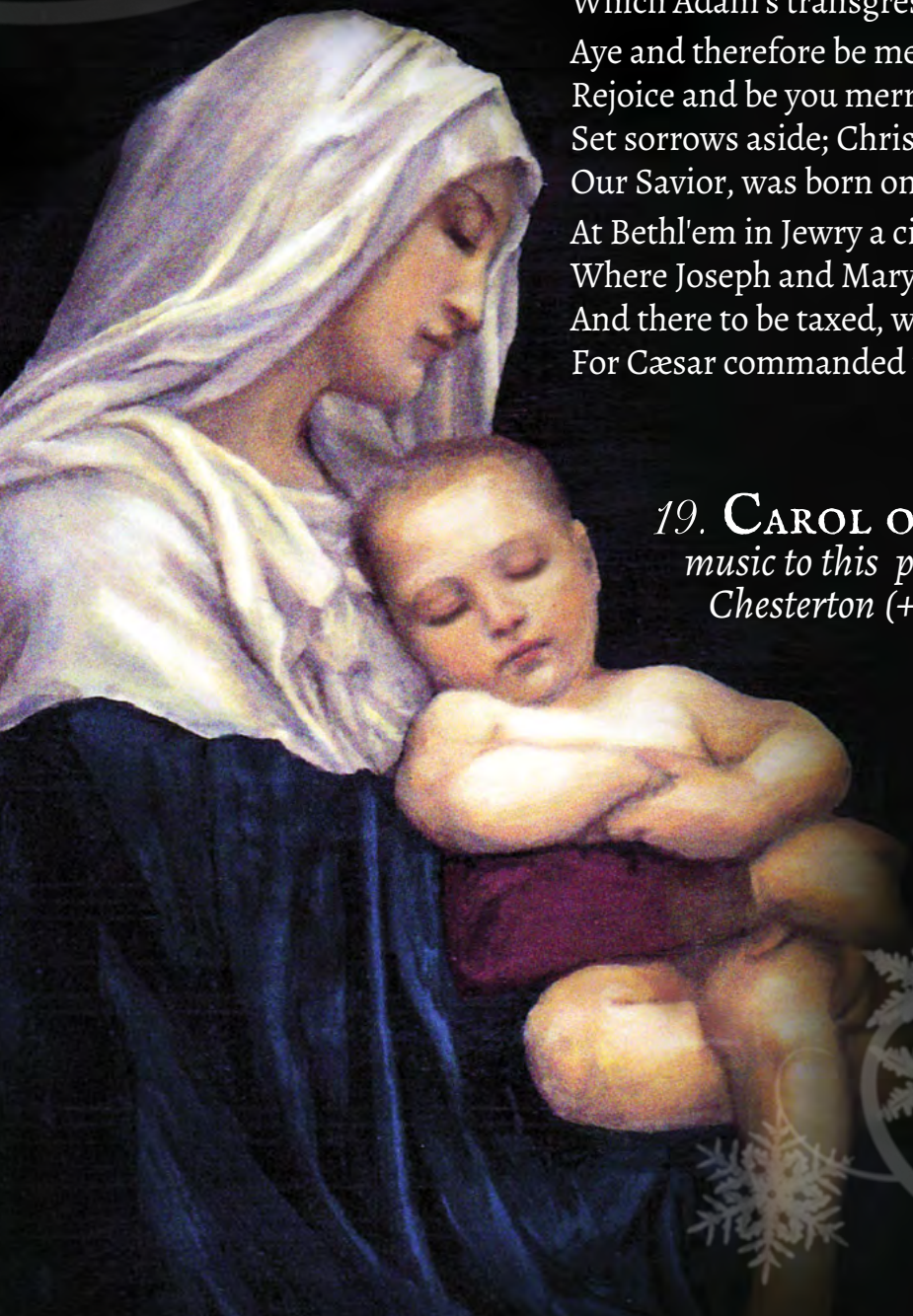
Then God sent an angel from Heaven so high,  
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,  
And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,  
Because that our Savior was born on this day.

Then presently, after, the shepherds did spy  
A number of angels that stood in the sky;  
They joyfully talkèd and sweetly did sing,  
To God be all glory, our heavenly King.

## 19. CAROL OF THE CHRIST CHILD ❄️ *The Benedictines of Mary set their own ne music to this poem from one of the greatest Catholic minds of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, G.K. Chesterton (+1936).*

The Christ child lay  
on Mary's lap,  
His hair was like a light.  
(O weary, weary  
was the world,  
But here is all aright.)  
The Christ child lay  
on Mary's breast,  
His hair was like a star.  
(O stern and cunning  
are the kings,  
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ child lay  
on Mary's heart,  
His hair was like a fire.  
(O weary, weary  
is the world,  
But here the world's desire.)  
The Christ Child lay on  
Mary's knee  
His hair was like a crown:  
And all the flow'rs  
looked up at Him,  
And all the stars  
looked down.





**20. SUSSEX CAROL** ❄️ *Attributed to Bishop Luke Waddinge of Ferns, Co. Wexford Ireland (+1688) "rediscovered" in Sussex, England by Ralph Vaughan Williams (+1958) who named it after that place.*

On Christmas night all Christians sing  
To hear the news the angels bring.  
News of great joy, news of great mirth,  
News of our merciful King's birth.

Then why should men on earth be so sad,  
Since our Redeemer made us glad,  
When from our sin He set us free,  
All for to gain our liberty?

When sin departs before His grace,  
Then life and health come in its place.  
Angels and men with joy may sing  
All for to see the newborn King.  
All out of darkness we have light,  
Which made the angels sing this night:  
"Glory to God and peace to men,  
Now and for evermore, Amen!"

**21. THERE IS NO ROSE** ❄️ *A macaronic 14<sup>th</sup> C. English Carol, the earliest version being from the c. 1420 "Trinity Roll" of Cambridge. The Latin phrases are elaborations of St. Bernard's "Laetabundus," the beautiful former sequence of Christmas.*

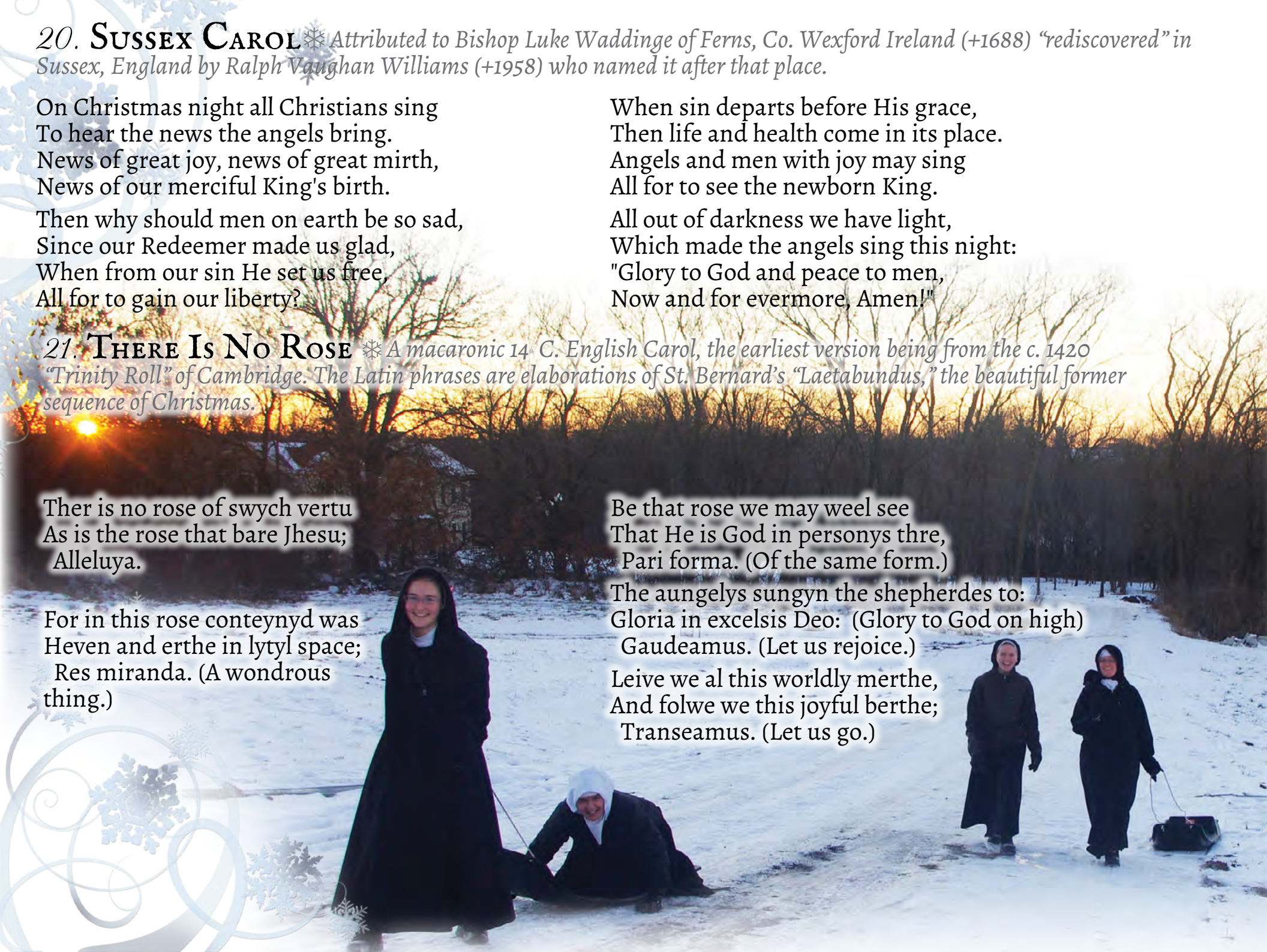
Ther is no rose of swych vertu  
As is the rose that bare Jhesu;  
Alleluya.

For in this rose conteynynd was  
Heven and erthe in lytyl space;  
Res miranda. (A wondrous thing.)

Be that rose we may weel see  
That He is God in personys thre,  
Pari forma. (Of the same form.)

The aungelys sungyn the shepherdes to:  
Gloria in excelsis Deo: (Glory to God on high)  
Gaudeamus. (Let us rejoice.)

Leive we al this worldly merthe,  
And folwe we this joyful berthe;  
Transeamus. (Let us go.)





**22. JOYS SEVEN** ✱ *The Joys of Mary are traditionally from Mysteries of the Rosary and of Mary's life, varying in number and name. However, these nursery-rhyme style lyrics date to 16<sup>th</sup> C. England and Wales, when similar songs such as "Green Grow the Rushes" emerged for teaching the faith.*

The first good joy that  
Mary had,  
It was the joy of one;  
To see the blessed  
Jesus Christ  
When He was first her Son:  
When He was first her Son,  
good Lord:  
And blessed may He be,  
Praise Father, Son and Holy  
Ghost, through all eternity.

The next good joy that  
Mary had,  
It was the joy of two;  
To see the blessed  
Jesus Christ  
When He in wisdom grew:  
The next good joy that  
Mary had,  
It was the joy of three;  
To see the blessed Jesus Christ  
To make the blind to see;

The next good joy that  
Mary had,  
It was the joy of four;  
To see the blessed  
Jesus Christ  
To read the Scriptures o'er:  
The next good joy that  
Mary had,  
It was the joy of five;  
To see the blessed  
Jesus Christ  
To bring the dead alive:

The next good joy that  
Mary had,  
It was the joy of six;  
To see the blessed  
Jesus Christ  
Upon the crucifix:  
The next good joy that  
Mary had,  
It was the joy of sev'n;  
To see the blessed  
Jesus Christ  
Ascending into heav'n.

**23. QUEM PASTORES** ✱ *German 16<sup>th</sup> C. with Latin lyrics from a 13<sup>th</sup> C. Hymn. The title of this hymn loaned its name to "quempas singen," traditional German antiphonal caroling on Christmas Eve.*



Quem pastores laudavere,  
Quibus angeli dixere,  
Absit vobis jam timere,  
Natus est rex gloriæ.

Ad quem magi ambulabant,  
Aurum, thus,  
myrrham portabant,  
Immolabant hæc sincere  
Nato Regi gloriæ.

Christo regi, Deo nato,  
Per Mariam nobis dato,  
Merito resonet vere  
Laus honor et gloria.

He Whom shepherds praising,  
At the angels' saying:

"Far be it from you to fear now,  
For the King of glory is born."

Unto Whom the magi walked,  
Bearing gold,  
frankincense and myrrh.  
They made heartfelt offering  
To the King of glory born.

Let praise, honor and glory  
Verily and deservedly resound  
To Christ the King, the God Babe,  
Given to us through Mary.



24. **O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL** ❄️ *The source of this Latin hymn is still widely debated, but the English is that of Canon Frederick Oakeley (+1880) a fellow convert and cohort of Bl. John Henry Newman. The whole community (including 92-year-old Sr. Wilhelmina!) joins in this hymn.*

O come, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant,  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;  
Come and behold Him  
Born the King of angels;  
O come, let us adore Him,  
Christ, the Lord.  
Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;

Glory to God,  
Glory in the highest! O Come...  
Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
Born this happy morning,  
Jesus, to Thee be  
All glory giv'n;  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing; O Come...

All proceeds from this CD will  
be directed to the  
building projects of the  
Benedictines of Mary,  
Queen of Apostles. Recorded in  
the chapel of St. John's Retreat  
House at the Priory of Our Lady  
of Ephesus Fall 2016. All  
arrangements not in public do-  
main (tracks 2, 3, 7 -20, 22-24)  
and *Carol of the Christ Child*  
©Benedictines of Mary 2016.  
Producer: Benedictines of Mary  
Engineer: Steve Phillips  
Photos and Layout: Benedictines  
of Mary©2016

WWW.BENEDICTINESOFMARY.ORG

©© Benedictines of Mary, Queen of Apostles 2016. All Rights Reserved.