

MUSICAL PRAYER

MARJORIE BUNDAY

Contralto, St. James Cathedral Cantor

MARK HILLIARD WILSON

St. James Cathedral Guitarist

Welcoming the New Year

Ring out wild bells

Charles Gounod
1818–1893

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)

What tidings bringest thou, messenger

Anonymous (Selden MS, c. 1450)

Refrain: What tidings bringest thou, messenger, Of Christ's birth this New Year's day?

A babe is born of high nature,
Is Prince of peace and ever shall be;
Of heaven and earth He hath the cure,
His lordship is eternity.
Such wonder tidings ye may hear.
What tidings bringest thou, messenger?
That man is made now God's fere,
Whom sin had made but fiends' prey.

A seemly sight it is to see:
The burd that hath this babe y-born
Conceived a lord of high degree,
And maiden as she was befor.
Such wonder tidings ye may hear.
What tidings bringest thou, messenger?
That maid and mother is one y-fere
And alway lady of high array.

This maid began to greet her child,
And said: Hail, Son, hail, Father dear!
He said: Hail, mother, hail, maiden mild!
This greeting was in quaint manner.
Such wonder tidings ye may hear.
What tidings bringest thou, messenger?
Their greeting was in such manner,
It turned man's pain to play.

A wonder thing is now befall:
That Lord that formed star and sun,
Heaven and earth and angels all,
Now in mankind is begun.
Such wonder tidings ye may hear.
What tidings bringest thou, messenger?
A 'fant that is not of one year
Ever hath y-be and shall be ay.

Nun lasst uns gehn und treten
 tune: *Nun lasst uns Gott, dem Herren*

Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676)
 Nikolaus Selnecker (1530–1592)

Nun laßt uns gehn und treten mit Singen und mit Beten zum Herrn, der unserm Leben bis hierher Kraft gegeben.	<i>Now let us go forth with singing and praying before the Lord, who in our lives has given us strength up till now.</i>
Wir gehn dahin und wandern von einem Jahr zum andern, wir leben und gedeihen vom alten bis zum neuen	<i>We journey along and wander from one year to the next; we live and thrive from the old year into the new</i>
durch so viel Angst und Plagen, durch Zittern und durch Zagen, durch Krieg und große Schrecken, die alle Welt bedecken.	<i>through so much fear and suffering, through trembling and through faintheartedness, through war and great horrors that cover the whole world.</i>
Denn wie von treuen Müttern in schweren Ungewittern die Kindlein hier auf Erden mit Fleiß bewahret werden,	<i>For just as faithful mothers, in heavy storms, the little children here on earth are conscientiously protected by her,</i>
also auch und nicht minder läßt Gott uns, seine Kinder, wenn Not und Trübsal blitzen, in seinem Schoße sitzen.	<i>thus also and no less faithfully God keeps us, his children, when dire need and tribulation strike, safe in his bosom.</i>

Ach Hüter unsres Lebens, fürwahr, es ist vergebens mit unserm Tun und Machen, wo nicht dein Augen wachen.	<i>Oh, Protector of our life, in truth, it is in vain everything that we do, unless your eye watches over us.</i>
Sprich deinen milden Segen zu allen unsern Wegen, laß Großen und auch Kleinen die Gnadensonne scheinen.	<i>Give your kind blessing on all our paths, on the great and the small, let the sun of your grace shine.</i>
Sei der Verlaßnen Vater, der Irrenden Berater, der Unversorgten Gabe, der Armen Gut und Habe.	<i>Be the Father of the abandoned, counselor of the Lost, Gift for those not taken care of, Provision for the Poor.</i>
Hilf gnädig allen Kranken, gib fröhliche Gedanken den hochbetäubten Seelen, die sich mit Schwermut quälen.	<i>Help graciously all who are ill, give glad thoughts to the sorely grieved souls that torment themselves with melancholy.</i>
Und endlich, was das meiste, füll uns mit deinem Geiste, der uns hier herrlich ziere und dort zum Himmel führe.	<i>And finally, most importantly, fill us with your Spirit, that it might adorn us here and lead us heavenward.</i>

Das alles wollst du geben, o meines Lebens Leben, mir und der Christen Schare zum sel'gen neuen Jahre.	<i>May you grant all this, O Life of my Life, to me and to the host of Christians at this blessed New Year.</i>
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The New Year's Gift

Anthony Holborne
 c. 1545–1602

A New Year Carol

Benjamin Britten
 1913–1976

Here we bring new water from the well so clear, For to worship God with, this happy New Year.	Sing reign of Fair Maid, with gold upon her toe, Open you the West Door, and turn the Old Year go.	Sing reign of Fair Maid, with gold upon her chin, Open you the East Door, and let the New Year in.
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*Sing levy dew, sing levy dew, the water and the wine;
 The seven bright gold wires and the bugles that do shine.*

Neujahrslied, Wq 197/19
(New Year's Song)

Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach
1714–1788

Schon wieder ist von meiner Zeit
ein Lebensjahr dahin!
So eilend fliehn zur Ewigkeit
der Menschen Tage hin!
Doch, Dank sei deiner Vaterhuld!
noch sind und leben wir!
O Gott, voll Langmut und Geduld!
Wir leben! Dank sei dir!

Herr, lehr uns unser bestes Teil,
des Lebens Zweck verstehn;
zeig uns den sichern Weg zum Heil,
und stärk uns ihn zu gehn.
Dann werden wir uns immerdar
Gott, deiner Güte freun;
und jedem wird dies neue Jahr
zur Ewigkeit gedeihn.

*How quickly does the time pass by,
another year is gone!
So quickly fleeing towards eternity
are the days of humankind!
Yet, thanks to your Fatherly grace
we are still here alive.
O God, full of forbearance and patience,
we live! Thanks only to Thee!*

*Lord, teach us our highest responsibility,
to understand life's purpose;
show us the sure way to salvation,
and strengthen us as we go.
Then we will forever,
God, in your goodness rejoice;
and all of us this new year
shall thrive for eternity.*

The old year now has passed away

Johann Steurlein (1546–1613)

The old year now has passed away;
We thank you, O our God, today
That you have kept us through the year
When danger and distress were near.

We pray you, O eternal Son,
Who with the Father reigns as one,
To guard and rule your Christendom
Through all the ages yet to come.

Take not your saving Word away,
Which lights & cheers our souls each day.
Abide with us and keep us free
From error and hypocrisy.

Oh, help us to forsake all sin,
A new and holier life begin!
Forgive the old year's sins, and bless
The new year with true happiness,

Wherein as Christians we may live
Or die in peace that you can give,
To rise again when you will come
And enter your eternal home.

There shall we thank you and adore
With all the angels evermore.
Lord Jesus Christ, increase our faith
To praise your name through life & death.

Translation from original German: Catherine Winkworth (1827–1878)

Honoring Mary Mother of God

Verbum Patris umanatur

Verbum patris umanatur, o, o, *The Word of the Father is made man,*
dum puella salutatur, o, o; *when a maiden is greeted;*
salutata fecundatur, *she, being greeted, conceives*
viri nescia. *without knowledge of man.*
Eya, nova gaudia! *Ey! ey! eya!, new joys!*

Novus modus geniture, o, o, *This is a new manner of birth,*
sed excedens ius nature, o, o. *but exceeding the power of nature,*
dumunitur creature *when the Creator of all things*
creans omnia. *is united with his creation.*
Eya, nova gaudia! *Ey! ey! eya!, new joys!*

Anonymous (Moosburg Gradual c. 1355–60)

Audi partum preter morem, o, o: *Hear of an unexampled birth:*
virgo parit salvatorem, o, o, *a virgin has borne the Saviour,*
creatura creatorem, *a creature the Creator,*
patrem filia. *a daughter, the Father.*
Eya, nova gaudia! *Ey! ey! eya!, new joys!*

In parente salvatoris, o, o, *In the Saviour's birth*
non est parens nostri moris, o, o, *there is no parent of our kind:*
virgo parit nec pudoris, *a virgin gives birth without shame,*
marcent lilia. *her lilies of chastity still grow.*
Eya, nova gaudia! *Ey! ey! eya!, new joys!*

Homo Deus nobis datur, o, o,
datus nobis demonstratur, o, o,
dum pax terris nunciatur,
celis gloria.
Eya, nova gaudia!

God-made-man is given to us,
this gift is shown to us,
while peace on earth is announced
with glory in the heavens.
Ey! ey! eya!, new joys!

O clarissima Mater

Responsory from the Wiesbaden Codex (Riesencodex)

Hildegard of Bingen

1098–1179

V. O clarissima *O most radiant*
mater sancte medicine, *Mother of sacred healing,*
tu unguenta *your ointments,*
per sanctum Filium tuum *through your holy Son,*
infudisti *you have poured*
in plangentia *upon the sobbing*
vulnera mortis, *wounds of death,*
que Eva edificavit *which Eve built*
in tormenta animarum. *into torments for souls.*
Tu destruxisti mortem, *You have destroyed death,*
edificando vitam. *by building life.*

R. Ora pro nobis
ad tuum natum,
stella maris, Maria.

V. O vivificum instrumentum
et letum ornamentum
et dulcedo omnium deliciarum,
que in te non deficient.

R. Ora pro nobis
ad tuum natum,
stella maris, Maria.

Pray for us
to your child,
O Star of the Sea, Mary.

O life-giving instrument
and joyful ornament,
and sweetness of all delights,
which in you shall never fail.

Pray for us
to your child,
O Star of the Sea, Mary.

El Noi de la Madre
The Child of the Mother

Traditional Catalan

Huna blentyn ar fy mynwes,
Clyd a chynnes ydyw hon;
Breichiau mam sy'n dynn amdanat,
Cariad mam sy dan fy mron;
Ni chaiff dim amharu'th gyntun,
Ni wna undyn â thi gam;
Huna'n dawel, annwyl blentyn,
Huna'n fwyn ar fron dy fam.

*Sleep child upon my bosom,
It is cozy and warm;
Mother's arms are tight around you,
A mother's love is in my breast;
Nothing shall disturb your slumber,
Nobody will do you harm;
Sleep in peace, dear child,
Sleep quietly on your mother's breast.*

Huna'n dawel, heno, huna,
Huna'n fwyn, y tlws ei lun;
Pam yr wyt yn awr yn gwenu,
Gwenu'n dirion yn dy hun?
Ai angylion fry sy'n gwenu,
Arnat ti yn gwenu'n llon,
Tithau'n gwenu'n ôl dan huno,
Huno'n dawel ar fy mron?

*Sleep peacefully tonight, sleep;
Gently sleep, my lovely;
Why are you now smiling,
Smiling gently in your sleep?
Are angels above smiling on you,
As you smile cheerfully,
Smiling back and sleeping,
Sleeping quietly on my breast?*

Paid ag ofni, dim ond deilen
Gura, gura ar y ddôr;
Paid ag ofni, ton fach unig
Sua, sua ar lan y môr;
Huna blentyn, nid oes yma
Ddim i roddi iti fraw;
Gwena'n dawel yn fy mynwes.
Ar yr engyl gwynion draw.

*Do not fear, it is nothing but a leaf
Beating, beating on the door;
Do not fear, only a small wave
Murmurs, murmurs on the seashore;
Sleep child, there's nothing here
Nothing to give you fright;
Smile quietly in my bosom,
On the blessed angels yonder.*

Verbum caro factum est: In hoc anni circulo

Anonymous (Jistebnice Cantional, 1420)

Refrain: *Verbum caro factum est de Virgine; Verbum caro factum est de Virgine Maria.*

The Word was made flesh by the Virgin Mary.

In hoc anni circulo vita datur seculo,
Nato nobis Parvulo de Virgine;
Nato nobis Parvulo de Virgine Maria.

*In this rounding of the year, life is given to the world;
a little Boy is born to us by the Virgin Mary.*

O beata femina, cuius ventris Gloria
Mundi lavat crimina: de Virgine Maria.

*O blessed woman, the Glory of whose womb
cleanses the sins of the world by the Virgin Mary.*

Stella solem protulit, sol salutem contulit,
Carnem veram abstulit de virgine Maria.

*A star brings forth the Sun, the Sun brings salvation,
and takes unto itself very flesh by the Virgin Mary.*

Fons de suo rivulo nascitur pro populo,
Quem tulit de vinculo: de virgine Maria.

*A Source from its own river is born for the people,
whom it has brought from prison by the Virgin Mary.*

Laus, honor, virtus, Domino Deo Patri et Filio,
Sancto simul Parcleto: de virgine Maria.

*Glory, honor, power be to the Lord God, Father and Son
and to the Holy Ghost, by the Virgin Mary.*

Verbum Patris umanatur

Anonymous (13th c. Cambridge University MS)

[same text as Moosburg Gradual version on previous page]

Epiphany: Shepherds and Kings Greet the Christ Child

Il est né, le divin Enfant

He is born, the divine Christ Child

traditional French

Noël nouvelet

traditional French

Noël nouvelet, Noël chantons icy;
Dévotes gens, rendons à Dieu merci;
Chantons Noël pour le Roi nouvelet,
Noël nouvelet, Noël chantons icy!

*A new Noël, let us sing Noël here!
Pious people, let us cry to God for mercy!
Let us sing Noël for the new little King!
A new Noël, let us sing Noël here!*

Quand m'esveillay et j'eus assez dormy,
Ouvris mes yeux, vis un arbre fleury,
Dont il issait un bouton vermeillet, Noël..

*When I woke up, and had slept enough,
I opened my eyes and saw a tree in flower
From which there emerged a little red bud.*

D'un oysillon après le chant j'ouy,
Qui aux pasteurs disait : « Partez d'ici!
En Bethléem trouverez l'agnelet » Noël..

*Afterwards I heard the song of a little bird
Who was saying to the shepherds: "Go from here.
In Bethlehem they found the little Lamb."*

En Bethléem, Marie et Joseph vy,
L'asne et le bœuf, l'enfant couché parmy;
La crèche était au lieu d'un bercelet, Noël..

*In Bethlehem I saw Mary and Joseph,
The ox and the ass, the child laid on its bed,
The manger was in place of a little crib.*

L'estoile vint qui le jour esclaircy,
Et la vy bien d'où j'estois départy
En Bethléem les Trois Roys conduisaient, Noël..

*The Star I saw, which lit up the sky,
That from the Orient, whence it had come,
Was leading the three kings to Bethlehem.*

L'un portait l'or, et l'autre myrrhe aussi,
Et l'autre encens que faisait bon senty:
Le Paradis semblait, le jardinnet, Noël..

*One carried gold, and the other myrrh,
And the other incense, that smelled so good;
Of paradise it seemed, the little garden.*

Et l'autre jour je songeais en mon lict
Que je voyais ung enfant si petit
Qui appelait Jésus de Nazareth, Noël..

*And the other day I was thinking in my bed
That I saw a little Baby
Who is called Jesus of Nazareth.*

Allon, gay, gay, gay, Bergeres

Guillaume Costeley

1530–1606

Allon, gay, gay, gay, Bergeres, Allon, gay, soyez legeres, Suyvez moy.

Let's go gaily, Shepherdesses, Let's go gaily, be light, follow me.

Allon, allon voir le Roy,
Qui du ciel en terre est nay, Allon, gay ...

*Let's go see the King,
Who from heaven is born on Earth.*

Un beau present luy feray, De quoy?
De ce flageollet que j'ay tant gay. Allon, gay ...

*I'll make him a pretty present, of what?
This tin whistle that I have, so gay.*

Un gâteau luy donneray,
Et moy, Plain hanap luy offriray, Gay, gay! Allon, gay ...

*I will give him a cake.
And me, I'll offer him a full drinking cup.*

Ho, ho! Paix-la! Je le voy;
Il tette bien sans le doigt, le petit Roy!

*Oh, oh, hush! I see him;
He's nursing well, not with his thumb, the little King!*

Allon, gay, gay, gay Bergeres,
Allon, gay, soyez legeres, Le Roy boit!

*Let's go gaily, Shepherdesses
Let us go gaily, be light, the King is drinking!*

Quittez Pasteurs

traditional French, arr. Patrick Russ

Quittez, pasteurs, Vos brebis, vos houlettes, Votre hameau Et le soin du troupeau; Changez vos pleurs En une joie parfaite, Allez tous adorer Un Dieu qui vient vous consoler.	<i>Leave, shepherds, Your sheep, your crooks, Your hamlet And the care of the flock; Change your tears In a perfect joy, Go, all, to adore A God who comes to comfort you.</i>	Vous le verrez Couché dans une étable, Comme un enfant Nu, pauvre languissant; Reconnaissez Son amour ineffable Pour nous venir chercher. Il est le fidèle berger.	<i>You will see, Laid in a manger, Like a naked child, Poor, languishing; Recognize His ineffable love For coming to us. He is the faithful shepherd.</i>
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Rois d'Orient L'étoile vous éclaire; A ce grand roi Rendez hommage et foi. L'étoile brillante Vous mène à la lumière De ce soleil naissant. Offrez, l'or, la myrrhe et l'encens.	<i>Kings of the Orient! The star illuminates you; To this grand king Pay homage and faith. The brilliant star Leads you to the light From this nascent sun. Offer gold, myrrh, and incense.</i>
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MARJORIE BUNDAY serves at St. James Cathedral as Administrative Assistant for Music, and as a cantor and Cantorei section leader. She moved to Seattle in 2015, and that same year began as a section leader in the Women of St. James Schola, adding her voice to the Cathedral Choir in 2016. She has enjoyed a long professional career as a soloist (both contralto and mezzo-soprano repertoire) and chorister, beginning in the Washington, DC area in the 1990s, and moving to Denver, Colorado in 2011. In addition to oratorio, opera, and art song, Marjorie has extensively performed early music (music written before 1750) and is happy to share some medieval and renaissance music in tonight's concert. In DC, she sang with the medieval ensemble

Armonia Nova (with a performance at the Boston Early Music Fringe Festival), Washington Bach Consort, and numerous other ensembles. She landed in Denver after successful engagements singing Monteverdi with Baroque Chamber Orchestra of Colorado and Seicento Baroque Ensemble, and started the Denver Early Music Consort. Since arriving in Seattle, Marjorie has sung and recorded with Chorosynthesis Singers; traveled to Montana to sing as alto soloist in J. S. Bach's *St. John Passion* and *Christmas Oratorio*; joined the Mägi Ensemble, a women's ensemble dedicated to music from the Baltics; and founded the Corvid Ensemble, dedicated to presenting artists' "shiny things" with no genre boundaries.



MARK HILLIARD WILSON brings joy and technical finesse to the listener while integrating music from diverse backgrounds and different ages with a compelling story and a wry sense of humor. Performing regularly at festivals and concert series, Wilson has distinguished himself as a unique voice with programs that feature his own transcriptions of both the well known and the obscure. Wilson's compositions for the guitar have been appearing on stages throughout the Northwest US and Canada for over 15 years. He works in the relatively unexplored genre of an ensemble of multiple guitars as the conductor, composer, arranger, and music director to the Guitar Orchestra of Seattle. Wilson has taught at Whatcom Community College and Bellevue College.

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