



# Christmas Snowflakes

Saturday, December 18, 2021, 2:00 p.m.

Carleton Dominion-Chalmers Centre



Founding Artistic Director: Jackie Hawley

Accompanists: Teresa van den Boogaard and Dian Wilkie

## Program

\*Canadian

### Massed Choir

Hodie, Alleluia ..... Text Traditional Latin, Music Mark Sirett\*  
*Library Sponsorship—To Jackie Hawley, Messenger of hope and joy*

### Cantiamo Girls Choir

The Time of Snow ..... Bob Chilcott  
Esta Noche ..... Text Traditional Spanish, Arr. Willi Zwozdesky\*  
*Library Sponsorship—Anonymous*

Midwinter ..... Bob Chilcott  
*Library Sponsorship—To All Healthcare Workers from Jan Schroeder*

Bien vite c'est le jour de l'an ..... Text La Bolduc, Arr. Erica Phare-Bergh\*  
Winter Fantasy ..... Jill Gallina

### Cantiamo Women's Choir

If You Would Hear The Angels Sing ..... Text Dora Greenwell, Stephen Smith\*  
What Sweeter Music ..... Text Robert Herrick, Eleanor Daley\*  
*Library Sponsorship—Mary Ann Rainer*

Adam Lay Ybounden ..... Text Anon, Matthew Larkin\*  
Christmas Snowflakes ..... Text Sasha Isabella Alexander, Music Laura Hawley\*  
*Library Sponsorship—Sponsored by the Miller Family in loving memory of Fiona*

Jingle Bells ..... Arr. Ray Charles  
The Christmas Song ..... Text/Music Mel Torme and Robert Wells, Arr. Kirby Shaw  
*Library Sponsorship—To Della and Lawrence Goodsell, Thank you for the beautiful Christmas memories*

### Massed Choir

Night of Silence ..... Text/Music Daniel Kantor, Arr. David Haas and Lori True

## With Thanks to Our Sponsors





## Hodie, Alleluia — Mark Sirett

Hodie Christus natus est.

Hodie Salvator apparuit:

Hodie in terra canunt Angeli

Laetantur Archangeli

Hodie exultant iusti, dicentes:

Gloria in excelsis Deo, Alleluia

*Translation:*

Today Christ is born;

Today the Savior has appeared;

Today the Angels sing,

The Archangels rejoice, saying:

Glory to God in the highest. Alleluia!

## The Time of Snow — Bob Chilcott

They journey onward to find their rest.

Mary and Joseph, forever blessed.

They travel wearily as they go.

The time of winter, the time of snow.

A place for shelter they have in mind.

A simple stable is all they find.

The promise of an angel is all they know.

The time of winter, the time of snow.

It may not have been winter then,

That certain night in Bethlehem,

but with the beauty of this birth came the renewal of the earth,  
as a flower that grows through the melting snows.

There in the silence lies Mary's son,

A source of wonder for everyone.

Within a stable so long ago.

The time of winter, the time of snow.





## Esta Noche — Traditional Spanish, Arr. Willi Zwozdesky

*Text:*

Esta noche nace un Niño entre la escarcha y el hielo.  
Quien pudiera, Niño mio, vestirme de terciopelo.  
Allegri, allegri, alegria,  
Allegri, alegria y placer.  
Esta noche nace un Niño en el portal de Belen.

La Virgen se esta la vando con un poco de jabon.  
Se le picaron las manos, manos de mi corazon.

*Translation:*

The night is born a boychild between the frost and the ice.  
Who could, my child, dress you in velvet?  
Joy, joy, joy and pleasure.  
This night is born a boychild in the portal of Bethlehem.

The Virgin is washing with a bit of soap.  
Her hands become tingly, that hands of my heart.  
Joy, joy, joy and pleasure.  
This night is born a boychild in the portal of Bethlehem.

## Midwinter — Bob Chilcott

*Text – Christina Rossetti*

In the bleak midwinter frosty wind made moan,  
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,  
In the bleak midwinter long ago.

Our God heaven cannot hold him no earth sustain:  
Heaven and earth shall flee away wen he comes to reign:  
In the bleak midwinter a stableplace sufficed.  
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

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.





## Bien vite c'est le jour de l'an — La Bolduc (Mary Travers), Arr. Erica Phare-Bergh

### *Text:*

Bien vite c'est le jour de l'An  
Qui nous r'vient à tous les ans  
Parlons donc de l'ancien temps  
Tout l'monde s'amusait gaiement  
On rassemblait les parents  
On avait plus d'agrément

Pendant qu'les enfants joueront  
La parenté s'ambrass'ront  
Avec une grande tendresse  
Et fait avec politesse  
Sur les deux joues sur le font  
Mais tout ça sans permission

C'est bien beau de s'amuser  
Il faut penser à manger  
On mang'ra des bonnes tartes  
À la farlouche et aux dattes  
Et aussi de bonnes tourtières  
Faites par notre bonne grand-mère

Quand la journée terminée  
Que tout l'monde s'est amuse

Bien vite c'est le jour de l'An  
N'oublies pas la tourtières!

### *Translation:*

Soon it will be New Year's Day  
That comes every year  
So then, let's speak of old times  
Everyone having so much fun  
We gathered the parents together  
And had their approval

While the children play  
Parents will embrace each other  
With great tenderness  
And done very politely  
On both cheeks  
And the forehead  
But all this without permission

It's great to have fun  
But one has to think about eating  
We will eat delicious pies  
Some with raisins and some with dates  
And some great meat pies (tourtières)  
Made by our lovely grandmother

When the day is done  
Everyone will have fun  
Soon it will be New Year's Day  
(Don't forget the tourtières!)





## Winter Fantasy — Jill Gallina

Snowflakes falling all over town,  
Slipping, sliding, everybody rushin' round.  
There's an icy chill in the air,  
Telling us that winter's really here.  
Oh! I'm so glad that winter is here.  
Grab your sled and let out a happy cheer  
Because it's snowing, blowing, all through the day.  
Winter winds will surely blow all your cares away.

## If You Would hear The Angels Sing — Stephen Smith

*Text: Dora Greenwell*

If you would hear the angels sing,  
Rise, and light your Christmas fire!  
Rise and light your Christmas fire,  
And see that you pile the logs still higher  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

People rise!  
The world is old,  
And time is weary, worn and cold,  
Yet Christmas comes,  
Christmas comes in the morning.

If you would hear the angels sing,  
Rise, and bake your Christmas bread!  
Rise, and bake your Christmas bread,  
'Tis merrier still the more that are fed,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

People rise!

The world is bare  
And blank and dark with want and care,  
Yet Christmas comes,  
Christmas comes in the morning.

If you would hear the angels sing,  
Rise, and open wide the door!  
Rise, and open wide the door,  
Still wider than e'er it stood before,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

People rise!  
The world is wide  
And many there be that stand outside.  
Yet Christmas comes,  
Christmas comes in the morning.





## What Sweeter Music — Eleanor Daley

*Text: Robert Herrick*

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!

Dark and dull night, fly hence away,  
And give the honor to this day,  
That sees December turned to May.  
If we may ask the reason, say:

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 honor; who's our King,  
And Lord of all this reveling.

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:  
For this the birth of our heavenly King.

## Adam Lay Ybounden — Matthew Larkin

Adam lay ybounden  
Bounden in a bond;  
Four thousand winter,  
Thought he not too long.  
And all was for an apple  
An apple that he took.  
As clerkes finden,  
Written in their book.

Ne had the apple taken been,  
Ne had never our ladie,  
Abeen heav'ne queen.  
Blessed be the time  
That apple taken was,  
Therefore, we moun singen.  
Deo gracias!





## Christmas Snowflakes — Laura Hawley

*Text: Sasha Isabella Alexander*

Oh, to be a snowflake, born on Christmas night,  
Soaring through the air, floating with delight,  
Down, down, down below. Listen. Don't you hear?  
The joyful chimes of Christmas, ringing out good cheer.  
Dancing high, we gracefully sway  
As we dance to a winter's night ballet.  
Sometimes fast, then maybe slow,  
We dance our way to the town below.

## Jingle Bells — Arr. Ray Charles

Dashing through the snow  
In a one-horse open sleigh,  
O'er the fields we go,  
Laughing all the way.  
Bells on Bobtail ring,  
Making spirits bright.  
What fun it is to ride and sing  
A sleighing song tonight, oh!

Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
Jingle all the way.  
Oh what fun it is to ride  
In a one-horse open sleigh, hey!  
Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
Jingle all the way.  
Oh what fun it is to ride,  
In a one-horse open sleigh.





## The Christmas Song – Mel Torme, Arr. Kirby Shaw

Chestnuts roasting on an open fire,  
Jack Frost nipping at your nose,  
Yuletide carols being sung by a choir  
And folks dressed up from head to toe.

Everybody knows a turkey and some mistletoe  
Help to make the season bright.  
Tiny tots with their eyes all aglow  
Will find it hard to sleep tonight.  
They know that Santa's on his way  
He's loaded lots of toys and goodies on his sleigh  
And ev'rymother's child is gonna spy  
To see if reindeer really know how to fly.

And so I'm offering this simple phrase  
To kids from one to ninety-two  
Although its been said many times,  
Many ways: "Merry Christmas to you".

## Night of Silence — Daniel Kantor

Cold are the people, winter of life,  
We tremble in shadows this cold endless night,  
Frozen in the snow lie roses sleeping,  
Flowers that will echo the sunrise,  
Fire of hope is our only warmth,  
Weary, it's flame will be dying soon.

Voice in the distance, call in the night,  
On wind you enfold us, you speak of the light,  
Gentle on the ear you whisper softly,  
Rumors of a dawn so embracing,  
Breathless love awaits darkened souls,  
Soon we will know of the morning.

Spirit among us shines like a star,  
Your light that guides shepherds and kings from afar,  
Shimmer in the sky so empty, lonely  
Rising in the warmth of your Son's love  
Star unknowing of night and day,  
Spirit we wait for your loving Son.

Stille Nacht, heiliger Nacht,  
Alles schläft; einsam wacht.  
Nur das traute hoch heilige Paar  
Holde Knabe in lockigen Harr  
Schlaf in himmliescher Ruh  
Schlaf in himmilescher Ruh

O nuit de paix, sainte nuit  
Dans le ciel, l'austre luit  
Dans les champs tout repose en paix  
Mais soudain dans 'lair put er frais  
Le brilliant Coeur des anges  
Aux berger apparait

Silent Night, Holy night, all is calm, all is bright.  
'Round yon Virgin Mother and child,  
Holy infant so tender and mild,  
Sleep in heavenly peace,  
Sleep in heavenly peace.

